

LINDA RUHLE HONORED BY THE AMY KITCHENER FOUNDATION  
AS SENIOR POET LAUREATE FOR WYOMING

Linda's winning poem:

Glitter

What will they think of next?  
I can now have the cremated remains  
of my dearly departed pressed  
into a sparkling diamond to wear

around my neck, instead of locked  
inside a tightly-closed silver pendant,  
ashes free floating inside and bumping  
up against my chin whenever I lean over.

Perhaps I could get the mantled urns  
of my two ex-husbands pressed into a pair  
of matching studs to glow from my earlobes  
like two hot loving embers.

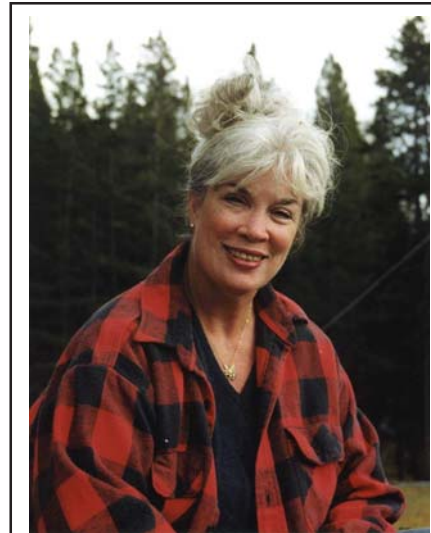
Why, when my third ex-husband dies, I can  
have a matching diamond pendant sparkling  
around my neck, and I'll try hard to forget  
that desperate time he tried to strangle me.

Oh, just picture it! Chuck dazzling in one  
lobe and Jack trying to outshine him  
in the other, with George hanging near  
those breasts he never liked to touch.

No more sorrow or inconvenient graveside  
trips, just the delightful task of placing  
glittering stones upon my body as I dress  
for a date, or my own blind date with eternity.

Oh, you say you like my diamond studs  
and wonder how I got them? Well, thanks,  
but a lady never tells her age or just how  
she acquired her beloved diamonds.

by Linda Ruhle



LINDA RUHLE

Congratulations to WyoPoet Linda Ruhle on becoming the Senior poet Laureate for Wyoming!

Linda writes poetry, fiction and non-fiction. She raised her sons in Los Angeles and moved to Wyoming in 1996. Besides writing, she loves nature (rocks, bones and feathers), horses and Native American culture. She has completed three books, numerous short stories and essays, and hundreds of poems. Her published credits and awards include poetry, short stories and essays.

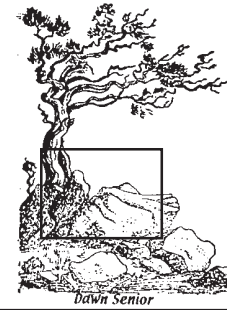
I asked her how she felt about the award and she replied, "I was delighted to get the Wyoming Sr. Poet Laureate Award, because more than anything, the recognition encourages me to continue submitting and helps me believe in my writing work. I would be writing whether or not anyone else ever liked it, read or noticed it, because like breathing, I must write, but recognition feels like stepping out of the shadows of solitude and into the sunshine of sharing, a wonderful and soul-warming thing."

NEWS FROM CORNELIUS KELLY



In the Sr. Olympics I won four gold medals in breaststroke events: 25, 50, 100, and 200 yards. I set a new State Record in the 50 yard with a time of :53.85. The old record was :55.69 in the 75-79 age bracket. Actually, I swim slow, but my competition swims slower. I am the swimmer in lane 8.

I attended the opening of the Heart Mountain Interpretive Center between Cody and Powell, Wyoming. I donated 200 of my Haiku chapbooks to their bookstore and wanted to see how they are handling them. Two of my grandchildren are part Japanese. It goes well with the Irish.



