



WYOPOETS

DECEMBER 2011

NEWSLETTER

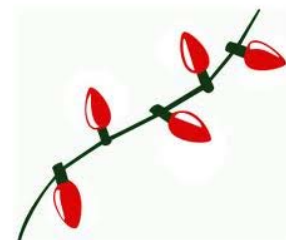
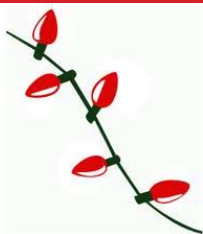


Christmas is forever,
not for just one day,
for loving, sharing, giving,
are not to put away
like bells and lights and tinsel,
in some box upon a shelf.
The good you do for others
is good you do yourself...

~Norman Wesley Brooks, "Let Every Day Be
Christmas," 1976

In the old days, it was not called the
Holiday Season; the Christians
called it 'Christmas' and went to
church; the Jews called it
'Hanukkah' and went to synagogues;
the atheists went to parties and
drank. People passing each other
on the street would say 'Merry
Christmas!' or 'Happy Hanukkah!'
or (to the atheists) 'Look out for the
wall!'

~Dave Barry, "Christmas Shopping: A
Survivor's Guide"



**HAPPY
HOLIDAYS
TO ALL OF OUR WYOPOETS'
MEMBERS**

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT, ABBIE TAYLOR



November 23, 2011

I'm taking a break from self-publishing my new poetry book. That's right. I'm in the process of self-publishing a collection of poems entitled *How to Build a Better Mousetrap: Recollections and Reflections of a Family Caregiver*. The majority of the poems are about Bill and me, and some were inspired by my experiences caring for Bill over the past five years. You can read more about the book at <http://abbiescorneroftheworld.blogspot.com> I'm working with iUniverse, the same company that published my novel, *We Shall Overcome*, in July of 2007. I hope the new book will be released next month.

When you write poetry or anything else, it's always a good idea to have someone with a fresh pair of eyes take a look at your work before you submit it, if at all possible. That's why monthly poetry critique groups that meet on a regular basis can be helpful. I'm thrilled to be a part of a group that meets here in Sheridan on the third Thursday of every month. Not only has my poetry improved but I've been inspired to write new poems because the person facilitating the group each month brings in some sort of writing exercise which we do together as part of the meeting. Being involved in such a group is a great way to make new friends.

Christine Valentine, our esteemed newsletter editor who also participates in this group, volunteered to take time away from her busy schedule to look over my last manuscript proof before I submitted it to the publisher. It's a good thing she did because she found a few spelling errors that hadn't occurred to me even though I was raised by English teachers. My father would have noticed them, and I may as well have borrowed his car and wrecked it as a teen-ager.

If you don't have a poetry critique group in your part of the state, you might want to think about starting one. Maybe this could be a New Year's resolution you could make. Well, I'd better stop preaching and get back to work. I hope you all have a joyous holiday season and prosperous New Year to come.

Abbie Taylor, WyoPoets President



CHRISTMAS PARODY

by Abbie Taylor

Tis the season to go crazy,
round and round it all gets hazy,
lots of programs and parties galore!
Hang up the phone and open the door.

Tis the season to spend money
on gourmet coffee and lots of honey,
candy, toys, books, clothes,
wrapping paper, ribbons, bows.

Deck the hall with a four-leaf clover.
Tis the time to be hung over.
Open up the wine and brandy.
Water should be always handy.

Look at the brightly burning fire.
Play the guitar and join the choir.
Don't be shy. Just let it out.
Tis the time to "twist and shout!"

Oh the days are swiftly flying,
new year coming, old year dying.
Till the ending of this year,
Fill your heart with Christmas cheer.



Christmas Cookies

SANTA'S DILEMMA

The mixer in the kitchen purrs;
it twists and tosses as it stirs
the cookie batter Mom will bake
and then let me help decorate.

The silver cutters wait in lines
to shape their own unique designs
when rolling pin has done its job
and flattened out the doughy blob.

She wipes her brow, adjusts her sleeves,
and starts to cut out holly leaves,
then picks the joyful rocking horse
and stars and bells and birds, of course.

The trees and Santas wait their turn,
while angels, next to snow men, yearn
to don their robes and join the crowd—
I'm sure they want to sing out loud.

The powdered sugar frosting spreads
with ease and forms the sticky beds
on which the colored sprinkles rest,
where red-hot buttons look their best.

And I would like to make it clear
that these creations disappear
because in spite of looking neat,
they're really baked for us to eat.

—C. F. Kelly



NEEDY TIMES

I was crabby and cranky, just not up to speed

Some holiday spirit was my biggest need.

