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“…born of cadence and rhythm/I attended your foaling/and called you Pegasus/for I knew you would fly…”

Where We Once Met
(To the cyclone victims of Bangladesh)

Where ebony mated with lucent
There we had once met
There the bay cried on Bengal’s feet
In hemic red the horizon bleeds

Where dark kissed the light
There we had once met
There the loss whipped by blue’s grief
On silver plates love stands still

Where night clinched the day
There we had once met
There the truth sank deep in ocean’s pigment
At the shore burden stretches

Rachana Rahman
Frankfort, KY
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**2017 STUDENT CONTEST WINNERS**

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**Editor’s Note:** Thanks to all of you for your patience this past year while we made the transition from paper to an electronic journal. Posting *Pegasus* online with a link on the *Pegasus* page on the KSPS website will enable the society to make better use of its funds and will allow us to reach younger poets. Those of you who still want a paper *Pegasus* have two options: (1) Print a free PDF copy from the online version, or (2) Order paper issues from the editor at $5.00 per copy.

Since KSPS did not have an Adult Contest in 2017, we will not be publishing a Prize Poems Issue. The Student Contest was completed, and the poems of the first place winners and a list of all student winners are included in this issue (pages 33 – 40).

We extend a special thanks to those of you who made an extra financial contribution to *Pegasus* this year (see page 44). Your generosity made it possible for us to keep our promise to give a paper issue to the poets who were published in our two issues this year.

And thanks to the 70+ poets who submitted their work to *Pegasus*. We hope that our readers enjoy the poems that we published in this issue.

Becky Lindsay, Editor

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My Mother’s Perfume

She wore it charmingly. 
Just for special occasions, 
scent of jasmine and rose. 
He had given it to her when 
their hearts were entwined.

It was expensive; she 
refrigerated her perfume. 
Soon thereafter late night 
calls for him started. She 
pretended it didn’t bother her.

The flower that blooms in 
winter is hardy. She quit 
pretending; the calls stopped. 
My mother’s perfume, 
she wore it charmingly.

Pamela D. Hirte 
Cincinnati, OH
Everything Here Needs Fixing

Dry stalks of corn in the field are waiting, waiting for a harvest that's passed them by. Storms clouds gather, geese are migrating.

Broken shutters, and the door is banging as cold wind blows snowflakes down from the sky; it seems that everything here needs fixing.

Around the mailbox the snow is piling; it won't matter, the postman won't stop by. Storm clouds gather, geese are migrating.

It's been five long years, but who is counting? He broke her heart when he told her good-bye; it seems that everything here needs fixing.

Loneliness comes on like wind that's blowing. She feels its chill as she looks at the sky; storm clouds gather, geese are migrating.

Summer birds knew that winter's not waiting, didn't stick around, they long said good-bye. It seems that everything here needs fixing. Storm clouds gather, geese are migrating.

Charles K. Firmage
Boise, ID
Food, Post-Divorce

Store brand, natural peanut butter slathered on peeled apple slices, accompanied by plain soda crackers; fried egg sandwiches spiked with mayo; boxed macaroni and cheese; tuna and noodle casserole prepared with sautéed onions and her own white sauce. She eats on that for a week.

Some people call it *ghetto food.* She calls it *food I can afford.*

She’s vegetarian by necessity, except the few times she splurges on a whole, rotisserie chicken from Kroger. She stands at the kitchen counter, tears off the juicy meat and crispy, herb-crusted skin and stuffs it into her mouth, oblivious to the grease accumulating on her chin. Leftovers are later recycled into chicken noodle soup.

Several nights a week, her dinner consists of a PayDay candy bar slowly savored during her fifteen minute break: peanuts equal protein, second job equals paid phone bill and gas money. No room for self-pity in the face of these simple equations.