WYOPOETS'  
NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER 2011



#1 - CV



#2 - TH



#3 - CV



#4 - CV



#5 - CV



#6 - CV



#7 - TH



#8 - CV



#9 - CV



#10 - TH



#11 - TH



#12 - CV

POEMS FROM PICTURES 2011

Write a poem about one of the photos and send it to the newsletter – we'll print some of them in the next full issue (January).  
**Deadline Dec. 10th 2011 postmark. Length – up to 20 lines.** Any poetry form you choose. Write your name on the back of your poem and permission to use it in the newsletter if chosen, plus the image number you used. Send to Chris Valentine at the PO Box address on page 3. (You could also send it to Linda Ruhle for our National Contest - see page-9 ) Photos by Tom Hamm and Chris Valentine

**NEWS FROM MEMBERS**

**From Karen Call** - Arizona is coming up on its 100th year of statehood and there are many celebratory activities going on. One is a book of 100 poems by Arizona poets. I just got notified that one of my poems has been selected to be in it. The poem is *People Watching at Discount Tire*. I'm just thrilled! I don't know when the book will be out, but I imagine some time next year.

Also - The Arizona Consortium of the Arts has an online magazine named The Blue Guitar which I just learned about. They publish poems. I decided to submit to the Fall issue and guess what! They accepted and will publish all five of my poems!

**From Nancy Curtis:** Lee Ann Siebken and I made a couple of short road trips to Casper. We attended the ArtCore Poetry & Music series session where Patricia Frolander read her poetry. She did a spectacular job and had the good fortune of being paired with a great group of musicians, The Merchants. The next weekend Robert Roripaugh read poetry with musician Todd Scott. Lee Ann, friend Sue Bauder, and I joined some WyoPoets friends who were at the Naomi Nye talk as part of the Humanities Council "Civility Matters" forums. It was good to see so many friends.

Patricia Frolander and Gaydell Collier will be signing books at Wind City Books in Casper on Thursday, November 17, from 6-8, and they will be at the Wyoming Women in Agriculture Conference the next day at the Parkway Plaza in Casper from 9 to 3. Pat will be reading poetry after the luncheon. Stop by and say hi, if you are in Casper.

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**ASSIGNMENT - GARDENS!**

**A green ceramic frog**

A green ceramic frog  
hides in the tall grass  
near the fountain.  
He smiles like a happy child,  
lying on his stomach in the sun,  
chin propped on an elbow, legs  
kicked up in back and crossed.  
Do his bulging eyes look  
for a dragonfly for lunch or  
for a princess to kiss him?



by Art Elser

**lava rocks**

face south  
conserve moisture for tough iris  
that survive forty below  
and a hundred and ten  
without flinching



by Chris Valentine

don't want my Cheyenne friends to see them  
or they'll be gracing a sweat lodge  
just as fast as you can say  
intrusive igneous rocks

**Brave flowers in late summer**

This morning the flowers next to the lawn  
turn freshly scrubbed faces to a Sunday-blue sky.  
An evening rain has rinsed off dust from dry days  
and makes them stand tall as if waiting  
for someone to look at them. The fuchsia, orange,  
yellow, and white of the Zinnias shine brightly  
in the early morning sun. While the long-legged  
Black-eyed Susans stretch their legs ready to walk  
across the lawn to greet those passing by.

They don't know, or chose to ignore, that fall  
is hard on us, and the first frost will come soon,  
to dull their vibrant colors and bring cold death.

They live perfectly for this late summer morning.

by Art Elser

*Art and Chris have been  
busy again.  
In September they  
shared an assignment to  
write a poem a day, for  
two weeks, on subjects  
found within the confines  
of their gardens. Here are  
some of the results. Try  
the same exercise - it is  
amazing what you can  
find to write about!*

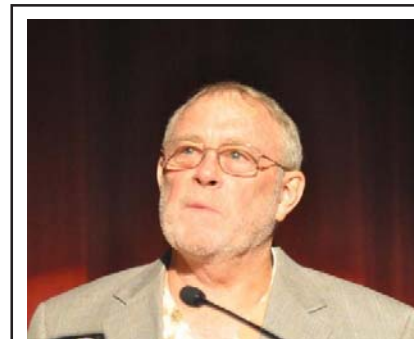
**they dream beneath II**

under the cool soil  
bulbs dream of spring  
pray that snow will be kind  
frost will not kill

tulip  
grape hyacinth  
iris  
all smile  
daydream of the rain and sun  
next march  
when the blankets of winter  
are stored  
and the soft down of spring  
hovers over their bed

by Chris Valentine

**CONGRATULATIONS TO AARON HOLST  
WHO WON A FIRST PLACE IN THE  
DANCING POETRY FESTIVAL!**



Aaron reads at the DPF  
Photo: Judy Hardin Cheung

Aaron was awarded a first place "For exceptional poetry that inspires dance and for furthering intercultural understanding and peace through the universal language of the arts".

