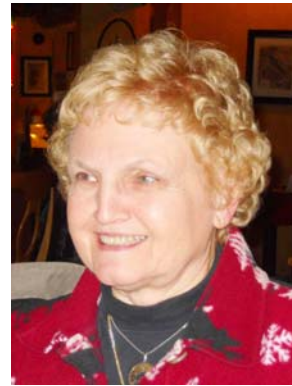


SERENDIPITY POETS OF CHEYENNE
HELD THEIR CHRISTMAS GET-TOGETHER DECEMBER 21ST 2010



Photos by
Thomas Hamm



Patricia Corrigan



Ed Warsaw



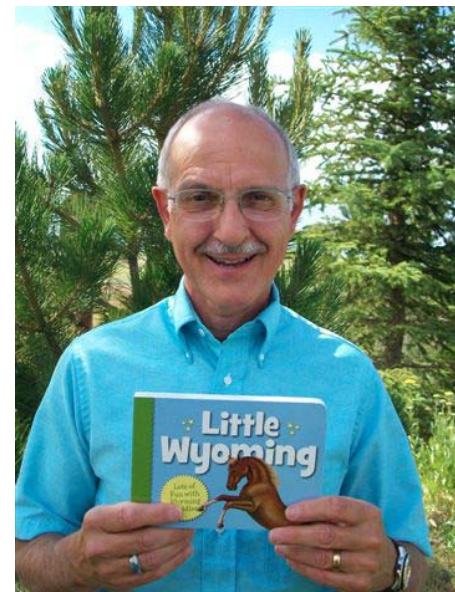
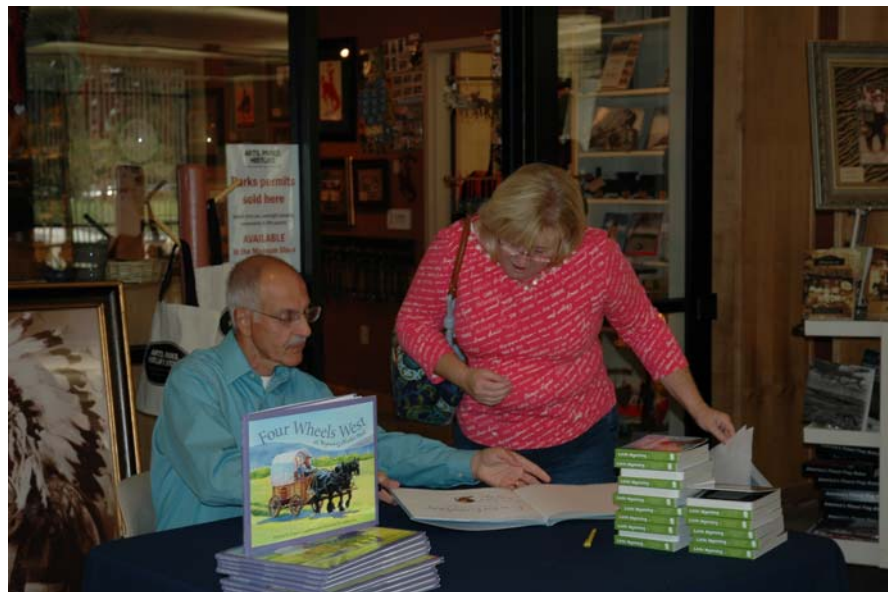
Jim Rolf



Ed Warsaw

WyoPoets' Members

MEMBER NEWS - GENE GAGLIANO SIGNS HIS NEW BOOK



From Gene: I'm happy to report that **Little Wyoming**, my new board book, is being used as a fundraiser for the Wyoming Library Endowment Challenge, a state-funded initiative that matches donations 1:1, 2:1, or 3:1, depending on the county's assessed valuation. The Wyoming Center for the Book, a program of the Wyoming State Library, donated 2,000 copies of Little Wyoming to *Raising Readers in Wyoming*, a program that distributes free books during children's regular well-child health care visits. Photos: Wyoming State Library and Gene Gagliano



WYOPOETS' NEWSLETTER

JANUARY 2011

WYOPOETS' MEMBERS HONORED WITH AWARDS



Nancy Curtis

CONGRATULATIONS
TO NANCY AND PAT



Patricia Frolander

29th Governor's Arts Awards - Wyoming
Nancy Curtis of Glendo was chosen for her contribution to writing, establishing the High Plains Press and her commitment to the preservation of history and the written word.