Her favorite equation: emancipation equals recognizing herself again. She calls it *food I can’t afford to do without.*

Kathleen Gregg
Wilmore, KY
Sycamore

My Grandpappy, Theron White, and Old Isham Pulley, Grant’s great-grandfather, quarreled over a strip of land. The deeds were sketchy, measured by tree stumps, boulders, wet-weather springs, natural things that die, move, dry up. Isham took Grandpappy to court. When the judge found Grandpappy’s deed to be older and more reliable, one corner marked by a giant sycamore, a century tree when Grandpappy bought the land, Isham was bull-snorting mad, swearing he’d get revenge if it killed him. A winter night while Grandpappy slept, Isham sneaked over and chopped wedges from the bark. He died of pneumonia a few days later.

The sycamore started to green up the next spring, but the leaves soon turned brown. Months later, the tree flew apart in a tornado, broken branches flung across the strip of rocky soil that turned old men’s hearts to stone.

Elizabeth Howard
Arlington, TN

Memories of Clan

When the sun broke through ice-glazed panes, bestowing light we needed to see: we were good angels, all of us. Laughter pealed, resounded against the creamy walls, soaked floribunda carpets, tamped down pains of discontent
and caused us to wonder again at each other.
Roasted meats, potatoes, gravy,
Mother’s butterscotch pie graced our table.
Grandma’s Blue Willow china,
set on white linen, lent elegance
to the drab order of our lives.
We were stars, we were champions,
we blended into the cosmos of clan.

Oh, magic time!

Lynne Handy
North Aurora, IL

Handle With Care

she isn’t shy
grabs me with both hands
limns my spine
bends me to her will
eyes and skims
scans and scours me
every line and wrinkle
under scrutiny
looks me up and down
inside and out
emits a sigh
a rare smile
her ardor for me
in creases
please hold me
don’t put me back
on the shelf
between poets
$R$ and $T$ !

John R. Secor
Murray, KY
The Skies May Fall

But at Church and 9th
She would never know.
Most mornings
Most dusks,
She is just "there"
On the same bench
Between Rocky
And "for the people"

What's her escape plan
If the skies fall down around
Her, at the corner of hope and
Hopelessness
I can almost read the blank
Page of her mind, her care-less
Visage and her life in a cart

I can almost hear her ears'
Deafness to anything & anyone
I can feel her fading soul
Her hunger without hunger
Her black and white "being there"
Where would she go should
The skies fall down
All fall down

Randy Cox
Nashville, TN
Accidental Allegory

We’d stopped at a miniature horse farm outside Gettysburg:

My husband, the dog lover, discovered a newfound treasure;

our grandson, the adventure seeker, became a small-scale cowboy;

I, the poet, dissected these small equine creatures with new eyes especially the tiny donkey who was blind and moseyed along.

The day came to an abrupt halt when a rabid possum staggered near the wooden shack in back. I grieved for the shaggy, gray mammal, lost and reeling, like the teens in my classes, some moseying, some staggering, all seeking salvation.

Janice Hoffman
Williamsburg, VA
Thought You Had Me

*Dedicated to Ginger, a Kentucky woman, who was permanently paralyzed when her husband threw her across the room.*

Ten years of escalating violence toward me  
With long pauses in between  
A decade after it stopped you told me  
“All I ever wanted to do is make you miserable”  
One morning out of the blue you angrily, forcibly  
Threw me off the bed onto the floor  
Silent anger—no words were spoken  
Like a wave in the ocean the anger receded  
A while later you pinned me against the wall  
Your strong arms encircling my wrists  
Your angry blue eyes glaring at me  
Again no trigger for your rage was evident  
Another day while ironing, the iron  
Fell on the new end table  
You reared your fist back as if to hit me  
Then didn’t  
The violence took a bad turn one day  
I was looking for something in the closet  
You sneaked up behind me and hit me with a ball bat  
I defended myself that time, didn’t I  
In the months before it ended I remember  
You SCREAMING at me every night  
When I came home from working evening shift  
It started the minute I walked in the door  
I couldn’t even tell what you were yelling about  
There was the day you took the distributor cap  
Off the car so I couldn’t get to work  
Were you trying to make me lose my job  
The height of the violence almost happened one day  
I was walking toward the steps
And you came after me saying
“I’m going to beat the _ _ _ _ out of you”
I looked at you, my irascible blue eyed monster, and said
“If you touch me...”
On that I turned and walked up the steps to our bedroom
Closed and locked the door
We didn’t cuddle up together as we slept that night,
Did we
Without you I am like a kite soaring peaceful and free
Thought you had me
You didn’t

Azatutyoun
Somewhere in Kentucky

**Optics Lesson**

Fromm said in love
two remain two
yet become one—

a paradox
we disprove.

