



The Legend

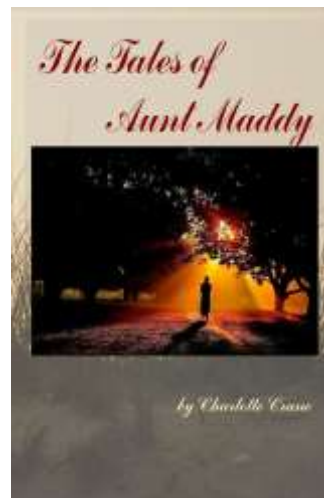
West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

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 4th 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 17th. 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 10th. He is going to try to make it to our July 17th 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 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

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

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 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.

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

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/West-Florida-Literary-Federation-WFLF/255101747857712?ref=hl>

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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