

The Kumquat Challenge



55 poems by current and former WCC
faculty, staff, and students celebrating
National Poetry Month

April 2011

Whatcom Community College Library

TABLE OF CONTENTS

* = Kumquat Challenge Winner

<i>Introduction</i>	
Linda Lambert	1
<i>Amazing Grace</i>	
Patricia Gentile	2
<i>A Matter of Energy</i>	
Tere Pinney	2
<i>Her Name Goes Here</i>	
Katie Carlson	3
<i>Storm</i>	
Anna Harris.....	3
<i>The Question</i>	
Barbara Leveque	4
<i>*In Expectation</i>	
Lloyd Blakley.....	7
<i>The Voyage</i>	
Wayne Gerner	7
<i>SPED Room 101</i>	
Mary Mueller	7
<i>Moving Feast</i>	
T. S. Ayers.....	8
<i>“At Artist Point”</i>	
Patricia Gentile	8
<i>“While Rock Climbing”</i>	
John Hansen	9
<i>Tazonite</i>	
Sally Sheedy.....	9
<i>In My World</i>	
Lacey Cratsenberg.....	10
<i>The Black Lodge (An Ode to Twin Peaks)</i>	
Kellin Pelham-Bush.....	12
<i>Ghost Stories</i>	
Michelle Runyan	13
<i>Nosferatu</i>	
Phillip Rollins	13
<i>A Remedy for Male Techie Texting Thumb Syndrome</i>	
Marta Steve	14
<i>Protocol</i>	
Jim Milstead.....	15

favorite person frog choir
 cinema books dance to Levon
 Helm and Talking Heads early morning
 songbirds floribunda soiled Greek cookies equine canine
 feline art family children (language storms) winter soups
 baking bread living yeast in my hands full moon
 wonder is this fifty words? (p. 14)

KIM STRUKSMA works in the Office of Institutional Research and Assessment at WCC. (p. 39)

ADDISON STUMPF is a student at WCC. (p. 21)

ARA TAYLOR, a former book critic for *The Bellingham Herald*, is working on a novel. She also works at the WCC Library. (p. 31)

KISLING TRENKA is a student at WCC. (p. 29)

SARAH VANDERPOOL works at the Bellingham Public Library and Volunteers at the WCC Library. She recently graduated with Honors from WCC and is looking forward to the graduation ceremony. She plans to continue her pursuit of English Literature at WWU in the fall quarter. She is very grateful to her husband, Jeremy, and her son, Keegan, for their support and love while she obtained her AAS. (p. 42)

PATRICK WAKEFIELD was not. Now is. Won't be. (p. 35)

HEATHER WILLIAMS works in the WCC library and plans to graduate from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee this December with her Masters in Library Science. She lives in Lynden with her husband Paul, and Luna, their four-legged mewling daughter. (p. 30)

TYLER REEDUS is 22 years old and has enjoyed the freedom of poetry since about age 11. He is currently working on a memoir to be released on October 31. He's planning on attending Western after Whatcom for his Master's in English. (p. 24)

PHILLIP ROLLINS is a student at WCC. He writes about a character named Nosferatu, a vampiric demon lord. This is his 11th piece featuring him. It's written as an acrostic poem that spells "Kumquat Challenge." (p. 13). To read Phillip's other works, go here:
<http://neukhia.deviantart.com/gallery/29173584>

MICHELLE RUNYAN is currently a student at WCC. She's hoping to transfer to WWU and get a degree in English Literature so she can become a professor and a writer! (p. 13)

BETTY SCOTT has published in regional publications and is a 2010 award winner at the Surrey International Writer's Conference, as well as a 2010 Kumquat Challenge winner. She teaches Oral and Written Communication at Bellingham Technical College and taught at Whatcom Community College from 1993 to 2006. Currently, she teaches *For the Love of Poetry* through Community Education. (p. 16)

SALLY SHEEDY is the systems librarian at WCC, collects stuff, plays the fiddle and sings, and is the mother of twins. (pp. 9, 34)

KRISTI SLETTE, 50+ Student Success Coordinator with WCC's Encore; Age 50+ Program, completes her service at WCC with the Encore College Initiative grant in June. She lives east of Bellingham with her husband and children and teaches in the human services program at Western Washington University. (p. 25)

TIFFANY ST. CLAIRE-ANDERSON has been a student at Whatcom since 1998, steadily working on graduating with her Associate transfer while taking care of her two kids and husband. She loves the arts and hopes to be able to write a poem in French. (pp. 20, 38)

JARON STANAGE is a student at WCC. He will be going to WWU next year to study Secondary English Education. He writes that "The person who has had the most influence on my life is Jesus. He makes getting up every day worth it because through his love for me I have something to live for." (p. 27)

MARLA STEVE
 I
 love and
 am loved husband

<i>How I Met Your Mother</i>	Betty Scott.....	16
<i>Expecting: The Obscene and Unashamed Version</i>	Sarah McDonnell.....	17
<i>A Short Early History of Scrabble</i>	Linda Lambert.....	18
<i>Dead Calm</i>	Nancy McAbee.....	19
<i>Don't Expect Too Much</i>	Seren Fargo.....	20
<i>A Kumquat Amidst Apples</i>	Tiffany St. Claire-Anderson.....	20
<i>*Turn Back</i>	Linda Compton-Smith.....	20
<i>*Prometheus: A Pantoum</i>	Addison Stumpf.....	21
<i>Memories</i>	Sue Johnson.....	22
<i>Lotus</i>	Nicholas Gonzales-Malven.....	23
<i>My Lover Through the Storm</i>	Tyler Reedus.....	24
<i>Forever on That Hill</i>	Hannah Hamilton.....	25
<i>A Soldier Returns</i>	Kristi Slette.....	25
<i>"This Marriage of Ours"</i>	Patricia Gentile.....	26
<i>Remembrance</i>	Wayne Gerner.....	26
<i>We Are Like Mist Then</i>	Jaron Stanage.....	27
<i>At Chuckanut Bay in Ten Words</i>	Laura Mackenzie.....	28
<i>Child Within</i>	Jenny Green.....	28
<i>Just for Fun!</i>	Patricia Gentile.....	29
<i>"I Heard Him Call"</i>	Kisling Trenka.....	29
<i>For Mom</i>	Heather Williams.....	30

<i>Ode to a Biscuit</i>	
Ara Taylor.....	31
<i>Day of Beckoning</i>	
Timothy Pilgrim.....	31
<i>After the Storm</i>	
Linda Conroy.....	32
<i>*Suspension</i>	
Leslie Clark.....	32
<i>The Edge</i>	
Lacey Cratsenberg.....	33
<i>“You are the Kumquat of My Eye”</i>	
Caroline Balzer.....	34
<i>I Remember</i>	
Sally Sheedy.....	34
<i>Mount Baker</i>	
Patrick Wakefield.....	35
<i>Before a VOICE Event at the Swinomish Reservation</i>	
Rachel Mehl.....	35
<i>“Sometimes She Forgets”</i>	
Kashia Gale.....	36
<i>“I Expect to Dislodge...”</i>	
Chris Cave.....	37
<i>Response to Margaret</i>	
Katie Heizenrader.....	37
<i>Our Piece of the Chuckanut Rock</i>	
Karen Hollingsworth.....	37
<i>A Humorous Trip</i>	
Tiffany St. Claire-Anderson.....	38
<i>To Teach You Gratitude</i>	
Kim Struikisma.....	39
<i>Commencement</i>	
Sarah Vanderpool.....	42
<i>Contributor Bios</i>	43

write poetry, but combining the two seemed like a good idea. (p. 18)

BARBARA LEVEQUE currently calls Bellingham home after spending most of her adult life living in various communities in Eastern Washington. Working at WCC since Fall 2002, Barbara teaches as an adjunct in Communication Studies and manages the WorkFirst program. Her interests include genealogy, history, and The Writer’s Almanac. (p. 4)

LAURA MACKENZIE, a long-time WCC library employee, doesn’t consider herself a poet in any sense of the word. She only responded to the Kumquat Challenge in the form of a throw down from her husband, Wayne Gerner, a regular participant himself. Her entry is inspired by her home base near Chuckanut Bay. (p. 28)

