

# A COMMON WEALTH OF POETRY

Newsletter of the Poetry Society of Virginia ♦ August 2019

## A LETTER FROM OUR PRESIDENT

I stopped into Barnes and Noble yesterday. Their poetry section is comprised of exactly four shelves housed within a single bookcase in a building that proffers tens of thousands of volumes. Of course, with the roughly billion dollars they've lost in the last decade, I can't blame them for failing to stock something that doesn't sell. You could stop a hundred people on the street and easily not find a single one who is able to name a living poet. Are we a dying breed? Is poetry over? And if so, what exactly are we doing here? Are we just too stubborn to admit defeat?

Or is it that we've become a nation of people who care only about our own poetry and have forgotten thusly how to serve as its wider audience?

Each and every person who receives this newsletter has made a choice to take an appointment as ambassador for our art form, as a sort of Poet Plenipotentiary. As such, you should ask yourself, how might I better act as a diplomat in its name? Diplomat is exactly the word I mean to use in formulating this question because, at its heart, diplomacy is about listening.

Too often when I step up to an open mic or some other form of reading, I encounter people who are waiting to speak instead of engaging in what I like to refer to as active listening. The young, more often than not, are ignorant of the role of poets as listeners. And why not? They've been inundated by mass media and marketing designed to impress upon them that their voices are the most important things about them. But a voice is useless if there is no one to hear it. As elder statespersons for our craft, do we teach kids the importance of audience? Or are we the same? Simply waiting for our turn?

Choosing to speak another time, choosing to step into poetry spaces fully focused on inundating ourselves with the words others speak — it's a revolutionary act in this day and age. By that act of listening, we can more effectively communicate feedback and ideas by talking to other poets about their work, fully invested in their wisdom and wit. By asking if they have a book we can buy. By more completely engaging in their truth and experience. In doing so, we validate their choice to step into this art that narrows a bit more with every passing day. Listening might just be the radical endeavor that reverses the entropy of verse and rhyme: Every poet who realizes someone is listening is further impelled to speak and by our grace, in turn, might learn to listen more effectively themselves. I say to you now, there's no better way to bring people into your own work than by listening to the work of others and by sharing your wisdom in direct relation to their work.

I challenge you, brothers and sisters of the word, to attend one poetry event this month without reading your own poems. To instead, simply sit and hear, and in that hearing, to turn to the other poets in attendance to engage directly in the love of experiencing poetry—with every bit of the thrill you get from writing it.

Maybe even slip 'em a membership brochure! Whisper as you press it into their hands, "Join us. We listen to poetry here. Come listen, too."

— Jeff Hewitt

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



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VIRGINIA  
COMMISSION  
FOR THE



## 2019 Festival Summary

On May 17 and 18, 2019, the Poetry Society of Virginia held its annual spring poetry festival at the College of William and Mary. Henry Hart, Poet Laureate of Virginia, opened the Festival on Friday evening with some brief welcoming remarks. He acknowledged the donors who had provided financial support and thus greatly helped to make the festival possible: Paul Verkuil, former president of the College, and his wife Judith Rodin; Anne Willis in memory of her husband Prof. John Willis; and the English Department of the College of William and Mary. Henry Hart also introduced the festival Keynote Poet, Debra Nystrom, who read from her work. A reception with hors d'oeuvres followed, and there was time for book sales and book signing.

The emcees for the Saturday sessions were Sofia Starnes (in the morning) and Mary Haines (in the afternoon). The morning seminar and the afternoon workshops were held in Tucker Theater because the number of attendees exceeded classroom capacity. One of the two classrooms made available to the PSV was arranged for book display and held the books of the presenters as well those of any attendees who wished to sell their works. It turned out to be a popular destination throughout the day. The other larger classroom was arranged first for morning coffee and light pastries (purchased from The Coffeehouse) and then for lunch which was delivered by Panera.

Elections for PSV officers were held during a short brief business meeting at noon. The complete winning slate is as follows: President, Jeffrey Hewitt; President Pro Tempore, Derek Kannemeyer; Southeast Regional VP, Eddie Dowe; Northern Regional VP, Mike Maggio; Central Regional VP, Michelle Dodd; Eastern Regional VP, Terry Cox-Joseph; Western Region, Pedro Larrea; and Treasurer, Talya Chatman.

