

# WestWard Quarterly

*The Magazine of Family Reading*



**Fall 2012**

# To our readers . . .

General elections are an appropriate time to reflect on the founding principles of the nation. As this issue is being published, readers in the United States have that opportunity. As an additional reminder, our cover features a photo of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, a site that figured prominently in the formative days of the nation, now 236 years old.

We are saddened to report that *WestWard Quarterly* contributor, and our dear personal friend, Benita Olsen passed away on August 1, 2012 after an extended illness. Her poem "The Great Blue" appeared in our Summer 2012 issue, and her poem "The Again Time" appears in this issue. We will miss her always clever submissions. Our condolences, once again, to Benita's husband Murray and to all of her family.

No matter how diligently we try to proofread our magazine, occasionally an error or two can slip through. On page 28 we are reprinting two poems that were printed incorrectly in recent issues.

Your Editor is pleased to report that her poem "Keeping the ABCs in Line" won First Honorable Mention in the "Founders Award" section of the National Association of State Poetry Societies 2012 contest. (She just missed the third place cash award!) Although the poem is longer than those we usually print in *WestWard Quarterly*, perhaps it will appear in a future issue.

*Shirley Anne Leonard*, EDITOR

## WestWard Quarterly

*Shirley Anne Leonard, Editor*

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*WestWard Quarterly* showcases the best work of upbeat writers and poets. Our magazine's philosophy is: "Adversity happens. Find the eternal purpose behind it." Reflect an uplifting, positive or gently humorous attitude in your submissions. Send all letters, requests for guidelines, queries or submissions to the address above. Send SASE for response.

Maximum length for poems is 40 lines. Shorter submissions have a better likelihood of being published. The Editor reserves the right to edit material. For more information on guidelines and how to send your submission, visit our web site, [www.wwquarterly.com](http://www.wwquarterly.com).

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Cover Image: Independence Hall, Philadelphia, July 1971  
Transparency by Richard C. Leonard



## Featured Writer . . .

Joan McAuley

Virginia

I considered the invitation to be the featured writer in this issue a compliment not only to me, but to all the poets whose works drew me into the world of poetry.

From the simple rhymes I knew as a child to the lyricism of Emily Dickinson, it is the inherent rhythm of poetry that I have always loved.

Although I started writing rhymes early in life, it is only in the past six years that I have been writing poetry for publication. Despite rejections, I have had encouraging success in the publication of diverse patterns of poetry — from triolets and sonnets, to double-dactyls and rondeaus.

Writing mostly haiku and tanka for the past two years has given me a deep appreciation for the elegant simplicity of short poetic forms. I write each piece as an end in itself to capture the moment — be it an emotion, experience, or insight — in the compressed, evocative form that poetry is. It has taken time, but by now over one hundred of my poems have been published in small-press journals in five English-language countries.

As an amateur artist, I enjoy my quiet time at my easel, especially when I am thinking about an idea for my next poem. Having settled down a bit from our years of world travel, my husband and I now find adventure closer to home, attending lectures and concerts and socializing with friends. We get our exercise playing bocce and — of all things — miniature golf, which renders us ever on the lookout for a new course to conquer.

Writing is my first love, though. I write every day even if my mind feels blank, ever striving to transform a simple idea into a poetic turn of phrase.

## Poems by Joan McAuley

### Moonstruck

My fascination with the moon Began when I was five.	To calculate velocities; I lived with charts and graphs.
I thought I saw a face up there, Which piqued my budding mind.	As years went by, I gained the wealth Of knowledge that I sought
I later studied all things moon And read of surface-probes;	And then one night, the full moon high, I had a simple thought —
I learned how lunar gravity Moves oceans on the globe.	It struck me that an active mind, Like spacecraft finely tuned,
I looked through giant telescopes And did the higher math	Can soar to places unexplored, Perhaps to other moons.

## Poems by Joan McAuley

### Snapshot

It fluttered from the bookshelf  
As if from nowhere cast,  
In black and white and dogeared,  
A snapshot from the past.

A gathering of house guests  
And lively clan of mine  
Are smiling for the camera,  
Forever stopped in time.

There's Grandpa, in the foreground,  
As solid as the earth  
And Granny, close beside him,  
Her presence bright with mirth.

Behind them is the ranch house,  
Still standing, near the sea,  
And on the sunny hilltop  
The windmill's spinning free.

Though just a faded snapshot  
To any other eye,  
For me, it held the freshness  
Of summers long gone by.

With special care I framed it  
In hardy weathered pine  
To keep it ever present,  
That memory of mine.

### Flickering Star

Glamorous, amorous  
Marilyn (Norma Jeane)  
Captured our hearts on the  
Big silver screen.

Flickering fragilely,  
Psychologically,  
Brief was her star on the  
Hollywood scene.

### First and Forever

The feeling of a stop in life  
Was new to me back then —  
I'd never been in love before,  
But I was only ten.

He looked determined; handsome, too,  
And moved with graceful might —  
The teenage boy who swam the lake  
And glistened in the light.

He didn't know the earth stood still  
As swift he reached the raft;  
He didn't know he owned my heart  
When first I heard his laugh.

So joyful his approach to life;  
So purposeful his stance —  
All summer, when he chanced my way,  
My spirit fairly danced.

I fell in love with someone else  
When years had fast flown by;  
We married then, and set a course  
To celebrate our life.

But now and then I think of him,  
That boy who stood apart;  
His eagerness to face the world  
Inspires, still, my heart.

### Hearafter

He listened with his heart to me  
Until my story's end.  
So sweet I found his courtesy —  
He listened with his heart to me.

Because of him, I came to be  
A better ear to friends —  
He listened with his heart to me  
Until my story's end.

## Sleepwalking

*Shirley Anne Leonard, Illinois*

On our left a nation falls,  
and on our right, a bomb.  
Everywhere — a deep unrest  
beneath the surface calm.

All the world — a movie scene  
we watch and are appalled,  
so in the realm of mind and heart  
we have put up a wall,  
convenient to the daily walk  
but numbing to the soul.

Ahead — the doubtful future waits.  
Behind — the ghostly tattered past  
leans on time's relentless tread  
carrying her weight of dread.

We walk — a nation half asleep  
and turning in our beds.

*This poem won Second Place in Poets and Patrons Chicago-land Contest 2004, in the Social Conscience category.*

## Chowderfest

*Russell Rowland, New Hampshire*

Under canvas, on a humid summer day  
in the continent's polarized democracy,  
paying multitudes sample half a score

hot chowders — clam, corn, and bisque  
among them — out of tiny plastic cups  
with tiny plastic spoons. They vote.

Who ever left judgment to a crowd  
without regretting it? The better man  
or woman is not necessarily the best.

At home, we are conscientious wives  
and husbands. As a mob, we shout  
Hosanna one week, Crucify the next.

Beneath this roomy tent are hunters  
and vegetarians, fundamentalists  
and Universalists. Who will win?

