



The Legend

West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

www.wflf.org

July 2016

JULY 19 ~ THIRD TUESDAY OPEN MIC



Photo by Andrea

Camaraderie and refreshments at 6:30
Followed by open mic at 7

Come to listen and/or to read.
Bring a snack to share and bring a friend.

FREE ~ open to public
Pensacola Cultural Center ~ 400 South Jefferson Street ~ Room 201

<http://www.leslieowenagency.com/>



SAVE THE DATE! AUGUST 16 @ 7 p.m.
LITERARY AGENT LESLIE OWEN

Send me your suggestions for topics of discussion

VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Thunder rumbles as dark clouds shoulder their way in from the west. My last faded red gladioli waves in the hot breeze. A mockingbird alights on the roof of my Little Free Library, and I can't figure out what those crazy sparrows are doing. Their babies are gone from the nest in the bluebird house, but the adults still flit from house to tree. Maybe they're feeling the empty nest melancholy I'm feeling after having grandsons and family here (at intervals) for these last three weeks.

After a dozen good-bye hugs July 5th, I settled back in front of the computer. WFLF keeps me quite busy with board meetings, festival planning, open mic, and the monthly *Legend*. The (very excellent) board met last night and discussed planning for Foo Foo, bringing in Anne Waldman next April, and membership.

Our paid membership has fallen off dramatically. If you're reading this *Legend* and haven't paid your 2016 dues, you're receiving a gift. If you're attending a workshop, you're getting a bargain. WFLF supports the literary arts in our community in so many ways, but we won't be able to continue without your financial support.

Finally, I'm pleased to announce that local literary agent Leslie Owen has agreed to do a brief program at open mic in August. I met her recently at a First City Shakespeare (not to be confused as I was with First City Arts) dramatic reading of *Titus Andronicus*. The reading was well-done and loads of fun, so I promptly joined their organization. Leslie suggested I ask members specifically what they'd like to hear about when she speaks. Her website is <http://www.leslieowenagency.com/> if you want to check it out; then email me with your suggestions.

The rain has arrived in a torrent. Hope to see you July 19.

Andrea Walker

Writers Weekly Workshops

Room 210 at the Cultural Center

Check out our workshops.

Nonmembers are invited to attend 2 or 3 meetings. If our workshop is a good fit for you, please join our organization.

MONDAY WILD WRITING POETRY WORKSHOP

Explore the world of writing poetry in this writing workshop ~ For details contact Ora Wills, owills@bellsouth.net

MONDAY PURE POETRY LOUNGE 6 ~ 8 p.m.

temporarily suspended until further notice. susanlewisbooks@yahoo.com

TUESDAY WRITING FOR PUBLICATION 10 a.m. ~ noon.

For seasoned writers and members of WFLF who are working on book-length manuscripts and seeking publication. Manuscripts and written critiques are emailed within members of the group and members discuss their comments. The group is limited to seven writers ~ Ron Tew, tuesday@bellsouth.net

TUESDAY WRITERS' GUILD 4 ~ 6 p.m.

Each writer brings work, primarily prose, to read aloud and takes others' work home to critique. WFLF membership is required. ~ Ed Stanford, estanford@cox.net

THURSDAY PORTFOLIO SOCIETY 9:30 – 11:30

a.m. This workshop includes writers with a project(s) they hope to accomplish in one calendar year. Sessions involve timed discussions for each participant and can include critiques or discussion of issues as marketing and publishing. Work may include any genre. The self-paced workshop is facilitated by participants. Limited to seven members of WFLF with one current opening. For more information contact, dianeskelton@att.net. This group remains deadline and project oriented.

MEMBER NEWS

Farewell from Victoria

Review of *What Lies Between* by Susan Lewis

What Lies Between is a powerful collection of poetry by Susan Lewis in collaboration with Dr. Brent Downes, enhanced with images of carnival masks by Lisa Hynes. As in her previous books, Lewis alludes to the violent relationship with her father and starkly contrasting tender one with her mother. She writes with passion and authority about one's innermost feelings.

Personification in her poem "The Mask" summarizes the theme of the work, why we wear masks, how they become part of us, how they help us cope. The work explores what lies between one's private feelings and the visage one wears. Hynes' images add to the feeling of isolation and melancholy.

Lewis' inner world is reflected in metaphors, such as the viciousness of nature, the sorrow of sunflowers. This heartfelt work demonstrates intense emotion with which readers can empathize. Between the covers lie inescapable sadness, darkness, and fear. One senses the speaker is laboring to understand.

Nonetheless, the final pages bloom with the hope that is born when people connect with each other and find strength that surpasses the sum of their individuality. Finally, Lewis, Downes, and Hynes form one of those connections that is strengthened exponentially by their collaboration.

Andrea Walker



Susan Lewis' latest collection is out, available on Kindle on amazon or from Susan.

