

WYOPOETS MEMBERS-ONLY CONTEST

**DEADLINE: February 29th postmark, 2012**

**Eligibility** - All WyoPoets members in good standing are eligible to enter. (Poets may join WyoPoets at the time of submission by including \$20.00 dues with their contest fees.)

**Rules**

1. Any subject, any form. Limit 40 lines.
2. One category: may include traditional rhyming, free verse, Haiku, experimental.
3. Limit: members may enter up to three poems only.
4. Entry fee: \$2 per poem or three poems for \$5.
5. Prizes: \$50, \$35, \$20 plus certificates. Certificates for honorable mention.

**Submission Rules –**

1. Send **two** copies of each poem, one with your identity in upper right hand corner; one copy without ID; and the form, such as sonnet, free verse, etc, in left hand corner of both copies.
2. **Deadline:** Only poems that meet the **February 29th** postmark deadline will be considered. No poems will be returned so keep copies. ENTRIES MUST CONFORM TO THESE GUIDELINES.
3. Winners will be notified by mail, recognized in the newsletter and at our spring workshop. No poems will be published in WyoPoets' Newsletter without the author's written permission.
4. SEND ALL ENTRIES TO: Christine Valentine, P.O. Box 547, Birney, MT. 59012.

( Please mark outside envelope as **CONTEST ENTRY**)

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**HELEN'S SHORTBREAD**

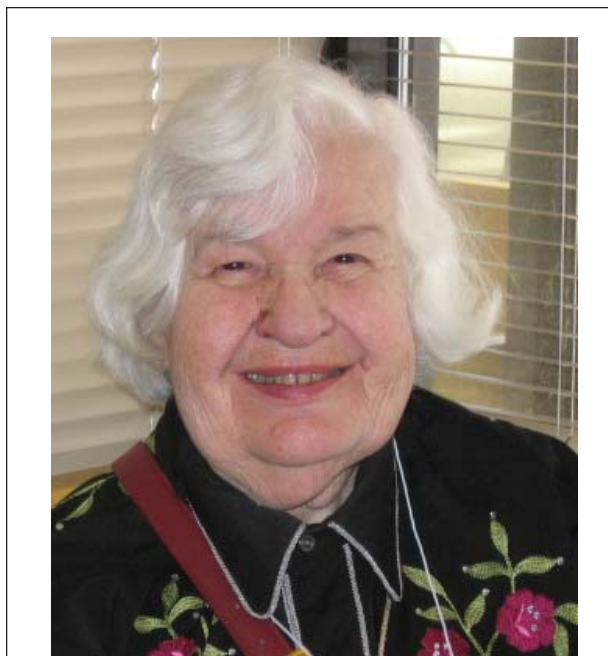
\*\*2 sticks softened salted butter

2/3 cup sugar  
2 1/2 cups flour

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Mix in flour with spoon, then knead in your big bowl until mixture forms a log, Divide log into halves. Spray shortbread molds or tin pie pans with PAM. pack pans with dough, pressing down to make an even layer.

Bake about 30 minutes at 350 until edges are slightly brown. Invert onto plates and at once cut into serving pieces.

\*\*Helen says: NO substitutions or it won't taste as good



Helen Schmill of Casper



# WYOPOETS'

JANUARY 2012

# NEWSLETTER



Casper poet and teacher  
**GEORGE VLASTOS**



"Poetry from Pictures 2012"

## WYOPOETS' SPRING WORKSHOP

### "PLACE MAKES PERSON"

A one-day poetry workshop honoring  
National Poetry Month  
featuring Casper poet and teacher

**George Vlastos**

**Saturday April 28th 2012**

10.00 a.m. to 3.15p.m. Lunch included

At the Hilton Garden Inn

In the Magnolia Room

1150 N. Poplar Street, Casper, WY 82601,  
Ph. (307) 266-1300

Special rate for rooms at the Hampton Inn  
1100 N. Poplar (ph. 307-235-6668)

A block of rooms has been held for the group rate  
of \$84 per night with two double beds.

A continental breakfast is included.

Reservations must be made by **April 7** for the group rate.

More details in the April Newsletter

## FEARLESS

by Lee Ann Siebken

Walking on rooftops in broad daylight  
we reach for the stars  
knowing if we wait long enough  
they'll come – words so brilliant  
we'll catch our breath  
and the world will call us  
poets.