The final work session at the College was a panel discussion moderated by Jenny Loveland with the participation of all three Saturday presenters. The session ended at around 4:15. The Festival closed with a banquet and an open mic reading for all participants and their guests—including the presenters—at the Ford's Colony Conference Center. At that event, Poet Laureate Emerita Carolyn Foronda presented outgoing PSV President Robert Arthur with a plaque of appreciation on behalf of the Poetry Society of Virginia. Seventy-six people registered for the festival.

It was an honor to organize the 2019 PSV Festival, and I am greatly indebted to Henry Hart and Mary Haines for the uniquely invaluable role each of them played in making the event a reality.

Thank you also to Henry's student assistant, Katie Browfiel, and to PSV members Terry Cox-Joseph, Pia Taavila-Borsheim, Jenny Loveland, Charles Wilson, Anna Evas, Talya Chatman, and Bill Glose who assisted so ably throughout the event in a wide range of capacities. My gratitude as well to those attendees who were especially attentive to any need that arose and pitched in on Friday and Saturday to help make the festival a success.

I will be stepping down from the role of Festival Chair, but I will be happy to assist in a limited, specific capacity, if needed. My best wishes to Terry Cox-Joseph, our excellent new Festival Chair!

**Sofia M. Starnes**

### REPORT FOR THE NORTHERN REGION (PSV)

First, I want to congratulate the winners in our region of the PSV poetry contests: **Sally Zakariya, Donna Isaac, Elizabeth Spencer (Beth) Spragins, Eric Forsbergh, and Jacqueline Jules**. Hearty congratulations to each of them for a well-earned achievement. In addition, **Renato Econa**, a student of Cathy Hailey's at Woodbridge Senior High School, is the recipient of an award in the ELIZABETH GROSS & JACKLYN POTTER YOUNG POETS JOAQUIN MILLER POETRY SERIES. A reading was held in June at Rock Creek Park. Congratulations to Renato and Cathy. Member achievements are listed later in the newsletter under Announcements.

Workshops by members are as follows:

**Claudia Gary** gave a Villanelle Crash Course at The Writer's Center in Bethesda on Saturday, July 20 and will give a Sonnet Crash Course at the Hill Center in DC on Saturday, August 3. To register, visit the link at [www.writer.org](http://www.writer.org).

## ARTICLES

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**Mike Maggio** gave a reading as well as a workshop called "Line Length and Poetic Expression" at Montgomery College - Rockville Campus on July 20 from 1 to 3:30.

July Poetry Readings by members were as follows:

July 1, 7:30 pm, Café Muse Poetry Series, The Writer's Center, 4508 Walsh St., Bethesda, MD. Readers: **Irene Fick** and **Kevin McCellan** plus open mic. Refreshments and classical guitar by **Michael Davis**.

July 7, 3 pm, Joaquin Miller Poetry Series, Rock Creek Nature Center, 5200 Glover Rd., Washington, DC. Readers: **Jared Harel** and **Miles David More**.

July 14, 3 pm, Joaquin Miller Poetry Series, Rock Creek Nature Center, 5200 Glover Rd., Washington, DC. Readers: **Kimberly A. Collins** and **A.L. Nielsen**.

July 16, 8 pm, Readings on the Pike, Acme Pie Company, 1803 Columbia Pike, Arlington, VA. Readers: **Monica Prince** and others.

July 21, 3 pm, Joaquin Miller Poetry Series, Rock Creek Nature Center, 5200 Glover Rd., Washington, DC. Readers: **Megan Alpert** and **Nancy Naomi Carlson**.

July 20, The Writer's Center, 4508 Walsh St., Bethesda, MD, **Claudia Gary** reading villanelles, following the villanelle crash course.

July 28, 5:30 pm, Reston Readings, Reston's Used Book Shop, 1623 Washington Plaza N, Lake Anne Village Center, Reston, VA. Readers: **Tara Campbell**, **Claudia Gary**, and **Stephanie Allen**, plus open mic. **Host: Nathan Leslie**.

Please continue to send me ([mikemaggio@mikemaggio.net](mailto:mikemaggio@mikemaggio.net)) your announcements and accomplishments, 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.