What a-pair-lacks
is one vision
of an object

let alone one
way of seeing.

Roxanne Kent-Drury
Ft. Thomas, KY
Where Does Evil Dwell?

The universe knows no evil
nor does it give rise to wickedness.
Nature knows no evil fate or spirits
to lead us in unsavory ways.

We declare evil is a supernatural force
giving rise to demons, the devil,
witches and warlocks and those
who try to lead us into evil ways.

Shamans and priests, social workers
and ministers, holy men and prophets
tell us how to fight and win
the war against the evil ones.

The battle between them and us
is not fought in open combat
but within us where evil dwells
waiting to penetrate our defenses.

James B. Sinclair
Savoy, IL
Life is...

Life is not about dog slobber smudges on windows, locking yourself in the bathroom for brief respite, or making one more peanut butter sandwich. It's not about a clean sink, weed-free garden, or laundering endless piles of dirty socks and jeans.

Life is catching frogs with children, feeding birds, and picking wild Bachelor Buttons. It's the forever time when kids sing silly songs, dance, or cuddle with you and their favorite book.

Life is about a stop at a tiny country cafe, only to discover a pioneer's descendant. It's taking pictures of rickety barns, and gates that once led to a joy-filled family home.

Life is wringing every drop of gladness from happy moments, or the possibility of never dusting again if it means not gathering memory treasures, in preparation for that day when time sits on its hands.

And you don't ever drive after dark anymore, and they're all too busy...

...to notice butterflies.

Gail Denham
Sunriver, OR
On Second Thought

Selective clothes are like old friends:
Dependable, comfortable to be with,
Nice to have around. Years of cohabitation
Create a bond; a sharing of time and circumstance.
But, there comes a time when one must deal
With volume—standing with firm resolution.
Nostalgia must not be a part of the equation.

This dress, I wore to our daughter’s
College graduation. It was a proud day,
But her son starts to college this fall.
That suit was worn to our son’s wedding.
A happy day, but he has a daughter engaged
To be married. I must let them go.

Considering fabric and pattern, the suit
Is definitely first-rate. And the dress; it looks
As though recently purchased from a choice shop.
There’s a pantsuit the children always liked.
I could wear it with the loss of a couple pounds or so.

On second thought, what I obviously need
Is more space. Our den is on the other side
Of the closet wall. So…who needs a den?

Sherry A. Farmer
Grayson, KY
Lather. Rinse. Repeat.

Heat wave in December,
Acid rain eating into my brain,
Sky falling all around us,
But they don’t notice over
The sound of reality tv.
So they just sit and stare
As I shout and pull out my hair;
Too busy to see,
Watching God in a box.
 He tells them what to buy.
 He tells them what to wear.
 He tells them what to think.
Consuming to consume to be consumed.
They can’t hear you unless you smile,
You know—and offer them something
Shiny and new so they can pretend
And forget how they participate in
Their own genocide.
 Pass the popcorn please.
And so now my smile won’t come off
No matter how hard I scrub
 Lather. Rinse. Repeat.
Mother warned me this would happen someday.

Heather M. Lewis
Maysville, KY
Night Along the Susquehanna

1. The moon persists
   In making its faces;
   Taunting the dark water
   Along an ice-locked shore.

   Up in some bony branch
   Of a wizened sycamore, an owl,
   No, perhaps a loon, is telling
   Tall tales it knows nothing

   About. This night is so
   Young, the season so advanced.
   Clouds exist only to hide
   An indiscretion of sky.

2. Each step might as well
   Be a thought; old dreams

   That circle back on itself.
   I heard once that cypress

   Can thrust and pull,
   Lift and drop when no one

   Is near enough to tell
   Their story once removed.
3. Even in May the moon
   Cannot burn off dew;
clouds will not light up stars.

Each knows its role:
   Like the soft
Lacing of a glove.