Lee Ann Siebken

TIME TO SUBMIT TO EMERGING VOICES!:

Deadline for submissions to Emerging Voices is Feb. 25th, with mailed submissions postmarked that day. Emailed submissions as attachments are preferred. Western Nebraska Community College's journal of literature and art seeks poetry, prose, artwork and photos. Detailed submission guidelines and past copies of Emerging Voices are available on the college website. www.wncc.edu. Or, they can email me for more information, Janet Craven, jcraven@wncc.edu.



WINNERS IN OUR WYOPOETS NATIONAL CONTEST FOR 2011

- Barb McMakin, of Crestwood, KY, 1st place, for her poem, "Uneven Hitch"
Rose Ann Spaith, of Columbus, Ohio, 2nd place, for her poem, "A Letter to Theresa from Oscar"
Susan Norris, of Andover, NH, 3rd place, for her poem, "Finding You"
David L. Byrn, of Prescott, AZ, 4th place, for his poem, "Wind Stories"
Beverly Stanislawski, of Crown Point, IN, 1st Honorable Mention, for her poem "copper penny moon"
Kolette Montague, of Centerville, UT, 2nd Honorable Mention, for her poem, "To Stand With Trees"
Susan Norris, of Andover, NH, 3rd Honorable Mention, for her poem, "Fireflies"
Lee Ann Siebken, of Douglas, WY, 4th Honorable Mention, for her poem, "Tumbleweed Winter"
Dr. Emory D. Jones, of luka, MS, 5th Honorable Mention, for his poem, "Delta General"

We had 349 entries from 74 poets.in 28 states, and 14 poets entered from Wyoming, and earned \$498 in entry fees.

Our judge, Lee Ann Roripaugh, had the following comments: "What a fine batch of poems these were! The prizewinners and honorable mentions I selected were, I felt, particularly outstanding for the ways in which they combined rich/resonant thematic content, compelling imagery, and well-honed language and sound. It was a pleasure reading such strong work!"

Linda Ruhle
Contest Chair



LOULAYMAN It is with sadness we report the death of WyoPoet Lou Layman, who passed away in October 2011. A member for many years, Lou was an excellent poet winning many prizes especially in the NFSPS National Contest of which she was very proud. Contributions in Lou's memory may be made to: The Denver Dumb friends League, 2080 South Quebec St., Denver, CO. 80231-3204 or if you wish to the WyoPoets' Memorial Fund, c/o Art Elser, Treasurer, 1730 Locust St., Denver, CO. 80220.

Congratulations to the following members who had work accepted for the first issue of OPEN WINDOW from LCCC- Albany County Campus: Aaron Holst; Art Elser; Cornelius Kelly; John Nesbitt; Lauren Donley Tom Glasco and Treva Lannan

NEWS FROM MEMBERS

From Gene Gagliano: In January, I spent several days in western Nebraska doing school visits. Zak and I will do a two week tour for Dee and the Mammoth in Wyoming during the last two weeks of February. My newest children's poetry book is almost ready to send out, and I'm waiting to hear the final word on a middle grade fiction book from an editor.

From Jean Haugen: "My husband, Ron Haugen passed away on September 6, 2011 and his funeral was here at Lander on September 13th. Ron had been ill for a long time. We were married just a little over 8 years and had a good life together. I miss him, but he is now out of pain." Our sympathies go out to Jean. I called her recently and she has moved into her mother's house. She said she is recovering well and looking after her mother - CV.

From Pat Frolander: Gaydell Collier, Jeanne Rogers and I will be at the Tri-State Museum in Belle Fourche, South Dakota on January 26th for a book signing. I have been invited to read (as Poet Laureate) at the Governor's Arts Awards on February 24th in Cheyenne. I will also read for the Wyoming Legislature about the same time but the date is not yet firm.

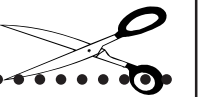
From Janet Craven: I visited Gering Freshman Academy to share a poetry writing exercise, tell them about Emerging Voices, and encourage the students to submit their poetry to the journal. Emerging Voices hosts a community open microphone poetry reading on Saturday, Jan. 21 at Hanlon House Bed & Breakfast in Scottsbluff. We are co-hosting a poetry slam and talent night at the college on Groundhog Day. Writers Roundtable critique and discussion group meets on the last Tuesday of each month at 7 p.m. at the Unitarian Universalist Church, corner of 5th Ave. and 20th St. in Scottsbluff.