Then I heard the sweet music and climbed in a bell

With joy I tolled softly, my story to tell.

I lit up a candle, my flame climbed so high

My heart just went floating with love to the sky

Against the dark heavens with stars all aglow

A white dove, a peace dove, soon took me in tow

And we circled and seeded our dear mother earth

With peace, love and joy—now we pray for their birth.

Midge

Once upon a Christmas night
When snow was deep and soft
Santa Claus came to our house
But left his toys aloft!

Our chimney, much to his chagrin
Was very much too small
His feet were stuck up to his chin
His legs were far too tall!

His round and jolly belly
Just shook and wriggled free
When suddenly, his long white beard
Wrapped round our Christmas tree!

He struggled and he huffed
He puffed 'til he was blue
No matter how he held his breath
His beard clung, clean and true.

The tree began to bounce and swing
It danced 'til it did shake
And Santa's beard wound round each limb
The branches, soon to break.

By now his legs were stuck on high
Our chimney bricks were rocking His
belly shook beneath his chin And,
down came all our stockings!

With all the noise and huffs and puffs
The house began to quake,
We ran into the living room
Our family, wide awake.

And there lay Santa with a grin
As sheepish as could be
All wrapped in bows and furbelows
Beneath our Christmas tree!

We helped undo his long white beard
Then smothered him with kisses
I tiptoed to the telephone
To notify his 'Mrs.'

by H. Colleen Purves



Ode to the Fat Man

His name is Kringle
Please give him a jingle
If you care to mingle
All the finery will make you tingle!

Sarah Valentine Jackowitz
November 21, 2011

MEMBER NEWS

Congratulations to Jeanne Rogers!! My poem, "Terminal in the Pediatric Cancer Ward," took 14th place in the 6th Annual Writer's Digest Poetry Awards, a contest that receives thousands of entries. I won a 2011 Poet's Market (a book of information on where and how to publish poetry), and an additional \$50 worth of Writer's Digest Books, which I get to select. The 1st through 50th place poems will be printed in a special competition collection, with a late May 2011 publication date. The *Competition Collection* can be ordered from the Writer's Digest web site at <http://www.writersdigest.com/competitions>.

From the Writer's Digest web site: Writer's Digest is a full-color glossy monthly magazine which has been devoted to helping writers develop their craft and hone their publishing acumen since 1920. The Poetry Awards is just one of several annual contests hosted by the company. <http://www.writersdigest.com>.

From Aaron Holst: Just received this news in today's mail; I had four poems place in the Arizona State Poetry Society's 2011 Annual contest. *Beware the Ides* took a Second Honorable Mention in the Humor category; *Gloves* took a First Honorable Mention in the Connections category; *The Things One Doesn't Hear*, Third Place in the Philosophical category; and, *Summertime Lament*, First Place in the Aging Gracefully category. I am surprised at, pleased with their successes! The first and third place winners were read at the Society's annual conference and will be published in its quarterly journal, *Sandcutters*. Honorable Mentions may also be published at the discretion of the editor, space permitting.

From Ed Warsaw: To me I think about how to survive the winter and look forward to a new year and a new spring. I also think about some of my historical champions like Truman, and Eisenhower and Churchill who were true public servants well into their seventies and eighties. I am a news junkie and the constant carping and harping of the press promotes cynicism and negativism. I was so delighted to learn that our new poet laureate is a Wyoming female and hope that she publishes and circulates so that poetry is truly promoted throughout our state.



TIMES

WE NOW GAZE FORWARD TOWARD OUR FUTURE TIMES

REVIEW THE PROS AND CONS OF PASSING YEARS

THE PAST A CANCELED CHECK LIKE STALE BEERS

TOMORROW A FRESH FANTASY WITH RHYMES!

ED WARSAW, CHEYENNE



Gov. Mead names Frolander poet laureate

CHEYENNE, Wyo. — Gov. Matt Mead has appointed a new poet laureate for Wyoming.

Mead on Monday signed a proclamation naming Patricia Frolander, a rancher from the Black Hills area, as Wyoming's fifth poet laureate.

Mead said Monday that Frolander's book of poetry titled "Married into It," resonates with him because it speaks about Wyoming and its people.

The poet laureate position is an honorary title and Frolander won't be compensated. She may choose to submit writings on some occasions. Mike Shay of the Wyoming Arts Council says Frolander will serve until May 31, 2013. Shay says Frolander follows Buffalo poet David Romtbedt in the poet laureate position.



Pat Frolander
Wyoming poet laureate
CONGRATULATIONS!!