



# *The Legend*

## West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

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

**AUGUST 2020**

### Zoom into Open Mic on Third Tuesday August 18

If you would like to read at a Zoom Open Mic night in August, please email us and let us know. In July, 11 people attended with about 6 readers. It was fun to see faces, especially from as far away as Tallahassee and Austin, Texas. If we have more than 8 readers who want to participate, we will have the Zoom Open Mic on the third Tuesday of the month at 6:30 p.m. If we don't have enough readers notify us ahead of time, we will not have Open Mic via Zoom in August. If you haven't used Zoom yet, below is a link for a short tutorial. It's easy, so get your creative writing ready to read and join the fun with us [https://www.youtube.com/embed/hIkCmbvAHQQ?rel=0&autoplay=1&cc\\_load\\_policy=1](https://www.youtube.com/embed/hIkCmbvAHQQ?rel=0&autoplay=1&cc_load_policy=1)

***NOW ACCEPTING: PHASE II  
Life in the Time of Corona***

*What began as a special issue of The Legend with more than 30 juried submissions from regional writers and artists is now in Phase II, an ezine on WFLF.org. Add your voice to those of health care workers, poets, essayists, historians, and others to describe your Northwest Florida life during this world pandemic. Images and photos also welcome.*

*No fees. Entries accepted until a vaccine is developed or WHO calls the world safe again.*

*For more info contact the editor ~  
[andreaswriting0@gmail.com](mailto:andreaswriting0@gmail.com)*

## FROM THE EDITOR

Dear WFLF Members and Friends,

I hope you are faring well in our strange new world. If you're anything like me, you may be thinking that solitude is lovely, but enough is enough. If you haven't tried Zoom yet, I urge you to give it a try. It's so much fun to see faces of friends and talk. At our July open mic, I was thrilled to see Marian Wernicke, who now lives in Texas. Two new guests, one from Tallahassee, also attended. I've recently touched base with Judy Fawley, who moved back to Ohio last year to be near family. We wouldn't have been able to see these folks if not for Zoom, so I'm looking on the bright side!

I also encourage members to send me your news and creative writing for *The Legend*. Writing is what we're all about, and *The Legend* is for you!

Be sure to check out our ezine *Life in the Time of Corona*. Go to [wflf.org](http://wflf.org), click on Publication, then scroll down. It's quite lovely thanks to Tom Roberts, and we add several new pieces each week.

Finally, if you're reading this and you're not a member, please consider joining.

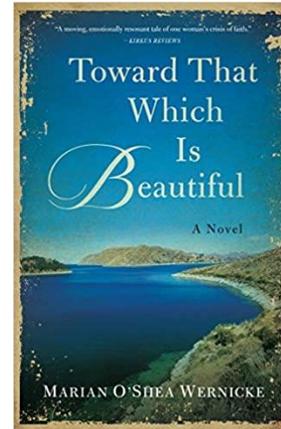
*Andrea Walker*  
*Legend* editor

### WELCOME NEW MEMBER

Dan Wallace

### Congratulations

Long-time member Marian Wernicke will release her latest book *Toward That Which is Beautiful* on September 29.



According to Amazon.com, "On an ordinary day in June of 1964 in a small town in the Altiplano of Peru, Sister Mary Katherine (formerly known as Kate), a young American nun recently arrived in this very foreign place, walks away from her convent with no money and no destination. Desperate and afraid of her feelings for an Irish priest with whom she has been working, she spends eight days on the run, encountering a variety of characters along the way: a cynical Englishman who helps her out; a suspicious Peruvian police officer who takes her in for questioning; and two American Peace Corps workers who befriend her. As Kate traverses this dangerous physical journey through Peru, she also embarks upon an interior journey of self-discovery—one that leads her somewhere she never could have expected." Marian read an excerpt at the July Zoom Open Mic, and I've already ordered my copy.