NANCY McABEE is the Program Coordinator for Sciences, Mathematics, and Engineering at WCC. (p. 19)

SARAH McDONNELL is a former WCC student and will be graduating from WWU in Spring of 2011. Currently she works at the circulation desk in the WCC Library and hopes to become a fancy librarian. (p. 17)

RACHEL MEHL attended WCC in 1999 and went on to graduate from WWU. She then received an MFA in Poetry from the University of Oregon. Her poems have appeared in Alaska Quarterly Review, and Willow Springs. She works at Community Action in Mount Vernon, WA. (p. 35)

JIM MILSTEAD is a former student enrolled in Creative Writing, Modern Poetry, Geology (3 classes), and Abnormal Psychology. He retired from the Multiversity of Uniformia’s Entomology Department. He belongs to the Personal Writing Group at the Bellingham Senior Center, the Independent Writers Studio, the Chuckanut Sandstone Writers, and the Bellingham Haiku Group. His writings have appeared in Bellowing Ark, Passager, Clover, and Bottle Rocket Press. (p. 15)

MARY MUELLER is a student at WCC. (p. 7)

KELLIN PELHAM-BUSH, aged 23, is native to a farming village in rural Ohio. Bellingham has been home for three years. He has taken a wonderful Biology class with Doreen Dewell. He works full-time in the Costco meat department and is engaged to be married to Whatcom genius student, Amanda Bonilla. (p. 12)

TIMOTHY PILGRIM, a journalism professor at Western Washington University (and occasional WCC Extended Ed student), is a Pacific Northwest poet with over 80 published poems, mostly in literary journals and anthologies. (p. 31) See his work here: <http://hope.journ.wwu.edu/tpilgrim>

TERE PINNEY has enjoyed interacting with her students and colleagues in the English Department at Whatcom for fifteen years. (p. 2)

PATRICIA GENTILE works evenings in the copy center where she enjoys the banter over the counter. Her day job is at San Juan Engineering as Administrative Assistant to the president. Her hobbies include gardening, knitting, tatting, and poetry. People and life situations are her inspirations. (pp. 2, 8, 26, 29)

WAYNE GERNER is a former WCC business office employee whose poems reflect his personal experiences. (pp. 7, 26)

NICHOLAS GONZALES-MALVEN is a student at WCC. (p. 23)

JENNY GREEN works at the circulation desk in the WCC library. (p. 28)

HANNAH HAMILTON is a Running Start student from Squalicum High School; she is trying to graduate from Whatcom with her AA and plans on joining the army, then later becoming a choir director. (p. 25)

JOHN HANSEN is most known at WCC for his flair for floral arrangements, seen at almost all important campus events. He has a degree in display design from Spokane Falls Community College, and works on the custodial staff at WCC. (p. 9)

ANNA HARRIS is a 17-year-old Running Start student at Whatcom. This past fall was her first quarter here after spending her 9th and 10th grade years at Sehome High School. She has never had a poem published, but she likes writing (short stories and poems especially), and has also sent a poem into the Sue Boynton Poetry Contest this year. (p. 3)

KATIE HEIZENRADER is Whatcom's Retention Project Coordinator (AmeriCorps) for the 2010-2011 school year. She has spent this year developing the new Peer Mentoring Program. Katie is a Western Washington University alumna and plans to begin graduate study in English Composition and Rhetoric in the fall. (p. 37)

KAREN HOLLINGSWORTH works as the Educational and Training Coordinator at Bellingham Cold Storage. Her degree is in Speech Pathology and Audiology from WWU, and she depends on WCC's Community Education program to help her explore new interests. She lives in Bellingham with her husband Jim. (p. 37)

SUE JOHNSON is a poet and author who began her career by taking Creative Writing classes at WCC. Sue is a regular reader at Village Books and Chuckanut Sandstone Writers. She hopes to complete the first draft of her novel "Consequences" in time for the Chuckanut Writers conference in June. (p. 22)

LINDA LAMBERT, WCC library director, would rather play Scrabble than



Introduction

For the 5th consecutive year, students, faculty, staff, and friends of WCC have stepped up to the challenge of constructing a poem out of the ten words the library has supplied. The Kumquat Challenge originated as a nod to National Poetry Month, and every April, we are pleased to discover new poets in our midst.

Library staff members are invited to suggest words for the challenge, and in the past, the marketing committee chose the final ten. This year we asked Kate Miller, poet and English faculty member at WCC, to do the final selection. The words for 2011 are circle, expect, indelible, knot, lodge, poised, rock, storm, translucent, and watch (we always seem to have a word beginning with K.)

We received 55 poems—more than ever before. That may be why Dr. Ron Leatherbarrow, VP for Instruction and one of our judges, quipped: "My Kumquat Challenge is to read all the manuscripts." He was joined in the judging process by faculty members Gretchen Coulter, English, and Crystal Ravenwood, Math.

All of the members of the library marketing committee have had Kumquat challenges of different sorts. Heather Williams designed the book, formatted the poems, and inserted the art prepared by Pam Richardson's art students (created by using the words as prompts).

Sally Sheedy proofread the book and worked with student artist Levi Lott to produce posters.

Ara Taylor received the manuscripts, created email announcements, coordinated with the judges, and planned the event—from securing Nathan Cox and his improv group to setting up chairs and baking cookies.

Mine was to write the intro, and to hope it would survive Sally's editing.

We thank Rosemary Sterling and her dedicated staff at the WCC Copy Duplication Center for the production of this book. Their particular Kumquat Challenge each year is to accommodate a tight schedule.

Most of all, we thank the contributors, all of whom exhibited considerable creativity in their use of ten simple words.

Linda Lambert

Amazing Grace

by Patricia Gentile

with your circle of friends
leading the "Peaches" on the school grounds
You leave indelible memories
to lodge in their minds,
with fantastic stories of many kinds.
Your poise is not expected in one so young
you unleash a storm from the tip of your tongue
you cannot stand by and watch a bully try to shock
you stand up for fairness, you are a rock
solving young life's knotty problems
keeping so many out of the doldrums.
Your translucent smile is sweet and winning
Elementary school is only your beginning!

A Matter of Energy

by Tere Pinney

Lodged in the framework of your heart
I expect the knotty fibers to soften.
Outside, storms of uncertainty rage.
I watch, expecting a miracle: A calm
that does not come.

Nearing you, I lean in, poised
against whipping wind and water
knowing you will never stop;
never let go of your indelible,
rarefied, circuitous seething.

Still. I listen for you, now that
you are gone. And I expect your memory
to assail me—heavy as falling rock.
You come to me, instead,
light and translucent,
smiling.



Cory Toepfer

Contributors

Some contributors were unable to respond to our request for biographical information before we went to press; in those cases we provide minimal information.

T. S. AYERS is an adjunct faculty member in the biology department. She got her B.A. from Mount Holyoke College and her master's from Western. She lives in the Columbia neighborhood with her husband, Scott, and step-son Myles. (p. 8)

CAROLINE BALZER is a student at WCC. (p. 34)

LLOYD BLAKLEY is an artist, an art instructor, and a wannabe musician. An occasional songwriter, he has ventured into poetry. A minimalist by artistic bent, he managed to transfer this trait to this year's poem which was completed in only four lines. A hoarder by nature, Lloyd collects string instruments, nurtures them, and squeezes lemon juice from them. (p. 7)

KATIE CARLSON is a student at WCC. (p. 3)

CHRIS CAVE used all of the words in one sentence. He received a B.A. in Business from UW ('03), got hurt building in Friday Harbor and wound up back in school. Though he got into the nursing program, he could not keep his grades up, and now is pondering a Master in Business, a B.S., or the Surgical Assistant program at BTC. He hangs out with his four kids whenever he has a chance, exercises to stay fit, and is a slow and steady person. (p. 37)

LESLIE CLARK works in Advising and Educational Services at WCC. (p. 32)

LINDA COMPTON-SMITH is circulation coordinator at the WCC library. (p. 20)

LINDA CONROY is an observer of people, nature, and other things. (p. 32)

LACEY CRATSENBERG is a student at Whatcom. She just recently took interest in poetry writing, so she figured she would give this challenge a shot. It's opened her eyes to how she sees the world and it's definitely something she hopes to continue. (pp. 10, 33)

SEREN FARGO, a former WCC student, currently works for the Whatcom County Library System. She has been writing poetry, particularly Japanese forms, since 2007, and is founder/coordinator of the Bellingham Haiku Group. Her poems have been published in the U.S. and internationally. She lives outside Bellingham with her dog and three cats. (p. 20)

KASHIA GALE is a student at WCC. (p. 36)

Commencement

by Sarah Vanderpool

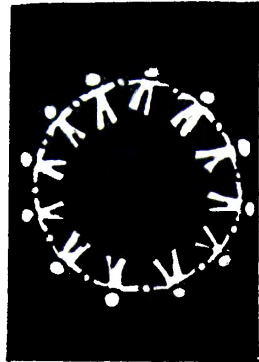
This is the culmination of all of our hard work.
Here we are, poised on the threshold of accomplishment,
Watched and admired by our peers, family, friends
. . . The Universe.
This momentous occasion being witnessed makes it indelible to time.

