

A COMMON WEALTH OF POETRY

Newsletter of the Poetry Society of Virginia ♦ October 2019

A LETTER FROM OUR PRESIDENT

A one-time President and long-serving member of our Board, Nancy Powell passed away in August after an extended and courageous battle with cancer.

I'm strangely reminded of Gregory Corso, that rascal-grifter-lyricist who schemed to steal poems from the apology tongues of ancient poet-men. As a teen, I fairly worshipped the Beats: Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, et al. But as I grew older and more responsible, I began to see the cracks in their vibrant pastiche. It was when I had children of my own that these bards seemed the most damnable, for whatever bright spots in their legacies, one has to account for the broken homes and lives that trailed in their wakes.

Of course, Nancy was nothing like those mad poets. She was steady and sure-footed everywhere I saw her. She left behind an amazingly strong family. And yet I find myself thinking of old Corso. I recall a story told by his peers of how they would find themselves forced to leave belongings of middling value near the fronts of their houses, thinking they could foil his larcenous heart. Thinking that when he came to visit, he wouldn't steal anything they couldn't live without. And in my head, I think of time. I think of time as a thief wearing Gregory's face taking the things we need most in this world because we failed to anticipate his approach and did not properly prepare for the visit.

I was not ready to live in a world without Nancy Powell. We need her voice and her wisdom to guide us for many more years. We need more poems from her. Time is a thief.

Roughly twenty-five years ago, I first met Nancy as the result of wandering into an open reading the Society was holding. I stopped in, read a few poems, and was about to wander back out when Nancy took me aside. She complimented the work and urged me to become a member. Over the next two decades, I was lucky enough to eventually work with her. She could be a stern taskmaster, rarely failing to remind me when I had lagged in the duties for which I volunteered. Later, I had the honor of designing and publishing her book *The Blackbirds Tell Stories*. The year before last, she took part in a performance of Carolyn Kreiter-Foronda and Robert Arthur's staged performance of *River Country*. I treasure the memory of the work. Today, I'm the President of the Society due in no small part to the advice, remonstrations, and encouragement of this grand dame-poet. I'm a better person for knowing her.

I firmly believe that part of the reason we write poems is to attempt to live beyond ourselves. I imagine a teenager coming across one of my books some fifty, sixty, maybe even a hundred years from now. I envision the magic of words taking place—that I might be able to communicate across a gulf of existence to someone far, far away. That I might spark an imagination that, in turn, creates new poems. It's so easy to get caught up in the day-to-day humdrum of ordinariness. It's so easy to forget that when we sit down to write a poem, we're attempting a stupendous feat. I know that many of you reading this now are Nancy's age, or older. I implore you—write as many words as you can before the end.

Don't put off writing a poem now. Tomorrow could be too late.

I spent a day in San Francisco recently—making the pilgrimage for the first time to City Lights Bookstore, the home of the Beats. I traipsed up the stairs to the hallowed Poetry Room in a building that inspired so much for me. I sat in the same chair all those old poet-men had sat in: Ginsberg. Kerouac. Burroughs, and others. I spoke aloud a few of my own poems, aloud to no one in particular, and I glanced around at mad/wise faces peering out from dusty frames at me. A fine audience.

I reached into my backpack to grab one of Nancy's books and, in turn, spoke a few of her poems to this room of dead poets. Finished, I rose from the ancient, rickety chair, took a deep breath in the holy space, and moved to leave. Then I stopped to slip her book onto a shelf on the way out—knowing that someday, someone else will discover it. Someone else will feel the power of her words. Her voice will live on, even as she herself has left us.

Again and again and again: Time is a thief.

But time cannot steal our poetry.

Thank you, Nancy. And Godspeed.