Recipient of the Neltje Blanchan Memorial Writing Award for nature writing, is Patricia Frolander of Sundance. She will receive a \$1,000 prize for a series of poems entitled "Married Into It."

A MESSAGE FROM OUR NEW NFSPS PRESIDENT - RUSSELL STRAUSS

Dear WyoPoets,
I truly appreciate the opportunity to send a special message to your society. We are already more than a decade into a new century, and that century brings new needs and concerns. One of the things that I want to do during my term as president is make NFSPS as relevant as possible, and you can help. I try to keep all lines of communication open because NFSPS is here to serve you and your society. If you can think of any ideas or programs that we might need to implement that we are not implementing or any improvements that we might need to make in existing programs, please email me. If you would like to discuss your ideas on the phone, leave a phone number and I will call. The whole thrust of my administration is to make NFSPS as meaningful to our members as possible.

Thank you for the wonderful work that you do as a society. Working with poets is always a joy. This is why I always end my messages in Strophes and elsewhere as I am ending this one:

Poets are Special People.
Sincerely,
Russell H. Strauss
NFSPS President

About Russell:

I was born in Memphis and have spent most of my life here, receiving both a BS degree and an MA degree from the University of Memphis. I did live elsewhere for three years when I was in my early twenties. During that time I taught in small towns in three different states. All in all, I taught a variety of grades and subjects for a total of thirteen years until I decided to leave teaching in 1976 to work for the Tennessee Department of Labor.

I am still employed as an unemployment claims adjudicator by that department. I am a widower and have no children. During the time my wife was living, we were able to travel extensively in Europe, Asia and elsewhere.

I have been writing poetry since I was in grade school, but went through a period of about thirty years when I was not an active poet. That changed when I joined the Poetry Society of Tennessee in December 1994. I have served three two-year terms as president of that society. Although most of my writing activity is with poetry, I have also won short story awards including one with Memphis Magazine. My poems are published in numerous anthologies including *Encore*, *Tennessee Voices*, and *Grandmother Earth*.



NFSPS President
Russell Strauss

POETRY PROMPTS
JAPANESE POETRY FORMS:

Chris Valentine writes for Poetry Prompts this issue. Chris is the editor of WyoPoets newsletter. She writes poetry and non-fiction and is published in many anthologies including: Tipton Poetry Journal; Voicings From the High Country; High Plains Register; The Meridian Anthology of Contemporary Poetry. **This article is reprinted from the April 2005 issue of the newsletter.**

#1 – Haiku (Hi-coo)

Defined as “a poem recording the essence of a moment keenly perceived, in which nature is linked to human nature” haiku is generally written about common everyday experiences usually involving natural objects; they avoid complicated words and grammar. The most common form of haiku is three short lines the first and third about the same length and the middle one a bit longer. There is no rhyme. Often there are five syllables in the first line, seven in the second, and five in the third. Having said that, the “rule of form” is often being broken these days. It is probably best to begin writing haiku using the 5-7-5 rule, then branch out later.

Examples of 5-7-5 syllables:

Murakami, Kijo (1865-1938).

First autumn morning:
the mirror I stare into
shows my father’s face

Raizan

You rice-field maidens!
The only things not muddy
Are the songs you sing

Examples of other Haiku

Basho, Matsuo

1. In the cicada’s cry
No sign can foretell
How soon it must die

2. Clouds appear
and bring to men a chance to rest
from looking at the moon.

Chris Spruck

Faceless, just numbered.
Lone pixel in the bitmap-
I, anonymous

The seasonal theme

For a seasonal theme which is common in Haiku, each Haiku must contain a *kigo*, a season word, which indicate in which season the Haiku is set. For example, cherry blossoms indicate spring, snow indicates winter, and mosquitoes indicate summer, but the season word isn’t always that obvious.

Other Japanese forms of poetry: renga, senryu, tanka & haibun

Just for fun

Q: What is “Spamku”?