I overhear: "My dear, there is clam  
on your moustache." Without love,  
we're all clanging cymbals, gongs.

## Naval Ship at Night

*Luther C. Hanson, Washington State*

A half moon  
Gently lighted the sea.  
In the darkness of the sky  
Stars mentioned the existence  
Of themselves and unfathomed vales  
Beyond the power the ship possesses  
As it shears through the sea  
Silent.

On board on a landing deck  
Lights from a movie  
Flickered across the faces  
Of sailors.  
Images of what they left behind —  
Or fled.  
They watched and listened for clues.  
It influenced them a while  
In the warm night winds.

Jesus loved the sea  
And spent most of his ministry  
Within sight and sound of its  
Flickering blue and gentle surf.  
Perhaps he set up camp,  
Baked his fish over beach wood,  
And, in the darkness that followed,  
Stared at the fire:  
Spoke to his men.  
They saw his flashing visage.

Some of them, too, later  
Journeyed across the seas  
Remembering what had happened and the stories  
As well as they could.  
Most of the time they remembered  
Those nights by the fire by the sea, perhaps.  
Now, this swift ship  
Drives headlong in its power against the stars  
And I feel a certain elation  
Merely to be here.

## Crown of Grass Spikelets

*Edward C. Orr, Illinois*

What kind, I'm still not sure;  
but grass walks — quickstepping it, like quail  
across the court where it finds  
itself suspect, at odds with its  
surroundings — uncamouflaged,  
unhidden, only on stilts — more  
than man. Children tumble —  
from dreams, moon jumps, and jungle gyms.  
I'd say they half expect it —  
like lies from those who have the most  
to lose, footwork of wind.

# Poems Honoring our Nation and its Defenders

## City on a Hill

Richard Leonard, Illinois

*. . . For we must consider that we shall be as a city upon a hill, the eyes of all people are upon us; so that if we shall deal falsely with our God in this work we have undertaken and so cause him to withdraw his present help from us, we shall be made a story and a byword through the world . . .*

— John Winthrop, 1630

They saw the eyes of all the world upon  
 their bold endeavor in this wilderness,  
 nor did they shirk their duty to confess  
 their fear of God in that, the spare, harsh dawn  
 of what would not be seen until an age  
 had passed, and time had laid before  
 the world a nation strong and free, its core  
 shaped by the piercing Word of seer and sage,  
 of Savior who compared His own to light —  
 a city on a hill for all to see,  
 a beacon lit with fire of liberty,  
 a radiant sun exposing truth and right.

What happens when that sacred core is scorned,  
 rejected, laid aside, and rises then  
 an alien doctrine from the minds of men  
 who turn a deaf ear, even being warned  
 that divine favor never follows those  
 who void the Word of God? From this ill wind  
 deliver us, O Lord! and may we find  
 again in Thee the courage to oppose  
 the darkness of our time, as men of old  
 stood forth upon these shores and wavered not  
 though hunger, cold and hardship were their lot,  
 but persevered in deeds and witness bold.

In times of turning, times of weal or ill,  
 give us the heart to thank Thee, bounteous God,  
 for favor to this rich Columbian sod,  
 and fashion here Thy city on a hill!

*Published in Secure the Fort (and Remain Under God)  
 by Lucy Cain, 2007, and in WestWard Quarterly, Fall 2005.*

## 9.11.01 (Poem Two)

Vincent J. Tomeo, New York

I want to wrap myself  
 In the American flag  
 I want to fly high  
 I want to blow in the wind  
 I want to ripple in the light  
 I want to sing  
 God Bless America  
 I want to coil up  
 cry for those who gave their lives  
 I want to forever be free  
 I want to announce to the world  
 I am a native New Yorker  
 I am an American

## Owed to the Life of the Soldier

Curt Vevang, Illinois

*Many years ago I heard the adage, "When someone gets something they didn't earn, someone else earned something they didn't get". This adage has stuck with me and has been coming to mind more and more often each time I see or hear the plight of another soldier who has been maimed, killed or suffering from a brain injury. These men and women get so very little praise or even awareness from the vast majority of our country that I was moved to write this poem. I'm an engineer who worked in the defense industry rather than serving in the military. It was important work but there was a world of difference. I worked all day engineering F4 aircraft without any one ever shooting at me.*

You saved our freedom by going to war.  
 I worked and partied and stayed on our shore.  
 I have what you've earned, I've hardly a care.  
 You fought in the war. Life's not at all fair.  
 You were killed one day, by a roadside bomb.  
 I'm here in the states in the peace and calm.  
 I have the freedom that you've earned for me.  
 Your life has ended. I'm happy and free.  
 I have what you've earned, I've hardly a care.  
 Your home is a box. Death's not at all fair.  
 You lie there in pain, confined to your bed,  
 fragments of shrapnel entombed in your head.  
 What price did I pay for all that I got?  
 A pebble of sand compared to your lot.  
 I have what you've earned, I've hardly a care.  
 You lie in that bed. Life's not at all fair.  
 I have my freedom which I didn't earn.  
 You paid the price and got nil in return.

## The Woodland Prayer

*Dr. Thomas V. Lysaght, New York*

Past the corner dry goods store  
and well beyond the city limits;  
past the dairy farms and fields  
and deep within the forest,  
a hermit's rough hewn lodge revealed.

Naked wood and local thatch,  
a walk with borders 'round of stone;  
and near the back a garden patch  
where what sustains him well is grown.

Against the door, a walking staff  
and outdoor shoes are neatly placed;  
both not as large by nearly half  
of what, for most, is common known.

His habits are exact on time . . .  
breakfast and a walk at nine,  
a nap and garden work 'til four,  
and then the lodge for household chores.

At nightfall, local critters choose  
to bring the hermit forest news.  
He listens in a rustic chair  
as creatures gather 'round him there.  
And,  
just before the night concludes  
he leads them in The Woodland Prayer.

## Triumph

*Joyce G. Bradshaw, Texas*

There is a desperation  
in time  
that overwhelms resilience,  
a backwardness  
in progress  
that denies the future,  
a resistance  
in life  
that intimidates zeal,  
and a strength  
in love  
that overcomes all.

## Climbing Up / Climbing Down

*Stephen C. Phillips, Massachusetts*

Climbing up  
I turned around  
To take a moment  
To look back down  
Thankful for  
All I had found

Climbing down  
Drawn to pause  
Contemplating —  
I turned aloft  
To look back up  
At all I'd lost.

## Like Old Silver

*Ray Greenblatt, Maryland*

In late autumn a touch  
of sunlight in the woods  
feels comforting to a chilled soul.  
If we only could  
stuff warmth into drawer  
or closet.  
On the river lies a band  
of old silver like  
the Indian necklace  
around my wife's neck  
warmth stored in each pendant.  
Time inches across the lawn  
as a poem ekes out each line.