A knot of anticipation and excitement lodged in our throats,
The shimmering, translucent feeling of pride that sparkles all around us
. . . Almost Tangible.
And we each anticipate the weight of the rock, our burden that has
brought us to this Moment, to vanish as we cross that stage.

This is Our Time.
This is Our Shining Moment.

Finally, the storm of cheers, congratulations, and happiness that erupt
from the crowd,
Circles and engulfs us in unity.

We Are College Graduates.



Mikaela Gudmundson

Her Name Goes Here

by Katie Carlson

You are an indelible memory
choosing to dance on the edges of my
dreams
poised just out of reach
watch my hands as they
search for you
My hands still search for you.

The heart of a child
translucent in its innocence
leaves my heart
an unrecognizable mess
tangled in the ruthless knot of grief
remember my heart as it
yearns for you
My shattered heart yearns for you.

Thoughts of you on replay
like a song that circles the drain
of my broken mind
offer no relief
just desperate longing unabridged
My lonely arms
so accustomed to your embrace
expect you to come back
My pitiable arms expect you.

This fascinating storm
a deluge of heartache and anguish
let's watch my life play out
without you.

Here I am
lodged in an unsettling state of
permanent numbness
and here I will remain
Oh, for what am I to do
without the solid rock, that which was you?

Storm

by Anna Harris

Lodged in rock
we await
the descending wall
from the West—

a circle of cloud,
a knot, poised
on the horizon;
the emerald eye
Watching—

Then, the twisting mass
fingers the ground—
a translucent curtain
cascading to earth

We expect—
are expectant—
yet are caught unprepared
when it comes
and goes,
leaving vestiges
indelible

The Question

by Barbara Leveque

A question. What seemed like a simple question.
A quest. Searching for what felt impossible to find.
A journey. Backwards through time searching for ancestors.
A journey. Forward in time discovering living relatives.
A determination. To succeed, to answer the question.
A thrill. Of excitement...the hunt begins.

A simple question: 'I wonder what happened to my father?'
Uttered softly by an old lady. A knot in her stomach as she
felt the old pain, 77 long years of pain, nearly abandoned to an orphanage,
saved by old grandparents. An only, and lonely child. Never knew anything
but a name.
Never knew what his face looked like. Always looking and wondering,
Is that my father? Never finding him. Finally, after so many years, she
stopped looking.

A simple question becomes a challenge, a quest for the daughter.
He must be found. But, where to start looking?
The Internet, of course! Google his name! Surely he will pop right up!
Hmmm...not so easy. Many sons in England carried the name Albert Edward
in the late 19th and early 20th century. And, the surname Short might as well be
Smith or Jones, There were so many men to sort through.

Detective work. Where was he born? When was he born?
When did he marry my grandmother? Start with my mother's birth year.
Look for the marriage. Found it! There's his father's name! Can I find his father?
The search goes backward in time and soon up pops his father,
his grandfather,
his great grandfather. Oh dear, I'm going in the wrong direction!
Then suddenly, a death record! He died in 1973. Not what I expected
or wanted to find.

Now what? The hope he still might be alive has died. Now what?
Don't stop. This is not a storm, it's just a little squall. Keep going,
Where to look now? The census! He must have brothers and sisters, at least
Uncle Ken said he did. Three brothers and a sister, said Uncle Ken.
1901, UK census. He does have two brothers. But, no sisters. Wait.
Mom remembers
an Aunt Olive or was it Vera? When did his parents marry? 1895.

Found the birth record for Olive! And, her marriage. Her daughter's

And devised elaborate schemes,

I fought valiantly,
I conquered the enemy,
I endured beyond measure,
I suffered,
I grieved,
I gave and I gave,
I always persevered,
I was humble and meager,
I was selfless—always helping and never taking,
Some were truthful,

The teacher would take notes,
Jotting down the stories, the pedigrees, and the fantasies,
To each he would return a slip of paper,

And in reply remark,
"I have examined your marks and you have fallen short.
All of your accomplishments have not earned you 100%.
There is no extra credit.
And there are points you have missed."

Then he would point,
The door was wide,
And many entered through it

Finally, a student came forward who said nothing.
He gave no account of the good things he had done.
Unexpectedly, he explained that he had been a cheat, a liar, and even
a murderer.
And lastly he remarked, "I have not passed."

The instructor replied,
"Because I am an honest and just teacher,
Because I love you, I have taken the test for you.
I have done what you could not.
Because of me you may enter through the narrow way."

As the pupil approached he wondered,
"Why,
Why do you teach a course and provide a test that we can not pass?"

"To teach you gratitude."

(Continued from page 39)

Irons,
Steels,
Scepters,
Stormy prideful desires abounded

Silver and gold were uncovered,
Currencies were developed,
Students began measuring value and worth.
Waged from mere rocks,
Importance was quickly established

From time to time new students would enter,
Changes always ensued,
Changes, always changes, the students would reflect
Seemingly translucent progress,

Lodged in time,
Each student would in turn forget the other,
For they would say—eventually all move ahead,
Some circle round,
Some create good,
Some have pity and mercy,
Some have compassion,
But each in his own way creates new from old.
For this is their story.

The teacher called up the pupils one by one
He asked them to give an account of the time spent in class.
“What have you done?”
He would ask.

And then he nodded his head as they explained,
Their various accomplishments,
Their wealth,
Their positions of leadership,

Some had given to the poor,
And meditated day and night,
Others had pondered,
And contemplated,
They built mysterious structures,

birth record.

How can I find her daughter, Ann? Of course, post a message on the Internet.

Waiting. Look for the next census. 1911. Oh, it won't be released until....
Oh! The release will come early, 2009. The time passes slowly like it must for

a soldier on watch, slowly pacing back and forth, gravely peering into the darkness.

What's that? An email, 'I know Ann.'

Excitement! A flurry of feelings! A response whizzes back asking for more information.

Soon two unknown cousins speak for the first time! Grateful for the telephone and technology.

Joy spills over to members of each family, 6,000 miles apart.

Ann's mother died when she was young. She never knew her mother's family. She didn't know she had

cousins on her mother's side. She grew up an only child, too, with her ailing father and his mother.

The long-lost family finally connects. But, Ann didn't know other cousins either.

2009, at last. England releases the 1911 census. Look, there's the family!
Eight children born alive. Six children still living. Two children have died.

Oh, dear!

And, a daughter named Vera! Vera married and bore a son, Brian,
born in 1937.

He must still be alive! Can I find him? Oh, I must find him.

Google again! Oh, there are several. How do I determine which one is our Brian?

A search of the electoral rolls points to the most likely Brian. A letter is mailed.

Poised on the brink of success, time passes ever so slowly. It seems like an eternity since the letter was mailed.

And, then, there it is! An email, from Brian. Yes! He is the correct Brian.
The letter caught him by surprise.

He contacted the oldest cousin, Geoff, who remembers my mother and Ann! The joy is overwhelming!

Success at last. No, wait, there's more. A picture of my grandfather in my inbox! A picture she has waited

to see for 77 long years. A lump lodges in my throat, as tears silently slide down my cheeks.