— Jeff Hewitt

from the edge of the deep, green sea
President, Poetry Society of Virginia



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VIRGINIA
COMMISSION
FOR THE



ARTICLES

A Light Shining on Others

by Bill Glose

Nancy Powell's recent passing has been a shock to the local poetry community. A former president of the Poetry Society of Virginia, Nancy had achieved rarified status among the poets who gathered around her. Yet she never basked in adulation; she always shined the light on others. She was the type of person who made everyone else feel like they were not only the center of attention but deserving of it, as well. She was thoughtful and encouraging to young poets, kind and constructive in her criticism of those more established.

I often call myself an "accidental poet," my roots firmly set in short fiction and narrative articles, every story tied up neatly by the final paragraph. But Nancy kept encouraging me to use poetry to explore things I didn't understand nor really needed to. She showed how any vexation could slide beneath poetry's lens to reveal hidden truths without necessarily explaining them fully. The investigation itself was worthy enough without answers. This is one of the many lessons I learned from Nancy.

From 1999 to 2002, Nancy served as the poetry editor of *Virginia Adversaria*. Her main duty was to pore through submissions and choose work of high merit that would appeal to the journal's readership. But it was the way she handled the scores of rejections that impressed me most. This was in the era before Submittable when the rejections mailed back to hopeful writers were tiny cards or scraps of paper with blunt and heartless sentiments. Nancy responded to submitters with praise of their work, often offering suggestions on how it could be improved. A kindness few editors in her position undertook. It meant more work for her, but she'd been on the receiving end enough times to know how far a few words of encouragement could lead.

And that was the way she handled herself through every aspect of life. She was always singing others' accolades instead of bragging of her own accomplishments, which were many. Her presidency, vice presidency, and other positions on the Poetry Society's Executive Board and the Christopher Newport University Writers Conference Advisory Committee. Her numerous literary awards. Her two published books of poetry, *How Far is Ordinary* and *The Blackbirds Tell Stories*, and two unpublished collections that she was fine-tuning before sending them out into the world.

Our literary community is saddened and lessened by her loss, but we are also better off for having known her. She is a shining example of what is possible. When you think of her, grieve and shed a tear. But after you wipe it away, reach out to those who have made an impression on you or in whom you see nascent ability. Reach out and tell them of your admiration, your hope for them to flourish, your joy in their every success. If Nancy were here right now, that's what she would do.

Over the Rainbow: A Tribute to Poet Nancy Powell

by Judith Stevens

Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled in a sudden summer squall as we bade Godspeed to our friend Nancy Powell in a Newport News hall crowded with relatives and a throng of PSV friends.

Two of Nancy's three fine sons painted vivid word pictures of their mother that had audience members nodding in appreciation; recognition turned to outright chuckles when her best friend from childhood told tales of their beginning life together, starting school, sharing adolescence, and once, almost the same boyfriend!

Throughout the evening, one heard stories from audience members of the extraordinary kindness and love Nancy gave to everyone, especially to budding poets—encouraging them to publish and to organize critique groups and involving them in working with her on the yearly PSV poetry contests.

It was Sophia Starnes who summed up the evening for all of us, quoting one of her favorite Nancy Powell poems, sharing typically exuberant Nancy emails and texts about the wildlife Nancy witnessed from her deck, and uniting us in laughter at the "cloak and dagger" detective antics she and Nancy once employed in a clandestine parking lot exchange.

When, during the course of the evening, we were called outside to witness a full rainbow encircling the hall, it was as if Nancy herself were smilingly thanking, blessing, and loving us once more.



ARTICLES

Consider these lines from Nancy's poem "The Cavern" (from her book *How Far is Ordinary?*):

. . . a story where rivers flow far below
 the Sun, gray as my hair has become,
 their roar, still young, hollows
 the granite room, flumes along my side,
 pressed palm flat, as if to leave
 a print of myself on this rock shelf . . .

She left us so much more.