## Ballerinas

*Debra Hollar, North Carolina*

The tiny ballerinas dance  
in lined accordance of weaving patterns  
as Beethoven's tune  
notes the golden strings formality  
introducing the polished keys  
of a grand piano, the lovely performers  
highlighting music's radiant melody  
with every composed position  
of magical slippers.

## Methuselah

*Raymond Malmgren, Georgia*

The lone pine  
Stubbornly grips  
A precious handful  
Of earth.

Weathers winds,  
While others fall,  
Never asking why —  
It must.

Days on end  
It looks for rain,  
Drinks in sunlight's gift,  
And grows.

Through long nights  
It sighs and waits  
As breezes call for  
Morning.

E'er it stands  
Where it began  
Listening, reaching,  
To God.

## An Australian Evening

*Phillip A. Ellis,  
New South Wales, Australia*

Downwards sinks the sun,  
the land, to shadows, goes,  
and time, nightwards, runs,  
and briefly the clouds glow.

The currawongs ring  
their notes within the bush,  
and evening soon brings  
a fair and holy hush

unto land and scene,  
the trees which vigil keeps  
such a shade of green  
that deepens unto sleep.

Downwards sinks the sun,  
the land, to shadows, goes,  
and time, nightwards, runs,  
and briefly the clouds glow.



The Great Basin Bristlecone Pine (*Pinus Longaeva*) is thought to be the longest living species of tree on earth. Several are thought to be more than 5,000 years old. These trees would have been seedlings before the Great Pyramids of Egypt were built.

On September 1, 2012, the Bristlecone Pine Forest Visitor Center was officially opened in Inyo National Forest, Bishop, California.

*Photo Credit:* "Great Basin National Park: The Methuselah Trees" ([www.guideoftravels.com/great-basin-national-park-the-methuselah-trees.html](http://www.guideoftravels.com/great-basin-national-park-the-methuselah-trees.html))

## A Place Remembered

*Dr. C. David Hay, Indiana*

In the shadows of our mind  
Lives a place of long ago  
That time will never change  
Because we loved it so.

A country lane less travel-worn,  
The house all trimmed in white,  
Twilight song of peepers  
On a tranquil summer's night.

The flowers bloomed eternal  
With a sky of endless blue;  
It was a piece of heaven  
Where all our dreams came true.

Visions of our loved ones,  
They live and always will —  
For no one ever dies in  
The place that time stands still.

It was a special sanctum  
From where we left to roam;  
A hideaway of yesterday —  
Our hearts still call it home.

## Treasure

*Christine Barba, New Jersey*

Beaming at my grandpa,  
I would climb the pile of tires  
and cry “Ahoy, matey!”  
before reaching the playground’s peak,  
seizing the ship’s wooden wheel,  
and flying down the slide  
to the sea of tar that lay  
beneath my feet.

He would seize my hand and we’d leave  
the park, steering our way  
through the Brooklyn streets before reaching  
the sidewalk lined with trees  
— a path that guided us home.  
Kneeling, I’d keep a keen eye out  
for the treasure that lay  
on the ground beneath the trees.

Naïve, I’d let the dirt sift  
through my fingers and each time  
my head turned away, I wouldn’t see  
his hands diving into his pockets,  
preparing to cast piles of pennies  
and dimes onto the soil,  
as Abe and Franklin  
watched me.

He called me the “little pirate,”  
and sailing along the sidewalk  
we’d finally reach his home.  
Grandma would greet  
us at the door with Creamsicles  
before I ran to the kitchen table  
to reveal my riches.

Recently, we sat side by side,  
these memories between us  
as I stared straight ahead,  
showing him that I could drive  
more than the ship at the tire park —  
I was flying over a new sea of tar.

## The Wind

*Janet Goven, Pennsylvania*

Oh, pray there is a wind blowing  
that will eventually turn the tide  
sweeping across our nation  
up and down the countryside;  
blowing around the mountaintops,  
rolling over the sweeping plains  
to rid us of all unrighteousness,  
be sure that none remains.

It’s mission to turn the hearts of men  
back to their heritage to where  
the fire is still barely burning  
because so few of us are there.  
Our sure foundation has been attacked  
by the enemy, who is deranged;  
imagine, no absolutes —  
your whole thought process rearranged.  
If wrong is right and right is wrong  
then evil could be good.  
Oh, pray for the wind to keep blowing  
till we all have understood.

Why would we do what does not work,  
why would we turn from God;  
why would we change direction,  
leave the path our fathers trod?  
It’s been attempted many times before  
and is as old as antiquity;  
just a new generation conspiring  
to silence our truth and liberty.

Yes, we’ll pray for the wind to keep blowing  
and that we will be in the wake,  
for never before in our history  
has all that we stand for been at stake.  
Oh, pray, sweet wind, you keep blowing  
over our nation, we need you so,  
reveal the truth to all people here living,  
for all people could be dying to know.

## The Profession of Thumb Twiddling

*Larry Granger, Minnesota*

Too many people! Not enough jobs.  
Paying the idle to stay  
idle not a solution.  
Is make-work the answer?

Cost benefit analysis says  
instead pay them to twiddle  
their thumbs eight hours a day.  
All will be independent  
contractors without benefits.  
No overhead costs.  
No twiddling administrators.

An internet bugle call can  
start the daily shifts much  
better than a crowing rooster.  
Facebook pages can confirm work.

'Tis better than unemployment  
benefits and public works projects.  
Twiddling by large numbers can  
clear polluted air and prevent smog.

What began as a boredom release  
during long church sermons can  
help balance a nation's budget.  
Thank you, innovative Scandinavians.

## Some Questions

*Sally Cook, New York*

How will the errant wind display  
Its dancing when we're gone away?  
Will grass be crisp when we are not  
Sensate, and loving of this spot?  
Shall skies still sing of red if we  
Aren't present at the symphony?  
And when trees fall, will they be heard?  
If so, what of each fleeting bird?

## In a Maze

*Eve Blohm, New York*

Ball of confusion  
A wall of uncertainty  
Dreams become nightmares  
We live in a world  
Where we fear the unknown  
Who will lead us out  
Of this maze we are in?  
Where we do not know  
Which direction will  
Lead us out of the turmoil.  
We ride on a rollercoaster  
We live in a carnival  
We hear the carousel music  
And the mournful saxophone.  
Where will the future lead  
Us when we don't know  
And don't ask questions  
And don't know the answers  
Until we rediscover hope  
On a March day in supermarket  
As I purchase orange tulips.

## Old Clothes

*Beth Bledsoe, California*

here we are in t-shirts  
the beginning of the t shirt generation  
happiness packaged  
in a long sleeved, multi-stripped T-shirt  
even when surrounded by those drab curtains  
pale wall and musty drab curtains  
trusty old curious George  
brings joy into an ancient home  
we are here  
sitting in a chair  
a lovely plaid combination  
of brown and tan  
and red of all things  
a quaint combination  
the four of us sitting there  
my brother  
(older of two boys, but born only recently here)  
my father  
curious George and me  
the reflection out the window  
is bright and white  
there is no blue

## The Again Time

*Benita Olsen, Illinois*

The evening autumn sun  
Eases elegantly through golden leaves,  
in a leisurely fashion,  
Selecting the one  
To fall softly to the earth in a "leaf walk"  
This night while the stars talk.