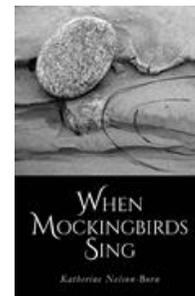
I think it is time for me to say bye to all of you with my heart on my hands. I have enjoyed learning the process of writing in English with all of you.

I have met wonderful people in the Monday Poetry Lounge and in the Portfolio Society group. I definitely would not have been able to publish my book *The Aroma of Coffee*, the English version or the bilingual version, *El aroma de café* without your support.

I am sad to say bye to all of you. I'm moving back to my country Colombia, but I will be part of this group from a distance hoping to keep writing in English. I hope to be back soon and share with you all my new experiences.

Thanks to the West Florida Literary Federation. Hugs for you.

Victoria Franks



One of our writers, Dr. Katherine Nelson-Born, has received from Finishing Line Press (FLP) the final galleys for her premiere poetry chapbook, *When Mockingbirds Sing*.

The bad news is that her book's publication originally scheduled for release in June has been delayed eight (8) weeks, so if you pre-ordered Katherine's poetry chapbook, it will likely be August before you receive it in the mail from Finishing Line Press, www.finishinglinepress.com

Thank you to those of you who already supported her poetry and bought her new book, and visit the Finishing Line Press website and see the wonderful reviews her book has earned thus far.

If you have not yet ordered Katherine's poetry chapbook, you still can do so. Orders can be

placed online at www.finishinglinepress.com; click on "Authors" and locate Katherine by her last name and follow the instructions.

It is always a pleasure to see how members of WFLF support each other, so thank you for your support of Katherine, and stay tuned for her forthcoming poetry chapbook!

Issue 4 of *Panoply*, an e-zine of poetry and short prose is accepting submissions until July 24. Editors Jeff Santosuosso, Ryn Holmes, and Andrea welcome your submission. Thus far WFLF members Mike Beck, Julie DeMarko, Susan Feathers, Anne James, Scott Melville, and local poet David Blanton have been published in *Panoply*. Issue 4 is planned for August. www.panoplyzine.com and/or FB page.

Volunteer Opportunity Foo Foo Festival Writing off the Wall

Schedule of events:

Thursday, Nov. 10, Barbara Henning reading at Artel 7 p.m.

Friday, Nov. 11, "Walking with Basho: from Haiku to Prose Poem" Barbara Henning workshop at Bowden Building, 10 a.m. - noon

Friday, Nov 11, Lewis Warsh reading at Artel, 7p.m.

Readings are free and open to the public.

Saturday, Nov 12, "Writing in the Moment" Lewis Warsh workshop, at Bowden Building, 10 a.m. to 12 noon.

Workshop fees are \$30 for one workshop and \$20 for the second (if you register for 2) and include a one-year membership in WFLF.

Sunday, Nov. 13: Poet Laureate Jamey Jones will interview Henning and Warsh during a breakfast/brunch event. Cost is \$10. Location and time to be announced

Committees and chairs:

- Poetry Program: Jamey Jones jonesin4words@yahoo.com, Andrea Walker andrea48@aol.com 850 723-2112
- Operations: Tom Turner tomwturner@cox.net and Susan Feathers susanleefeathers@gmail.com
- Promotion: John Baradell jbaradell@gmail.com and Diane Skelton dianeskelton@att.net
- Grant Administration: Ed Stanford estanford@cox.net and Mac McGovern poetrybymac@aol.com

These are the chairs, but each committee needs more volunteers. Please contact any of us to respond and volunteer.

Foo Foo events will give us an opportunity to grow our membership and organization, but we can't do it without you. We put the fun in WFLF!

CREATIVE WRITING

Me, Camille, and Mr. Black

For a while I could fly backwards,
wind streaming through my hair,
my face turned up to the brief gusts
exploding with such force across the porch,
the columns creaked. Facing sometimes 60 mph winds,
my eyes went slant like a Chinawoman's,
like when my pigtails were too tight.
Hugging porch columns or telephone poles, I'd stay low,
but my feet would leave the ground and dance in the wind.
And those giant porch columns, those
thick, tubular telephone poles soon would crack
like used toothpicks in the mouth of Camille.

I was eight years old and in love
with Billy, a boy who didn't know
I could fly, didn't know I could read
better than he. Did it every day, the Bible,
one chapter at a time for old Mr. Black.
His skin was the color of his name.
He couldn't see, couldn't walk, wouldn't leave
his flat in back of the old tenement
for nothing, no storm, nobody.
He just held his Bible on his chest,
said God would provide,
and would I pray with him for lost souls
like our neighbors in the dark

long before the storm knocked out the lights.
He meant Billy's folks – white trash and mean
enough to break the necks of kittens
we found abandoned under the house.

