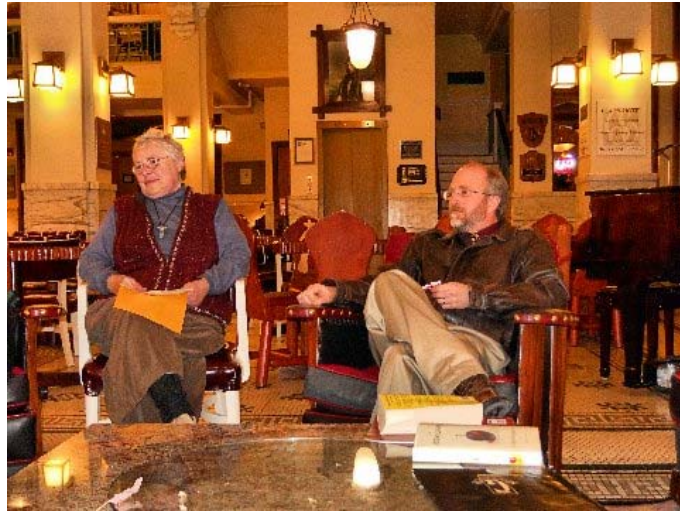


SERENDIPTY POETS' NEWS



Photos by Tom Hamm: Lto R Ruth Kanaris Timothy Stark

Ed Warsaw Tim Stark Patricia Corrigan

The Serendipity Poets of Cheyenne are now meeting at the historic Plains Hotel in Cheyenne each Tuesday at 7.00pm. WyoPoet, Ed Warsaw, was featured in a recent copy of the Wyoming Tribune Eagle in an article about National Poetry Month. We send our sympathy to Ed and his wife Sylvia. Sylvia had a major stroke February 5th and was transferred to the Northern Colorado Rehabilitation Hospital on February 16th. She is now doing better and is back in Cheyenne.

From WyoPoet, Jim Rolf: The Serendipity Poets have been invited to read poetry to the residents of Sierra Hills Assisted Living Community in April, and are also pursuing the possibility of reading poems at Mountain Towers Healthcare and Rehabilitation. I'm traveling to Iowa in early June for a combination family reunion and genealogical research trip. Cheyenne's summer Melodrama takes place in July and they will be using my script "Rocky Rhoades' Rodeo Ride" as the vehicle. I will also emcee the show from time to time as I have done regularly for the past 10 years and off and on for the past 40. I'll celebrate my 70th birthday in late June and am making plans to direct "Noises Off" for the Cheyenne Little Theatre Players in the spring of 2011.

MORE MEMBERS NEWS

Congratulations to Michele Sherwood who won honorable mention in the Frank Nelson Doubleday Memorial Writing Award for her novel excerpt "Trona". The competition is sponsored by the Wyoming Arts Council, and it is funded by artist and arts patron Neltje.

From Gene Shea: Next year the WyoPoets' National Contest prizes will be higher and fees will be changed.

Art Elser had two poems, "Flashback" and "Goose music" published in Voicings from the High Country and had two accepted for publication by the Owen Wister Review, "Introspective light" and "Late spring storm."

Helen Schmill sent a poem to Famous Poets and won an Honorable Mention plus a Certificate of Excellence. Her poem is being published in one of their books. Well done Helen!

From Joe Greig - Last year I was invited by Nu Sigma, the poetry society of Andrews University, Department of English, to read a couple of poems at their yearly poetry celebration.. This year, I was invited as guest poet, read at the end of the session, and was give as much time as I needed to read some of my more recent poems and interact with the audience.

From Chris Valentine - this was a great 3 months for me. I had acceptances from the following anthologies: *Voicings from the High Country*; *High Plains Register*; *Tipton Poetry Journal*; *Multi Culti Mixterations – Playful and Profound Interpretation of Culture Through Haiku* and *Wait a Minute, I Have To Take off My Bra*.