## Transition

*Edward Dong, California*

Beneath gnarled arms of an aged tree  
Rest silver chimes, a ring of cylinders  
Shadowed by stepping stone leaves,  
Dipping and shaking with raindrops.

Swallows pass, carry away quiet days  
Of summer musing to southern abodes;  
Chimes whisper to the parting season  
And find fall voices within the wind.

## A Little of the Mystery Come

*Jason Sturner, Tennessee*

A fall wind blew over the home,  
And to and fro birds on the wing,  
And red leaves all tumbling down singing summer . . .  
One leaf brushed the windowpane in a mirthful,  
Spiral dance to the wilted grass, content in having known purpose,  
Having known seasons and skies; having done its part.  
I turned away in cold wonder, that which only Man knows,  
And focused hard to be patient in solemn distraction . . .  
After a time, warmth rose inside me like peaceful sunrise,  
Comprehension rode over inner hills and fields like white mares,  
And within that world of suppressed ego a song began to play,  
An unending lullaby cast off silver stars to the war-plagued earth.  
My soul did a spiral dance among the nearly naked trees,  
And to and fro birds on the wing,  
And red leaves all tumbling down singing summer . . .  
And for a fleeting, timeless moment came fragments of Truth —  
A little of the mystery come and go,  
A little kept.



*Drawing by Patricia Sarazen*

## Footprints

*Patricia Sarazen, Pennsylvania*

How can we arouse  
within our hearts  
Love's poetic words  
of our art?

I have ventured far and wide to find  
the special footprint of my mind,  
to leave its imprint on pages white  
of my heavenly visions and soulful flight.

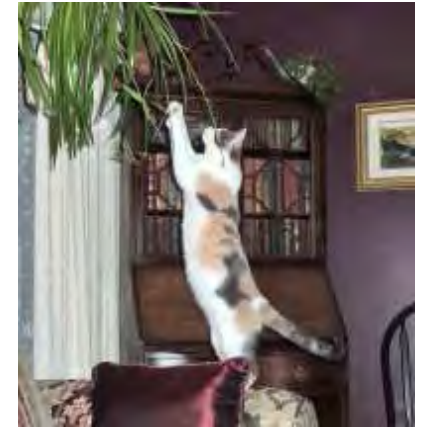
Beauty stands hushed, silent and still,  
until a poet awakens its silent wonder,  
Filled with inward rapture of jubilant song  
celebrating the infinite wonders of earth.

As it awakens our souls to its birth,  
we clasp love's emotions and let it sing  
of the divinities of God on angel wings,  
to create a realm of beauty on earth.

The poetic soul  
captures its divine  
dimensions  
and lets it sing.

# From My Vantage Point . . .

by Chester the Cat



For the creative artist, including the writer, life can't be "all work and no play." There needs to be some time for leisure activities unrelated to the craft of writing. . . . Well, perhaps these activities *do* contribute to our literary creativity, because they give the mind a rest during which, unconsciously perhaps, new ideas can develop that find their way into our work once we resume it.

One of our Editor's leisure activities is crocheting. And one of my favorite leisure activities is to remove a ball of crochet yarn from her basket, run off with it, and roll it over the kitchen floor till the yarn is entangled nicely around all the kitchen table and chair legs. That is great fun, especially during the night when it makes a nice surprise for the Editor in the morning.

Another hobby of our Editor's is growing house plants. My assistant, Calliope, has taken up the same pastime. In the photo above, Callie is tending her spider plant.

Our publisher uses the computer a lot to compose email, maintain web sites, print this magazine, and the like. Both Callie and I enjoy our game of "block the monitor." By jumping onto the desk and standing in front of the monitor, we not only get additional exercise but also give the Publisher's eyes and fingertips a rest.

I assure you, we always return refreshed from these leisure activities, ready to resume our creative efforts on behalf of *WestWard Quarterly*.

## Emily

*Jesse Doty, California*

She has a soft, sweet voice  
Which my kitties both adore.  
Emily is so kind and giving,  
They know who she brings  
The treats for.

And they love her  
For the treats, yes,  
But also for her tenderness.  
They love the way she talks  
To each of them by name.

Emily is their favorite person,  
They are always glad she came.

Emily pets each one differently,  
Noticing the ways they like to be touched.  
She loves them so much,  
And she knows  
That when she goes  
All four lives have been enriched,  
Including mine.  
It happens every time.

## Creative Quotations

### *Endurance of Civilization Depends on the Home . . .*

*The novel Pilgrim's Inn by Elizabeth Goudge takes place in post-World War II England, and deals with a family whose lives have been forever changed by the war. I have taken excerpts from the book and grandmother Lucilla's observations of life, because they have so much bearing on us who live today in a time of great turmoil, and observe the decline of civilization as we have known it.*

Thrones had fallen, armies had vanished into oblivion, great cities had been wiped off the face of the earth, but the Damerosehay drawing room had not changed the position of a single ornament. Like Lucilla it has suffered a slight tarnishing of the outward façade of its beauty, but the essence of it was unchanged. . . .

She tried to pay attention to what the others were saying. But they were talking about famine and inflation and chaos and death, and her mind shied away from their talk like a terrified horse. She couldn't do anything about it now, at eighty-six, except pray, and in between her prayers, now that the war was over, she wished they would let her forget sometimes that things had not turned out as well as one hoped, and enjoy the things that were left: the spring sunshine slanting into the quiet room and lighting up the flowers . . . the hot tea, the log fire burning on the hearth, and the sound of the sea coming in the pauses of their talk.

But Nadine, without words, stretched out a hand and gently touched her mother-in-law's. They had both been married and borne children. Lucilla knew always, and Nadine knew in her more domesticated moments, that it was homemaking that mattered. Every home was a brick in the great wall of decent living that men erected over and over again as a bulwark against the perpetual flooding in of evil. But women made the bricks, and the durability of each civilization depended upon their quality, and it was no good weakening oneself for the brick-making by thinking too much about the flood.

— Elizabeth Goudge, *Pilgrim's Inn* (1948), pp. 44, 47, 48

### *How Do You Define a Poem? . . .*

To understand a poem as a poem is an aim that has every right to be considered privileged, since that is the only understanding of a poem that can possibly exist. Until the nature and purposes of a text have been grasped, its meaning will remain inaccessible, because its meaning is precisely something willed, something purposed. If I understand a poem as a newspaper headline (assuming that it is not a newspaper headline poem), then I have simply misunderstood it. Moreover, it might seem particularly silly to evaluate a poem as a newspaper headline (or — a thing Robert Graves once did to “The Solitary Reaper” — as a cablegram), since the criteria would be completely irrelevant to the author's aims and purposes. Thus it would seem that the only proper way to evaluate a poem is as a poem and not as some irrelevant kind of instrumental value within a nonliterary context.