PSV Northern Region Report

by Mike Maggio

Upcoming New Regions: As I mentioned last month, our region is going to be split into three separate entities: Northern Virginia; North Central, which is comprised of the Fredericksburg area; and Northwest, which is comprised of the Harrisonburg area. We are currently in the process of implementing these changes and will announce the regional boundaries and the new regional VPs shortly. In the meantime, I will continue to be the point of contact for those of you will be part of the new regions, and you will continue to receive a monthly email from me until the official reorganization. Please direct any questions to me or to Jeff Hewitt, our new President.

Member Achievements: Here are some member achievements that have been brought to my attention. Katherine Gotthardt has been selected as the winner of *Inside Nova's* 2019 Best of Prince William award in the category of author. Beth Spragins' poem "Elders" has been published in the summer 2019 issue of *October Hill Magazine*. Sally Zakariya's poem "The Birth of America" has been published in *The New Verse News*.

Events: September was a busy time with the following events that took place: Playing at Poems with Jacquelyn Bengfort in Washington, D.C.; It Takes a Community first open mic of the 2019-20 school year at Montgomery College – Rockville (MD); readings by authors from the *Little Patuxent Review*, featuring Steven Layva, Grace Kiyonaga, Derrick Weston Brown, Alan King, and Karolina Willk; DiVerse Gaithersburg Poetry Reading and Open Mic with Jona Colson and Kristin Ferragut; and Café Muse, The Writer's Center, Bethesda, MD, with Willa Carroll and Gary Stein.

Additional events were as follows: Readings on the Pike, Acme Pie Company, with Hannah Greico and others; Third Thursday Poetry, Poems of Migration and the American Immigrant Experience with Zeina Azzam and others; and Culture, Justice, and Heritage: Poetry of Social Justice hosted by Joy Alford; Reston Readings featuring Cynthia Atkins, Terry Blackhawk, and Emily Mitchell, and hosted by Nathan Leslie.

Please continue to send me your announcements and accomplishments at mmaggio@poetryvirginia.org, so I can disseminate them to our members. Thanks to all those who help make our region active and successful and to Sally Zakariya for gathering each month's readings.

Still Skipping Stones: A Celebration of PSV Poet Pete Freas

by Judith Stevens

Join us on Saturday, November 2, from 1:00 to 3:00 p.m. at the Russell Memorial Library, 2808 Taylor Road, Chesapeake, Virginia 23322, as we honor the man who helped start the poetry scene in what has come to be called "The 757"-the Seven Cities of Hampton Roads.

Poets Nathan Richardson and Sean Bowers are hosting this tribute that is open to all PSV members and poet friends everywhere. Bring a poem to share—perhaps one published in one of the many issues of *Skipping Stones*, the poetry magazine founded by Pete through his Mindworm Press Publishing House.

Pete Freas, former PSV Vice President for Southeastern Virginia, was famous for encouraging new poets, and he was not above throwing them under the bus at Open Mics in order to help them experience (and then overcome) stage fright. A former English teacher and Vietnam helicopter pilot, he held no subject taboo in his writing. For years, he supported everyone's poetic efforts, attending a different poetry performance almost every night of the week. He was a beloved friend to all, so mark your calendar and join us for this Pete Freas Poetry Celebration.

NOTICE: Please note the new date for the 5th Annual Little River Poetry Festival. It had to be changed to the following days: Friday, June 12–Sunday, June 14, 2020. For information, call Jack Callan or Judith Stevens, 757-622-8721.

A July Poetry Happening

by Ed Lull

The Iris Art and Frame Shop was the scene of a late-summer poetry event hosted by Cathie Abell Nelson, featuring readings by Charles Wilson and Ann Shalaski and sprinkled with a little music by Charles and his guitar. Charles read a number of poems from his newly-published book *People are Different at Saying Goodbye*. His compact writing style is hard-hitting—and when he picks up his guitar, he demonstrates that Johnny Cash lives on. Ann's presentation covered a range of emotions, and her soft, smooth delivery enraptured all. Then she delighted everyone with another in her Barbie (she with the 12-inch waist) series, classics all.