A: Originally, “Spamku” were short, more or less haiku-like, humorous poems on the topic of the commercial product Spam. Early in the days of the World Wide Web, these and similarly satiric poems became quite popular. While serious haiku poets dislike Spamku and related work, they offer writers an outlet for humor that is not unlike the early motivation behind senryu in Japan in the 1700s.

NEWS FROM MEMBERS

From Sue Dewey: We have all been laid low by flu viruses and the like in my family. Every time I get clear of something, a grandchild comes back from nursery with another bug! It should get better by the time they are about 10! (My poem *Sitting Bull*) is one I wrote to commemorate the anniversary of the death of *Sitting Bull* and was broadcast on the *Jim Thompson* show in December 2010. (See Sue’s poem on P.9.)

From Abbie Taylor: My poem, “Whitney Common,” was published in *Serendipity Poets of Cheyenne Journal* 2011.

From Myra Peak: I received an Individual Artist Professional Development Grant of \$500 from the Wyoming Arts Council. It is for developing my graphic arts skills which will be used to create brochures for my poetry workshops. Secondary results will likely be my ability to use graphic arts during workshops, too. I’m taking private lessons from a graphic artist and will be purchasing a graphic arts computer program. I’ve had one session already and will have one in a week. I’ve learned a lot with the two books that he loaned me and homework that he gave me.

From Ed Warsaw: Ed and Sylvia enjoyed the holidays at home in Cheyenne, exchanged practical gifts and entertained the *Serendipity Poets* at our house in celebration of our 47th anniversary December 28th. Ed bought himself a new pair of tennis shoes and Volume I of Mark Twain’s *Autobiography*, the first of a three volume set. His Aunt Esther died December 29th and he wrote two poems about her and forwarded them by email to close friends and family members. (See Ed’s poem on P.9.) In early February he is invited to read poems at a dedication banquet at the 37th Annual Winter Symposium on Addiction Treatment at the Crown Hotel in Colorado Springs where he was named Poet Laureate of the Symposium fifteen years ago.

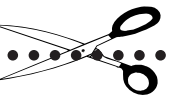
From Mary Jo Maguire: I sent a chapbook containing 30 poems to 125 family and friends this Christmas, a most unusual Christmas card. The cover had a copy of an icon of Michael the Archangel that I had painted in 2006. I wrote a poem, *Image*, about the week-long experience I enjoyed while painting (writing) the icon and included it at the beginning of the book. The response I received was amazing. Art Elser helped me set up the book and it was very rewarding.

From Linda Ruhle: *Serendipity Poets of Cheyenne* just published two of my poems, *The Sun Is Coming!* and *A Vision of Self*. I am giving a poetry reading at the Ten Sleep Library on January 22nd, and I did use a poem written in December on my Christmas card. (See Linda’s poem on p.9.)

Congratulations to WyoPoets who were published in *Serendipity Poets Journal* this winter: Tom Hamm; A. Rose Hill; Art Elser; Lou Lenhart; Ed Warsaw; Chris Valentine; Pat Corrigan; Cornelius Kelly; Abbie Taylor; Linda Ruhle and Jim Rolf. For copies of SPJ 2010 please contact Ed Warsaw at: warsaw2muse@gmail.com

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: \$15.00 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.

WYOPOETS MEMBERS-ONLY CONTEST

DEADLINE: February 26th postmark, 2011

Eligibility - All WyoPoets members in good standing are eligible to enter. (Poets may join WyoPoets at the time of submission by including \$15.00 dues with their contest fees.) Winning poems will be published in the newsletter **only** with permission of the poet.

Rules

1. Any subject, any form. Limit 40 lines.
2. One category; may include traditional, 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 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 26th** 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

.....
NEWS FROM MEMBERSCONTINUED

From Cornelius Kelly: I continue to publish a poem each month from my collection in the Rendezvous Pointe Newsletter www.rendezvouspointe.com. I think that many of the seniors enjoy reading them. On the 22nd of this month, I will do an indoor triathlon of swim, bike, and run for 15, 20, and 15 minutes respectively. I have seen that word *respectively* substituted for *respectfully* twice now in our local newspaper in the last few weeks. Years ago I saw an acquaintance close his letter with *respectively yours*. Now that really could be the case when one thinks about it: yours in some strange sequence.