. . . Agreement has never been reached as to what a poem is and what its implicit aims and purposes are. While there may be some small measure of agreement about which poems are good “as poems,” there is far less agreement about what makes them good, that is, about the special criteria they have managed to fulfill. Furthermore, this disagreement is bound to continue because the assumptions on which the controversy is usually conducted are mistaken. It is, for example, a mistake to assume that poetry is a special substance whose essential attributes can be found throughout all those texts that we call poetry. These essential attributes have never been (and never will be) defined in a way that compels general acceptance. . . . Poetry is not a substance but a vague grouping of intrinsic genres whose members do not share any single, universal attribute or set of attributes which distinguishes them from nonpoetry. . . . In other words, the judging of a particular poem as a poem is an inherently impossible task, a misconceived task disguised by a verbal repetition. It is proper to judge something according to its nature, but such rough, serviceable notions as “literature” and “poetry” do not have any nature beyond a very complex and variable system of family resemblances.

— E. D. Hirsch, *Validity in Interpretation* (1967), pp. 149-150

## Runaway Truck Lane

*(Sign found on the Interstate)*

Richard Luftig, California

They may have run off when the moon was down and no one was looking. Or maybe they broke out from a darkened lot in Maine or Kansas, a stockyard near Cheyenne, an oil refinery outside Shreveport, figuring that they wouldn't be missed until morning.

But now they're on the lam, fleeing along the Interstate, halfway into their getaway to some distant coast or central plain, moving mostly late at night as if they might be recognized from their pictures on a milk carton.

The names on their grills — Peterbilt, Mack, Western Star and Crane — are splashed with mud and bugs to keep them incognito, their tires humming in the right lane, bodies heavy with distant bills of lading, or deadheading

to Texas, trying all the while to avoid the weigh scales and troopers who would like nothing better than to write them up, send in reports as to their whereabouts. But it is just before dawn that they love the most,

coming down over the mountains, singing with hot blasts of abandon through their exhausts, accelerating downhill, faster and faster still, then reluctantly shifting to lower gears but anxious all the while to avoid those uphill

ramps so determined to trap them in a clinch of sand straight up to the hubs of the each axle, taking the tires into unwanted custody until a posse of tow trucks can arrive, sinking in their claws to drag them home.

## Silent Sonnet

Gerald Heyder, Wisconsin

Token in realm of literature  
I'm spoke in wheel of verse,  
chalk of muse on wisdom board  
in one room universe!  
I'm bird confined to lonely cage  
never winging sky's expanse,  
pair of crutches bracing wall  
never learning ballroom dance!  
I'm tear in heartache's flooded eye  
a boat that sank in lover's bay,  
bouquet of flowers on a grave  
I stay late then wilt 'n die!  
A spoke in wheel of verse I say  
but silent sonnet is here today!

### Struggling Matturgy's Political Plan

*Martin McMahon. Illinois*

*Editors's Note: The universe is made of "matturgy," a constant substance infinitely sensitive and rarefying and contracting in pulses without losing contact with the rest of the fabric. But stretching it around the contracting pulse, the universe is a topological plain. Spin is electromagnetic, having an axis and a diameter perpendicular to it; spin is the prime movement.*

A sea of humanity surges on,  
As some have joy, yet with fiendish delight,  
Vacillation of mind — indecision —  
It still roams so happy like street urchins.

It was woe betide them in their transgressions,  
Till our salivating politician  
Defused much tension — with his graceful charm —  
While he kept the electorate quiescent.

So with glad hands and a fanciful smile,  
This self-styled patriot sprang up like mushrooms,  
And with his sobriquet graced the arena,  
As people gawked where folly abounded.

Like patriots, he's enamored of his quest,  
Though his side was in a tomentose-state.  
At first, he emblazoned his checkered past  
And then fumigated his innermost thoughts.

Next, he scoured his full head of evil thoughts,  
And with a scintilla of arrogance,  
He emblazoned his words and his weak stance  
While craftily eyeing askance his audience.

Soon, his flowery campaign seemed to flounder  
In fallow time, as he had no reserve,  
Yet he stole outside the tangential curve,  
And with purloined ideas he succeeded.

Matturgy cast aside the barren ways  
Of his inconsistent scrooge-like old world;  
It's the truth that he weaved around the truth,  
As he presented, fobbing fibs as truth.

With his mode he was in a campaign mood,  
As dormant ideas swiftly sprang to life —  
To help his war-cry: "Don't just lend your time,  
Ah, lend me your wallet, do it." That did it.

### Almost Home

*Vernon Waring, Pennsylvania*

and now we sing of whitney...nothing can  
contain her she takes the shape she  
fills the space she moves through  
ether nothing can stop her  
beading like quicksilver  
in constant motion  
she flickers  
and a million candles  
glow at her loveliness  
nothing can blur her face  
so perfect that angels hush to  
behold her and when she sings "i  
will always love you" only the moon  
can hold that magnificent voice soaring  
beyond the crest of everest  
a ceiling of stars can only welcome  
this sparkling laughing luminous  
slip of a girl as she ascends  
far from earthly cares  
up up up she glitters  
in a swirl of  
stardust  
she is almost home

### Child's Play

*Shirley Anne Leonard, Illinois*

We have built a technological world  
existing on the probability  
that nothing will happen  
to shake the foundation.

As any child knows,  
building with blocks  
you can pile only  
so many on  
before the  
whole thing  
comes  
tumbling  
down . . .

### Master Van Gogh

*Sharon Looney, Missouri*

Sun  
flowers  
yellow rest  
from brush strokes free.  
Hay bales beneath trees  
glow gold like starry orbs.  
Your work we cannot afford  
to forget or let fade away  
without you we view a world in gray.  
You painted mulberry trees in fall  
for your vision you gave it all.  
In life you felt the torment  
and all your life was spent  
mastering your craft  
with what was left  
of a mind's  
unbound  
cares.  
Night  
starry  
blue flurry  
yellow orbs float  
in feathery smoke  
on an oil canvas dream  
in cosmic vision supreme  
of beauty beneath the heavens  
devoid of your minds aberrations.  
Great talent wasted in a moment.  
Your torn heart wanting of lament.  
Canvased legacy-remains  
rested behind clear glass panes.  
Nothing more is left.  
The world bereft  
your vision  
wondrous  
bled.

### Fledging Writer

*Barbara Vetter, Colorado*

A year has passed and woe is me,  
published I am not.  
Do you suppose that it could be  
'cause I've written not a lot?

Again the Christmas season  
is just around the bend.  
Could that be the reason  
my thoughts will just not blend?

But what of all the weeks gone by  
with few thoughts put to paper?  
It makes a body want to cry  
for her hero's unsolved caper.