**Mike Maggio, VP**  
**PSV Northern Region**

### 4th Annual Little River Poetry Festival, 2019: "The Year of the Women"

**Jack Callan** and **Judith Stevens** announce this year's Festival drew poets and PSV members from around the Commonwealth, as well as from North Carolina, Maryland, and Ohio. The Southeast Region was well represented by attendees from Virginia Beach, Norfolk, Chesapeake, Newport News, Yorktown, Williamsburg, and Richmond. Mountain poets hailed from Winchester, Meadows of Dan, Floyd, Harrisonburg, Riner, Blacksburg, and Roanoke. In our snug, well-lit tent, a hardy audience enjoyed strong featured performances, workshops, and open mics. Old and new poet-friends enjoyed home-cooked meals delivered to the tent by 4-wheel vehicle driver, Festival sponsor, and member of the farm family who own the land, Daniel Sowers, from "On the Water" Kayaks.

Poet James Bane arrived straight from the "Southern Fried Poetry Slam" in Fayetteville, NC. Jenniifer Meyer ("C.J. Expression"), Tanya Cunningham, Gina Woodfin, Evangelina Poggi, and Serena Fusek gave strong workshop and open mic performances. Peter Kelly (Bob Kelly's son) read from his new book. Kristi Paddock, Sharon Butner, Esther Haynes, and J.Scott Wilson read new work while musicians Brian Magill and Jim Best created mood and music with their poetry and exotic instruments. But the mountain women-poets, both returning and first-timers, overwhelmed us with the beauty and magnitude of their work: Beth Huddleston, Colleen Redman, Mara Eve Robbins, Erin McCarty, Katherine Chantal, and Chelsea Adams stopped the rain, then merged into and *became* the rain, giving us cadence, rhythm, and peace.

If you appreciate creating and sharing poetry in Nature, plan to be with us next year, June 26-28, 2020. For information, call Jack Callan or Judith Stevens, 757-622-8721.

## POEMS

## I'VE ALWAYS NEEDED MONEY

by Colton Adrian

Fifty cents was all I needed when my grandma took me to garage sales on Saturday mornings after scrambling my eggs and giving me milk with just a splash of coffee because I wanted what she was having. She'd find another paperweight, adding to her collection and I said, "Grandma, when you die can I have all these paperweights?" And she laughed and said, "Of course, silly."

Then I needed a few bucks to get me through new afternoons of falling off a skateboard. It was school then skating then sleep for a long time while I kept vending machines fat with ripped dollar bills. Now a pro at asking for change for a dollar and if I didn't have a dollar, I'd ask my friends if they did. I'd put soda in water cups and stole books from Barnes and Noble.

Teenager needed a paycheck, what with the new life developments like cigarettes, buying glass bongs that someone would drop in a week, gas money, beer money, finding out how expensive cocaine is, finding out how expensive women are, not caring, court fines, drug classes, jail fines, fast food, speeding tickets.

Twenty-one jobs by twenty-one, probably more. Mostly two-week quitters. I liked the ones with plants, the flower nurseries and grass cutting where I'd get stung by bees or spill mixed gas in an expensive driveway. Pretty good at baking bagels, for my boss only speaking Chinese. Drinking beer on the line at the brewery wasn't a bad gig, either. They were all fine until they weren't.

Now at twenty-five I'm over needing to have money. I get it, I need it, trust me, Wells Fargo won't shut up about the negative three dollars in my account. And I'm all, what account? I'm just a kid who wants his eggs scrambled, and maybe more coffee than milk nowadays, and to go to a garage sale to see if anything is still fifty cents. See if there's anything to add to my collection, even though I have more than enough paperweights.

## HAIRPIN

by Jacqueline Jules

My only memory is a hairpin,  
a long loop of metal wire  
with zigzag sides. Not quite four,  
I saw it slip from the gray bun  
of the grandmother who had  
a stroke later that year.

Scooping it off the blue rug  
my little fingers poked  
the blunt brass prongs  
before she grabbed my wrists  
to warn me in harsh tones,  
the danger of touching  
grown-up things.

Gray now myself, I know  
why grandmothers shudder  
at little hands snatching  
scissors from a table  
or coins from a carpet.  
But I do pray  
the sobbing child I held  
till she fell asleep tonight  
will remember me as more than  
a hairpin pried from her tiny hand.