From Nancy Gerlock: I did have a poem published in The Wyoming Woman magazine (2nd issue) and is labeled Winter 2011. My poem's title is "Two Hours North" and is located inside back cover of the issue

From Gene Gagliano: My newest book, *Dee and the Mammoth*, illustrated by Zachary Pullen, was released by the Tate Geological Museum in December. Our first book signing, at Wind City Books in Casper, sold out 60 books in an hour. On Thursday, January 20th, Johnson County Library had a reception and book signing for Zak and I. Then on Friday, the 21st, a no school day, we had a program for students from 10:00 a.m. until noon. As a promoter of books, reading and writing, I'm happy to report that *Little Wyoming*, my new board book, is being used as a fundraiser for the Wyoming Library Endowment Challenge, a state-funded initiative that matches donations 1:1, 2:1, or 3:1, depending on the county's assessed valuation. The Wyoming Center for the Book, a program of the Wyoming State Library, donated 2,000 copies of *Little Wyoming* to Raising Readers in Wyoming, a program that distributes free books during children's regular well-child health care visits.

I'm also working on revisions for a new poetry book for children to be released in late winter.

Daily Haiku



Art Elser

Art Elser and Chris Valentine are poetry mentors. They exchange a haiku each day by e-mail. They both think it helps them to focus for the day, on words and images. Here are a few of their haiku from November and December 2010



Chris Valentine

Nov 1

bitter cold remains
 sun and snow locked in beauty
 a good day to write

Nov 8

soft light at sunrise
 leaves on trees burnt sienna
 a last warm fall day

Nov 15

fat wet snowflakes fall
 adding beauty to silence
 winter's peaceful gift

Nov 22

coyote full moon
 like coyote hides from us
 fog chills the night air

Nov 29

jets fly missing man
 to honor slain warrior
 I'm immensely sad

Dec 4

cold night
 radiators grumble
 dog snuggles

11/1

grass glows pinkish brown
 in the early morning sun
 center of Milky Way

11.8

at sunrise
 orange light suffuses
 sky
 clouds
 grass
 buttes
 thoughts

11/15

dreaming about mice
 coats of non-agouti brown
 soft fur of comfort

11/22

seems cold in the house
 walls suck heat from your body
 radiative effect

11/29

across many miles
 I hold the hand of a friend
 hurting from the past

12/4

open the curtains
 wonderland before my eyes
 trees frosted with hoar

WYOPOETS OFFICERS

President
Abigail Taylor
 352 W. Whitney
 Sheridan, WY. 82801
abbie@samobile.net

Vice President
Linda Coatney
 P.O. Box 20402
 Cheyenne, WY. 82003
Lcoatn@state.wy.us

Secretary
Patricia Buck
 3510 Monte Vista
 Casper, WY. 82601
pebuck@bresnan.net

Treasurer
Arthur Elser
 1730 Locust St.,
 Denver CO 80220
artelser@me.com

Past President
Myra L. Peak
 Box 404
 2200 Mississippi St.,
 Green River, WY. 82935
myra@peakenvironmental.com

NON-ELECTED POSITIONS

Historian
Open - not filled

Newsletter Editor
Christine Valentine
 Box 547
 Birney, MT.59012
svalentine@rangeweb.net

Web Site Manager
Nancy Curtis
coyote@wyoming.com

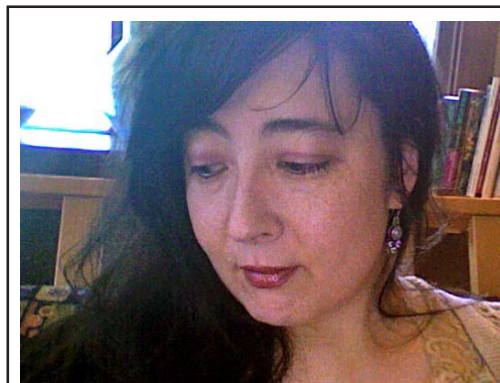
WYOPOETS Website
www.wyopoets.com

NEWS!! WYOPOETS' ANNUAL SPRING WORKSHOP

Mark your calendars for the WyoPoets spring poetry workshop,
scheduled for
April 23, 2011.

This year's presenter is
Lee Ann Roripaugh.

It will be held once again at the Hilton Garden Inn in Casper,
1150 N. Poplar Street.