WYOMING WRITERS INC CONFERENCE
TO FEATURE LEE ANN RORIPAUGH
JUNE 4-6TH AT THE HOLIDAY IN - CODY, WY



Lee Ann Roripaugh

The poetry track at this year's conference will feature the daughter of WyoPoet, Robert Roripaugh. Lee Ann is a native of Laramie, Wyoming, she received an M.F.A. in creative writing from Indiana University and is currently an Associate Professor of English at the University of South Dakota.

Her first volume of poetry, *Beyond Heart Mountain* (Penguin Books, 1999), was a 1998 winner of the National Poetry Series, and was selected as a finalist for the 2000 Asian American Literary Awards. Her second volume of poetry, *Year of the Snake*, was winner of the Association for Asian American Studies Book Award in Poetry and Prose. Roripaugh's third volume of poetry, *On the Cusp of a Dangerous Year*, was released in October by Southern Illinois University Press.

Saturday June 5th 10:00-11:00 am

Lee Ann Roripaugh: Dramatic Monologues: A session devoted to the art of the dramatic monologue focusing on aspects of craft and technique (characterization, voice, and tone) that make monologues effective poems, and discussing writerly research in creating a strong monologue. **Pitchfork Room**

11.10 - 12.10 am

Lee Ann Roripaugh: Poetry: Collaborative Poetry: This will be a session devoted to the history and pleasures of writing collaborative poems. The session will discuss different types and approaches to the collaborative poem, look at samples of collaborative poetry, and offer participants the opportunity to collaborate with each other in the creation of such works. **Pitchfork Room**

2.15 - 3.15 pm

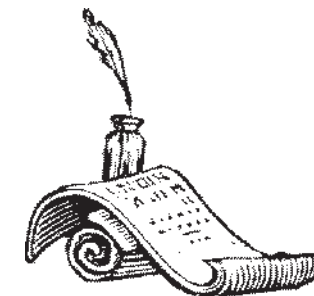
Lee Ann Roripaugh: Music of Poetry: This will be a session that examines ways of creative music within your poems separate from the techniques of rhyme and meter. In particular, we will focus on line length, line breaks, consonance, assonance, onomatopoeia, and other sound effects. **Pitchfork Room**

DON'T FORGET!!

**OUR WYOPOETS' MEETING AT THE WW INC CONFERENCE
SATURDAY JUNE 5TH - 4.45 - 5.45 PM
IN THE TWO-DOT ROOM**

WELCOME TO OUR NEWEST
MEMBER:

H.N. (Henry) Goldman - Augusta, GA



AND WELCOME BACK TO:

Robert Druchniak
Ann Maria Mattila
Bonnie Sargent

POEMS FROM MEMBERS

Spring and a Dog Day Afternoon

Dogs are out in profusion leading their masters around on this early spring day. They trot, sniff, and chase crows, tugging at the end of their leashes.

Couples walk around the lake holding hands, joggers cast superior glances their way, as if emphasizing their own inherent virtue. A lone fisherman casts his line from a bridge.

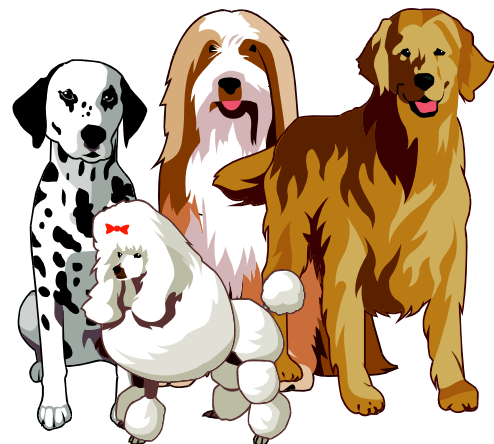
A little lad walks next to his mother who is pushing a baby carriage, and I have a flashback of my own little lad in his Oshkosh overalls and light blue sweatshirt holding my hand.

Bread crumbs are thrown to the Canada geese, those supremely symmetrical beings, who are squabbling after feed with the Mallards, and putting on a swimming and diving show now that the ice has virtually disappeared.