From Cornelius Kelly: I had Mohs surgery for a squamous-cell carcinoma on the top of my head. I get the stitches out on the 29th of this month. My wife, Kate, changes the dressing once each day after our Scrabble game. (Hope all is well with you, Cork -CV)

From Laurie Buyer Jameson: Here is a lovely quote which might be of help to the newsletter readers: "We do not believe in ourselves [our voices] until someone reveals that deep inside us is valuable, worth listening to, worthy of our trust, sacred to our touch. Once we believe in ourselves we can risk curiosity, wonder, spontaneous delight or any experience that reveals the human spirit." —e.e. cummings

From Rose Hill: Rose won a book from The Amy Kitchener Foundation "Shortcuts to Success," She also won third place in the SDPS contest with an old, old poem called Antelope Wind and also an honorable mention for a sestina she wrote long, long ago which she entered under the title Wing Moan, Cobweb Stench. The division for that was called Dark Poetry.

To join WYOpoets or to renew your membership you may use the form below:



Name:
Address:
Telephone # E-Mail: Permission to use for WyoPoets? YES\_\_\_ NO\_\_\_

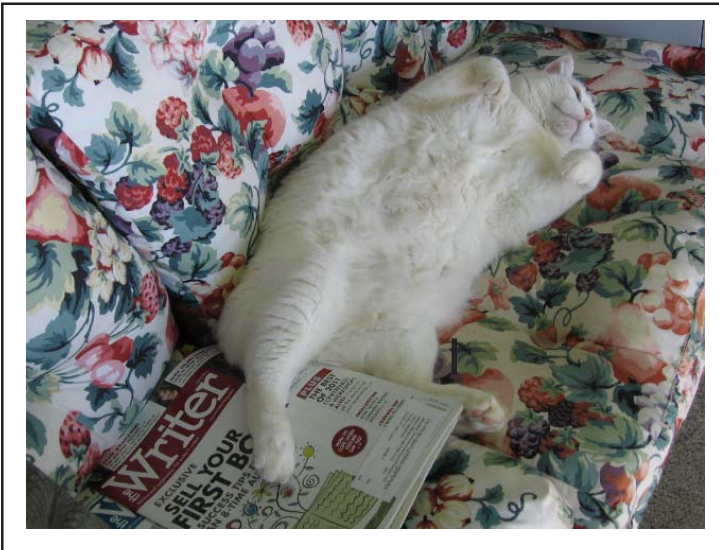
Please check one: Adult membership: \$20.00 per year Student membership 7.50 per year

(Year = July 1st to June 30th) Send to: Art Elser, WyoPoets' Treasurer, 1730 Locust Street, Denver, CO.80220
Is this a gift for someone? Anonymous gift? I wish to donate \$ to the WyoPoets' Scholarship fund
\*\* individuals through age 18, and college students enrolled in a degree or certification program through an accredited educational institution.

MORE POEMS FROM PICTURES

She read *The Writer*;  
got a little bored.  
The photo doesn't give away  
the fact  
that she snores!

C. Valentine



Life Is Good

complete contentment  
muscles stretched-relaxed  
NO worries or cares  
plans to make  
bills to pay  
schedules to keep  
phone calls to answer  
meals to prepare  
clothes to launder  
house to freshen  
just dreams of fun and play  
yes, life is good  
WHAT!  
Blow out my candles  
make a wish  
I wish I was a cat  
I wish I was a cat  
I wish I was a cat

by Donna Fryer

TABBY CATS AND TEN PINS

In animal years, he passed seventy one,  
I sat with him 'til darkness hid the sun,  
I sadly moped around most all next day,  
Oh how I wished he'd never gone away.

a cat sound asleep  
having read a magazine  
very boring stuff

Art Elser

Apartments have no yards for burying plots,  
I wrapped him in his sheet of polka dots,  
Mom's yard would be his final resting place,  
His grave would only take a tiny space.

My bowling bag would do to carry him in,  
I placed him on the car seat to begin,  
Then stopped at a pet shop down the street,  
To buy a marker to place at his dear feet.

Back at the car, my heart now skipped a beat,  
The bag was gone, now missing from the seat!  
I hope whoever stole my dear dead cat,  
Bowls only gutter balls - the thieving rat!