Lee Ann Roripaugh

Rooms can be had for \$84, single or double,
at the Hampton Inn and Suites, right next door to the Hilton.

** This set-up worked out so well last year, that it seemed a no-brainer to do it again. There will be a poetry reading on the evening of April 22. More on that and the workshop in the next newsletter.

... From Linda Coatney, Workshop Coordinator & Vice President-WyoPoets

NOTE - See the Mid-Summer 2010 issue of the newsletter for a summary of Lee Ann's WWInc Workshop in Cody, by Art Elser.

BOOKS TO INSPIRE YOU IN THE NEW YEAR

haiku mind - Patricia Donegan

The Haiku Handbook - William Higginson & Penny Harter

New Poets Of The American West Anthology

(Find some WyoPoets in this volume!)

The Poets Laureate Anthology

GOOD READING FOR JANUARY/FEBRUARY:

The Writer magazine

January issue

Red Flags for Audits - if you are a writer/poet

Writer's Digest Magazine...January

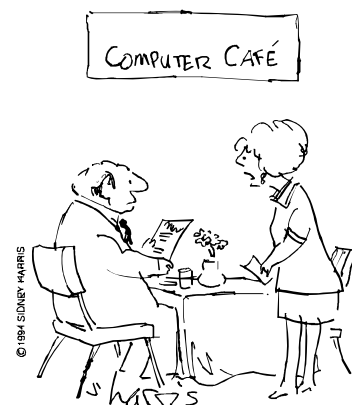
Inkwell - Poetic Asides - The Monotetra

Writer's Digest magazine...February

Inkwell- Poetic Asides - Conquering the Cascade

Poets and Writers Jan/Feb

Special Section - INSPIRATION



"Our portions come in three sizes: bit, byte and megabyte."



"Someone's been programming my computer, too!"

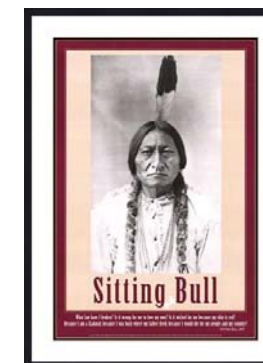
SITTING BULL

by Sue Dewey

I speak to you as Spirits can
Thru winds that whistle across this land
Of dancing buffalo grass
And ask that you remember me
And all of those who fought to be
At one with nature -
Living free
For now in death
This Lakota man
Can see his beloved family band
As astride masked ponies
Fresh from war
The warriors ride up to the fore
And lead the people
Strong and brave
As back and forth
A way they pave
The Elder's bodies
Bent and low
The children - laughing, skipping go
And all around them are the sounds
Of beasts of burden
Yapping hounds
Mothers, fathers, all are here
Ethereal beings
I shed a tear.....
For even though I sundanced well
I couldn't save them from the hell
Of all that was to come
And so the years would take their toll
I was the legend - Sitting Bull
Yet -
Deep within this old man's heart
Was a sad and bitter swell
For friends, I tell you
Do beware
And know your enemies well
A shot
A shout
Then blood and tears
The legend was no more
The eagle cried
And flapped his wings
And helped my Spirit soar
So upon this land I will remain
A reminder
An historic stain
And when the winds are howling loud
I'll call to you from celestial clouds
And speak until your heart is full
So you'll remember
Sitting Bull
Mitakuyasin - All my relations

Happy New Year to the WyoPoets
Sue Dewey, England.

MORE POEMS FROM MEMBERS



DEATH OF AUNT ESTHER

A morning phone call from Illinois
With the sad news of Aunt Esther
Passing at age eighty four
Early this snowy morning!

Aunt Esther was the mother hen
Of the Warsaw clan
A straight talking Illinois farm girl
And I shall miss her truth telling!

She had a twenty two year old
Artificial hip which needed attention
So she was hospitalized a week ago
To have it fixed for future use!

Discharged to Gibson City's Nursing Home
She awaited her husband Walter
To join her for convalescent care
Now she is gone to death's domain!

Thursday January 30, 2010
Eddie Warsaw
Cheyenne Wyoming

The Last Wine Glass

The last remaining wine glass shattered the other night,
it was an end sign: the all of it.

There were four in the original set
that came from that special winery
on the Cape that we used to visit,

Each in turn meeting an unexpected demis
like an unfortunate slip of the tongue,
they crashed and shattered.

