



The Legend

West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

www.wflf.org

February 2018

West Florida Literary Federation



Annual Meeting

Date: Saturday, Feb. 17

Time : 6:30 p.m.

**Where: At home of Joe
and Marilyn Howard
1224 Ceylon Drive
Gulf Breeze**

**RSVP to
Andrea Walker
via text or voicemail
850-723-2112**

Entrée will be provided.
Guests are asked to bring
sides including appetizers,
salads, vegetables and des-
serts. Vegetarian dishes are
especially welcome.

RSVP by Feb. 13 ~ Via e-mail to Andrea Walker at andrea48@aol.com or text or leave a voice mail at (850) 723-2112 with number in party and dish you plan to bring.

The CDC reports the flu is peaking in the next 2 weeks. If you have had the flu within 7 days or have been actively exposed, we will miss you, but please stay home and rest. We will be in a confined space.

From Pensacola Bay Bridge follow Hwy 98 through Gulf Breeze Proper, past Naval Live Oaks and past College Blvd. until you reach Tiger Point Blvd. Turn at Tiger Point Blvd. Follow Tiger Point south and take a right on Ceylon Drive. Follow Ceylon until you see the sound. Look for 1224 on water side (left). If you pass Walmart, you've gone too far.

From the Garcon Point Bridge (or Navarre) go west (right) on Hwy 98 less than a mile to the traffic light at Tiger Point Blvd. Take a left at the light. Follow Tiger Point south and take a right on Ceylon Drive. Follow Ceylon until you see the sound. Look for 1224 on water side (left).

NO THIRD TUESDAY OPEN MIC IN FEBRUARY COME TO THE ANNUAL MEETING INSTEAD

A NOTE FROM THE VICE-PRESIDENT

January has been a thought-provoking month. Writing helps us understand ourselves while it assures others we are not alone with our deepest feelings. Patricia Edmisten read a heartfelt essay from her book *A Longing for Wisdom* at the January open mic which opened the ensuing discussion to serious issues and why we write. It was one of those rare evenings when a small group felt close to each other and felt our commonalities.

We missed the official installation of The Typewriter Project held January 20th because that's the day that lives in frozen infamy, and everything in Pensacola shut down. Sadly, we also missed the New York poets who came up with this grand idea of using old typewriters to bring communities together in a creative way. The Typewriter has been moved from the library on Spring Street to the John Pace Library at UWF. While it was downtown, I found it in the library and typed my three-line poem. That evening, I was gratified to see it online at www.subconsciousofthecity.com. If you get a chance, I recommend finding the project at UWF and adding your words for posterity.

Jamey Jones has succeeded in bringing another renowned poet to Pensacola. Eileen Myles will speak at Pensacola State College Thursday, February 8, at 7:30 p.m., present a workshop from 11 to 1, Friday, February 9, and give a Book Talk in the Switzer Center Friday evening at 7 p.m. Thanks, Jamey.

Hope to see you at the Howards' February 17' unless you've been exposed to the flu lately, in which case, we hope you stay home and recuperate. We'll miss you and see you in March.

Andrea Walker, VP

Writers Weekly Workshops

MONDAY POETRY led by Julie DeMarko meets from 6 ~ 8 p.m., Mondays at the Cultural Center. Similar to the "wild writing" workshop she led for two years, the goal is to practice writing and, in the end, find the path to authentic poetry.

JulieDemarko@hotmail.com

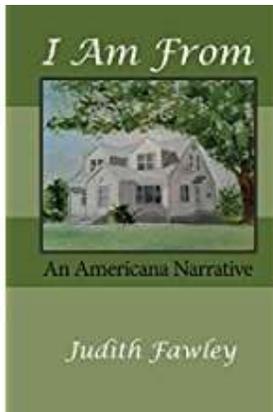
TUESDAY WRITING FOR PUBLICATION 10 a.m. ~ noon. For seasoned writers and members of WFLF who are working on book-length manuscripts and seeking publication. Manuscripts and written critiques are emailed within members of the group and members discuss their comments. The group is limited to seven writers ~ Ron Tew, tewsdays@bellsouth.net

WEDNESDAY PORTFOLIO & EXCHANGE SOCIETY ~ The Portfolio & Exchange Society Critique Group meets every Wednesday, 9:30-11:30, at the library of the First Presbyterian Church on Gregory Street in Pensacola. We're a lively group looking for writers who have a project for a year -- no matter the genre, memoir, poetry, fiction, nonfiction -- 12 months to complete a project. Since the conception of the group in January 2014, four members have published books and a fifth writer's manuscript is being finalized for press. Plus, the participants are notorious for exchanging writing tips, novels, paintings, and garage sale items. For more information contact dianeskelton@att.net

MEMBER NEWS

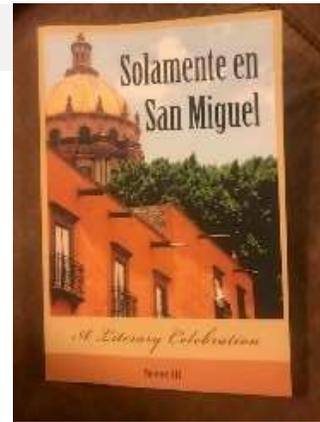
The nominating committee consisting of Diane Skelton, Judy Fawley, and Jeannie Zokan are busy preparing the slate for the **2018 Board of Directors**. The slate will be emailed to members before the annual meeting for your consideration.