I stand alone; a sentry
   Pine, searching the wind
For any hidden thoughts.

Richard Luftig
Pomona, CA

Enjoy what nature gives
It is taking care of business
We are the witness
And the participant
Regardless of willing or want
We are it and it us
Sweating salt into the soil
Through our bodies turmoil
Gathering at the center a must
Trust in faith or science
Either way leads to reliance
No ante no cost
We didn’t find our way here
So how can we be lost

PANS
D. J. Scully
Ft. Thomas, KY
Free Verse

Life was not meant to be lived in rhyme,
Forcing the meter, checking the time.
Will it scan, is this the word,
Is this the way it ought to be heard?

Life is free verse, spilling over the edge,
creating stanzas of unequal length, lines uncaptured
by the size of the page,
no scan,
no rhyme.

The way life
   tumbles
   around
on a page
can be breathtaking—
especially if you are waiting for
an ABAB pattern.

     Janice Harris
     Somerset, KY
While Passing Through Luxury

I walked across the vast living room through the ceiling high glass doors out on the terrace and twisted one of the chairs around so it faced the sunset.

Across a lake, a blue haze settled in the hills. A cool breeze wafted up from below like room service. It freshened the air as if it wasn’t fresh enough already.

I could catch a glimpse of a neighbor’s rooftop and a solitary car glinting through a tree-lined roadway but, other than that, I was Paradise’s only citizen that day.

It was a perfect summer’s afternoon, the kind that bullies a city with heat but performs acts of kindness in a private, highly restricted estate.

Only the cream of the cream could own a place like this. I imagined it was mine like I imagined the creamy red horizon was mine.

I’ve always denounced the big shots who live in these mansions. I can’t believe I’m telling you this.

John Grey
Johnston, RI
Copper Kettle Sweetheart

Some folks on the ridge thought Papa called Ma his copper kettle sweetheart ‘cause her hair had both color and sheen of the dented old kettle that Papa kept high-polished and hung from a fat hook in the kitchen and they laughed that Papa likened her so. When ladies met for quilting they would tease Ma and ask didn’t Ma mind that Papa called her that name instead of pretty words? But Ma always answered she was suited.

My sister and seven brothers and me sat beside Pa in the evening, like steps on the porch—and we listened to him play a lively tune on mouth harp or fiddle. But mostly we liked when he told us tales of when he was a boy. He’d point his pipe up at the copper kettle. Ma would say “Not again, Jeb,” but she’d poke her needle pleased-like into her quilt block. I could see by fire’s glow her face flushed a pretty pink.

He’d tell about the time he and his Pa was sent into the cellar by his Ma to bring up some potatoes for her stew. “They were piled way back in a dark corner. And darned if them spuds hadn’t poked new roots into the dirt floor. Sure a puzzlement! Things don’t grow in total dark. Then my Pa noticed the kettle mama kept polished.”
Our eyes went round oohs of surprise although we knew the story well: how a slim beam of afternoon sun came through the coal chute “just about kissing the kettle,” he’d say. “That kettle just being there without plan—that copper kettle so highly polished, just couldn’t help reflect the light that touched right into that dark corner and the spuds couldn’t help be warmed and set down their roots.”

He always ended, “We need a copper kettle in our lives—don’t never forget. Your Ma, she’s my shining copper kettle.”

Madelyn Eastlund
Beverly Hills, FL

“Copper Kettle Sweetheart” by Madelyn Eastlund, first appeared in The Lyric. Vol. 80, No. 2. The poem has been used by the Florida Department of Education for instruction and testing in reading comprehension of poetry.
Feeling you Montenegro

Pain of walking through three countries runs deep
So deep, loud self-coaching began:

“I will walk across you Montenegro.
I didn’t walk 920 miles to walk 920 miles.
I walked 920 miles to walk 1000 miles.
Slovenia, Croatia, Herzegovina. Montenegro.
I can already feel the pain leaving my body.
The relief of the last steps into Albania.
The finish—the sweet finish
Salty taste of tears
Pain and joy mixing with my sweat
I can see my fresh haircut, my clean face and smell
the new boots
The pain won’t matter once I’ve made it.
It never matters once you’ve made it
I will walk across you Montenegro.”