Our heroes are out also, with their mud-covered trucks, overlarge tires and non-existent mufflers belching black smoke, weaving in and out of traffic to get one car length ahead, signaling perhaps some baffling and obscure rite of spring.

I inhale the subtle aromas of the season just beginning in all its complexity, and newness of life emerging, combined with a hint of sweet wood smoke and pungent exhaust.

Patricia Corrigan
Cheyenne WY



Smoke

the aroma of wood smoke pungent and earthy, white plumes ferrying heat, vertical streaks of opalescence, against a backdrop barely aware of encroaching dawn, chimneys puffing and muttering under their breath, snow discreetly falling, dissipating shades of white, shadowy halos around sparsely spaced street lamps,

secrets of the heart muffled and hidden behind a smoky haze, and behind the closed doors of the street,

campfires in the wilderness, incinerators in cities, fires in crematoriums,

incense and sacrifice, smell of burnt offerings.

Patricia Corrigan
Cheyenne WY

WORD PAINTER

I wish that I had words enough To paint the sky with song. I'd dribble rainbow colors Over everything that's wrong.

I'd splash a joyful chorus Over dry and empty places; I'd cause new lights To glow and bloom In dead and empty faces.

I'd speak and shout and cry and scream In reds and blues and greens, In softer shades of melodies I'd whisper all my dreams.

Colleen Purves

POEMS FROM MEMBERS

OPPORTUNITY

When dreams are shattered Look up, not down; When dreams are shattered Seek a trail not found

Create a pathway No one can find; Climb uphill To calm your mind.

Dig your heels Into rocks and bones; Seize those rocks And build a new home.

Colleen Purves



THE SINGER'S TRANSCENDENCE

Sit in the wooden rocker Receive the singer's lyrics In the canyons of your mind Race with wild horses Black hooves dance on slate grey stones

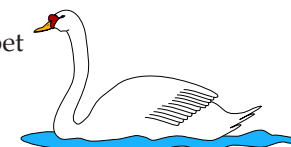
The singers voice lifts the veil She is a comb that frees your mane It frolics in the wind A child romps in the wildness

Run with her and the wild horses Stretch the neck, fly the mane No stone is overturned Each verse keeps its composure

The singer was locked inside herself Loneliness can hold one captive Poetry set her free Her voice has come To spring you from the locks Go on, follow the sweetness that Resonates from the wellspring

Inspired by Scottish singer, Susan Boyle

Thomas J. Glasco, Poet
January 2010 ©



Cedar Hope Chest

In her cedar hope chest the other day I came across an old yellowing menu printed in the fifties from Schrafft's on Fifth Avenue.

It made me think of grilled ham sandwiches on toasted cheese bread, coffee ice cream sundaes with hot butterscotch sauce, and café au lait,

the New York City transit system Fifth Avenue #4 bus staffed with its contingent of thick brogue Irish drivers, and shopping trips to Best's, Macy's and Gimbel's.

Memories spiral downward: a baby book in her handwriting, an old copy of the Bobbsey Twins at the Seashore, and recollections of summers on Clinton Beach.

An aged book once read to us....but I digress...

the shared lace wedding dress is in there too, though worn decades apart, it startles me now to think how long ago

she slipped her Belgian cut diamond engagement ring and wedding band off her hand, and clasped them in mine, with a sigh, just a few days before she died.

Patricia Corrigan
Cheyenne WY

TEARS

Tears are waters of life. Be not afraid to nourish your sorrows. In all waters the mysteries Of life abound. The sea cradles living things, Rivers carry their progeny to Gentle streams, Winter snows hide Spring secrets.

Tears are waters of life. A mother's tears deliver The fruit of her womb. The Holy Font cleanses souls.

Tears, as waters of life Soothe sad thoughts if we Do not hinder their need To escape from us.

Tears wash our hearts Of agonizing grief and Give birth to peace.