Time now to dispense of the final mementc
pictures, ticket stubs, playbills,
wipe the slate clean, pretend it never happ

by Patricia Corrigan

A Vision of Self

I whinnied and galloped through
my childhood, lived inside my dream
that I was, quite happily, a horse,
and even as an adult I still think

that, somehow, it's true, no matter
this human form or learned language
skills, that what actually lives
inside me has propagated, multiplied,

and what now runs freely within
is an entire herd, fillies and foals,
mares and stallions of every color,
black and white, pintos and palominos,

so even though I've learned not
to kick and usually act quite human,
don't let appearances fool you,
for I may nicker and prance in water

to polish my hooves, shake my mane
and bite the wind, or suddenly rear
and look upon you with wild eyes
and an urge to bolt for the hills.

by Linda Ruhle



POEMS FROM PICTURES CONTD.....

#6



GRANDPA'S HORSE

I'm just a little boy
and my grandpa loves me lots
He rides a great big horse
it will walk, or run or trot

I asked him when I grow up
could I ride the horse like you
Promising to be real careful gramps
I want to be a cowboy too

Gramps smiled as he put me
in front of him on the saddle
He said son, you can ride with me
and we'll go round the cattle

I learned that day you're never too small
to ask for what you desire
That is where our dreams are made
by people you most admire

by Louise Davis



DADDY'S ARMS

Snug and safe
in my Daddy's arms,
riding on a big horse
and I won't come to harm.

He's tucked me close
and I feel secure,
watching wide spaces
of prairie, wild and pure.

I remember my Daddy
kept his heart 'round me for years,
keeping me warm and safe.
I remember with glad tears.

Now he's snug and safe
in his Father's Arms,
riding up on Heaven's Prairie,
safe in Love, far from harm.

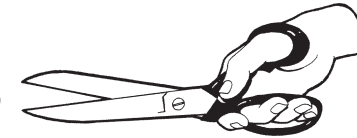
by Jean Mathisen Haugen

EMERGING VOICES 2011

The deadline to submit for WNCC's journal of literature and art is March 4. We prefer electronic submissions sent via email as word attachments. Please include Emerging Voices Submission in the subject line of your email. For artwork and photos, please save as jpg files and attach. Please include complete contact information. Submission guidelines are attached. If you know of others who may be interested in submitting, please pass this information along. Guidelines are available at:
<http://www.wncc.net/students/activities/emergingvoicesguidelines2011.pdf>

Thank you all and Happy New Year 2011!
Janet Craven
Advisor, Emerging Voices
Western Nebraska Community College
308-635-6121

TAYLORING WORDS



Thursday, December 30th, 2010

As I write this, it's snowing and blowing, and the temperature is only one degree. Despite the inclement weather, Bill's massage therapist arrived right on time, and our homemaker arrived half an hour early. My office door is closed, but I think that the homemaker is doing more chatting with Bill and the massage therapist than cleaning, and the massage therapist is working to ease tension in Bill's paralyzed muscles while chatting with him and the homemaker. As long as I can write uninterrupted for the next half hour, I don't care what goes on in the living room.

Why am I giving you a glimpse into my personal life? Well, I can't think of anything else to write in this column. I could write about New Year's resolutions, but whenever I make such resolutions, I usually break them. Just yesterday, I resolved to quit talking to myself because Bill hates this habit of mine with a passion. I've already broken that resolution a million times at least.

My monthly poetry group has an assignment to write about New Year's resolutions so this is what I suggest for anyone reading this column. Write a poem about resolutions you have made and/or broken or would like to make. You never know what could happen. Happy New Year!

Abbie Taylor
WyoPoets President



Abbie Taylor
President - WyoPoets

Summary of WyoPoets 2010 National Contest

- 89 - Number of poets entered
(of which 19 were WyoPoets members)
- 435 - Number of poems entered
- \$615.00 - Total entry fees received.
- \$6.91 - Average entry fee
- \$615.00 - Entry fees...less \$200.00-Winner Prizes to award
- \$25.00 - Judge's mite
- \$390.00 Net**

2009 contest figures for comparison

- 104 - Number of poets entering. 16 were WyoPoets members
- 460 - Number of poems entered
- \$5.42- Average entry fee.
- \$564.00 -Total entry fees
- \$100.00 - Winners awards
- \$25.00 - Judges fee
- \$439.00 - Net**



"We're all team players here, Furgis.
Miss Parmenter will break you in."