## UNTITLED

by Robyn Greenhouse

Tattered corners, image fades, fingers trace smiles of younger faces  
Grant me one secret power? Strength to rewind time and linger in your love

## THE PROPELLER

by Diane Wilbon Parks

My life is a feather, fearful of the weight of your judgement.  
It is that fear that propels my feather to fly.

## THE WOMAN AT THE MAYAN TEMPLE

by Eric Forsbergh

The moon wallowed in tall trees.  
We climbed through overgrowth to see it  
full-face, magnified, without its veil –  
importunity, madness and the rest.

Above the leaves the jutting massif:  
power and pretense among the priests,  
a ritual of ring ball off the wall, jaguar attendants  
knifing out the living loser's heart.

We clambered, roots and vines grasping,  
snapping off, like souls of the damned,  
flashlights on a trail unpredictable,  
no wider than a rivulet of blood.

Who was this sudden woman?  
Wavering into view, blond hair wandering,  
walleye stare, voice anesthetized to slurs,  
alone among the ruins.

Nearing a ladder over rocks,  
we offered her footholds. But our words  
rose in her like underwater bubbles.  
She fishtailed on another route toward  
a vision an L.A. shaman might have sent:  
an overbearing moon, a still-voracious temple,  
and in the center of her forehead, couched in bone,  
a drugged pineal gland posing as the third eye.

## ODE TO JOY

by Joan Ellen Casey

skipping stones the furthest  
blowing giggles into bubbles  
winning at poker on a bluff  
spotting a friend in a strange place  
dancing in the street  
holding a salt shaker over a ripe tomato  
skiing alone on a mountain in blinding snow  
finding sixty-two dollars on a DC curbside  
eating chocolate at the end of a fast  
calling out "bingo"  
stealing five minutes sleep  
laughing with tears  
flying like an eagle  
not knowing it's all a dream.

## PERSEPHONE

by Norah Vawter

Daughter of summer. Refugee of the dark. But she's the hope you  
whisper. Cause even when the world nearly ends her, she comes  
home. With green buds and dandelions, suntans and tomorrow.

## POEMS

## TRAVELERS

by Susan Notar

When dusk descends in a crescendo of purple, mauve, vermilion  
coolness, like peace, like forgiveness, nestles upon us.

## LOUD &amp; SOFT

By Donna Isaac

Underneath the drone, the mumble of riverwater fingering stone,  
more telling than voices from podium or pulpit.

## TOMATO EATER

by Ed von Gehren

there is a metallic smell to a tomato field  
like the smell of geraniums  
but the fruit of this field is pure joy

these are not the tough skinned  
plastic-textured  
flabby-tasting  
artificially-ripened fakes  
that supermarkets call tomatoes  
these are 'real' tomatoes  
ripened in the warmth and loving care of the sun

I walk these fields of temptation  
searching for  
the biggest  
deepest red  
sun heated globe  
grab with two hands  
gently twist it off the vine

it is always the biggest ones  
the bloated  
the ones that had drunk their fill  
of summer rains  
that are the juiciest  
always the choice of a thirsty boy

I rub the rain splashed mud  
now dry and dusty  
on my sweat soaked shirt  
I take a bite

desire and passion of this moment  
drives me to attack its juicy flesh  
as a wild beast disemboweling  
its prey

hot nectar runs down my chin  
bloody red juice oozing  
from the corners of my mouth  
fleshy pulp drools  
on my sweat soaked shirt  
grinning through seed filled teeth  
I am vampire

## WHEN I HAVE FEARS (SONNET)

by Wheston Chancellor Grove

*John Keats feared dying too young. My fear is dying too old.*

When I have fears that I may live too long  
And those held dear are before me perished  
A rain so warm doth tenorize the soul's song  
Of love divine though vexed by liberation cherished

When I behold upon the white moon's face  
The painter's brush, primed to make its mark  
And ponder that I may have no lover left 'cept shadow's trace  
'Tis then I feel the cold and dread of my aching heart  
Sleeping only to awake once more, and forevermore, to loneliness  
And if ne'er I reach such heights again—  
I think it far wiser to die young in the peak of manliness  
Than to linger year after year, outliving all but memory's friend  
But if it be so, and you before me, whom I so love, first die—  
Remember me this way, wherever you are, and voiceless meet my ageless cry.



THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
HIGHWAY 9  
POTTERSVILLE, NY 12860  
by Joyce Carr Stedelbauer

The Cross still hangs here,  
twisted and scorched, above the gaping door  
declaring welcome to all who would come  
to kneel beneath the outstretched arms of love.

History lived here,  
more than a century, parishioners  
walked to worship in summer shade,  
bicycled through burnished gold lanes,  
bundled babies in winter sleighs,  
clapped hats in open cars in happier springs.

Hatred erupted here  
on a hooded night in April  
vandalized the sanctuary and  
dared to deface paintings of the Savior.  
Emboldened, they crept back again in May,  
anointed the white walls with gasoline  
and struck a match in the face of God.

Faith still shines here today.

A hand lettered sign invited all to join  
Sundays 11:00 A.M. HERE  
in a small white tent with plastic windows  
near the front of the clearing,  
beside the quiet grave yard.

Hope will be required here  
to clear the desecrated sanctuary of fractured  
beams,  
exploded glass, burned out walls that  
sheltered generations  
of weddings, baptisms, confirmations and  
funerals.  
In the sodden, stinking church yard, charred  
pages  
of the women's cookbooks and old hymnals  
still testify  
to the sweetness of Aunt Ruth's butterscotch  
pie,  
and offer "Glory to the Father, and to the Son  
and to the Holy Spirit.  
As it was in the beginning,  
is now,  
and will be forever.  
Amen."

Newsletters are distributed on even-numbered months, so submissions should be sent to [janhoffpoetry@gmail.com](mailto: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](mailto:HRACandWPP@outlook.com).

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

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### NEW MEMBERSHIP CHAIR

As the ever-faithful **Charles Wilson** steps down from this position which he has held for several years, we now welcome a new Membership Chair. **J. Scott Wilson** calls himself an opaque surfaced, three-dimensional, somewhat sentient life form. As an heterosexual, heterotrophic, surface dwelling mammal, he is heterodontal. He has resided in Virginia for all of his 50 years, most of those in Hampton Roads. The current phase of his life has seen a significant output of poetry, much of that being concerned with how we humans treat each other. He also pursues ambitions as a novelist and social commentator. J. Scott encourages questions and discussion about his poetry and hopes you'll seek him out at poetry events all around Hampton Roads where he takes the stage under the name "TEECH!" He says, "Surprisingly I don't drink coffee." He is also Director of Innovation for Hampton Roads Artistic Collective and Wider Perspectives Publishing. Thanks, again, to Charles for all the work he's done over the years in this position.

### WELCOME NEW PSV MEMBERS!

**Colton Adrian** is 25 and transfers to Virginia Commonwealth University this fall to study English. In his own words, Colton says he is a writer because he writes, and he does that mostly in Williamsburg, Virginia. In the meantime, he works in a garden center meditating among the plants. His work appears in *Helen Literary Magazine*, *The Molotov Cocktail*, *Spirit Wind*, *Buffalo Almanac*, *Steel to Toe*, and *Straight Forward Poetry*. colton.adrian@mail.com

**Dr. Norma Cofresi** was born Manhattan, has lived in Puerto Rico and Ohio, and is happily married and retired in Williamsburg. Bilingual and bicultural, she integrates multiple cultural and linguistic identities into her poetry, as well as psychological knowledge earned through years of working in clinical psychology and psychoanalysis. Norma's foray into poetry is like the wonder of finding a shiny new coin after years of writing case reports and academic papers. She is a graduate of the Clinical Doctoral Program at City University's Graduate Center. doctorcofresi@gmail.com

**Shannon Gieseke** is 27 years old and lives in Williamsburg. She's an army brat with a love of animals and travel, all of which have inspired her writing in one way or another. Her winning poem for the recent PSV contest was inspired by her battle with mental health, and she hopes that with it comes a shrinking of the stigma surrounding mental health in our society. smg492@yahoo.com

**Carolyn Wyatt** grew up in northern New Jersey and earned an M.A. in Spanish Language and Literature from Indiana University. She has served as a college instructor and Air Force English trainer. Carolyn is an avid member of GMU's Osher Lifelong Learning Institute where she participates in the Poetry Workshop and teaches a class on writing poetry. Carolyn is also a member of the OLLI Board of Directors.