Congratulations!



Judy Fawley's heartwarming book is available on Amazon and from her. "In her nostalgic memoir, Judy recounts remarkable and amusing events that occurred during her time on the family farm. Her descriptions of life and customs after a move to Jackson, MO are entertaining." ISBN 9781539346852

Member **Karen McAferty Morris'** poem "Not as Seasons in Turn," written in Sapphic stanza, was awarded second place in the Edgar Bowers Award Competition in the Georgia Poetry Society's fall contest. Bowers was a Georgia poet (1924-2000) whose poems were highly structured and expressed themes of loss--"of the past, of friends, of family, of humanity." Poems had to be written in a recognized form, such as a sonnet, sestina, villanelle, etc. The poem will be included in GPS' annual anthology *The Reach of Song*.



Julie DeMarko, former Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida, has been invited twice to read her poetry in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, once in a bookstore with Laura, her daughter, and once in the Public Library with two other local poets of note. This led to her being asked to submit a piece to the third volume of *Solamente en San Miguel*, a bilingual literary publication. Her submission "A Latin Love Affair" was selected. "I was thrilled to have my poem selected for this publication," Julie said.

Poet and novelist Eileen Myles
Ashmore Auditorium at PSC
Thursday, February 8, at 7:30
free workshop from 11-1:00 in the library Friday
book talk at 7 in the Switzer Center
All events are open to the public.
Her new memoir is *Afterglow*.

"The Typewriter Project: Poetry as Public Art
will be at the John Pace Library at UWF through
February. www.subconsciousofthecity.com

CREATIVE WRITING

Call for flash fiction! Send your 250-word story to andrea48@aol.com to be considered for publication in *The Legend*.

Latin Love Affair

My love affair with Mexico began in the sixties.
Newly married, we drove the red Beetle
from Laredo, Texas South to Mayan ruins on the sea,
stopping everywhere in between: Staying at a once-grand hotel
where D.H. Lawrence used to live; Eating salad at Cardinis'
where Caesar's brother wrote out for me the world-famous recipe.
Pasquaro, watching fishermen throw white butterfly nets against blue sky.
Mexico: Exotic, intriguing, dangerous, and beautiful.
I longed for more.

Now in a new century when I visit my daughter and her three babies
in her ancient, always-under-construction mountain villa with its
eight catawampus bedrooms and nine *banos*, out my bedroom window
the beauty of *San Miguel Allende* stretching out below,
and know my heart is home. At last.
My daughter's sprawling cluster of rental *casitas* tremble with week-end fireworks
as if any minute they might break loose and tumble down the side of the mountain
through orchards of jeweled pomegranates,
jungles of jasmine-white parks thick with children,
flying red swings, balloons, blue ices, wind-up toys.
handsome men wearing sombreros to keep out the sun.
and women whose sleeping babies swaddled in shawls
accept the cocoon of heat like a benediction;

Sometimes I go stumbling down the mountain myself,
taking in everything from hill to town;
Or, halfway down the mountain, feeling brave, I leap aboard the five-pesos bus
as it clacks and wobbles along, barely pausing its lurching gait
to sling me towards a seat, most likely already occupied.
No one speaks to the gringo, but always a seat is given up.
Mothers hold up their babies and wave at other women
hanging out windows that line the narrow street.
I am caught up in the smiling.
A handsome young man with his guitar spontaneously stands
and performs just for me, only a hint of a transaction.

Minutes later I disembark quickly in front of the big market
where my senses are assaulted first by color,
then the musk of ripe mangos and spice of carnations,
the fresh earthiness of hanging animal carcasses,
the pervasive sting of pungent meat and fresh chilies stewing in clay pots.
Vendors vie for my business without speaking,
letting freshness and beauty speak for themselves.
I gather greedily until my arms are full, then tuck in a tall cup--
papaya, mango, and melon, cut for me as I watch.
Outside the market
an old woman in black sits on a blanket.
She holds up thin hands to me, but not for alms.

Without speaking, she offers two beautiful avocados
chosen from her tall pyramid of green art
I accept.

I squeeze into *Bonanza*, leaving my bags in the rack up front,
pick up those staples that gringos must have:
white flour, refined sugar, *Pan Bimbo* sliced bread,
crunchy peanut butter and grape jelly, then gratefully,
I let the taxi driver, carefully arrange my bags in the trunk.