She looks at her father for the first time in 77 years. Her life (and mine) indelibly changed, forever.

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

In the early morning light the translucence of her skin reveals her
80 years, there may not be many more.

She rocks back and forth, holding the picture out at arms length,
then hugging it to her chest.

Throughout this three-year journey she held fast to her faith that
the search would be successful.

Yet, an element of surprise and wonder surfaces as the reality of
the picture in her hand sinks in.

Her dream has come true. She now knows what happened to
her father and has found her cousins.

More pictures arrive. She resembles her paternal grandmother!

As time passes we urge her to go back to England to meet her cousins.
She wants to, but...

She feels she is too old and tired. No, she won't go. No, there is
no changing her mind.

At 86, cousin Geoff understands and feels the same way. He wouldn't
make that long journey, either.

I understand. At best the polar route is a nine-hour flight across
the pond, 6,000 miles from Washington State.

I will go. Joyfully! Bearing video of my mother, and returning with
video of her cousins. They will meet.

She will make the journey, vicariously through me. At last, she feels
peaceful with the circle of her life.

A question. What seemed like a simple question, answered.

A quest. Searching for what felt impossible to find, becomes possibility.

A journey. Backwards through time finding ancestors, waiting to meet me.

A journey. Forward in time finding living relatives, who remembered her.

A determination. To succeed, to answer the question, triumphant.

A thrill. Of excitement...the hunt begins; transforms into a vocation.

To Teach You Gratitude

by Kim Struiksma

Each student entered the classroom.

One by one they filed in.

After carefully examining the space,

The sights, the sounds,

The odor, and colors,

The lingering presence,

They took their seats.

At the front was the teacher—shabby and humble he stood.

An ordinary man who made no attempt to welcome them,

No comforts did he provide,

Nor did he direct them to their seats.

He simply watched,

Unguarded—poised yet ever so purposeful,

Indelible and centered he stood.

“I am the instructor for this course.

Apart from me there is no other.

In order to continue in the program, this is the only course needed.”

He distributed the syllabi...

“To pass you must get 100%;

there will be no extra credit

and no mark below 100% will be accepted.”

Emerging from their seats

the students began working,

Forming groups,

Discussing ideas,

Making plans.

Leaders arose,

Elections were held, formations took shape.

With a drift of colorful bounty and mass movement

Pounding could be heard,

With the sounds of hot fists,

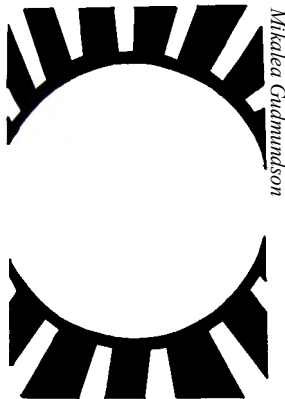
knotted hearts,

(Continued on page 40)

A Humorous Trip

by Tiffany St. Claire-Anderson

A knot in a circle of silliness,
is how I can explain it.
I laugh nervously, but truly feel
happiness!
It is humorous to attempt poise
when the giggles take charge.
A storm of happy tears flow down
my sore cheeks.
I cannot stop laughing!
How could I not see that rock?
I walked through it as if it were translucent!
The indelible look on my face explains my
embarrassment.
My face and body took lodge in the dirt.
All they could do was watch the entertainment.
Whether or not I can expect to muster any
lasting bit of dignity is the question, but
at least I am happy I was able to laugh!



3rd Place (Tie) Winner!

In Expectation

by Lloyd Blakley

Inside the knotty pine lodge
I am poised behind translucent windows,
watching the circling rocking storm
leave its expected indelible mark.

The Voyage

by Wayne Gerner

The moon, a circle above
Translucent
Poised to aid the sailor
His weathered face
Ever on watch
For the storm expected

Sailing to fetch the next port
Knot by knot travelled
Thought by thought, lodged in mind
A lee cove, a safe harbor
Time and luck await
A sailor, a ship, endless fate

The sea is a paradox
A betrayer, a friend
Uncontrolled by man
Nature's power
An indelible reminder
Of our fragility, our end

SPED Room 101

by Mary Mueller

Watch
the circling storm
translucent
upon his face.

O, where
did this child of eight
learn
such wounded hate?

Violence,
vengeance,
counterfeit
recompense...

-I don't really want to know-

Expect
the best.
Give GOD
the rest.

Poise
to dodge
word-rocks
that lodge...in my heart.

O, free-spirit,
cling indelible;
survive
indestructible.

Someday
to untangle
this twisted
knot-of-LOVE.

Moving Feast

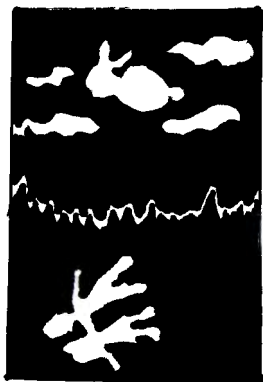
by T. S. Ayers

Poised on the rock face
watching with a thousand eyes
and a storm in her belly,
the indelible memory of warm flesh
—her last meal—
badgers her senses.
There.
A heady rush of breath,
spiced with the sweet damp of sweat,
a moving feast.
Translucent wings offer descent
to the sliver of skin exposed below a knot-
ted braid.
A silent attack.
A thirst quenched in gulping agony.
The protest lodged
—too late—
as she takes to the sky,
abdomen bursting with blood.
Mother is expecting.

Untitled

by Patricia Gentile

At Artist Point I sit on a rock
and watch the leaves falling in a circle,
round and round
and down.
The panorama is majestic and I imagine,
through the translucent sunlit clouds,
I can see our lodge from here.
Memories of times we've shared,
indelible,
reliable,
sometimes shaking my poise and threatening to release a storm of tears.
I feel a choking knot in my throat
and expect
I will always be missing you.



Kate Gutting-Warinsky

Untitled

by Chris Cave

I expect to dislodge the translucent circle knot and then poise to watch the storm on an indelible rock.

Response to Margaret

by Katie Heizenrader

It's an indelible mark a day makes, like a sailor's knot that cannot be undone.
And from this rock I remember lines from Carl Sandburg,
Reedy, airy, and like a dream, about a girl with the same name as my mother.
It's a stormy memory, this one, about a girl I never knew,
And still it's lodged in a permanent and particular place.
I circle the sea caves, watching the translucent waters below.
I see the back of her head, or the faded stain of a photograph, folded,
And there she is, poised and permanent by the rock pools.
Any moment now, I expect to see her turn to me.



Alicia Johnson

Our Piece of The Chuckanut Rock

by Karen Hollingsworth

I was poised on the rock
With a knot in my stomach

I felt movement, saw a flash, felt fear,
Some force moved from there to here

This happened on my watch
Could it be a Sasquatch?

The expected storm came
Circled wildly, then tame

After, an indelible mark was lodged, I could see
the translucent letters spelling "WCC"

These letters will last forever in history
All will be preserved in our memory

Untitled

by Kashia Gale

Sometimes she forgets to think about the small things
She lets them build;
Stacking rock on top of rock
Until they knot up her soul like
A storm in a cave

Bats beat their wings in her ears
Convincing her life is all a whisper
To not shout even when you are trapped

No one would ever expect the optimistic
Girl to be the one with the most secrets
A lodge in her brain, full of false hope and secret desires
She does not know what to do with

She lets the translucent light break through her glazed-over
Eyes
Now and again
Only to get hurt

Pain and hunger poise her for failure
An indelible splotch on her heart
Spreading like metastasized cancer
To the chambers in her chest making it impossible to
Breathe

The thing is she only wishes to watch
Her heart break
So that she knows what to do different
Next time

She makes a circle in the sand
Drawing happy faces and hoping to
Inhabit that creature
Demanding failure actually help her learn
And sensing the cannibalistic nature of
The human decree

She does not know what to make of her life

Untitled

by John Hansen

While rock climbing near the Mount Baker Lodge, a wet translucent rain was coming down at 4:20 and we were aware of a big storm approaching.

Hagrid tied a huge knot to a woody pine tree, which was very indelible. It felt like the earth was poised in space, as we moved around in a circle.

I wanted to send a signal of distress but I expect it would take hours. We were alert and had to watch out for each other.