**18<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL DANCING POETRY FESTIVAL**

Aaron Holst's poem, *Recipe for Dragonfly Chicken*, took a first place at the 2011 Artists Embassy International Dancing Poetry Festival competition and he attended the Festival to receive his award and read his poem. This year, the Festival was held on September 24th in the Florence Gould Theater, which is located in the California Palace of the Legion of Honor Museum in San Francisco. Over fifty poets were awarded places and twenty-six poets from across the United States came to read their poetry. In addition to the first, second, and third places, three Grand Prize winners were declared. The highlight of the Festival included the reading of each Grand Prize poem while the Natica Angilly Poetic Dance Theater Company performed a choreographed interpretation of the poem.

(See [www.dancingpoetry.com](http://www.dancingpoetry.com) for more information about the Festival and to read the Grand Prize poems.)

Dancing Poetry is another moving way to experience the excitement of poetry and dance and share these arts with the world. Working together helps to encourage the love of sharing words, form and feeling. The eighteen years of Dancing Poetry Festivals have included over a thousand poets, dancers, musicians, and visual artists. Winners have been from many US states as well as Australia, Canada, England, Wales, Scotland, Spain, Sri Lanka, China, Qatar, and Greece.

.....by AEH  
**This Veteran's Day**...We give thanks for an end to the Iraq War and remember those who sacrificed in all wars; their lives, bodies, mental health; and remember their family members.

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.*

-3- "For the Fallen" by Laurence Binyon

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**WYOPOETS Website**  
[www.wyopoets.com](http://www.wyopoets.com)



Laurie Wagner Buyer Jameson

Thank you to Laurie Buyer Jameson for contributing an article for this issue of WyoPoets' Newsletter. Laurie was a member of WyoPoets until she moved permanently to Plano, Texas.

Poet, memoirist, and novelist **Laurie Wagner Buyer Jameson** spent over thirty years living in the backwoods and working on remote ranches in the Rocky Mountain West.

Laurie's freelance articles and photographs have appeared in dozens of reviews, periodicals, journals, and anthologies. She is the author of six collections of poetry, *Glass-eyed Paint in the Rain*, *Red Colt Canyon*, *Across the High Divide*, *Cinch Up Your Saddle*, *Infinite Possibilities: A Haiku Journal*, and [Accidental Voices](#); a novel based on a true story [Side Canyons](#); two memoirs, *Spring's Edge: A Ranch Wife's Chronicles* and [When I Came West](#); and an e-book guide of self-editing tips [Working with Words](#). Currently writing fiction as [Laurie Jameson](#), her novel *Beautiful Snare* is forthcoming from Write Works Publishing.

Now married to renowned singer/songwriter, author, and professional treasure hunter [W.C. Jameson](#), they co-own [Seven Oaks Publishing Company](#) and reside at Casita de Luz in the small hill country town of [Llano, Texas](#).

**SIFTING OUT THE ESSENTIALS**

by  
Laurie Jameson

I've borrowed the above phrase from an article I read about Thomas Merton on the internet ("Now at the Crack of Dawn," by Br. David Steindl-Rast, OSB). Those four words are (or should be) of great importance to the writer.

To begin with we find poetry in the exquisite consonance of the "s" and "t" sounds, complemented by the soft assonance of the "i". The "ing" ending on "sift" illustrates process and action, something that is being done. Then we have the beautiful image connected to the word "sift." Sifting sand on the beach, sifting flour in the kitchen, sifting through thoughts in the office. Sifting implies movement, either as in leaving something behind or as in combining several things together. With sand, finer particles move beyond those that are heavier. With flour, lumps are eliminated and dry ingredients such as salt and baking powder are incorporated. With thoughts, we usually let go of those that are not immediately important and tend to those that need attention.