Encourage these new members in their writing and joining us at various poetry meetings. If you have friends, students, or family members who enjoy poetry, invite them to join PSV today.

**The Saturday Poetry Series** will resume September 7, at the Stryker Building at 11 a.m. Presenters will be D. L. Perlman, a multi-winner in the 2019 PSV Contest; Peter Trainor, member of the Williamsburg Poetry Guild; Jan Hoffman, also a winner in the 2019 PSV Contest; and Christy Lumm, Instructor at Hampton Roads Academy and sponsor of several student winners. Bill Glose will return as our M. C. Don't miss this kick-off to a great new season of the Saturday Series.

The **Chesapeake Bay Writers** and the **Williamsburg Regional Library** are joining to sponsor open mic events on the 3rd Sunday of each month from 1:00-3:00 p.m. in the Williamsburg Library in the Schell Room. Bring your poetry or prose, fiction or non-fiction, and share your writing. Five-minute limit per person. Feel free to bring your coffee or tea. The first session will be Sunday, September 15. All are welcome. For more information, contact Susan Williamson at susanwilliamsonnc@gmail.com

**Zeina Azzam's** poem: "Language Lesson from the Defense Department" has been published in the spring issue of Barzakh: <https://www.barzakh.net/spring-2019-poetry/2019/5/22/language-lesson-from-the-defense-department>.

**Sharon Canfield Dorsey** was recently awarded First Place, Poetry; Second Place, Non-Fiction; and Third Place, Juvenile Fiction at the CNU Writers Conference. Her poem, "Summer Leaves the Hills," was selected by the National League of Pen Women to appear on their website, and her latest children's book, *Buddy the Bookworm Saves the Doomed Books*, debuted in June (High Tide Publications).

**Eric Forsbergh**, of the Northern Virginia PSV chapter, announces that his poem "On a Surgeon Poet" was published in the June issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*; his poem "The Woman at the Mayan Temple" was presented at a reading at Reston's Used Bookstore in June, as well.

**Janice Hoffman's** *Soul Cookies* (High Tide Publications) was released in June. She was featured on 99.1 radio and interviewed by Neil Steele, and she participated in the Author Expo held in Kilmarnock. In July, she held 6 signings/readings in Louisville, KY, and Southern Indiana, where she also donated copies of her book to the library at Indiana University Southeast and to the Jeffersonville Public Library where she frequented as a child and first fell in love with books. Her collection is available on Amazon.com, BarnesandNoble.com, and IndieBound.org.

**Christy Lumm**, Hampton Roads Academy teacher and PSV member, announces that two of her students won prizes in the PSV Student Poetry Contest: Elizabeth Hager, Second Place, and Neil O'Connor, Honorable Mention. The poems were written in **Ann Shalaski's** poetry workshop at Hampton Roads Academy. Christy is delighted. Students were introduced at an assembly, and pictures were taken and published in the school newspaper.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS (CONT.)

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**Mike Maggio's** poem, "Staten Island Ferry," is in the anthology, *Endlessly Rocking*, another publication celebrating Walt Whitman's 200th birthday. In addition, his short story, "Metamorphosis II (or The Sudden and Inexplicable Disappearance of David C. Roche)" was published in the June edition of *ArLiJo*.

**Michal Mahgerefteh** has had poems accepted for publication in the *Gnashing Publishing Press 2019 International Anthology* on the theme of food preparation, *Tiger Moth Review* on the theme on nature, a Holocaust themed poem in *Ekphrastic Review*, and poems on loss and grief in *The Jewish Literary Review*.

**Farin Powell** had a poem published in *Poets to Come* celebrating the Bicentennial of Walt Whitman's birth.

**Beth Spragins'** poetry collection, *The Language of Bones: American Journeys Through Bardic Verse*, has been released by Kelsay Books.

**Patrice D. Wilkerson** was recently interviewed in *Reader Views*. The article can be accessed via this link: <http://readerviews.com/interviewwilkersonthroughitallimgoingtomakeit>

**Sally Zakariya's** poem, "Reading Walt Whitman at McDonald's," has been included in *Poets to Come: Walt Whitman's 200th Birthday Anthology*.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Colton Adrian's** "I've Always Needed Money" was presented at a Thomas Nelson poetry reading this year. For more information on Colton, see the New Members section here.