It's not that I am lazy —  
my calendar's overflowing.  
In fact, it drives me crazy  
that my list is ever growing.

But, hey, I'm not the only one  
whose life is busy, busy, busy —  
who's ever on the run, run, run  
and always in a tizzy.

So this new year, here I come  
(Once Christmas is behind me!)  
My fingers on those keys will hum.  
At the computer you will find me.

My story's going to sprout some wings  
and soar into the sky.  
My heroine may have some flings,  
then meet that special guy.

But . . .  
My fledgling mind is spinning.  
Ideas pop in, then out.  
The end of the beginning?  
What's my story all about?

Back to the computer!

### Making Paper

*Emily Strauss, California*

I mix pulp with flowers and thread  
mold it into shape and press it dry,  
then weave sheets flecked with bits of  
thoughts and ocean colors bleeding  
like tiny rain puddles turning purple  
and green, white sheets stained with hues  
that add interest to otherwise dull dreams  
flat and glassy as becalmed seas.

I make eight textured pages I will sew  
into a missive, a private letter with  
special words printed on each leaf, blue  
ink soaking in like azure tide pools  
merging with the petals and bits of texture  
framing the white field, I will try to show  
how this paper holds your story  
in fragile relief.

### An Anaphora Poem

*W S Fisher, Washington State*

A poem is not always  
a thing of greatness,  
a tragic hell or  
ancient gold-capped dome.

A poem is just  
a soft breath of sadness or  
a subtle joy or memory of  
a long and distant home,  
a childhood toy,  
a war-fallen child,  
a lonely pastel colored shell upon  
a beach of only sand,

a granite particle of  
an elemental truth laid upon  
a massive, passive,  
apathetic land.

### Sonnet Written While

*Listening to Mendelssohn at Work*

*Mark J. Mitchell, California*

Symphony for Strings No. 10 in B Minor:  
Let the violin hurt you with its tones:  
It can't break your flesh or make blood flow.  
It's just the pain from learning what you know  
You forgot. What you call, wrongly, unknown.  
This mystery, this resonance of bone,  
The blood harmony ordered by the bow  
Leads you by catgut where you have to go —  
The heart-shaped room where you're silent, alone.  
But it's the violin's story, not yours —  
An ache composed of wood, rosin and strings,  
By a shoulder, chin, a controlling hand  
That executes some dead man's awe-filled tour  
Of longing. All the knowledge that you bring  
Dissolves before this music into sand.

### Remembrances of Things Past

*James Rainey, Illinois*

Her lips were as soft as roses.  
Her eyes were as bright as clover.  
Her hair was as gold as buttercups.  
And her breath as warm as sunshine.

Oh, how well we fool ourselves with  
Such remembrances of things past;  
Such things, so sweet, perhaps were  
Never quite so true.

Her eyes were not as bright as clover.  
Her hair was not as gold as buttercups.  
But, her lips were as soft as roses  
And her breath as warm as sunshine.

And we stood that night beneath  
The clouds and held each other's  
Hand and wished that we could  
Share that night forever.

And now I reminisce with no one's  
Hand to hold. But, each time that I  
Remember how she smiled at me, then  
I am standing beneath those clouds  
And in my hand, I hold her memory.

## When Everything Is Miniature

*Carol Hamilton, Oklahoma*

The Guadeloupe River a-glint  
down among tiny houses,  
hills and hills of forest green,  
clay-orange tiled roofs,  
zippy cars and trucks,  
and my eyes never tire  
of my eagle-eye glimpse  
of God's view on a good day.  
I could carry it home in my palm  
to cheer dull or anguished hours,  
but I am not jealous of omnipotence.  
Other landscapes hold terrors,  
and then, I'm glad for my four walls,  
a roof, and a lookout  
over two hungry cats  
on the windowsill,  
the ancient and crippled elm,  
and some blessedly overgrown bushes  
hiding the too-tall grass  
and weeds that have invaded  
the garden while I was away.

## Wild Turkeys

*Jennifer Hambrick, Ohio*

He sits at pale of day  
and watches through the glass door  
where her wheelchair stands still  
on the wood-planked porch,  
watches the family of wild turkeys  
tiptoe from their lair of pine  
through zoysia and goldenrod,  
watches the procession,  
silent in the growing light  
but for the day's first warbles  
and the muffled flap of wings.

He catches the glint of sun  
off silver wheels  
and birds treading  
up the ramp to the wheelchair,  
where so often her hand  
dropped seeds  
to songs of thanks.

He sits and watches,  
where her wheelchair still stands,  
wild turkeys  
tap at sunshine on silver wheels,  
await a hand to scatter seeds.

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## Twenty Years

*Diane L. Akins, Colorado*

A dozen red roses stand in a clear vase.  
Greeting cards decorate the mantel;  
words proclaim love and devotion.  
Their eyes exchange tender glances.

The aroma of coffee floats in the air.  
Newspaper rustles.  
She laughs over the comics;  
he grumbles about sports.

Later, hands entwined, they walk  
through the neighborhood  
and twice around the lake,  
listening to the geese honk.

The rest of the day they spend  
doing ordinary things:  
raking leaves, sharing a nap,  
cooking pasta with asparagus.

Twenty years ago on Hawaiian shores,  
orchid leis perfumed the air.  
The sun warmed their faces  
as they pledged their love.

## Nature's Gift

*John Gruber, New York*

I have placed a beige leaf  
Between the pages of a book.  
In the depth of winter  
I will take a look  
And recall that autumn day  
When a gust of wind  
Sent it my way.

## The Light

*Carl E. Gordy, Missouri*

The book lay open on the table  
I walked over and reached down for it  
But I never picked it up  
There seemed to be a light coming from it  
Yet there wasn't any light or lamp  
I looked back down at the book  
And yes there was a light  
Pulling me ever closer to it  
I knew then this was the light of God  
And he was lighting my way home  
He knew I was lost so he showed me the way  
There comes a time in our lives when we get lost  
But God is always there for us  
With his light showing the way

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## The Depression Key

*Caryl Calsyn, Texas*

Start with a small step, this may be as elemental as  
getting out of bed. You decide what the step should  
be and when you do it — congratulate yourself . . .

you've just picked up the key.

Then smile, even if it's phony. This is called  
"Fake it until you make it." The simple act of turning  
up the corners of your mouth can give an uplifting  
message to your mind and body . . .

you've put the key in the lock.

Write an affirmation. Something like, "I deserve to  
be happy." You choose the phrase, but it must be  
positive. Write it over and over, day after day . . .

you've begun to turn the key.

Call someone — a friend, a pastor, a counselor. Share  
your feelings, worries, fears and tears. If either of you  
is uncomfortable, then call someone else . . .

you've bravely kept turning the key.

Change your self-talk. Repeating, "I am depressed"  
buries it deeper. Instead tell yourself that you are  
a capable, amazing person and can do whatever it  
is you need to do . . .

you've used your key to unlock the door.