All of these various elements of word and image are crucial to the writing process. Writers are sifters. They must work to choose which ideas to use and which to leave behind. They must then blend words to create the idea, working to remove lumps or any particles that do not belong. In the end what every writer hopes to achieve is a creation that is essential, that is important, vital, or indispensable.

A synonym for sift is scrutinize, to look at very closely. Writers need to study their choices every step of the way through their creative process: the theme, the genre, the style, the voice, the individual words, the sentence structure, the organization of thoughts, the paragraphs or line breaks that offer transitions, the important sign posts of punctuation.

What then is essential? An interesting point to be made. Clarity of thought. Unique memorable delivery. Unforgettable impact. When a writer sifts long enough and hard enough to achieve those essential things, only then has he or she accomplished the true goal of written communication.



**WYOPOETS' 2011 ANNUAL NATIONAL CONTEST**  
WyoPoets is sponsoring its annual nationwide poetry contest.

**WHO**

Contest is open to all poets worldwide; however, submissions must be in the English language and fees in U.S. funds. Prizes will be awarded in U.S. currency.

**WHAT**

Poems, published or unpublished. Any subject, any form, 40 lines or less (including title and line breaks), that has NOT won a prize larger than \$50.00 in any one contest, or a money prize in a previous WyoPoets Annual contest, is eligible. All poems must be original work of entrant. No pornography, racial or sexual slurs, or language considered obscene by average broad-minded reader.

**DEADLINE Deadline - postmarked by November 30, 2011. Send poems anytime after August 1.**

**PRIZES** First - \$100.00; Second - \$50.00; Third - \$30.00; Fourth - \$20.00.  
Five or more ranked Honorable Mentions will also be awarded.

**FEES** \$2.00 entry fee, plus \$1.00 per poem. No maximum number of entries.  
(Examples: 3 poems for \$5.00; 5 poems for \$7.00).

**REQUIREMENTS** Poems, except for Oriental forms, must be titled. Poems must be typed or computer generated, in English, on 8-1/2 by 11" white paper, or similar computer paper. At least 10 point, preferably 12 point or larger font. No more than one poem on a page. Single or double spaced. One side of the paper only. Photocopies okay if clear and legible. Submit two copies of each poem, one copy for the judge with no identification on it. On the other copy, show your name, mailing address, and phone number in the upper right hand corner of the front side. No limit on number of entries. No electronic submissions. No one poet can win more than one monetary prize, but can win additional Honorable Mentions. Include SASE (self-addressed STAMPED envelope) for winners list, to be mailed by mid-February.

**SUBMITTING** Send both copies of poems submitted, together with entry fee, to:

Linda Ruhle, Contest Chair  
692 W. River Rd.  
Worland, WY 82401

Final judging will be by a qualified out-of-state judge not affiliated with WyoPoets. Decisions of the judge will be final. The Contest Chair will not enter this contest. Winners will be invited to read their winning poem at the WyoPoets spring workshop (date and place to be announced later).

**RIGHTS** Winning poems may be published in our spring newsletter only with the author's written permission. All rights remain with the author. Be sure to keep copies of your entries as poems will not be returned. All copies of the poems will be destroyed after the spring workshop.

WyoPoets encourage all poets, in-state or nationwide, to join our organization. WyoPoets is a member of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies (NFSPS). Membership in WyoPoets automatically gives an individual membership in NFSPS, plus eligibility to enter their national contests, and a subscription to their newsletter, STROPHES, which lists most of the contests of member state organizations that are open to the public. Membership dues in WyoPoets are \$20.00 per year. Fiscal year is July 1 through June 30. If interested, send check, payable to WyoPoets, for \$20.00, and mail to: Art Elser, WyoPoets' Treasurer, 1730 Locust Street, Denver, CO 80220.