I did
I walked across Montenegro
Then I threw my old boots over a telephone wire
And went for a beer

Sarah Clark
East Coast of Taiwan and
Knoxville, TN
Chili and Bathtubs

my ninth birthday party
house filled with balloons
school friends, family
and that mesmerizing aroma
of Mom’s chili con carne
and homemade chocolate cake
thumps and bangs
the occasional cuss word
emanate from the bathroom upstairs
echo through the festivities
my ninth birthday party
friends, gifts, balloons
chili con carne and cake
and in the bathroom upstairs
our newly installed bathtub
so I, the princess of the moment,
can have the first bath
in a real tub

Becky Alexander
Cambridge, Ontario

The Hurry Up Society

Fred Rogers sang, “I like to take my time…”
Today that’s hard to do.
If you try this, it is a crime.
“Hurry up, don’t waste my precious time.”
No, it’s considered lame—
“Hurry, put away that credit card.”
No matter if you are old or in your prime.
Don’t dawdle. You’ll get no kind looks, no reward.
Yes, clerks don’t care to talk.
Get out of their way, just walk
Since others are waiting or not—
’Cause there isn’t enough time.

Adele Ellery
Cincinnati, OH

Time Enough

As I hurried along the way
I failed to see
The violets that bloomed for me.
In my haste I did not hear
The meadowlark’s clear song.
I did not see the jump rope’s arc
Or hear the children play.
I didn’t see dusk enter dark
Or see the sun’s last rays.
Tomorrow I’ll stop, hear a robin sing
See all the wonders of another spring
But there isn’t time enough today.

Amanda Benton
Paducah, KY
The Morning After

She awoke in the dark of the morning
Cold and alone
Her arm reached out and touched the other side of the bed
Empty and frozen
He had sworn—it was not a one night stand
The night was gone, so was he
Her mind spoke aloud—“When the hell will you ever learn?”
Not enough fingers and toes to count
All the good times had come and gone
Three kids now
All fathered by different men—all missing in action
She had fallen once again
A victim of her own needs
If there is a kindly god—last night’s seed will not take hold
She cried silently and prayed
“Please God – I can’t take care of four”

R. R. Nash
Crestwood, KY

Emergency Aid

Conditions of life
change rapidly,
often too fast
for us to adapt,
so we suffer
flood, fire, war, disease.
The fortunate,
the sheltered,
survive
and accept the words
of reassuring leaders
that help is coming soon.

Gary Beck
New York, NY

From Learning Curve, an unpublished collection concerned with the decline of Western civilization.
Mountain Song II

Old railroad tracks wind in slow lazy curves
round the base of our mountain, deep
in Eastern Kentucky’s coal fields.
They’ve been silent now, long-time abandoned,
rustin’ away and choked with sickly weeds.

The mountain never was really a mountain
more like a big ole hill — but now
all that’s left is this god-awful pile
of clay, rocks and a kinda stinkin’ sludge
that trickles all the way down to the creek.

As for the valley beside the mountain,
Ain’t a valley no more neither.
It’s been filled up with the same ole
toxic mix that got blowed up or clawed off
what was our mountain just a few years back.

Me an’ Will, we used to go a-huntin’
in these parts. Not no more though.
When they stripped the coal out of it,
they stripped the life out too. Outa the land,
Outa the creeks. Purt’ near outa me too.

Now those folks back in Frankfort, an’ up in
Washington, they say they want to
bring back jobs, make coal “king” again.
They want to hear the rumble of progress
once more, and see the miners back to work.

But most ole miners ain’t around no more.
So many died before their time.
Minin’s hard work, a hard life too.
Black coal dust gets in a man’s nose, his mouth
and his lungs; suckin’ the life outa him.
Anyhow, coal ain’t mined by men these days. 
Huge roarin’ machines have taken their jobs. 
   The young men though, so full of hope, 
   like me and Will was years ago, 
will see their hope, like our mountains, disappear.

So sing a song for my once green mountain, 
    that is now a faint memory. 
Sing one too for the miners who’ve gone. 
They all lie still now, used up and long dead. 
The miners. The mountains. My friend Will too.