We ascend the steep barely-one-car-wide cobble stone street,
turn bouncing down the alley where I am living.
Before I can open the gate, a gaggle of giggling school girls
approaches, all white and navy blue, arms linked and singing.
They run up to ask my name, embrace my momentary shyness,
and, with two-arm hugs, go giggling on.
I can't follow, but if they had been mariachis in exaggerated sombreros
playing their horns, singing with all their wild joy as they march about town,
I would be expected to fall in line, with my own high spirits.
And I would.

On the *Día de Los Muertos*, Death itself will be mocked into sweetness
as children and adults alike bite happily into skulls carved from sugar,
caskets built of chocolate.
I'd like to keep a slice of this sweet life, to take back to the States.

I covet that inexplicable joy, that unsubstantiated faith,
the patience to endure what life gives
and to celebrate both life and death
in the moment,
letting *manana* take care of itself.

Julie DeMarko

The Insomniac

It's early morning, not yet light.
The insomniac craves sleep,
would do almost anything to slip into oblivion,
that sleep that "knits up
the raveled sleeve of care." *

She is different.
Sleep and the disturbing dreams that ensue,
wake her, killing all desire to return
to bizarre entities that clash in darkness,
ancient enemies on a field of battle.

In her dreams she is part of a Fellini movie,
A director without power
a cast of grotesque actors with bird-like beaks,
missing limbs, missing clothes,
all gesturing obscenely at her.

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A woman's head cracks, spills tiny shells from the sea.
A man poses statue-like, lower body an ear of corn,
kernels popping out leaving gaping holes.
Like Venus a woman stands naked in a large shell,
breasts blooming with chrysanthemums
petals plucked one by one.

Eyes are heavy, sleep beckons. She must resist.
"Ah to sleep, perchance to dream." *
Specters will only wake her to a pounding heart.
What has she repressed, how has she transgressed?
that she must be so tortured in her dreams?

*Shakespeare

Julie DeMarko

Roadside Samaritans

It's 5:00 a.m. on a nippy Monday
in Lake City, Florida.
It's still dark outside, but the lights
inside Waffle House comfort
like a hot bath on a cold night.

The lanky cook stretches and yawns.
"Just finishing your shift?" I ask.
"Yeah, and I didn't sleep before
startin' it either," she says,
tightening her white apron.

"One egg over easy, grits and whole wheat
toast," I tell the waitress. A coffee too, and a
glass of milk. Do you have low fat?"
"No," she says, "just whole, but sometimes
they bring 2%. Today it's whole."

"No thanks." I watch the cook swirl the
oil in the pan before cracking my egg.
"Light on the butter?" She smiles at me before
painting the toast with melted saturated fat.
"You got it," I reply.

The egg has a perfect runny yoke upon which I
spoon the steaming grits. "Anything else?"
asks the waitress. Only that I want to thank you
for ministering so kindly to me on this cold
morning, I think. Only that I'm grateful
to you, roadside Samaritans.

from *A Longing for Wisdom: One Woman's Conscience and Her Church*
Patricia Taylor Edmisten

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Those old phones

I remember the phone that hung on the wall at my sister's on the farm.
You picked it up and checked the party line to hear if someone talked,
If so, you hung up and waited awhile.
If not, you dialed the operator to say whom you wanted to call,
And she connected you.
(I don't remember "she" was ever a "he.")

There were other good phones, too: like the one on Main Street's corner,
In case you forgot some errands you came downtown to run.
That phone booth wasn't free of course -- you had to deposit a quarter,
But it was convenient.

Operators and private conversations are pretty much gone today.

However, I still have today's "grandma" phone.
It sits on my desk, no buttons to punch
– just a dial to twirl, numbers 1 through 0,
And a pick-up "receiver" for both hearing and talking
To rest on your shoulder whenever you're chatting.

That phone still rings for me.

Charlotte Crane

I remember reminiscing

I drove down the street along the university
Where I went to school years ago
And I remembered, and wished those days
could return: the walks along the campus,
the papers I wrote in class, the dormitory
room, friends down the hall and the green
plants I kept on the window sill.
Farther down the street was a friendly tavern.
I was reminiscing. I stopped and stood
on the corner and saw the past – so real.
Today I remember reminiscing,
Remember driving down that street
And reminiscing about those days in school
And now I know I will not return.
Only remember.

Reminiscing is heart hungry;
Remembering reminiscing is heart aching.

I remember the day I drove down the street
Where I used to live years before, and thought
about my father dressed in country overalls,
loading up the truck to haul cattle to market,
and my mother standing near the stove
in the kitchen, with good smells wafting
from garden goods and canned treasures.
And I remember the kind lady who
invited me to come in and see the house as
it was on that day, the day I came to reminisce.
It only gelled those memories.
Today I remember that day of reminiscing.
And my heart aches.

Charlotte Crane

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

February 8, 9 Eileen Myles at PSC
February 17 - 6:30 p.m. Annual meeting/party at
Joe and Marilyn Howard's, 1224 Ceylon Drive,
Gulf Breeze, (850) 572-8495
March 20 Open Mic

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West Florida Literary Federation ~ Join or Renew ~ 2018

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 _____

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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.

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.

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