**POETRY PROMPTS**

For this issue we are concentrating on actual prompts to help you find your way into writing new poems. Our WyoPoets' President Abbie Taylor teams with Editor Chris Valentine to bring you plenty of ideas to help you create new work Don't forget to submit some for our WyoPoets' National Contest!



Abbie Taylor

Abbie is from Sheridan, WY and is President of WyoPoets. She is a poet and writer who recently published a novel, "We Shall Overcome" Abbie has poems in many anthologies.

Chris is the Newsletter Editor for WyoPoets. She lives in Birney, MT. and writes poetry and nonfiction. Imported from England in 1964 she has yet to reach her sell-by date.



Chris Valentine

Here is a list from the workshop

**Palm of the Hand Writing by MichaelCzarnecki**

www.foothillspublishing.com/poetguy

You start by making a list of memories that come to you. They don't have to be pleasant. Just write down anything that comes to you from the past. Then, you pick one or more memories from your list and write about them. Here is a list from the workshop:

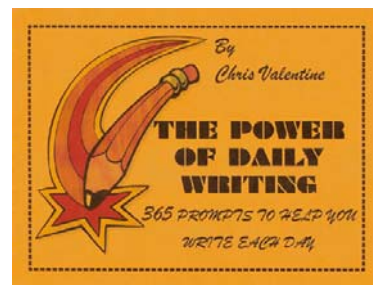
- Bobby Kennedy
- Beatles
- JFK assassination
- Hopping Trains
- Snowballs
- Climbing roofs
- Touch football league
- Wake up little Susie
- Altar Boy
- Singing
- Upstairs window
- Deer Hunting
- Picking up worms
- Cabela's catalog
- Study hall
- Physics/airplanes
- Ten Commandments
- Cousins
- Garbage
- Rubber band guns
- Little league pitching

**Writing Prompts**

- Feeling foolish
- Going to Walmart
- The light of your life
- Pumpkin Pie
- The babysitter
- That dratted cat
- Chocolate frosting
- Old Glory
- Captain Kangaroo
- Mr Rogers
- A dead schoolfriend
- An aeroplane flight
- Basement
- Exotic food
- Family heirlooms
- Power outage
- A bridge
- Fish on Fridays
- Human remains
- Bugs
- Sub-zero
- Wedding
- A local crime

The prompts above are from "The Power Of Daily Writing - 365 prompts to help you write each day"

Available from Chris at the special WyoPoets rate of \$10.00 plus \$1.50 shipping



**NEWS FROM MEMBERS**

**From Tom Glasco:** Tom Glasco and wife recently toured central Kansas. At the College campus in Hays he shared four of hispoetry books with a student who was on her way to English class, she assured the books would be well received by her instructor and classmates.

A bit north to Catharine and a tour of the old limestone church, St. Catharine's. Further down this road, in the village of Victoria, impressive, Cathedral of the Plains. The massive pillars and stained glass are fuel for more poems. Continuing east to Abilene, President Eisenhower's home, we enjoy two days at a lovely Victorian B & B. We had a nice time of sharing with guests and hostess. So much to see and do in this quaint Presidentaltown, we came away having met friendly folks with a healthy attitude towards poetry.

An evening of Tom's work was enjoyed by members of Nettie Sutton Poetry Society in Glasco. Tom has visited this namesake village previously. Receiving a "key to the city" by Society Founder, Dr. Claude Harwood, was an unexpected honor. At tiny Tipton, with the smallest school enrollment in all of Kansas, we were given a tour of the old brick school, marble floors, dating back to 1914. T his amazing structure has 14 high school students, getting a prized education. They listened intently as Tom shared. Next door a newer building houses 20 charming elementary students. The were very inquisitive about the poet and his work. Possibly another Robert Frost or an Emily Dickinson willemerge from this part of Kansas.

A revisit to Willa Cather's home in Red Cloud, Nebraska concluded our trip.

**From Gene Gagliano:** I'm working on a new book, a collection of children's poetry titled *Misunderstanding*. Thanks to your update, I submitted some poems to the Serendipity Poets Journal. For Poetry Day, I will be reading poetry to the kindergarten and first graders at Meadowlark Elementary School in Buffalo.