Open wide the door — let in the light and know this  
truth — "He will make His face to shine upon you and  
give you peace."

Repeat any or all of these steps as needed. Then  
say two prayers and call God in the morning —  
or any time — day or night.

## The Petromax Lamp

*Jagannath Rao Adukuri, India*

A lamp burned in white light, inside a soft rib cage  
Feeling like an exhausted star from the Milky Way.  
Its light curdled like white milk on the mud walls.  
The shadows of the rain moths swarming around it  
Were a massive mess of unreal figures on the wall,  
As the dots together became squares and polygons  
In the way they whirred around the petromax light.

As the wind stirred in the leaves, the lamp danced  
Gently on the door frame, where it is hung by a nail  
Its shadow quickly responded on the wall in dance  
With the entire halo of rain-moths around its head.

## Haiku

*Raymond J. Flory, Indiana*

Leaves linger  
on old oak tree —  
October farewell.

Grandfather clock  
down the hallway —  
timeless.

Family Bible  
was lost and now found —  
Redemption.

**Beyond***Mark Nenadov, Ontario, Canada*

Beyond  
the Garden  
was a curse.

Beyond Bethlehem  
was another  
Garden  
beyond that Garden  
was Golgatha.

Beyond Golgatha  
was a tomb  
beyond that tomb  
was the Father's right hand.

Beyond your old life  
is a tomb  
beyond that tomb  
is a new life.

Beyond this age  
is an age to come  
and another  
Garden.

**Tomorrow***Margene Whitler Hucek, Virginia*

I'll be sure to write  
or maybe I'll call  
But what do you say  
It can be awfully awkward

Too late to make soup  
I'm sure they have plenty  
and everyone knows  
how crazy things are

I'll do something  
special  
unique

Tomorrow

**Pondering***Kathleen Tiedemann, Arkansas*

Today I will not hesitate  
To set time aside, contemplate,  
Situations evaluate.

Economy — how to stimulate?  
Trials and tribulations complicate.  
Opportunities anticipate.

Hunger's prevalence eradicate,  
Undeserved blessings appreciate,  
Heavenly treasures accumulate.

Circumstances sometimes separate.  
With lonely people associate.  
Winter arrives — prone to hibernate.

Personality clashes frustrate.  
Uniqueness of others tolerate.  
Christ's perfect example imitate.

Seasonal sights and sounds fascinate,  
Evergreens ornaments decorate,  
Holiday carolers congregate.

Christmas festivities orchestrate.  
The Light of the World, illuminate;  
The birth of our Savior celebrate.

**A Love Letter***L. C. Atencio, Florida*

Since I met you, you are my morning.  
Since I saw you, you are my hope.

Since I touched you, you are my sunlight.  
Since I kissed you, you are my bride.

I do not sleep, for you are my dream.  
I only dance, for you are my song.

I do not eat, you are my energy!  
I married you and will continue  
to live happily, forevermore . . .

**Seascapes***Craig W. Steele, Pennsylvania**The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. – Chopin*

The sea is just the sea.

Waves of feathery spray fall skyward, condense  
into frothy filigree necklaces of meringue, meld  
with the next swell in a fluttery displacement:  
restless; patient.

Waves birth shoals of crested flowers, blooming . . .  
drooping, blooming . . . drooping,  
each in its brief season of rhythmic respiration:  
complex; simple.

Waves undulate in peristaltic motions around a global Jacuzzi,  
sorting through a scree of shells within a foamy din while  
stretching to the blurred meniscus of a notional horizon:  
boundless; bounded.

Waves encapsulate eddies of time, intermingling  
bracelets of molecules, indissoluble, touching  
everything of which all things are made:  
eternal; ephemeral.

Experience the sea: float.

**Hiking***Gisela Woldenga, British Columbia, Canada*

I hear the buzz of bees and flies,  
birds trilling and their cries,  
flapping of a heron's wing.  
I feel the wind, its gentle touch,  
the cool caress I like so much;  
up in the trees I hear it sing.

Amongst the grass and everywhere:  
flowers wild and free of care;  
like sprays of colored paint they hide.  
I step on roots of trees so old,  
they weathered years of warmth and cold.  
Their waving arms are now my guide.

**Bird Lights***Sean Lause, Ohio*

Inside each bird is a light.  
The light is singing.  
It sings of distances  
between breath and silence.

At night it perches,  
wondering back at what it sang by day.  
And only then are its distances achieved,  
its fear folded in the sleep of wings,  
and its loneliness cast to a million galaxies.

## Guidance Ignored?

*J. Alvin Speers, Alberta, Canada*

The vast universe of our Creator  
Is wondrous to behold.  
Mankind's frequent lack of respect  
is perceived as awfully bold.

The guide that has been provided  
In form of the Holy Bible  
Has continually been well-proven  
To be ultimately reliable.

Nevertheless, man's errant ways  
Create chaos by sin to shame  
The image of the human race  
And will eventually face the blame.

### CORRECTIONS:

We apologize for the errors in these two poems, which appeared in recent issues of *WestWard Quarterly*. In Ms. Yarrington's poem the last three stanzas were left out due to a "pasting" error when it was placed in the magazine. In Mr. Felder's poem two lines were missing due, we believe, to a typing error.

— Shirley Anne

## You Know What You Know

*Brian C. Felder, Delaware*

When you come from a place where it snows a lot

— and I think Wisconsin qualifies —  
you learn to read the sky,  
to discern the portent that it holds.

Even if you move to a place less challenged  
— and I think Delaware qualifies —  
you still look into the ether to see what it says  
and today it says snow.

Yeah, I know, but snow it will,  
so say my Milwaukee instincts  
to my disbelieving Milford mind.

## Garden Ghost

*Cornelia Snider Yarrington, Colorado*

Garden lady, this they say of me,  
Lone shepherdess my neighbors often see  
At toil amid the summer's rustling fold  
Where lavender, blue mint, and poppy gold  
Crown memories of barren rock the year  
We bought this corner lot and settled here.

Him they do not see, my stern ghost,  
My scion of pioneers who'd never boast  
Of trifling labor in the heat of day.

A man born to unforgiving clay,  
He rose before the morning's herald crows  
Set watch upon his geometric rows.

Never one for praising fripperies,  
My phantom doesn't seem to care that bees,  
Whose golden honey isn't mine to use,  
Hum symphonies about these siren hues.

Wasteful effort never earned his smile:  
Stock and table food were more his style.

But by the drifting blossoms of a rose  
Sometimes he'll strike that well-remembered pose:  
Silent, musing, hands behind his back,  
Just as he walked the contours of a track  
Through webs of canopies he left uncut  
Where once had run his father's wagon rut,

A silent, pensive man, his labor done  
When Bob Whites gathered in a reddened sun.  
The look he bore upon his aging face  
I wear in this, my own unstoried place.  
From this I know, and worlds of words unsaid,  
My father, too, worked gardens of the dead.