NOTE

I figure the double fiasco of no Aug. STROPHES and the Nov. issue so late that many readers did not receive it until almost closing date, hurt us at least the 15 fewer entries we received this year. At the \$6.91 average entry fee, that's over a hundred bucks. I wish Linda better luck next year.

#1

POEMS FROM PICTURES



Old Teepees

Serenity, simplicity
the ancient history stands.
Shadows spread
its fingers across a still graze land.
The setting sun
brings to rest the pounding hoofs of old
Captivating cones
enfold and shelter from the cold.
The moon
that rises seeps its light into the memories,
Storytellers
weave each thought through skins of old teepees.

by Joan Feagins

The Coming
Ottava Rima

Mauve hued clouds graces twilight late in the fall
Mysterious teepees appear in the haze
Two of light and one of darkness stand tall
Ancient ones come to lead us through this new phase
Of Mother Earth's awakening when all
Creatures great and small will slip through life's maze
Emerging into a new dimension
Of total heavenly comprehension

by Lou Lenhart

ONE BUFFALO'S OPINION

For thousands of years before the white man came,
Aboriginal hunter-gatherers followed the game,
When the buffalo herds roamed wild and free,
From Hiawatha's shining waters to Brigham's salt sea.
Bison by the thousands, there would always be.
Flint knives and bowstring share none of the blame.

End of the first century since the white man arrived,
Scarcely a few dozen of stragglers had survived,
And the Army of the Plains stood up and approved.
Aborigines starved out, from their homelands removed
To reservations and activities, Indian Bureau approved.
Best of the public lands into huge ranches contrived.

Forty million strong, the greatest game herd on Earth,
To a handful in zoos, that must record every birth.
From the brink of extinction, the Land of Never More,
The Monarch of the Plains was saved from oblivion's door.
Peek through your steel fence at the fate you have in store.
Tell the world how much your salvaged freedom's worth

by Eugene Shea

#2



#3

POEMS FROM PICTURES



Solitude

I sit on the bank
absorbed in the scene
the mama duck
her brood
trees spread branches
over the water
shading, cooling
lapping waves
carry us
gently down the stream

by Treva Lannan

Ann's Garden

(In memory of Ann Orndorff)

Ann had a green thumb for growing friends,
enriching and cultivating with the joyful lightness of her heart:
a smile that nourished
and kindnesses that watered thirsty souls;
gentle advice that straightened the stems of human life,
words as warm as sunshine to recall.

The garden flourished wonderfully,
but the one who tended it was called away.

Her husband gave us packets
with her likeness and the words,
"Ann's Blend of Happiness Seeds."

Next May I planted mine.
By June's end, bright flowers bloomed—
fringy maize, rose-pink, purple, white.
Towards fall came orange, crimson,
sunflower yellow with brown buttons.
Summer and autumn she smiled at me.

by Patricia Buck

Out of Nowhere

From out of nowhere
I found some sod
To nurture
Encase
Me.
From out of nowhere
I sipped the rain
To moisten
Open
Freed
From out of nowhere
I spring to life
Forgotten
Lonely
Seed

by Joan Feagins

Perfect Day

Dream the perfect day
jump rope for heart's fitness
stroll after noon meditate
on river's endless flow
ducklings' trust mother's love
consider deep pool's serenity
repeat each thoughtful word
vision and action become a poem

by A. Rose Hill

#4



SUNFLOWERS

State flower of the Jayhawk state
I'm sure by city folks was chose.
Just a nuisance in the com fields
As every Kansas farmer knows.

A cousin to the cockle burr
Just another noxious weed.
Chop them from the com rows,
Don't ever let them go to seed.

I remember yet the heat and sweat
Though it's seventy years and more ago.
Chopping weeds between the stalks
And I the lad behind the hoe.

Now that I'm in my antiquity,
I feed winter birds in my back yard.
Come in flocks from miles around
For Hanna winters are long and hard.

I've fed them seeds of this and that
But their favorite seed I have found.
I buy sunflower seed by the sack
And I'm paying fifty cents a pound.