Tanzonite

by Sally Sheedy

Tanzy is a most demanding lodger.
An indelible splotch on the face
Makes for a real glamour puss.
Having just come in from outdoors
She circles around to find
The precise spot
To set her royal fluffiness down.
(Decide already!)
I can trace her path by a
Trail of organic debris
brought in from the yard.
She'll be warm now
As shafts of sunlight
Make her ears translucent.
She can make sport with almost anything,
Coins, bolts, and even rocks.
But now she spies a rubber band—
a cause for jubilation
For one who eats thread
and ties knots in yarn.
What next from the
Cat on the mat?
Isn't anyone watching to see
her poised on the sill?
She storms outside quite indignant
At having to wait, thinking
"I expect better service than this!"



Mich Brit

In My World

by Lacey Cratsenberg

Last night the sky threatened to create a storm amidst the sea of stars and
a sliver of the moon poked
through like the smile of the Cheshire cat.
When I look again, the sky is a pale blue and the sun is starting to rise over
the mountain.

I watch as a jet heads straight for this glorious sunrise,
Enjoying Earth's first light.
I glance down at my purple slippers for just a second.

FLASH.

I'm surrounded by palm trees, staring into the translucent water of a pool.
It's very early in the morning, but the sun is already high up in the sky.
I can smell the orange blossoms somewhere close by.
So sweet, yet not quite ripe.
I go to pick one anyway.

FLASH.

The smell of skunk cabbage fills my nose and circles my head as I look
around.
I'm down by a creek.
Small footprints linger in the wet sand.
They can't be mine with claws such as those.
Who do they belong to?
My stomach turns in knots.
I'd rather not know.
A friendly-looking dog beckons me to follow as a white rabbit stares me
down, insisting that I follow her instead.
Who do I follow?
The dog that takes a familiar path?
Or the rabbit that takes the road less traveled through the blackberry
thicket?
They won't wait and I close my eyes to block them out so I can decide.

FLASH.

Gold finches fight while a hummingbird drinks the nectar from the orange
tree.
These palm trees are brilliant shades of green and so intricate.
For a plant, they almost have a certain kind of poise about them.
The heat of the day in this place must be getting to me; I think I'm

Mount Baker

by Patrick Wakefield

this poised indelible knot
(of untranslucent lodging rock
that mets so expectantly
a

n
d
shorns the tousled bed of sky
a circlet of watching cobalt
supreme and rigidly manicured
wi

th
the stormy lips of god
they(who;are,a,marvelous'girded.fauld:of gray)
speak
with whitish freezing voice
to say upon the noble cap

this organized heap
of lean sinuous
stone
their icy tongue
which laps the bare skull
of the untremulous mountain
irrevocably spouting on the horizon



Philip Tillsley

Before a VOICE Event at the Swinomish Reservation

by Rachel Mehl

I circle the stones of the Indian graveyard,
silk flowers, toys, baby shoes, laces knotted
gone translucent with time. How can I expect
to find myself in this place? The Norwegian blood
has faded my skin. Names in wood, rock.
Dates, indelible. How young so many die.
Soon I will go back to the lodge, plug my fundraiser
while teenagers storm by. I will watch the living then,
shiny hair, pink backpacks, sport jerseys, poise.

Untitled*by Caroline Balzer*

You are the kumquat of my eye...
 the translucent juice
 There is a knot in my heart
 Indelible is the imprint you made.
 I expect you know this.
 My poise has faltered;
 you lodge between my heart and my brain
 Creating the perfect storm of emotion.
 I watch the circle, the downward spiral
 toward the rock below...

I Remember*by Sally Sheedy*

My brother, watching my movements
 Stole my rock collection, the prize
 A piece of quartz larger than a potato—
 Quite translucent when held up to light
 But stormy grey in the palm of your hand.
 I later discovered it lodged in the back of his room
 Among his OCD crap, hoarded with other treasures.
 After I stole it back I ran
 Up and down the staircases
 Circling through the house
 With him in pursuit.
 Then all seemed calm. But
 He was ready to pounce, poised to strike.
 Gave me a knot on the head.
 Years later, I returned to that house
 then empty and awaiting the wrecking ball.
 My graffiti written in indelible ink
 Inside the closet door was still there.
 "Mike eats the bones."
 I was just a child—
 What would you expect?

delirious.

It's time to jump in the pool.
 I decide on a cannonball.

FLASH.

Back at the creek, I see a branch lodged in the mud.
 Water continuously flows over it like it's not even there.
 On the bank, a dog is quenching its thirst by scooping water from the
 creek into a cup.
 It stares at the opposite bank with such concentration, I expect
 something to waltz into our line of vision.
 Walking through the long grass, I hope to get a better look.

FLASH.

I feel the suns' heat on my face as my head breaks the surface of the
 water.
 I'm swimming in a pool by myself because the people who live here
 don't think the water is ready yet.
 But I'm from Washington, so it feels good to me.
 My wet footprints are the only ones to be seen here as I hop out to dive
 in again.

FLASH.

Rocks are scattered on both banks along the creek.
 I grab one to throw in.

FLASH.

The water ripples around me as I struggle to stay afloat in the pool.
 I can feel myself start to sink.

FLASH.

An old bridge waits for me to test its strength.

FLASH.

I'm walking down a hallway towards a plane.
 I don't know where the plane is going.
 But I'm ready to go home.

(Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 11)

FLASH.

My eyes fly open and I'm lying in my own bed, savoring these images.
This dream left an indelible mark on me.

But it wasn't a dream; these places are real.
I don't have to search deep within the realm of my mind to find them:
 One is in my backyard.
 And the other is another spot very close to my heart as well.

My name is Alice. And these places are my wonderland.

The Black Lodge (An Ode to Twin Peaks)

by Kellin Pelham-Bush

Owls watch the translucent mountain midnight calm turn jet black
Giving way to a moonless, fog-drenched nightmare storm
The curtain of dreams and despair parted, an eerie red velvet veil
A heavy knot throughout the threads of any soul to breach its threshold
Amidst the circle of sycamores, high in the Washington Cascades
A puddle of oil black evil stirs
Stews, stares
With intent and chilled poise
The Black Lodge
Awaits
Anyone the fool to expect less than utter destruction
Your tree of life, the veins that boil beneath skin will burn
Ravished by the crackle of flame and fiery wordplay
The owl's screech cannot meet the howling, indelible horror
That echoes off every rock-faced cliff with jagged, gut-wrenching
Resonance
"Fire, Walk With Me."

The Edge

by Lacey Cratsenberg

Staring down at the ground that is frozen,
I see what used to be a pond in the cornfield by my house.
The water no longer ripples as the wind blows.
A February storm has turned it into a sheet of pure ice.
I watch as my dogs slide across it.
The surface isn't translucent anymore;
It's opaque with muddy paw prints in some areas.
My dog Smore skates in circles around her playmate Jonie.
Jonie is older, so she walks slowly with caution in every step.
She expects to fall spread-eagled;
I can see it in her eyes.
Relief floods over her when she reaches me.
I'm standing on the edge, where ice meets dirt.
This is the edge between an unknown fate ahead and safety behind.
The edge.
What I know is comfortable, safe.
I'm not ready to leave this safety behind me.
This revelation of my life dances around my mind as I grab a rock.
I wait, my arm poised like a pitcher waiting to throw a strike.
Smore chases the rock that ricochets around the ice.
Her nails leave small knots as she runs,
Helping her to stay balanced.
Now that she's out of my way,
I grab another rock and throw it straight down at the ice.
Hard.
The rock becomes lodged in the ice like these thoughts in my mind.
I have left my mark and it's indelible.
Until the ice melts.
One whistle escapes my lips and I race my dogs home,
Back to my safe haven.
The fear of the unknown left on the ice.

After the Storm

by Linda Conroy

Clouds, black as ink's indelible blot
on wet gray paper sky, fade.
Gulls circle and dive
to ride on waves of wind's last bite,
curve through rain's last spit
to land and stand one-footed...
with poise strong gusts would not allow, 'til now.
Wings stretch, fan and nimbly fold,
for birds to lodge awhile where dark rock glints.