**From Linda Ruhle:** My new goal is to let this be the last summer that my yard pulls me away from my writing for 5 months! I get into a good writing/submitting flow in the winter months, but from April throught Septmeber I am swallowed by the landscape surrounding my home. So I am not going to plant flowers next year, but am going to write consistently through the summer.

I love gardening and beautifying my property, but not to the exclusion of the writing work, so by gum, next year will be different! That's the goal, anyway. From early springtime submissions, I did get an Honorable Mention from Whispering Prairie Press for my essay, "Welcome Change", and got first place for Wyoming in the Amy Kitchener's Angels Without Wings Foundation Senior Poet Laureate Contest. Also, I am cheerleading entries and tracking submissions for our own WyoPoets National Contest and staying in touch with this year's judge, Lee Ann Roripaugh. For Poetry Day, I will tell everyone at work it is National Poetry Day, and have copies of a favorite poem to give to people I encounter. I intend to do this throughout the week (thus extending poetry awareness for more than a day). I'll also have copies of our contest rules handy to give to anyone who might like to enter.

*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.

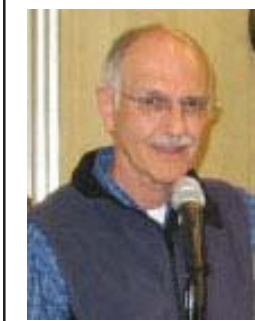


Lee Ann Siebken

### WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AWARD WINNERS

Congratulations to WyoPoets who won Awards from the Wyoming State Historical Society: Gene Gagliano and Lee Ann Siebken.

Lee Ann worked hard to research her workbook *Talk of the Town: Douglas, Wyoming*, for which she won an Activity Award. She wrote it for third graders in Douglas. Gene Gagliano's *Dee and the Mammoth* received the 2010-2011 Wyoming State Historical Society Book Award for fiction.



Gene Gagliano

### A GATHERING OF POETS

by  
Lee Ann Siebken

Have you ever committed to attending an event when the excitement of anticipation turned to dread? My husband and I eagerly left Douglas on a beautiful Friday morning to drive across the state to Evanston where the Wyoming State Historical Society's annual meeting was being held the next day. In my bulging bag were tucked an invitation to attend their awards luncheon and two tickets. Because we both take pleasure in exploring Wyoming and visiting distant towns and attractions, we drove into town early and were greeted by "new." Depot Square, Joss House, the Wing Gazebo Garden, a Museum in the old Carnegie Library and the Visitor's Center at the Roundhouse & Railyards, – all closed. After strolling around town and agreeing to take them in "tomorrow" we began to look for our luncheon address. No luck. In one historic building wedding preparations were underway. In another, renovation. "No, nobody knows where the address we were looking for is, but this is 16<sup>th</sup> Street so it must be nearby." The beginning of dread.

We did find the right location, but only after some dead ends and much frustration. "I think it's in that huge building out past the golf course on Union Road," was the clue we needed. Sure enough, there it was! On Saturday we drove to 1600 Union Road, and not a car in sight. Well, we were a bit early but ... More dread. Read the date and time on the invitation, checked the address one more time and finally, another car! Local. Would we know a single soul?

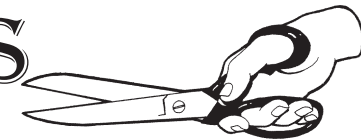
Yes! There were writers and poets and the whole experience took on that "afternoon to remember" magic. Eugene Gagliano, winner for his book, *Dee and the Mammoth*; Starley Talbott for *Images of America: Fort Laramie*; Tom Rea for his website: [www.tomrea.net](http://www.tomrea.net). Michael Jording received the prestigious Mabel Brown Award and told me how much of his writing success he attributed to those of us who started and keep the state writing groups going. Patricia Frolander's beautiful poetry was there, on display and Michael said when he lectures, leads a discussion group or opens a meeting he always begins by reciting a poem, a trick he learned from a WyoPoet's meeting he once attended. And oh yes, I did accept an award for the publication my county submitted for consideration, and I am still basking in the warm cloak of friendship and accomplishment we all shared at 1600 Union Road, Evanston, Wyoming.