### Congratulations

"The Lake," a British webzine, has published two of **Karen McAferty Morris's** poems in its August issue. The name comes from this thought by Jean Rhys: "*All of writing is a huge lake. There are great rivers that feed the lake, like Tolstoy or Dostoyevsky. And then there are mere trickles. . . . All that matters is feeding the lake.*" <http://www.thelakepoetry.co.uk/poetry/>

## WFLF 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** 10:30 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.

[ronaldtew@yahoo.com](mailto:ronaldtew@yahoo.com)

**WEDNESDAY PORTFOLIO & EXCHANGE SOCIETY ~**

The Portfolio & Exchange Society Critique Group meets every Wednesday, 9:30-11:30 a.m., 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)

*Please contact the appropriate facilitator mentioned above regarding meetings during this time.*

**WFLF thanks Bingo Paradise  
4469 Mobile Hwy, Pensacola, FL 32506  
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for its continued financial support!**

## More Literary Things To Do

*Please check with the venues below for updates on their activities.*

**First Wednesday of each month** – Say the Word open mic in Niceville. Check out their meetings on Facebook.

**First and third Saturdays** – In Our Write Minds is a writers' group that meets 1st & 3rd Saturdays of every month in Navarre. We are published and unpublished authors who explore topics of interest to writers. Critiques of works submitted are shared in an atmosphere that encourages and supports. We believe that writers of all levels and publishing experience can increase their skills, "with a little help from their friends."

For more information, contact Claire Massey at [cmd3929@gmail.com](mailto:cmd3929@gmail.com)

**Each Tuesday from 6 p.m. – 8 p.m.**  
**Pensacola Poetry** Constant Coffee & Tea,  
615 Scenic Highway.

## CREATIVE WRITING

### Playing by Ear

An Acrostic Poem

Piano, slightly out of tune, white keys time-stained  
Like faded gardenia petals, walnut wood lustrous still,  
A family heirloom. I played from sheet music when I was  
Young. Now I sound out songs  
I like by ear, using chord variations instead of  
Notes. When I make mistakes I remain calm and correct the  
Grating, discordant sounds. I used to  
Be impatient, annoyed at my imperfect self, but the  
Years find me enduring,  
Enjoying the search until my fingers find the right combinations,  
Allowing tempo, riff, improvisation, while I hum the melody  
Right up to the song's end.

*Karen McAferty Morris*

### Zenith

The end of the world is only  
the end of the world as we know it—  
all things that live must die.

Seasons roll like wagons drawn by strong horses—  
lightened by one lost life,  
they are accustomed to the ever shifting load.

If we are only vessels to carry genes  
into the next millennium, like barges drifting  
to the century's end, let's savor

the pieces of ourselves that escaped  
in sons and daughters, our chromosome bridges  
to immortal life. It's time to look

into our children's glittering eyes—  
into that radiant coincidence of genes.  
It's time to feel the love that keeps us sane.

*Henry Langhorne*

*Humans are merely vessels that genes  
use to get themselves into the future.  
"The Selfish Gene" ---Richard Dawkins*

## Dimensional Thoughts

I want to feel  
Textures like before  
My body became a butterfly  
And flew away from the  
Sounds I never felt  
Songs I cannot sing

Burnt shoelaces  
Encourage singing moons  
required remains require remains

Before the sunset, he walked around the park  
And you ran up the looming hill towards a tree  
His eyes sigh at a staircase  
or a space spiraling down towards the core  
Close my eyes and a spider will crawl through or by

I remember when I came from the west to the east  
And I thought it so bizarre  
As the literature I grew up reading  
always brightened eyes at the west  
to a land full of sunshine and gold  
    Like you could walk outside and feel sun on your knees caving in  
But I went the wrong direction  
I never wanted to go in the way they go

*Cece Stewart*

### **Review of *Confluence* by Karen McAferty Morris**

Karen McAferty Morris recently published *Confluence*, her second chapbook. Like *Elemental*, her first book of poetry, it's a small book of thought-provoking poems that will keep the reader returning to reread and pause to contemplate. Often nostalgic as in "New Blue Jeans," sometimes melancholic as in "End of Days," her poetry contains themes of seasons and aging and tells stories of people, incidents, and moments that flow together with the poet's pensive musings. Shown with luscious, vivid

imagery, the scenes form something bigger than before they met.