So, who wants to spend a hot summer Saturday afternoon in a small art shop listening to poetry? Apparently, lots of folks. The program began at 1 pm, and from the start, there was a welcoming atmosphere that was more than collegiality; it had the warmth of real friendship. In addition to the shop owner and the presenters, the following people were there to experience the happening: Carolyn and Patricio Gomez-Foronda, Sofia and Bill Starnes, Christy Lumm, Jill Winkowski, Cynthia Dunlap, Sharon Dorsey, Dianne Prentice Jordan, Joanne Dingus, Linda Partee, Talya Chatman, Serena Fusek, Susan Camp, Ed Lull, Mary Haines, and J. Scott Wilson.



AN ELEGY (FOR ELLEN)

by Nancy Powell

When the river turns dark of an evening,
the small rush of the boats' wake
pushes against the shore, making
only a soft shush of sound;

nothing startling or worrisome,
but instead a small wash
against the rocks outside my window,
a reminder of movement somewhere.

So it is with your passing—
the quiet shift to another space,
nothing loud or raucous; instead,
an easing out, simply done—by yourself.

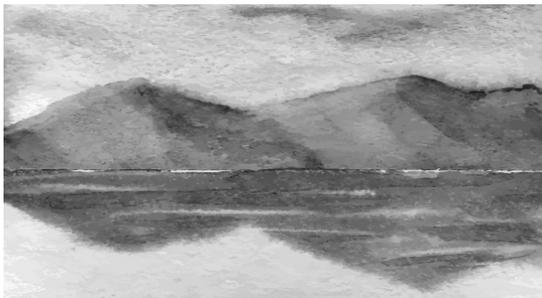
Fish jumping in the bay,
ripe fruit dropping off trees,
someone stopping to have a cup
of coffee, their second of the day,

all with you there, watching,
smiling, wondering how amazing
it all is to have tasted that fruit,
watched that fish, and had that
second cup of coffee.

Hands, long-fingered, baked
biscuits, brushed a loose hair
from an eye, as you sat before
the fire reading, knowing

what the white space means,
all this time. The Dove perches
on the tree nearest the window,
his gray feathers puffed a bit,
and doesn't sing. The air heavy

with loss, he looks at me, clear-eyed,
and slowly coos his refrain. I feel
the passing, see the movement to a new
place, and realize you are well.

**GOING TO THE THEATRE IN PHOEBUS**

by Joan Ellen Casey, Ed.D.

I clutch my ticket to anywhere –
big tent, road show, stories by fire –
and in the dark
become the voice
reaching its arms to me.

I am gently carried
from country to country,
by entertainers of seamless artistry,
to the core and beyond
the human experience.

In this space
time is turned off
until the house is lit again,
and I am ushered out
fitted with wings for my feet.

PELICAN

by Ann Marie Boyden

Fossil records in dusty basements prove
your kind has been around for thirty million years,
for more than a thousand a symbol of faith.

Now when your scoop is on the move,
they realize you're no longer there to tend
the young, allowing the chicks to drink
your blood when rations are scarce.

You are lying in the clean sand of a barrier island,
bill tucked demurely down as in stained glass
at Corpus Christi College or
a Church of St. Thomas Aquinas.

The pelican in her piety.
Wings spread as if in flight, flightless,
sightless. Insects feeding instead of chicks.
The pelican in her passion.

Body of Christ. Wings spread, echoing
crucifixion on the beach at Cape Fear.
A congregation of plovers flies up in salutation.
A descent of woodpeckers strikes the drum.
A fling of sandpipers marches in time.
An overwintering of songbirds sounds the chorus.
An ibis genuflects.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sharon Canfield Dorsey announces the **SATURDAY POETRY SERIES**. We were entertained, enlightened, and inspired on Saturday, Sept. 5, by poets, D. L. Perlman, Jan Hoffman, Peter Trainor, and Christy Lumm. We were also fortunate to hear poems by two of Christy's Hampton Roads Academy students, Neil O'Connor and Elizabeth Hager, who were winners in the 2019 PSV Contest. Oct. 5 presenters at the Stryker building at 11:30 will be Carolyn Kreiter-Foronda, Ed Lull, Kathy Smaltz, and Bill Glose. Nov. 2 presenters at the Williamsburg Library Theatre at 11:00 will be Henry Hart, Shannon Gieseke, Charles Wilson, and Ann Shalaski. Be sure to check the insert about the annual winter luncheon held in Dec. Come out and join us for these programs and bring friends.