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**SERENDIPITY POETS IS CALLING FOR ORIGINAL POEMS FOR OUR 16TH ANNUAL POETRY JOURNAL.**

**DEADLINE IS OCTOBER 31ST.** THERE ARE NO DUES OR FEES. POEMS SHOULD BE PRINTED OR LEGIBLE AND INCLUDE MAILING ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER AND SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF THE POET.

WYOMING AND WESTERN THEMES ARE PREFERRED BUT NOT MANDATORY. POEMS SHOULD BE 32 LINES OR LESS. LONGER POEMS OF AN EXCEPTIONAL NATURE NOT TO EXCEED 62 LINES WILL BE CONSIDERED. MATERIAL SHOULD BE MAILED TO: SERENDIPITY POETS OF CHEYENNE, ATTENTION: ED WARSAW, EDITOR, 922 WEST 26TH STREET, CHEYENNE, WYOMING 82001.....EMAIL ENTRIES CAN BE SENT BY TEXT MESSAGE NO ATTACHMENTS OR GRAPHICS PLEASE: warsaw2muse@gmail.com or -8- mrverson@gmail.com

# TAYLORING WORDS



October 5<sup>th</sup>, 2011

Summer is still hanging on, despite the chill in the air these cool fall mornings. We should consider ourselves fortunate. People in other parts of the country are already experiencing cold temperatures. I remember one year when I was in college in Montana when it snowed in September, and my mother had to mail me some winter clothing. It's nice now, but all too soon, we'll be hauling out our coats, boots, hats, and gloves and moving outdoor furniture into the garage.



Abbie Taylor  
President - WyoPoets

Please don't forget that October 15<sup>th</sup> is National Poetry Day. You might want to schedule a reading or other poetry related activity in your community. Here are a couple of ideas. On October 15<sup>th</sup>, our very own Christine Valentine will conduct a poetry writing exercise at this month's meeting of Range Writers, a local group here in Sheridan. Our monthly poetry group has planned a reading at the local Senior Center before our regular meeting on October 20<sup>th</sup>. For more information about the history of National Poetry Day, you can download an article in PDF format from the WyoPoets Events Page at <http://www.wyopoets.org/events.html>.

If you do anything to commemorate National Poetry Day, please let me know so I can include it in an annual report to NFSPS next year. You can also send such information to Chris for inclusion in the next issue of this newsletter. Her mailing address is as follows: Christine Valentine, Box 547, Birney MT 59012. Her e-mail address is [svalentine@rangeweb.net](mailto:svalentine@rangeweb.net).

If you haven't already sent your entry to this year's **WyoPoets' National Contest**, please don't forget that the deadline is **November 30<sup>th</sup>**. You can find guidelines on the WyoPoets contest page at <http://www.wyopoets.org/contests.html>. Please stay safe, and keep writing.

Abbie Taylor, WyoPoets President

### Still Dark Out

I hear the flag a flapping, flapping in the light breeze  
I hear the flag a flapping, I know I am free

death and taxes are inevitable, yes that I know  
some things are inevitable, those I accept and understand

the paper is so thin, Saturday morning it is  
a rehash of the TV news I heard last night



I hear the flag a flapping on the pole on the hill  
see it waving in early morning moonlight

I hear a plane droning, preparing to take off  
some days as I am walking I can hear them way up there

supposed to have rained and snowed, it did not come  
so dry the surroundings, hope weather does come

I hear the flag a flapping as I walk back inside  
wondering if our leaders have the intelligence to level it out

it is another morning, how many have I seen  
I pour a cup of coffee, then begin to read.

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### *From Linda Ruhle*

November 30<sup>th</sup>, the deadline for WyoPoets National Contest, is next month! As Contest Chair, I am pleased to have already received 64 poems from 12 poets. in 9 states. Only 2 Wyoming poets thus far, but I am sure there will be many more in the next several weeks. Please make a copy of the rules if you haven't already done so, as now is a perfect time to post them in your local library, bookstore, post office, market - wherever people look at bulletin boards for information. There are poets everywhere, many who have never shared their work or entered a contest. Let's talk up our organization, and our contest. Encourage people to enter. Word of mouth is the best way to bring in new members and bring awareness to our national contest. Talk us up to others, and please, support our organization and enter our contest yourself. Thank you!