Sandpipers splash and dash
on dampened ground and dip
to peck fresh seaweed's sprawling knot
to find small insects running.
Then, as though expecting nothing more, turn...
and watch light rise in calm reflection
dappled pink on pebbled shore,
streaking gold on water's edge,
on ocean now translucent.

Suspension

2nd Place Winner!

by Leslie Clark

Most of the snow has fallen,
Leaving the sky not as heavy. Translucent now,
It holds the circle of the winter sun
Poised above the horizon, cold-pale.
Snow rests on every rock,
Lies lodged among the knotted twigs.
Motion is suspended;
But as you watch
These hard indelible lines now smudged with white,
Sly currents catch
And loose a misty spray of snow.
Like breath at rest between exhale and in,
Expect the storm to quicken after dark.

Ghost Stories

by Michelle Runyan

It is nighttime at the lodge and
we are gathered together in a circle by the fire,
shutting out the noise of the storm.
I sit beside you, expectant.

Your hands are poised over the flames,
waving back and forth to make shadows on the wall.
"He knotted the rope and hung it from a rafter," you say,
and we all watch in horror as you point to the ceiling above us.

Lightning flashes through the translucent window,
and the thunder outside rocks and rolls,
leaving an indelible memory of terror on our brain

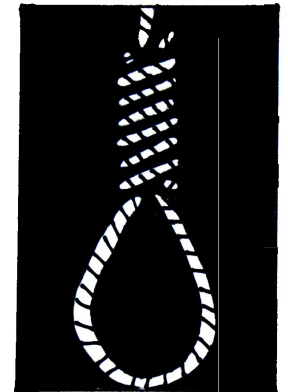
because the shadow of a man is swinging on the wall.

Nosferatu

by Phillip Rollins

Kneel before me, all men of Earth.
Ultimate death comes for you all.
Most fear to watch my work unfold.
Quench this fierce thirst, translucent blood!
Unleash indelible demise,
armies of Hell! Bring me their souls,
that I may be their final lodge.

Cut up their knots of unity!
Hoards of Hell's circles, heed my words!
Annihilate them in your storm!
Let men tremble before your poise!
Let all be left as cold as rock,
each man, woman, and child: spare none.
None can expect to live through this.
Go forth, my hoard; prepare my path.
End all their lives, from great to small.



Gail Cowan

A Remedy for Male Techie Texting Thumb Syndrome

by Marla Steve

This is it.
Eliminate the excruciating evolutionary pain of enlarged
Thumbs
with “Leroy’s Magic Thumb Reducer.”
This is what you’ve been waiting for!

Apply once daily.
Expect stunning results.
Watch your bulging
Thumbs
decalcify. Bring your pocket-lodged
Thumbs
out of hiding, shamed no more!

Loose the knot of wretched embarrassment that inhibits
true you – “Macho Man.”
Be the Speedo beach ga ga you’ve always
wanted to be!

Sumptuous, sculpted women will circle and storm you,
flushed with unabashed fascination. Your
Thumbs
will mesmerize!

You will torch an indelible lust
on their Freudian psyche,
exuding translucent self-
confidence and poise!

Satisfaction guaranteed within 60 days
or full refund upon request.
That’s our rock-solid warranty!

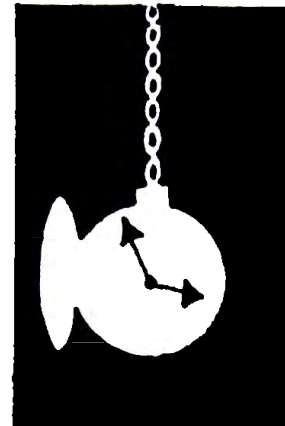
You can count on “Leroy’s Magic Thumb Reducer.”
Trust Siskel and Ebert’s digitalized review:
Four
Thumbs
Up!

Ode to a Biscuit

(Inspired by Fred—or maybe it was the bread—Tabor)
by Ara Taylor

While I was sitting poised in the lodge
(or maybe it was a lounge)
a knotty conundrum began to circle
and storm through my brain.
I expected it was the result of
my eating some kind of indelible
(or maybe inedible) morsel, but
after checking my watch I realized
I hadn’t had dinner. So I ordered
up a plate of translucent
(or maybe it was transcendent)
Powdermilk biscuits, but unfortunately
when they arrived they
were rock hard and swimming
in navy.

Or maybe was it gravy.
Oh, well—too drunk
(or dumb) to tell.



Isaac Frausto

Day of Beckoning

by Timothy Pilgrim

Love tends to circle us—
a soaring osprey poised to strike
even though we don’t expect to die

of bliss, let alone be eaten.
Like a summer storm, it can blow in,

rock us, knock us, knot our stomach,
nonchalantly lodge romantic grit
in our throat as it makes joy

an indelible part of life. Worrying
that loneliness may be about to end

is of little use—yet we must be watchful.
The constant threat of happiness
sways over us like a translucent noose.

For Mom

by Heather Williams

I heard "I think you'd better come down here,"
and I told myself it would be like the other times
when the seizure storm in Mom's brain soon stopped,
so I didn't hurry to leave work.

Driving to the hospital, my knotted hands betraying
my feelings and a heartsick rock lodged in my throat,
I arrived. It was not what I expected. I watched
as she writhed on the ER table,
the space hung with white translucent sheets,
my stepfather and I poised over her
(she had bitten the nurses when they tried to draw blood)
while she mumbled "I gotta get up, I gotta get up"
and later, together in the waiting room, stomachs swirling
as we tried to make small talk and all the while
the unspoken question: Will she come back this time?
A broken silent prayer that hung between us of
"Oh God, oh God, let this state not be indelible."

My childhood memories flew full-force then
of Mommy sitting against the wall by the front door
or lying in bed at night just down the hallway
moaning things that made no sense and my
paralyzing fear and confusion and anger,
"Mom, Mom, are you okay? Are you okay?"

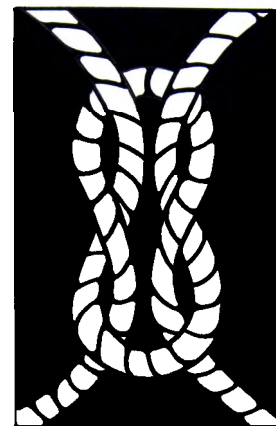
Now I have come full circle; our prayers that day
were answered—five hours later in the ICU,
I saw her wake up, I heard her say my name.
Though my heart heals slowly, the terror of that day
helped plant a seed of gratitude in me
that Mom is still Mom
and I've been given precious time
To let go of my fear
To be her daughter
To love her more.

Protocol

by Jim Milstead

Before the day circles wildly,
spinning itself out of control,
before unexpected forces twist
themselves beyond
my muted comprehension,
now,
emerging from the knotted forest
of a dream, let me remain poised,
refusing to divine the terrain ahead.

Let
me begin with unannounced nonsense,
enfold hope, allow the rocky world
to keep its secrets, patiently watch
events leisurely uncurl themselves,
let me resist the feel of stormy winter lodging
in my lungs, autumn in my step, let
me refuse to be an hopelessly indelible
star-crossed lover, and become translucent,
like a flow of lazy water
letting the morning
glide.



Sarah Zmudinski

How I Met Your Mother

by Betty Scott

Some day, I expect, you'll want to know,
Dear One, who I was before I met your mother.
Origins are important, even as you fly
through the digital world.

Your mother, my muse, was poised
at the edge of the forest behind an A-frame lodge
where I waited tables. She gazed at the mountain,
which I skied brazenly before I met her.

The memory of her
is indelible to me,
and I hope you'll find comfort
in her presence here with you.

As I cleared coffee cups off a log table and carried
my desires beyond the room's chapel-high window,
she wore the gray silk of mid-afternoon
when clouds overtake the sun.

A storm circled around us then
as it circles now,
and she chose a rock to stand on.
Still as ever, I am as knotted to her

as poems are tied to their poets
or as grief is knitted to love.
How can I explain translucent moments
to one who grows out of that soil?

I can only watch, Dear Poem,
as you take your humble place
in this crowded world,
wearing your tie straight.

