



# *The Legend*

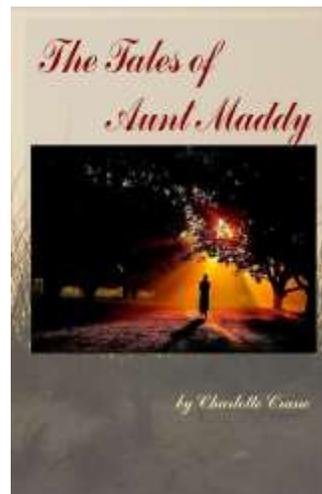
**West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.**

[www.wflf.org](http://www.wflf.org)

**July 2018**

## **THIRD TUESDAY OPEN MIC JULY 17**

**Charlotte Crane reading from her short story collection *The Tales of Aunt Maddy***



- Bring your creative writing – both prose and poetry –
  - Bring a friend
  - Bring a snack to share

Refreshments and camaraderie at 6:30

Program at 7 followed by open mic at 7:30 (remember our 5-minute time length)

Pensacola Cultural Center room 201  
400 South Jefferson Street  
Pensacola, FL 32502

**FREE – Open to public**

July 2018 Legend

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Summer is here, the weather is warm, and I hope you all enjoyed your July 4<sup>th</sup> as we celebrate our country's birthday. Summer is a sweet time for me with lots of pleasant memories. As a child, I enjoyed our family vacations, seeing my cousins, and spending a couple of weeks staying with my Aunt Nora, who lived in Georgia. She and her family always made me feel welcome. There was the August family reunion, the fresh summer fruits and vegetables and best of all, no school. I hope you all have pleasant summer memories, so why not write about them?

You are welcome to talk about your past summers, or anything else, at our next Open Mic on Tuesday, July 17<sup>th</sup>. Charlotte Crane will present the program and read from her new book, *The Tales of Aunt Maddy*. For many years I used to see Charlotte's byline next to the articles she wrote for the *Pensacola News Journal* and always enjoyed reading them. I met her when she was in my writing group and later worked with her when she became a board member. After the program, we will go into the Open Mic portion, where you will have 5 minutes to read poetry, prose, sing, dance or anything else. Wine, food and comradery at 6:30, and the program starts at 7. We meet in the boardroom on the second floor of the Cultural Center at 400 West Jefferson St. in downtown Pensacola. Hope to see you there.

The board is in the midst of planning for WFLF's participation in the Foo Foo Festival. The theme this year is *You: The Writer* and we will offer workshops in memoir writing, writing for social media and song writing, followed by a general program at Artel's Gallery. This will all occur Nov. 8, so mark your calendars. More information to come, so stay tuned.

Have you seen the faces in the window? I am referring to the T.T. Wentworth Museum that is next to the Cultural Center, just across Zaragoza St. The museum is lined in beautiful lights that change colors, but you must see the faces in the windows! You must be in the front of the building to see this, so the next time you are at open mic, after it is over, walk across Zaragoza St. and look in those windows.

You will enjoy seeing the apparition-like images of the people that look back at you from the windows, many in historic garb. That is all I will say; you must see it for yourself. This would be great inspiration material for some of you talented poets.

Longtime member Jack Brookings, aka Jack Beach, will be turning 91 on July 10<sup>th</sup>. He is going to try to make it to our July 17<sup>th</sup> Open Mic, where we will help him celebrate his birthday and if he chooses to read, we will enjoy some of his great poetry.

Well, that's the news from the West Florida Literary Federation, where all the members are talented, intelligent and good looking.

Tell me what you think: [estanford@cox.net](mailto:estanford@cox.net) or 850-449-6771.

*Ed Stanford, President*

## Writers Weekly Workshops

**MONDAY POETRY** led by Julie DeMarko meets from 6 ~ 8 p.m., Mondays at the Cultural Center. Like 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](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto:dianeskelton@att.net)

## MEMBER NEWS

# WFLF Awards Two Scholarships at PSC

The B.J. Miller Scholarship, sponsored by West Florida Literary Federation, was awarded to two women in the 2017-18 academic year at Pensacola State, according to the PSC Foundation in a letter to past president Diane Skelton. Each woman received a \$350 scholarship.

The scholarship was established in 2006 by WFLF to honor deceased member BJ Miller. Criteria included preference to members of the *Hurricane Review* staff. Past recipients have included Kim Rooks, Deanna Brooks and Amber Snider. Upon invitation, both Amber and Deanna attended open mic to read their works and thank the Federation.

In the letter from the Foundation, remarks from 2017 recipient Sarah Lea Richards were included: "I appreciate your gift which will help me buy textbooks in the fall. I am an article writer and copy editor of *The Corsair* and student editor of *The Hurricane Review*. In addition to placing in the Walter F. Spara Writing Competition the last two years at Pensacola State College, (including first place for my short story) my writing has also been published in *Bella Grace Magazine* and with *The Saturday Evening Post*. My poem, "Pensacola, 2017" is going to be published in *The Emerald Coast Review* in October of this year. The scholarship will help relieve the financial investment required for a college education, the experience which has given me the confidence and perspective I so need to success post-graduation."