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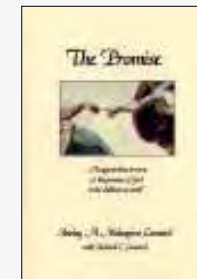
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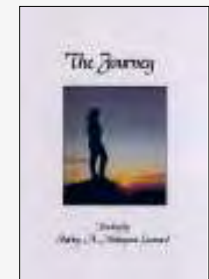
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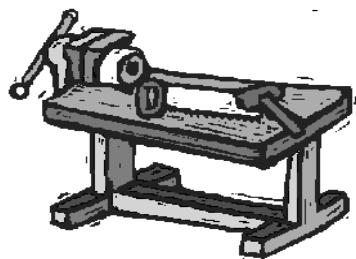
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# Writer's Workbench

## Turning Prose into Poetry?

*WestWard Quarterly* welcomes submissions of all forms of poetry, as long as the poem meets our criterion of being uplifting or positive (at least, not negative). Some poetry submitted takes the form of traditional poetry that rhymes and has a metric scansion. However, many poems are “free,” in the sense that they do not have a metric “beat” and do not contain rhyme. In other words, if not laid out in a poetic form they could be read, just as well, as prose.

What makes such a “free” poem a poem, and not prose? Is it simply a matter of creating line breaks in the text, where a piece of prose would just run on in standard paragraph form?

In *Validity in Interpretation* (Yale University, 1967), E. D. Hirsch, Jr. cites a discussion that went on in the *Times Literary Supplement* in 1965, where a succession of letters to the editor addressed this very issue: “Can prose become poetry through typographical rearrangement?” One of the respondents started the discussion by quoting a passage from a semi-technical work on Chinese art, referencing also two well-known performing musicians of the time:

When a Chinese calligrapher ‘copies’ the work of an old master it is not a forged facsimile but an interpretation as personal within stylistic limits as a Samuel or Landowska performance of a Bach partita.

However, the writer didn’t present the sentence in that paragraph form. Instead, he laid it out in this manner:

When a Chinese calligrapher ‘copies’  
The work of an old master it is not  
A forged facsimile but an interpretation  
As personal within stylistic limits  
As a Samuel or Landowska performance  
Of a Bach partita.

The ensuing discussion in the *Times Literary Supplement* dealt whether the prose passage had been turned into poetry by the rearrangement, or whether the resetting had simply mutilated a good piece of technical prose. Hirsch eventually concludes that the typographical rearrangement does, indeed, change the sentence from prose to poetry. When the syllable stress pattern (three accents per line) is considered, along with the pauses suggested by the breaks in the lines or by the reduction of syllables between stresses, then the character of the piece is altered:

When a Chinese calligrapher ‘copies’  
The *work* of an old *master* it is *not*  
A *forged* facsimile but an interpretation  
As *personal* within stylistic *limits*  
As a *Samuel* or Landowska *performance*  
Of a *Bach* partita.

Hirsch writes,

In prose the passage could be purely a statement about the art of Chinese calligraphy, whereas in poetry the concentrating and symbolizing conventions of the genre lead us to expect wider implications, so that the Chinese calligrapher could imply not only Chinese calligraphy but all tradition-bound art. If we assume for the moment that my hypothetical interpretation is correct, we confront an interesting illustration of the reason that a given word sequence can represent more than one

meaning. It can do so because almost any word sequence can be subsumed by more than one intrinsic genre and therefore can carry different implications.

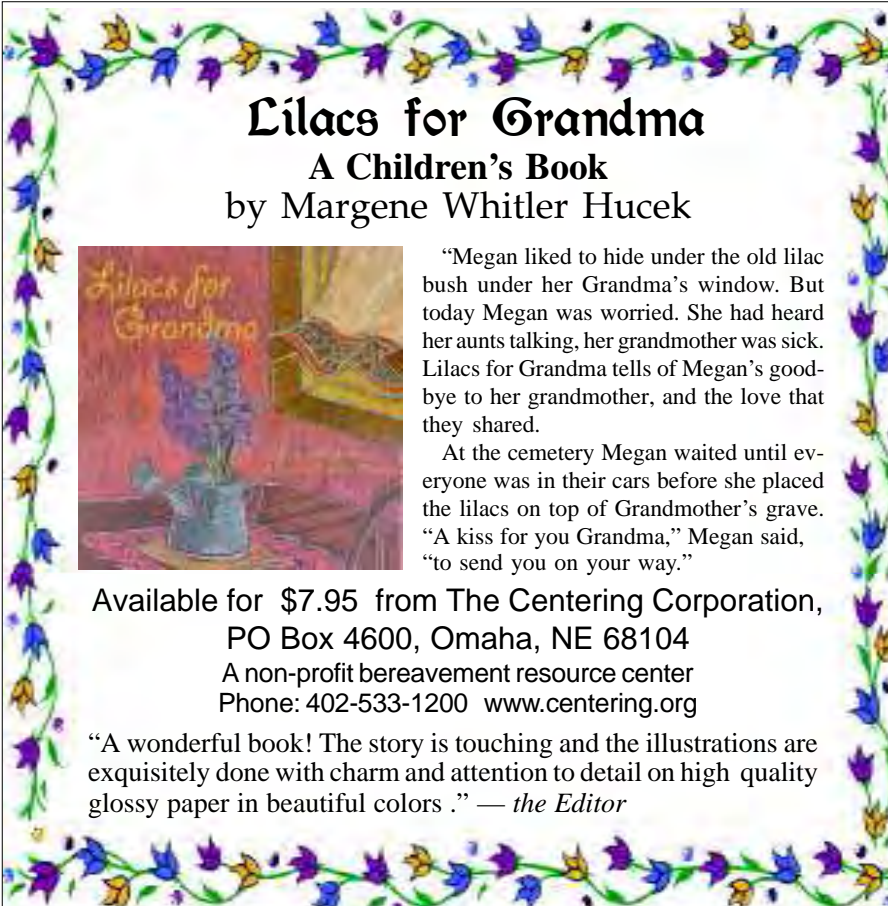
In other words, the type of literature we perceive it to be leads us to interpret the meaning of a passage differently — a vastly important principle in gauging the meaning of any literary piece, such as a passage from the Bible.

I suspect, though, that the subject matter also has something to do with whether or not a piece of writing can be considered “poetry.” Consider this:

Seek medical attention right away  
If any of these *severe* side effects occur:  
Severe allergic reactions (rash; hives; itching;  
Difficulty breathing; tightness in the chest;  
Swelling of the mouth, face, lips, or tongue;  
Unusual hoarseness); blurred vision or other vision changes  
(E.g., decreased vision clearness); change in the amount  
Of urine produced; chest pain or discomfort . . .

I consider it highly unlikely that the information sheet the pharmacist hands you along with your prescription medication would yield good “free” poetry, regardless of how you decide to lay out the text.


Happy Writing — THE PUBLISHER



## Lilacs for Grandma

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by Margene Whitler Hucek



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