MEMBERS' POETRY PAGE

CAT CROSSING

It's the middle of the night.  
slightly withdrawn claws in paws  
knead me awake, slowly but persistently.  
My view of the world is blocked by a furry face,  
yellow eyes, soft meows in my ear.

I am resigned to this ritual.  
I know there will be no rest  
until her needs are met; it reminds me  
of 3 AM feedings many years ago,  
I have always been shackled by the bonds of love.

Groggy I climb out of bed,  
begin to pad barefoot down  
the dim hallway.  
A dark shadow walks in front of my feet,  
she criss-crosses each of my steps,



We play a game of tic-tac-toe all the way  
to the kitchen. I bend to check  
her white ceramic bowl with the black cats  
frozen in time and prancing on the perimeter,  
our own Ode to a Grecian Urn.

I find her bowl still full  
and come to the conclusion that  
she just wants company  
on this nightly journey.  
A cat crossing in the middle of the night.

by Patricia Corrigan

time of the pumpkin  
aroma of cinnamon  
witches on the prowl

by C. Valentine



AUTUMN PLEA

Autumn speaks  
Be with me, I long for thee  
Silence surrounds  
I am in her womb  
I see only wonder

Evening transforms the landscape  
Shadows fall in adoration  
Chill falls from sky

One leaf lies under sole  
Cries not  
Yet my back bends  
Arcs to receive her  
Fingertips lift her to my eyes  
Her color smiles  
Basks against my warmth  
I comfort her  
And I am warmer still



Thomas J. Glasco  
Ó2001 Under The Mulberry Tree

Golden Eagle

Fierce yellow eyes watch  
brown prairie dogs run  
across the winter-white field.

Below, sentries stand alert, ready  
to bark warnings of death  
diving from above.



Strong yellow talons grip  
a snow-cold branch and dream  
of warm, yielding flesh, and red,  
hot spurts of ebbing life.

-6- by Art Elser

MEMBERS' POETRY PAGE

haiku-1



hit the hen house — eggs  
caught rooster sidling my way  
kick, quick pick and run

haiku-2

we watch sandhill cranes  
take wing in late fall staging  
meet geese wheat field bound



by Nancy Ruskowsky

INVENTOR STEVE JOBS

There once was an inventor named Jobs  
Who lived for hard drives and high lobs  
At the height of his power  
He ended his hour  
With intellect passion and jobs!

With science and math as a guide  
He reversed engineered in his stride  
Outraced competition  
Made excellence his religion  
And hyperspace a domain of great pride!

Job's Apple Empire has thrived  
A result of Job's passion and drive  
And though he has died  
And millions have cried  
His deeds and inventions survive!

Friday, October 7, 2011  
Ed Warsaw  
Cheyenne, Wyoming 6 am



HEAVEN'S WINK

On a crisp and quiet morning,  
a clear December Sunday,  
a tiny puff of cloud hangs  
backlit against the blue.  
Along its sunny side  
appears a swatch of ribbon,  
brief burst of rainbow color,  
a sign of God's good humor,  
a wink from the heavens.



A. Rose Hill

THE TRIP

by Colleen Purves



I was trussed up like a turkey  
From my toenails to my chin  
They put me in the ambulance  
When all the tests were in.

"Are you scared" the nurse did  
ask me When she saw my eyes  
a'blinking  
"I don't think so" I replied  
I truly was not thinking

Old 'Monster Pain' had grabbed my gut  
And had me in his grasp  
It hurt so bad I held my breath  
I couldn't even gasp.

The nurse inside the ambulance  
Was sweet and good with charm  
She tackled 'Monster Pain' herself  
An I.V. in each arm.

We reached our destination  
From Wyoming to Salt Lake  
Five and one half hours you see  
Without a potty break.

The next day I had surgery  
The best of care for me  
Old "Monster Pain" was whipped for good  
And now I am pain-free.

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