IMPORTANT: Please see insert for the Saturday Poets' Luncheon! Reservation deadline is November 15! Make sure not to miss this wonderful annual event. Everyone welcome!

OPEN MIC AT WILLIAMSBURG LIBRARY: The Williamsburg Library and the Chesapeake Bay Writers are sponsoring an Open Mic on the third Sunday of every month, beginning Sept. 15, from 1 - 3:00. Bring your poetry, prose, fiction, or non-fiction and share your writing. For more information, contact Susan Williamson at susanwilliamsonnc@gmail.com.

NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS: Please send articles, announcements, and especially poetry to share with your fellow PSV members. Your work may be unpublished or previously published, but if necessary, don't forget to include an acknowledgement. Remember to include a brief bio for the Contributors' page.

SHARING POETRY: Ed Lull has initiated a wonderful experience in having poets share their work at various assisted living residences in and around Williamsburg. To date, these events have been warmly received and greatly appreciated. If you would like to be a part of giving back to the community, contact Ed for more information at ewlull@verizon.net.

Judith C. Beale's brother, John Beale, informed us recently of Judith's passing on May 11th of this year. Judith was a long-time PSV member and thoroughly enjoyed writing and her writing groups. Her poetry is published in various literary journals. Judith was memorialized in Elkin, North Carolina, her new hometown, and then again in Blacksburg, Virginia.

Chapman Hood Frazier is Co-Director of the Sunrise Learning Center located in Farmville and a Professor in Residence for James Madison University. His "A Conversation with Sinead Morrissey" will appear in the September issue of *The Writer's Chronicle*. An interview with Rita Dove appeared in the first issue of *Agni Online*, and others with Tim Seibles and Ted Kooser have appeared in *Shenandoah*. Conversations with Medbh McGuckian, Gregory Orr, and Nikki Giovanni have also been published in *The Writer's Chronicle*. Hood's poetry has appeared in a variety of small press publications, including *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, *The Orchards Poetry Journal*, and *The South Carolina Review*. His poem "Tangier Island" won first place this summer in The Big Read Poetry Contest sponsored by the NEA and local libraries

Jim Gaines' poems "Bluebirds" and "Misnamed" were published in the summer issue of *Avocet, A Magazine of Nature Poetry*.

Adele Gardner will host a Micro Poetry Workshop on Thursday, November 7, 2019, from 12-1:00 p.m., at Hampton Public Library, Main Library, 4207 Victoria Blvd., Hampton, VA, 23669, www.hampton.gov/library. Writers will explore short poetic forms (1-20 lines) and respond to writing prompts to create tiny verses. Open to both beginners and pros. The workshop occurs in Study Room A, upstairs past the Reference Desk.

Adele's other writing events at Hampton's Main Library in support of National Novel Writing Month in November include an inspirational kick-off film on Fri., Nov. 1, 10:00 a.m., in Meeting Room B [*Miss Potter* (2006), The story of children's author & illustrator Beatrix Potter]; a workshop with a local mystery writing group, Sisters in Crime, on Tuesday, November 12, at 6:00 p.m., in Meeting Room B; two more micro/lunch hour workshops, Creative Nonfiction on Thurs., Nov. 14, 12-1 p.m., and Micro Fiction on Thurs., Nov. 21, 12-1 p.m., both of them in Reference Study Room A; and the opportunity throughout the month of November for poets and writers of all stripes to work in the beautiful setting of the Special Collections Department upstairs, during the department's open hours ("Come Write In!").