Henry Newton Goldman

KITTY KAT YOGA

She's doing Kitty Kat yoga.  
That cat does it to the max,  
laying on her back and her belly up,  
paws curled, she knows how to relax.  
Especially when the pellet stove's going.  
She lays there and snoozes away.  
Nothing much will disturb her,  
through the colder part of the day.  
I think that Kitty Kat yoga,  
might be helpful to people too.  
The world might look a bit better  
from an upside-down point of view!

by Jean C. Haugen

FAT CAT JACK

Jack the Cat was very fat  
He loved to eat whipped cream  
He'd loll upon his Master's bed  
And lick his whiskers clean.

One day as he was daintily  
Attending to this chore  
The back door slammed  
And startled Jack  
He fell upon the floor!

He tried to stand upon his feet  
His width and girth were huge  
Poor Jack, it seemed had grown so fat  
He couldn't even move.

He lay there panting, short of breath  
Quite stuck upon his back;  
He thought of all the whipping cream  
He'd guzzled as a snack.

"Oh woe is me" poor Jack did cry  
Big tears dripped down his nose  
"Will I lie here for all my life  
Do you suppose?"

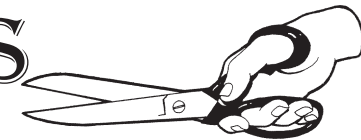
Just then Jack's Master walked inside  
The room where Jack did lie  
"What have we here?" he said,  
"Poor Jack, oh my, oh my, oh my."

He picked Jack up and held him close  
His paws wrapped round his neck  
That poor old cat, so big and fat,  
Did look like quite a wreck.

"From now on Jack" the Master spoke  
Into Jack's fuzzy ear  
"It's skim milk son and exercise,  
I want you healthy, hear?"

by Colleen Purves

TAYLORING WORDS



January 18<sup>th</sup>, 2012

A blanket of white  
covers grass, sidewalk, driveway.  
I wish for the spring,  
long to walk in the sunshine  
without fear of ice or snow.



Abbie Taylor  
President - WyoPoets

The above poem is a tanka, a form similar to the Japanese haiku. It includes a certain number of lines with each line containing a certain number of syllables, and the poem is usually about an image. A tanka isn't hard to write.

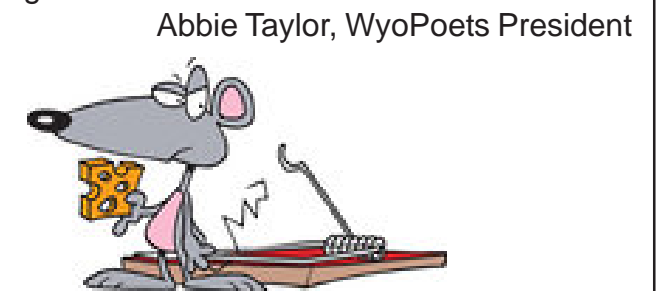
First, you pick an image such as the landscape after a snowstorm. Write the first two or three lines about that. Then, think of how the image makes you feel, and write the last two or three lines about that.

A tanka has five lines, and the syllable pattern is 5-7-5-7-7. The third line should be a pivotal line, meaning that it should make sense with the first two lines alone and with the next two lines alone. If you would like more detailed information about writing a tanka, let me know, and I'll be glad to e-mail you a handout I picked up at our last poets' group meeting. Try writing a tanka. You could make it an exercise for your next poets' group meeting.

As some of you already know, my new book of poems, *How to Build a Better Mousetrap: Recollections and Reflections of a Family Caregiver*, was released in December. For those of you living in and around Sheridan, I'll be promoting the book at three events: a signing at Sheridan Stationery Books & Gallery from 1:00 to 3:00 p.m. on Saturday, January 28<sup>th</sup>, a reading at the Sheridan County Fulmer Public Library on Sunday, February 12<sup>th</sup> at 2:00 p.m., and a signing in the lobby of the Sheridan Senior Center from 11:00 to 12:30 p.m. If you live close by and would like to make the trip but don't know where any of these places are, let me know, and I'll be glad to send you directions.

The book is already available for purchase at Sheridan Stationery Books & Gallery. If you visit my Website at <http://www.abbiejohntaylor.com> you'll find a page containing information about the book, a sample poem, and links to where the book can be ordered from Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and the publisher iUniverse. If you use Bookshare, you can download the book from the following link. <http://www.bookshare.org/browse/book/432068> You can also e-mail me at [abbie@samobile.net](mailto:abbie@samobile.net) or call (307)674-6109 to order copies in print for \$11.00 or rtf format for \$4.00.