According to the letter, the B.J. Miller Scholarship fund is now depleted with a remaining balance of four dollars.

*Diane Skelton*

*Panoply* is now open for submissions through July 22. A number of WFLF members have been published, even chosen as "editors' picks." The ezine includes poetry and flash fiction and features reviews of chapbooks and photography. Check out

[www.panoplyzine.com](http://www.panoplyzine.com) for your reading pleasure and for guidelines for poetry and flash fiction.

## CREATIVE WRITING

### FELUCCAS AT ASWAN

Feluccas have a slender grace  
As on the Nile's upturned face  
they glide;

Their sails are snowy Ibis wings  
Which slip like silk below where swings  
the tide;

From my hotel I cannot see  
Beneath the sail who there might be  
inside—

An obese Arab captain there  
Burnt tourists and, with hennaed hair,  
their guide?

Feluccas have a tender grace  
As slowly past my down-turned face  
they slide.

*Jack Beach*



### Kaleidoscope

Colors erupt into patterns  
Symmetry coupled with intricacy  
Glorious designs, transcendent mandalas,  
Drawing in, leading out,  
Born of light and magic, nearly infinite  
Yet trapped at the end of a tube  
Changed at the twist of a hand.

*Karen McAferty Morris*

## Peace of the Street

Mike, where are you?  
It's kind of dark in here, but outside  
On the street, it's sunny, mild and  
Nearly perfect. I want the peace of  
That street. Maybe that's where you are  
Now, walking around in that peace—  
I hope so. I want Phillippe's glasses too.  
They are peaceful glasses, and he is  
Like a bird. "Place is voice," he says,  
And his voice is like a place, a quiet  
Place, one that you could pass every  
Day and never notice, remote, nearby,  
Like another country right under nose,  
A place where birds might like to hide.  
He is handsome in his white shirt and  
His slight gestures and the way he moves  
Have a subtle grace about them. He is  
Like a calm, fluid bird in a white shirt.  
"Junkyard fortunes," he says, and "the  
Creek smelled like shit." These are just  
Some fragments of his story, the story  
Of a mostly hidden and remote country  
Traveling through his voice like a dream,  
The dream of a handsome and graceful  
Bird. I want his glasses, and I want the  
Peace, the peace of that street.  
Mike, where are you?

*Jamey Jones*  
*Poet Laureate Northwest Florida*

## Hachim

New York is a cold place.  
Sometimes I just want to go back home  
to Chad, and be a ferryman  
like the one in Siddhartha,  
except I would use camels  
to ferry people across the desert.  
I would live in the desert  
with my camels  
and try to stay far far away  
from this world  
and its people.

In Chad I communicate with the moon  
often, but here in New York I can't  
really see the sky at night.  
Do you know how to communicate  
with the moon?  
Here's how I do it:  
I lie down and stare up at it for  
a long time, without blinking,  
until it enters me, until it  
becomes a part of me,  
then we, me and the moon,  
converse, exchange,  
communicate.

My mother and family think  
I'm crazy—they call me  
moon man.

*Jamey Jones*  
*Poet Laureate Northwest Florida*

*Jamey has been busy as chief editor of Rachael Pongetti's book "Uncovering the Layers: the Pensacola Graffiti Bridge Project" which includes his poem "Transiet Glances." Photographs and artifacts about the bridge are now a major part of the new Pensacola Icons exhibit at the T.T. Wentworth Museum. Copies of her book, as well as prints, t-shirts and other merchandise are available in the front lobby. Check it out if you get the chance!*

## My Mississippi

Hot, sticky summer days spent  
playing king of the mountain,  
laughing until our bellies ached.  
We all won.

Evenings spent chasing fireflies,  
lighting up our hole punched  
mason jars, ensuring all of our  
fluttering friend's freedom  
before bedtime.

On those pitch black nights,  
where no car or siren can  
be seen or heard, crickets  
and frogs lullaby us to sleep,

while the moon acted as our  
night light.

Hot, sticky summer afternoons  
spent riding horses and dirt bikes,  
shelling peas “on the hill,”  
and canning with Grandma.

Evenings spent with cousins  
air writing our names with sparklers,  
loving our old dogs Butch and Shep  
and playing with Frisky 1, then Frisky 2.

On those muggy, rainy nights,  
sleeping with the windows  
open, hoping for no breeze  
to bring in the wet. Listening  
peacefully as the rain hits the metal  
roof and plunks in rain barrels,  
filling them full overnight.

Hot, sticky summer mornings  
spent collecting eggs, feeding  
the chickens and pigs, and  
learning to milk a cow.

Evenings spent cutting and  
eating sugarcane with Grandpa,  
running full speed across the  
field jumping creeks and cowpies,  
and avoiding (Ferdinand) the bull.