Like Mr. Black's ancestors, Camille had come
from the coast of Africa to the Mississippi Valley.
In her winds he said he could hear
screaming like so many lost souls.
Yowling loud as an angry cat, Camille swiped,
and off the ground flew all the grand houses
along Mississippi's Gulf Coast long before Katrina.
Camille's claws shredded our roof shingles in New Orleans,
batted them off into space, maybe all the way to Bogalusa
where flash floods and landslides wiped out the crops.
On my battery radio, I could barely hear wisps of news
between the wind gusts that slammed
the front porch where I'd run away from Mr. Black
gasping about the Great Emancipation finally taking place.

All I knew was that holding on to the bannister
with the thin, white arms of an eight-year-old
nobody missed, I could turn my face to the wind,
lean my body into a good gust, and
backwards
fly.

Katherine Nelson-Born

When Mockingbirds Sing

The crickets cheer the sun's descent into the lake.
The sky yawns and swallows the sun's cherry-red
globe sliced with orange, like candy in a child's mouth –
absorbing the shrinking orb until the last
sliver slides down into throaty darkness.
All that is left is the sweet afterglow.
A few stray chirps, then silence grows
until in the blue-black velvet a call comes.
Some call it a catbird. Some think it's a sin
to shoot one. They make music and bother
no one, except cats, perhaps, who have it coming
anyway. I think they mock me. I sit here
working to make words sing when they sing
without effort. So perfectly do mockingbirds mimic
other birdsong, the human ear cannot tell the difference.
So sweet, their mocking seems the real thing,
like a knock-off Gucci bag at an Italian market,
so beautiful a mimicry, who cares?
Like soft Italian leather, the burra burra of
the bluebird, the blush of the setting sun,
the mockingbird's music mesmerizes.
I trip over each word, tempted to drop the pen,
listen more to the music of the spheres, and dream

I can sing like the mockingbird of a time
older than the ruins of Pompeii,
newer than the morning of a day not yet born.

Katherine Nelson-Born

NOTE: This poem is the title poem for Katherine
Nelson-Born's forthcoming 2016 poetry chapbook
ALSO titled *When Mockingbirds Sing*, and the poem
first was published in the *Emerald Coast Review XV*
(2009), p. 37 in response to the WFLF participation in
the 2008-2009 "Big Read" centered on Harper Lee's *To
Kill a Mockingbird*.

Selected Public Domain Poetry

Public Domain Poems

Poets on Poetry

Poetry heals the wounds inflicted by reason.
~Novalis

Poetry is all that is worth remembering in life.
~William Hazlitt

Out of the quarrel with others we make
rhetoric; out of the quarrel with ourselves we
make poetry. ~W.B. Yeats

Breathe-in experience, breathe-out poetry.
~Muriel Rukeyser

There's no money in poetry, but then there's no
poetry in money, either. ~Robert Graves

Poetry is when an emotion has found its
thought and the thought has found words.
~Robert Frost

If Galileo had said in verse that the world
moved, the inquisition might have let him
alone. ~Thomas Hardy

Poetry is a mirror which makes beautiful that
which is distorted. ~Percy Shelley

**WFLF thanks Bingo Paradise
4469 Mobile Hwy, Pensacola, FL 32506
(850) 457-0067
for its continued financial support!**

**Barthelme Prize for Short Prose is Open!
Deadline: August 31, 2016**

Gulf Coast is now accepting entries for the 2016 Barthelme Prize for Short Prose. The contest is open to pieces of prose poetry, flash fiction, and micro-essays of 500 words or fewer. Jim Shepard will judge. Submit online or by mail. Established in 2008, the contest awards its winner \$1,000 and publication in the journal. Two honorable mentions will also receive \$250, and all entries will be considered for paid publication on our website as Online Exclusives. The entry fee includes a one-year subscription to *Gulf Coast*.
gulfcoastmag.org/contests/barthelme-prize/

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WestFloridaLiteraryFederation@gmail.com
For submissions contact Editor: Andrea Walker
andrea48@aol.com
Check out our website at www.wflf.org and “Like” us on Facebook, (under) West Florida Literary Federation. Please visit often for updates and other Federation news.
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/West-Florida-Literary-Federation-WFLF/255101747857712?ref=hl>

West Florida Literary Federation ~ Join or Renew ~ 2016

Memberships are good for one calendar year beginning January 1 and ending December 31.

Individual membership is \$30/year. New members joining after July 15, pay \$15 or may pay \$45 which also pays for the following year. Subsequent years are due annually by January 1.

One Year ~ Individual \$30 ~ Couple \$50 ~ Student \$15 ~ Two years ~ Individual \$50 ~ Couple \$85

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ E-mail _____

New _____ Renewal _____ Date _____

Circle the items you **do not** want published in the WFLF "members only" directory:

1) address 2) phone or 3) email. If no item is circled, we will include all your information in the next published directory.

Use PayPal at <http://wflf.org> and email this form to westfloridaliteraryfederation@gmail.com or mail your check and this form to

West Florida Literary Federation, 400 South Jefferson Street, Suite 212, Pensacola, FL 32502

I would like to sponsor
(NAME)

To sponsor a new member in WFLF. Add \$20 to total payment & include member information on a separate form.



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