Charles Finney 
Cincinnati, OH

Steam Driven

Through the hemlock and sycamore 
a white slice of moon in the still-dark sky. 
An echo in the silence. 
Steel to steel grinding through 
Blue Ridge, Cass, 
Fannin County, 
Wheeling.

Slicing through mountainsides, 
propelling around curves, 
thrusting up hillsides, barreling through tunnels, 
whistling its cocksureness in the morning chill 
of the Potomac countryside.

Victoria D. Rose 
Crestwood, KY
Deceased de Resistance

Underneath the whiffle tree Eulalie Bee would make her soup—a special honey-pollen soup. She made it for her big galoot—her worker bee who wore a black and yellow suit. Clyde buzzed all day from flower to flower, then brought his work back home to wow her with a wide selection of nectar confections.

One fateful day Clyde met with Sam, a flimflam bee, who with his wife set up the sting—a fling on film caught Clyde with Ella. They thought to blackmail him but failed; Clyde died—his life abbreviated. The FBI believe he ate some honey-pollen soup—soup filled with salmonella. How Sam and Ella wound up in the soup is anybody’s guess—not even FBI interrogation could make Eulalie Bee confess.

Barbara Blanks
Garland, TX


Morning Musing

The lone grackle leaned over the parking lot light and chattered to the car below where a dog barked then silent until the bird scolded again sending the dog into barks echoing back from the cracked windows until it calmed, and the bird squawked some more to the dog’s annoyance and the bird’s delight.

Diane Webster
Delta, CO
Vacant

I dream about houses, unrealized potential in need of repair. Each night I walk long halls, enter empty, beautiful rooms.

I want to pack up memories and move in, stack them in boxes in a perfect room, then open them, experiences spilling out, and marvel at the contents.

I want to slide down the halls in my sock feet, pirouetting at the end, throwing my arms high for a perfect 10.

In my waking hours, I shake the boxes, but there is no answering rattle, no shuffle, no sound. Like the rooms, they are empty, memories replaced with the crash of metal and the crushing force of lost time.

I was there once, I know it, and here, and there. I saw it, the pictures say so. I knew her, I knew him.

Julia Anne Miller
Louisville, KY

As the country becomes more urban and small towns lose their high schools and downtown businesses, the documentation and memorializing of rural America has become urgent. Paul Stroble's first poetry collection remembers a sweet Midwestern time and place of cast-iron storefronts, pre-McDonald's hamburger joints, and produce stands where you're on your honor to pay while the owner naps. A wider world beckons—down at the Electric Hobo record shop, the poet “dreamed my young life/by music in cardboard sleeves.” The two-lane highway pulls him east and west, as does the whistle of the late train. But to leave means always looking back to the placid life of the town, where the moral order is everyone's responsibility. A speed trap in the next village functions as a Gospel lesson:

. . . I think of that cop, that legendary speed cop of Magenville, as if he were the founder of a school of thought who never wrote any teachings yet left his endless echoes, so that he need not be here anymore but people know, they know what they should do. Then they teach the truth to generations.

Here, families have a history with the land and that anchors them. In “Hopewell Point,” finding an arrowhead opens up visions of a lost Native American culture. “The Emigrant” describes a pioneer woman arriving where Revolutionary land grants have already been carved out of the wilderness, but “loving the place/to which she'd never return.” Later, in “Settlement,” we learn her name: “Rachel McKay . . . arrived from Ayrshire in 1832.” “County Fairground” relates a Civil War incident involving Great-Grandad McKay.

Lest you think you know all about such a town, there’s Larry Gillespie down at the auto repair shop, who

*Continued on Page 40*
2017 STUDENT CONTEST WINNERS

CATEGORY 1 – GRADES 3 & 4

Rain

It comes in quietly,
unnoticed
small drops on silent wings
But then Crack!
Boom!
It rains down with
such malice,
such hate,
trying to knock
birds out of the sky,
trying to drown
the small creatures
that walk across
the earth.
It stops suddenly,
and lingers, ashamed
of what it’s done
hoping for forgiveness.
It quietly passed by
forever banished.
White clouds of hope
and peace take its
place, painted in the
friendly blue sky.
The earth at peace
again.