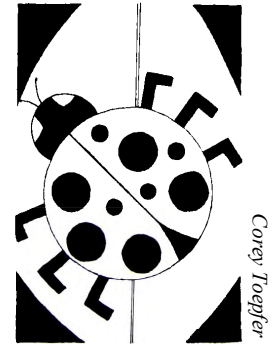


Philip Tillsley

Just for Fun!

by Patricia Gentile

The translucent trail of the slimy slug annoys me.
I have lovingly placed a circle of copper around each new Hosta sprout.
I keep watch, hoping to deter those leaf munching creatures,
half expecting they will go back under a rock
or perhaps into that nice slug lodge
I put in my garden.
There is a knot of weeds they have ignored,
poised instead,
To storm those precious sprouts,
leaving their indelible trails of destruction
across my landscape.



Untitled

by Kisling Trenka

I heard him call,
Knot! Knot! Knottie!
For that was his name for me.
From somewhere in the living room I could hear
"Quats, quats, I want my quart of kumquats."

I circle around the sofa and sat,
Where he was watching W. C. Fields with his whatnots;
As I too sat down to watch I could see
Shadows of brilliance lodged within Fields' hare-brained comedy
I watched, and he watched, as with indelible humor
The scripted scenes moved across the screen
What can you expect?
Between the rockiness of Field indiscretions and his stormy lifestyle,
But, that his translucent gem of wit
Should remain poised over him to drop into our laps
We can only marvel at such gifts.
They remain all his own.

At Chuckanut Bay in Ten Words

by Laura Mackenzie

I watch, poised and expectant, for translucent agate rocks, indelible ovals and circles lodged between knots of driftwood and seaweed, un-earthed by storms and shifting tides.

Child Within

by Jenny Green

My inner landscape still contains a child
tended carefully by my soul.
I nourish this small presence with my thoughts
and draw it forth when storm clouds form within
or knots of worry bind my mind with fear.
I set this child free to dance and run,
circling round with joy so pure and wild
I cannot help but watch in wonderment.
Then poised to join, I soon allow
exuberance free rein and skip along.
I wrap this child's laughter around me now
and carry it into my daily work,
listening to its cheery sounds at will;
I amplify this laughter when sadness sounds
around me, near or far, outside or in.
We lie down, two together, in the grass,
breathing in the blue of the translucent sky;
Breathing out all feelings dark or dim
that may be lodged still deep.
The rocking rhythm of the earth enfolds us now;
We are made whole by sunlight, healed by joy.
Expecting now a new-made way of being
and freely, freshly unafraid, I find
the bond indeed indelible and bright
between this little heart-felt one and I;
We dance with life beyond the landscape's path
with lighter steps, with sunny steps,
transformed.

Expecting: The Obscene and Unashamed Version

by Sarah McDonnell

Pregnant for the first time,
scared and unsure of what to expect
I feel a knot in my tummy
getting bigger and bigger by day.

Creepy and dreadful dreams
having an alien baby
with only three translucent fingers and toes
and one bulging eyeball.

Treacherous heartburn storming through my chest
round and round in circle it goes
pain that would reduce grown men to tear-eyed girls
sneezes that would rival with hurricane wind speeds
thank goodness for super absorbent pads.

As the days pass I watch my belly grow
sneaking a bit further out past my jeans
slowly and surely, but sadly I say good-bye
to my poise, figure, and toes.

They say pregnancy is a beautiful part of life
it is to those people I lodge my complaint
because you lied
pregnancy is not beautiful
pregnancy involves bodily functions that are not ladylike
pregnancy is uncomfortable and sometimes just painful
pregnancy means the little one does not have to pay rent...freeloader

The indelible marks on my belly are the scary reminder
of a little one who is going to rely on me for their every need

This is for me
a brand new mommy
despite the paralyzing fear
because I am going to rock

A Short Early History of Scrabble

by Linda Lambert

1932

Alfred M. Butts,
unemployed architect,
lover of puzzles,
studied *The New York Times*.

With pencil poised,
he subjected
knots of individual letters
to frequency analysis,
assigning each vowel,
each consonant,
a numerical value.
Ordinary "E" got one,
exotic "X," eleven.

Then he created Lexikon:
hand-lettered tiles
—100 of them—
on balsa wood,
designed for placement on
a folding checker board,
imprinted, blueprinted
with a grid of 225 squares.

Circles of friends at
Community Methodist Church,
Jackson Heights, Queens,
met frequently to play the game,
refine it, have fun, and form
a Scrabble Club that lasted
over 50 years.

Butts expected success,
Not the rejection
that came from manufacturers.
He changed the name

to *Cross Words*; then simply to *It*.
No luck. No takers.
Brunot fixed that.

1948

James Brunot, social worker,
early enthusiast, a natural
promoter, watching from
Connecticut,
bought the rights to the game he
now called Scrabble.
He churned out 2,400 sets
in a renovated school
that first year.
He lost \$450.

1952

A Macy's exec
played Scrabble at a resort.
He must have it for his stores.
An order of 6,000
stormed the Schoolhouse,
Twenty years,
tenacity rewarded,
foreshadowing
the indelible impact of
150 million sets,
121 countries,
29 languages.

2011

That old Queens Church,
Rock-solid sure of its legacy,
lodged in a plaque by the
Landmarks Preservation
Commission,
still prompts parishioners,
as prelude to game nights,
to "Start reading
your Scrabble Dictionary."

We Are Like Mist Then

by Jaron Stanage

We behave like we want
to behave in manners that produce
what we think we want to produce.
There's a way, though, a way out
of ourselves, a way from humanity.

See, if we come full circle, into our
full potential, through the mazes of thorny briars,
we are like mist then, because we try controlling ourselves,
fighting the wind. It's through surrender
that we unleash our best.

But we shouldn't expect a change immediately;
first it starts with us. We leave ourselves through
surrender; and it takes willpower.
A denial of comfort, a refusal to succumb to
us.

The way through these storms is straight, but
it's narrow. It's hard to see, like faint
tracks in the snow. It's not until we see through
other eyes that we know it's there.
Although the wide and curved pleases
the eye, it destroys the soul like fire destroys the forest.

But watch. As we let go,
a force takes over, like a master
continuing his apprentice's work. We stand on a rock that
doesn't budge, its roots reach Earth's core. Our
house can have that stability. We get it through surrender.

Through ignorance we don't know that
we ourselves are translucent. Our motives
can be seen right through and through. The
heart, though we try and hide it,
is revealed more than we could ever know.

Every tangle, every knot, every
rip and tear lodging in our breasts
can be seen by the unseen. We think we are
composed, poised, even sure, but we aren't.
By giving them away we become them.
We stand, indelible, on our rock.

Untitled

Patricia Gentile

This marriage of ours.
The ties that bound us once so casually in our carefree youth,
are now knotted tight against the storms of everyday life.
We watch over our togetherness like two rocky sentinels
guarding some ancient grand lodge.
Though the story of us is translucent,
we boldly expect our privacy
and do not share our inner circle.
Here and now in our graying days
we lie, poised to create delicious memories,
indelible on our hearts.

Remembrance

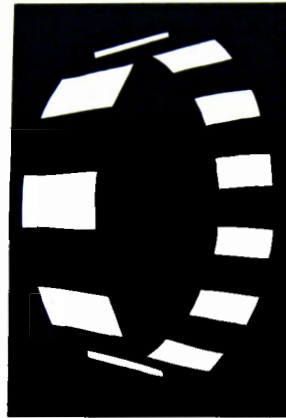
by Wayne Gerner

The sun is poised to start the day
Silent watchers wait for warming rays
Overgrown gravestones circle around
Marking this as hallowed ground

Lodged in the earth, a marble stone
Slightly translucent, all alone
Partially covered from some neglect
It's not something one would expect

Some knotted vines seem to invade
The indelible carving that was made
A name and dates still visible and clear
Marking the time that you were here

Now rest in peace old soldier
No storms of war to shoulder
This blessed marble stone will last
Telling all of your honored past



Gail Cowan

In the 1930s
there were no Scrabble
dictionaries,
but Nina Butts
bested her husband,
by cleverly placing
“quixotic” and garnering
234 points.