ANNOUNCEMENTS (CONT.)

Adele is also curating an online poetry reading for her speculative poetry group. The Science Fiction and Fantasy Poetry Association will once again host a Halloween Poetry Reading in 2019! Visit <http://sfpoetry.com/halloween.html> for past years' readings and to check out 2019 content when it goes live. Would you like to contribute? Starting September 1 and continuing through October 26, current SFPA members (<http://sfpoetry.com/>) are invited to submit an MP3 audio file of a Halloween or horror-themed poem. Please see website for specific details and guidelines for submissions. Then send your work between Sept. 1-Oct. 26 to Adele Gardner, gardnercastle@gmail.com, with the subject line "SFPA 2019 Halloween Poetry Reading: [Creator's name]."

Finally, Adele's micro poem "Morning cows" appears in *Haikuniverse*, <http://www.haikuniverse.com/haiku-by-adele-gardner/>. Two poems by Adele ("October Bees") and her father Delbert R. Gardner ("Manet's Déjeuner sur l'Herbe (1863)") appear in *Blue Moon: Literary & Art Review*, April 8, 2019, https://smile.amazon.com/gp/product/1093271183/ref=ppx_yo_dt_b_asin_title_o00_s00?ie=UTF8&psc=1.

Janice Hoffman read excerpts from her poetry collection *Soul Cookies* (High Tide Publications, 2019) at a Publication Party hosted by Thomas Nelson Community College where she teaches writing and literature. She donated a copy of her book to the TNCC Historic Triangle Campus Library. She also recently read at Williamsburg Landing and at the Thomas Nelson 20th Anniversary Celebration. Jan is featured with her work in the Arts and Entertainment section of the October issue of *Williamsburg Next Door Neighbor*.

Ruth Holzer, long-time PSV member and winner of numerous awards, has recently published her fourth chapbook, *A Face in the Crowd*, a collection of ghazals available from Amazon and the publisher's website <https://kelsaybooks.com/products/a-face-in-the-crowd>. She has also released her fifth chapbook, *Why We're Here*, a collection of narrative and lyric poems about living in London, available from Presa Press.com. Both books can also be ordered directly from the author via holzerruth@yahoo.com.

Donna Isaac's new chapbook *Persistence of Vision* is currently available for pre-order from Finishing Line Press. Copies can be ordered by sending a check for \$16.98 (which includes shipping and handling) to Finishing Line Press, P.O. Box 1626, Georgetown, KY 40324. The book is scheduled for release in November.

Mike Maggio's new book, *Letters from Inside*, a collection of short fiction, will be released this month by Vine Leaves Press. The book gathers short stories written over a period of about thirty years. Nathan Leslie, Best Small Fictions Series Editor, says this: "Mike Maggio's latest collection of short stories displays his talent, once again, for voice, scenario and characterization. What a delight it is to read these intricate portrayals—often reminiscent of folk tales with an ironic, frequently moral bite."

Rita S. Quillen has a new novel coming out called *Wayland* from a really fine small literary press, Iris Books. Rita has been a member of PSV for several years, judged contests, and presented a workshop at one of our annual writing workshops a few years ago.

Beth Spragins' new poetry collection, *With No Bridle for the Breeze: Ungrounded Verse*, has been released by Shanti Press. This book explores the spirit and magic of flight through feathers, paired wings, and dreams. Copies are available from the publisher: *With No Bridle for the Breeze*, Elizabeth Spencer Spragins.

James Wilder's *Poet's Domain* has returned to the roost here in Virginia with some new features that will welcome the many previous contributors back into the fold and excite some newcomers to jump aboard. The theme for volume 33 shall be Seasons and Crossroads. As before we don't want to dictate how the poet interprets the idea, but I will offer just these thoughts to get the juices flowing: It seems that what Seasons and Crossroads have in common is change. Both herald changes to come. One is predictable in timing and you might have some idea about what it entails, but really its outcomes are out of one's control. The other comes up in one's wanderings and presents a choice, which you can control, but the outcome may still be unpredictable. If you wish to throw in a brief statement as to why you think your entry addresses the theme, go for it.