On those overnight trips  
to the cousins where there  
was AC and no metal basin  
bathtubs, giggling and telling  
stories until we passed out  
from exhaustion.

Mild fall mornings spent  
plopped down in the soft  
green grass playing “cloud maker”  
until the others came home  
from school.

Evenings spent gathering  
pecans from the backyard  
at Aunt Omatine’s with the  
great anticipation of  
homemade pie.

On those cool fall nights  
counting train cars as  
they passed, never  
wondering until now if we  
were on the “right” side  
of the tracks.

Cold winter mornings  
spent learning the difference  
between goat and sheep,  
planting the winter garden,  
and fetching goods from the  
canning shed.

Evenings spent listening  
to stories told, tolling around,  
warming by a wood burning stove  
until bedtime arrives, visiting  
raccoons, and counting stars.

On those cold, winter nights  
buried underneath a mountain  
of handmade quilts so heavy  
we laid motionless until the  
morning when the radio  
and the smell of coffee woke us  
from our slumber.

I remember it as if it were yesterday.  
And though the tears roll down  
my cheeks, my heart still sings,  
because I remember the love,  
the love of place and family;  
A love as sweet as a glass of  
Southern tea.

Such wonderful memories of  
Mississippi, My Mississippi,  
where they all rest now.

*Mary Gutierrez*



## Gulf

**See** the blue-green waves  
Tossing and rolling and undulating  
Towards the white sugar shore,  
Brown sandpipers zig-zagging to stay dry,  
As playful and animated playmates  
To the rolling blue-green waves.

**Smell** the saltiness  
Carried and flung along the shore  
Borne by the twisting, twirling breezes,  
Mixing beside rancid, sour seaweed,  
As a putrid concoction builds and swells  
Until a whirling breeze carries fresh saltiness.

**Hear** the ship before the horizon  
Blast its deep, melancholy horn  
Long and forlorn and unremitting,  
Mixing with the cries of coasting seagulls,  
As tides brashly crash against the shoreline  
And return to the ship beyond the horizon.

**Taste** the wet air and salty sea  
While black seaweed wraps around lips  
Under water then falling away into the emerald  
gulf,  
Briny and fishy and forever saline,  
As a palate of sea life permeates the waters  
Mixing with the wet air and salty sea.

**Touch** the cool, gritty white sand  
Where sharp, broken sea shells lay sprinkled  
Atop small dunes and between distorted slat  
fences,  
Intermingled with converging cold sea waters,  
As sandpiper tracks vanish with a kick of the  
foot,  
And no trace is left in the cool, gritty white  
sand.

*Susan Marie Molloy*

## FLASH FICTION

### Celebrating Success

The red-headed waitress twirled a lock of hair with the yellow order pencil, then tucked the pencil and hair behind her ear.

She hated taking orders with a dull pencil. She took a Sharpie from her apron pocket and flashed her “no changes or substitutions” grimace.

She hated this dead-end job, the best she could find with her culinary arts degree in an over-educated tourist community. Her dreams of working her way into the kitchen had been of no avail, just like her associate’s degree.

For 92 days she’s punched the time clock and for 92 days she’d shaken sand off every crevice of her body. Serving seafood on the sugary sands was painful. Her arches had collapsed from wearing the required flip flops, her red hair was turning orange from the UV rays, and her skin resembled a brown rhinoceros.

At least it wasn’t Hooters. But thanks to sports fanatics, those girls would have a job come November. Not her. Unless.

A man’s scream morphed into a wail as the chef bounded through the swinging kitchen door, his chef’s cap aflame in orange and yellow, sizzling like a giant sparkler on the Fourth of July. The flame-retardant white pleats of the cap expanded and popped like firecrackers.

“I quit!” he yelled, storming down the beach, as customers looked on, mouths agape.

The waitress’ smirk turned into a smile. She put down her order pad and took a Bic lighter from her apron pocket and slipped it into her shorts pocket. She tossed the crab-motif apron in the corner by the order console and walked into the restaurant kitchen.

“Can I be of any help?”

*Diane Skelton*

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

### **Literary Things to Do**

**July 17** – Third Tuesday Open Mic Charlotte Crane reading from *The Tales of Aunt Maddy* followed by open mic.

**Second Tuesdays** – open mic poetry and music jam, 6 p.m. – 7:30, Crestview Public Library, 1445 Commerce Dr, Crestview, 32539. Contact Esther @ 682-4432.

**First and third Saturdays – In our write minds** - at eleven in the conference room of the fellowship hall, St. Augustine Episcopal church on Highway 98, Navarre. If you have friends or colleagues who are interested in creative (or non-fiction) writing, bring them. Contact Claire Massey.

**First Wednesday of each month** – Say the Word open mic in Niceville. Check it out on FB.

### **2018 BOARD OF DIRECTORS:**

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Check out our website at [www.wflf.org](http://www.wflf.org) and “Like” us on Facebook, (under) West Florida Literary Federation.

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**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**

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



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