In closing, I would like to encourage everyone to enter the members only contest. Details are in this newsletter. Christine Valentine and Aaron Holst are in charge. I hope you all have a successful and prosperous 2012 and look forward to seeing you at the workshop in April. Happy writing!



Abbie Taylor, WyoPoets President

MEMBERS' POETRY PAGE



**The quilt maker**

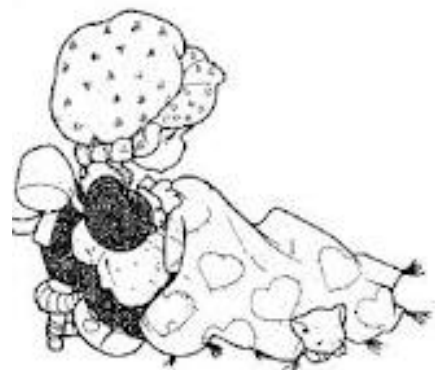
She has a photo album filled with many pictures of her quilts, some as vibrant as jewels each a work of art.

Given as gifts for all occasions new babies, weddings, birthdays, graduations members of her family and fund raisers.

A loving "always there for you" friend started her on a "quilt making journey." It was after her sixteen year old son was killed in an auto accident.

Filling her aching emptiness with works of love, choosing colors, fabrics, designs to personalize her gifts. The precision necessary in cutting the cloth, some designs with hundreds of pieces, stitching them together then quilting and binding. Each quilt a memorial.

by Treva Lannan



**Hail damage**

November, and the trucks still drop Piles of shingles on housetops Three snowstorms this year already And still the crews work

Houses swarm with roofers Armed with toolbelts Tethered with safety lines Pounding hammers echoing

One day is all: a hail-dinged roof Stripped before lunch, replaced after dinner When the crews pack their ladders And pick stray shingles from the flowerbeds.

July it was when we stood under the overhang, Hail roaring, bouncing on the lawn Pea-sized, then marbles, then golf balls One, two, three inches deep

We watched the leaves and branches Falling in showers, stripped from the trees Chilled from the falling ice, deafened In awe of the destruction

by Susan V. Mark



Susan V. Mark



**Song to a Wild Rose**

Wild rose, pink beauty nestled among thorns, myriad green leaves, a surprise in the shadows, delicate scent amid earthy forest smells.

Wild rose, your pink beauty soothes the soul in grief, promises joy to the tearful, heals the heart in pain, shines a gleam of hope on a hidden future.

A. Rose Hill



A. Rose Hill



MEMBERS' POETRY PAGE



**Gloves**

Mother laced them together with tape, pushed them down the arms of our coats so they would not get lost.

Usually hand-knitted by mothers, grandmothers and aunts, the thick wool could not withstand the humid frosty bite of British mornings; so fingers were pulled up into the palm and our hands became lifeless puppets.

Our breath in white wisps on the frigid morning air, we waited for the ride to school with red noses and chapped lips, some friends with purple swollen joints called chilblains.

Once on the bus off they came to rub away Jack Frost on the window pane to massage away the numbness await the exquisite tingling that heralded the return of circulation.

© C. Valentine 1-9-12



**BETWEEN THE RAIN DROPS**

Exposed to life's turbulent falling rain, Struggling in life's sometimes raging storms; I skip and dodge to avoid stinging pain, And try to walk where trouble does not form; There between the rain drops.

Life's gusting winds of unrest often plague This fragile form like some great sweeping hand, These times, I must be careful in storm's rage, To find some peaceful place my footsteps land; Somewhere between the rain drops.

And when life's storm clouds part for joy's bright shrouds, The rainbow of my peace restored once more, I'll look again beyond life's troubled clouds, And see the face of Him who guided me before - Through life's storms; There between the rain drops.

Henry Newton Goldman

Nessie the monster looks back over her shoulder for tourists to eat

Art Elser

deep blue thunder sky rains its grace on the prairie slakes thirst, greens grasses

Art Elser



**SCATTERING THE SEED**

We scatter the seeds of our poems, hoping these words fall on the fallowed ground of heart's need, and spring up into flowers of peace, joy, and of love that transcends the aches, pains and sorrows of everyday life.

May each reading fertilize these seeds and make them blossom into radiant bouquets



smuggled from San Fran chocolate penance wrapped in foil sent from his doghouse

Art Elser