Newsletters are distributed on even-numbered months, so submissions should be sent to janhoffpoetry@gmail.com no later than the 15th of the odd-numbered months—earlier than that would be even better! Please note that the Board has asked that members elect to receive their newsletters electronically over the print option. This choice will provide PSV substantial financial savings over the course of each year. Contact James Wilson to make these changes at HRACandWPP@outlook.com.

ANNOUNCEMENTS (CONT.)

Poet's Domain accepts only original poetry submissions from residents of Virginia or any bordering state, individuals having significant dealings within or formerly living in Virginia, and anyone who previously contributed to the journal. The reading/entry fee is \$5 for the 1st poem and less than a dollar for each subsequent poem to a maximum of FIVE submissions. (So \$5, then \$4, \$3, \$2, and \$1, respectively) There is a maximum length per entered item of 4 pages typed (12pt., 8x11); any style, form, or voice of poem will be considered. English is the assumed language of the journal, but poems with mixed language will be considered. Submissions close at midnight on October 6, 2019.

Accepted contributors will receive one complimentary copy of vol. 33 with a postcard upon which they may vote for their favorite piece from that issue. The winning poet will be acknowledged with a certificate and \$50 prize. Additional copies will be available to contributors at a discount. Please notify at time of submission if a poem has been submitted elsewhere (and where) or previously published. Simultaneous submission or republication can be done with coordination with the other source.

CONTRIBUTORS

Ann Marie Boyden worked in television, radio, and advertising, then started et al, inc., a full-service advertising agency. She moved to Washington, D.C. to become Executive Director of the American Institute of Architects Trust and retired to Williamsburg where she is a member and Past President of the Williamsburg Poetry Guild; she is also a member of PSV and the Utah State Poetry Society. Ann served as PSV Parliamentarian for several years. "Pelican" won awards in Virginia and at the CNU Conference, and it appears in her collection *Saints and Seagulls* (2013).

Joan Ellen Casey, Ed.D., worked as an editor for New York publishers, authored many educational materials, then turned to writing poetry. She won the Metrorail Public Art Project Award from the Poetry Society of Virginia and has been published in the last five volumes of *The Poet's Domain*, as well in two other anthologies, *Distant Horizons* and *Captured Moments*.

Bill Glose was named the Daily Press Poet Laureate in 2011 and featured by NPR on The Writer's Almanac in 2017. His work appears in 4 collections—*The Human Touch*, *Half a Man*, *Personal Geography*, and *Virginia Walkabout*—as well as in numerous journals, including *The Missouri Review*, *Rattle*, *Narrative Magazine*, and *The Sun*. Bill is one of the most active members of PSV and can be seen all around the state supporting poets and documenting their work by taking photos and posting them online. For more information, go to BillGlose.com.

Ed Lull is a man who has worn sundry hats in his illustrious careers, including his tenure as Past President of the Poetry Society of Virginia. A member of several writing groups, he continues to prod fellow poets to write, write, write—something he does, as well, as is evident in his various publications.

Mike Maggio is Vice President for the PSV Northern Region and faithfully submits monthly reports to members in his region and monthly reports for the PSV newsletter. You may read more about him in this issue under Announcements.

Nancey Powell's work has appeared in many magazines and collections. Former poetry editor for *Virginia Adversaria*, she was also President and VP for the Eastern Region of PSV and served willingly in many capacities within the organization. She was a member of The National Association of American Pen Women and the advisory council for The Christopher Newport University Writers Conference.

Judith Stevens serves in many capacities around the state, and she provides ample and fun-filled writing opportunities for Virginia authors throughout the year. Her tribute to Nancy Powell was born from a heart of love and appreciation.

POETRY VIRGINIA

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