**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 as two other anthologies: *Distant Horizons* and *Captured Moments*.

**Eric Forsbergh's** poetry has been accepted into *The Journal of the American Medical Association* and *The Journal of Neurology*, as well as in several literary journals, including *Café Review*, *Artemis Journal*, *The Sow's Ear Poetry Review*, *Zoetic Press*, and *The Northern Virginia Review*, which awarded him a Pushcart Nomination in 2016. His first book of poetry, *Imagine Morning*, came out in 2013. He is a Vietnam veteran and a practicing dentist. "The Woman at the Mayan Temple" appears in the March issue of *Sow's Ear Review*,

**Ed von Gehren** is a writer of essays and poetry. He has published several books of poetry: *Shifting Patterns*, *Gathering Patterns*, and *Haiku – 2015*, a book of haiku written each day for a year. He also has a book of his collected essays. He is currently president of the Williamsburg Poetry Guild and the Williamsburg Emerson Society. His love of the ocean and the river where he grew up is evident in much of his writing.

**Robyn Greenhouse** has worked many jobs, but her favorite job has been raising her sons with her husband. Writing helps her to say the words that are trapped inside.

**Wheston Chancellor Grove** holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Goddard College. He is the author of *Who Has Known Heights*, a memoir, and *The Gift of Blindness*, a novel. He has written poetry since he was eight years old. He believes elephants can fly and talks to pigeons. He is also a photographer and painter. Some of his work has appeared online for the *New England Review*. He has a dachshund named Little Tree and a cat named Aegeus Godfrey. [www.chancellorscorner.com](http://www.chancellorscorner.com)

**Donna Isaac**, poet and teaching artist, lives on a snowy pond in Minnesota, but her heart is in Virginia. Her latest publication is *Footfalls* (Pocahontas Press, 2018), a paean to an Appalachian upbringing. Visit [donnaisaacpoet.com](http://donnaisaacpoet.com)

**Jacqueline Jules** has authored three chapbooks: *Field Trip to the Museum* (Finishing Line Press), *Stronger Than Cleopatra* (ELJ Publications), and *Itzhak Perlman's Broken String*, winner of the 2016 Helen Kay Chapbook Prize from Evening Street Press. Her poetry appears in 100+ publications, including *The Broome Review*, *Sow's Ear Poetry Review*, *Hospital Drive*, and *Imitation Fruit*. She is also the author of 40 books for young readers. "Hairpin" previously appeared in *MemoryHouse Magazine*. Visit [www.jacquelinejules.com](http://www.jacquelinejules.com).

**Susan Notar's** work has appeared in a number of publications including *Penumbra*, *American Literary*, *Joys of the Table: An Anthology of Culinary Verse*, and *What Lies Beyond the Frame*, an anthology from the Bridgewater International Poetry Festival entitled after a line in one of her poems. She is a member of the Poetry Society of Virginia and works at the U.S. State Department on Human Rights in the Middle East.

**Diane Wilbon Parks** is a poet, visual artist, and author. Her most recent collection is *The Wisdom of Blue Apples*. She has read for Grace Cavalieri's "The Poet and The Poem" at the Library of Congress, holds a degree in Information Systems Management, and is an U. S. Air Force Veteran.

**Joyce Carr Stedelbauer** is an author and poet who lives in Williamsburg. She has penned four popular inspirational books on biblical people (*Have You Met Eve? Have You Seen the Star? Who Rolled the Stone? and Where are you, Adam?*) and two children's books (*The Awesome Alphabet Animal's Party* and *The Angels' Birthday Celebration*). She is a member of the Williamsburg Poetry Guild, the Poetry Society of Virginia, and the National League of American Pen Women.

**Norah Vawter** earned her MFA in creative writing from George Mason University. She recently won *Memoir Magazine's* "Guns and People" essay contest and has published in *The Washington Post*, *Agave Magazine*, and *The Nassau Review*, among others. She is querying her first novel, an excerpt of which was shortlisted for the Ropewalk Press Editor's Fiction Prize.

# POETRY VIRGINIA

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