In her title poem "Confluence," the poet pays tribute to her father, one of several to her parents, and shows the past flowing into the present as she sees someone who looks like him from afar. Her language is poignant as she "smiled until a pinch of sorrow behind my eyes took it away."

A master of form, Morris opens her book with "Not as Seasons in Turn" a Sapphic Stanza. The melancholy tone emphasizes the speaker's memories of losses that happen unexpectedly, unlike the orderly seasons. "Radiance: To My

New Love” is written in the more familiar form of sonnet. A close read reveals the flowing together of dark into light and back again. “Picasso’s Blues,” an ekphrastic, responds to *The Old Guitarist* by Picasso in a compassionate way. The speaker goes from imagining the setting of “trapped in a bottle dredged up from the bottom of the sea” to describing what appears to be his discomfort, to sympathizing with him. Finally, the poem turns in the last stanza to seeing the artist as the man he’s painted, trapped in perceived inability to be fully expressive.

Readers will find perfect haiku, true to nature, true to form, true to portraying a snapshot with a revelation or another perspective. Always seeing something new in nature, the poet has interspersed these seemingly simple poems, like a cool breeze, throughout the pages. Morris chooses *luc bat*, a clever Vietnamese form of rhyme and 6/8 syllable count to show winter flowing into spring, albeit reluctantly. In “A Spring Still Winter,” language and imagery of “icicles on the eaves soften as they receive the sun’s touch” and “without song I wait for its glory too late” show the hesitancy of the speaker and the season to move into a natural confluence. Another season gives way to the next in “Sestina – Late Autumn,” a melancholy scene that brings the speaker waiting for a November snowstorm and reaching for yesterday in her memories. Again, the poem turns when the speaker realizes if she “allowed present moments to be hallowed and loved,” “tomorrow’s hours might mean more.”

People populate the poetry, and Morris carefully observes people and circumstances. The most intriguing poem is “After a Miracle,” written after reading a newspaper article about a young girl in Ethiopia who had been kidnapped, beaten, and left to die. Relatives found her being guarded by lions, seemingly a miracle indeed. The brutal and sad event flows into something mystical. The poet then speculates on the effect asking, “What is life like after a marvel, can it

return to the ordinary—or do those touched often pause to search the skies, or watch the pieces of the world just beyond the corners of their wary eyes?”

Although the poems speak for themselves, painting unmistakable images, the author includes photographs that enhance the work, places that will invite you to slow down and contemplate. Such is the effect of the concluding poem “Channeling Thoreau in a Time of Coronavirus.” This poem speaks lovingly to us about the unknowns we are currently facing, making a strange comparison to the Garden of Eden, and suggesting we “live more bravely, if need be, by ourselves in a small cabin near a pond.” *Confluence*, Morris’ second award winning chapbook, offers readers an insightful view of living life more deliberately.

*Andrea Walker*

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[WestFloridaLiteraryFederation@gmail.com](mailto:WestFloridaLiteraryFederation@gmail.com)

*Legend* editor: Andrea Walker

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**West Florida Literary Federation ~ Join or Renew ~ 2020**

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

Use PayPal at <http://wflf.org> and email this form to [westfloridaliteraryfederation@gmail.com](mailto:westfloridaliteraryfederation@gmail.com) or  
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West Florida Literary Federation, 400 South Jefferson Street, Suite 212, Pensacola, FL 32502



**West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.**  
**Pensacola Cultural Center**  
**400 South Jefferson Street Suite 212**  
**Pensacola, FL 32502**