I will settle for 76 points,
arranging s-lu-t-r-a-n-t,
adding it to “cent,”
on a Double Word square,
finally achieving
usage of the last
required
challenge word:
translucent



Angela Pucci

Dead Calm

by Nancy McAbee

The grey gull circles;
Another—
Perched on the piling
A short distance away.
Watching, patiently waiting.
The young gull is poised,
Expecting a feast.
My body—
Lying on the craggy rocks
In the middle of a summer storm.
My broken form
Leaves an indelible impression,
Like a seashell
Dropped by a seabird
From the cliffs above.
Lingering—
Seaweed
Barnacles
Hermit crabs.
My thoughts—
Translucent.
A knot of despair
Lodged in my throat.
Gradually—
Ocean waves tranquilly lap
Across my fragmented body.
Returning me home
To the sea.

Don't Expect Too Much

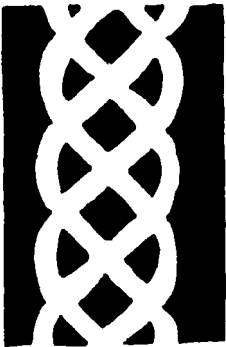
by Seren Fargo

I watch the storm lodge a knot
in my indelible dream. It shatters my poise,
erecting a circle of rock
around my translucent heart.

Odd, how I never heed my own warning...

A Kumquat Amidst Apples

by Tiffany St. Claire-Anderson



Angela Faber

I stand with poise as they each throw
their verbal rock.
They expect me to cower before them,
but I do not falter.
Emotion encapsulates and keeps me trapped
within its circle.
I swallow down the knot of tears as I
do my best to be translucent in display,
showing no emotion.
The storm closes in and they watch with
anticipation like hungry vultures.
Yet I stand strong with no fear.
I lodge inside my heart, my being,
knowing this is who I am.
I am indelible, stop trying to change me.

Turn Back

by Linda Compton-Smith

3rd Place (Tie) Winner!

Our horses paused, as if transformed into rock statues
Anticipating, watching, poised as the storm approached.

The formerly-translucent sky now a knot of churning,
menacing clouds. An indelible reminder that Winter
stubbornly refused to let Spring take its place.

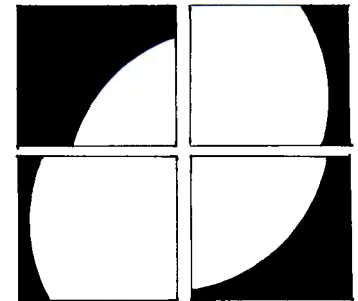
We circled back to the lodge seeking shelter and warmth.
The horses eager and expectant for their reward of sweet hay.

Forever on That Hill

by Hannah Hamilton

When one looks upon a rock
Poised upon a hill
The last thing that comes to mind
Is love and that sudden chill
The chill from the stormy eyes
You look into every night
That translucent emotion that often takes flight
As you watch that special person
The one you adore so
The circle of love you share
Will surely grow and grow
Expectations start to run high
Within this knot of love
For you know they're here to stay
The love that's there forever
Is lodged in a special place
The feelings are incredible
"i love you"
For those soft words indelible
That rock so hard and steady
Will stay forever still
Will stay today and tomorrow
And forever on that hill

Kristopher Wilhelm



A Soldier Returns

by Kristi Slette

There's a rock lodged in his brain.
An indelible bias placed there by pain.
I circle and watch as the storm takes its toll.
I poise for the fight, because the rock—it won't roll.
Expecting the worst, my stomach, it knots.
A translucent enemy is attacking his thoughts.

My Lover Through the Storm

by Tyler Reedus

As rocks by seas are prepared for pounding
My Lover's heartbeat's here resounding
On his chest I rest my head
And fear no squall, but lie instead
We watch in wonder, with translucent eyes,
Expecting lightning from the skies
Lodged within each other's arms
We keenly, slyly avoid storm's harm
Be no eye spying, no man prying
Only world's judgment here be dying
For his fair skin be far from dun
And his rigid chest the only one
For me to touch, to here embrace
I die the times I kiss his face
Hot breath collides, and poised above
God himself can't help but love
Our passion, pain, and pleasure peaks
As new orifices our bodies seek
The wind howls and boasts like wolves in hunt
But so do we, and call its front.
A circle of lust, would fare not well
For I desire no such spell
Already captivated, am I
And expect the night to hear us cry
As knot we do our bodies one
And disregard the rising sun
My lover, indelible you are to me
For saving me from misery
And life's aged guidelines for how to care
Are obsolete to our compare
I mind not what mouths of priests will say
In my lover's arms, ceaselessly I shall stay.

Prometheus: A Pantoum

by Addison Stumpf

I watch the storm from on the rock
And think about the ships at sea
As ships departing from the dock
Although they sink, at least are free

I think about the ships at sea
That sail on the translucent deep
Although they sink, at least they're free
I heave a sigh and softly weep

They sail on the translucent deep
Expecting nothing but to find
(I heave a sigh and softly weep)
Another harbor. In their mind

Expecting nothing but to find
Someplace new. They hope to see
Another harbor. In my mind
I see the way things used to be

In someplace old. I hope to see
Olympus, where the gods now dwell
I see the way things used to be
But what is now? I cannot tell.

Olympus, where the gods now dwell
Encircled by a knot of clouds
But what is now, I cannot tell
I heard the weeping of the crowds

Encircled by a knot of clouds
What right had they to keep their fire?
I heard the weeping of the crowds
And knew their plight indeed was dire

What right had they to keep their fire?
I lodged it in a hollow reed
I knew their plight indeed was dire
And now for all of time I'll bleed

1st Place Winner!

I lodged it in a
hollow reed
It blazed and smoked. It burned my hand
And now, for all of time I'll bleed
Hanging in this foreign land

It blazed and smoked. It burned my hand
Indelible as printer's ink
I hang here in this foreign land
I cannot move to eat or drink

(Indelible as printer's ink)
And now I'm poised up here above
I cannot move to eat or drink
Abandoned by the ones I love

And now I'm poised up here above
The ships departing from the dock
Abandoned by the ones I love
I watch the storm from on the rock



Cory Toepfer

Memories

by Sue Johnson

Indelible memories from another life.
I watch from the lodge as the storm approaches
And the man, who did not expect it so soon,
Rows back strongly towards shore.
Through the glasses, I pick out a fishing pole and catch-bucket in the stern.
Lowering the glasses, I hold my breath,
Seeing the full picture, as the dark squall-line approaches.

Lifting the glasses again, I see him rowing harder.
The pole and bucket are gone—no chance now to make shore!
His hope is in the tiny islet—little more than a single rock
Rising steeply from the grey translucent waters of the bay.
I watch him circle to the lee side of the islet.
Surely he has a chance!
There is an old mooring ring drilled high in the rock.
A knot of frayed hemp line hangs down.
This will be his salvation!
Swiftly he ships the oars and pivots in his seat,
Incredible balance as he rides the wave onto the gravel bar.

For a moment he is lost from sight.
I see the dinghy float away—but there he is climbing!
Orange lifejacket pressed against the rock as he pulls on the hemp rope.
Always that perfect poise! Using the mooring ring
First as a handhold, then as a foothold,
Steadily making his way to the summit.

He is safe now! He can hunker down on the sheltered ledge
High above the tide-line and wait out the storm.
Expecting him to lie down, I relax,
Bring down the glasses for a moment and suck air.
But something is wrong! A speck of orange flies!
The glasses are up and I see him standing on the summit,
Leaning forward into the wind.
And then he is gone.
This video plays often in my mind.
Always leaving the same question—
Why?

Lotus

by Nicholas Gonzales-Malven

As I embark upon my dreams
The body in which I exist becomes translucent
My soul escapes the storms within my mind
A circle of warmth encompasses my being
And I am in Nirvana

Still, lusts of the flesh keep me knotted down to the earth
Waves of peace come and go but never for long
I cannot undo what has been done
Nor will I expect my own judgment
But
I will accept who I am
I will meet strife with poise
I will lodge myself into a garden of peace

My thoughts become calm as an infant rocked in a cradle
And unlike a wristwatch, time is a continuum
For my past is an indelible lesson
Creating a stronger foundation in the present



Matthew Schwanefeldt