Morgan Mounce
Somerset, KY
Justice’s Touch

No justice,
No peace,
Not just on the bus,
But in the seats.

From a whistle,
To a cry,
It was that simple,
But why?

He had a special dream,
but evil had a scheme,
Just as it would seem.

Now more than ever,
Their lives matter,
As they should forever,
So don’t let his dream shatter!

As this is too much,
For just one,
For with justice’s touch,
Together we’ll all have
Fun!

Kiana McHolan
Columbia, KY
As the Sun goes to Sleep

The wet sand works its way between my toes, tickling them like my dad did when I was younger. I turn around to see the waves crashing and the water wiping away the trace of my many footprints, making a clean canvas again.

I get speckles of water on my clothes as my siblings and I splash around in the ankle-deep water. As we jump over the little waves that try to tackle our feet, we laugh together.

I sit down in the sand, reach out my hand in front of me, and begin to draw. I carve my name into the damp sand, filling the space around me with drawings, and watch the salty ocean water wash it away, just to do it again.

I stop to tilt my head up and see the pink and orange colors in front of me painting the sky. As the sun goes to sleep, I sit on the sand, hearing my family laugh, the waves crash, and the beating of my heart, and I can’t think of a better way to end this beautiful day.

Sophia Sommers
North Canton, OH
My life

You've got a wide variety of shows,
You waste so much of my time,
when I'm watching you I eat churros,
I watch you as a pastime.

Because of you I never socialize,
I sit at home and binge watch,
Because of you I never exercise,
I stuff my face with butterscotch,

You tell me I should watch this,
When I'm already watching Family Guy,
When I'm watching you I'm in bliss,
But after a while I have to say, “bye,”

For Netflix is my one and only,
Without you I would be lonely.

Luke Gagliano
Morehead, KY
Rules I Broke

I walked to the dock past ten
even though state regulations say
I must be in a tent by then
and laid down
no cloth
no blanket
no baseball cap beneath my hair.
I watched the wind prod at
Monet’s dotted sky and called
an orange cluster Orion
because I felt like it
and opened a can full
of night crawlers
someone left close to
the water
took one
and dangled an arm over the edge,
fingers touching the lake’s,
resting on my stomach,
chin in the crook of my elbow
and watched bluegills
flitter out between the dock posts
and back under
not a single one biting
and yet feeling like
I’ve caught a million.

Katrin Flores
Lexington, KY
2017 KY State Poetry Society Student Contest Winners

Category 1 (3rd and 4th Grades)

1st Place  “Rain” by Morgan Mounce, Oak Hill Elementary School, Somerset, KY
2nd Place  “Regrets of a Shut in” by Brennan Hoskins, Eastside Elementary, Cynthiana, KY
3rd Place  “Roller Coaster” by Courtney Hershberger, Auburn School, Auburn, KY
1st HM  “The Pitcher” by Brooklyn Ferrell, Menifee Co. School, Wellington, KY
2nd HM  “Inside the Music” by Alexis Loveless, Anchorage, KY
3rd HM  “One Big Dream” by Breanna Jones, Menifee Co. School, Frenchburg, KY

Category 2 (5th and 6th Grades)

1st Place  “Justice’s Touch” by Kiana McHolen, Adair County Elementary, Columbia, KY
2nd Place  “Would You Be Sad?” by Cameron Belt, MRJDC, McCracken Co., Paducah, KY
3rd Place  “Whisper” by Zoe Smith, Campbell Co. Middle, Wilder, KY
1st HM  “Where I’m From” by Norah Masri, Louisville Collegiate, Louisville, KY
2nd HM  “Tick Tock” by Autumn Davidson, Owsley Elementary, Booneville, KY
3rd HM  “Peculiar Pets” by Emilie Zengle, Campbell Co. Middle School, Alexandria, KY
2017 KY State Poetry Society Student Contest Winners

Category 3 (7th and 8th Grades)

1st Place  “As the Sun Goes to Sleep” by Sophia Sommers, Lake Center Christian School, N. Canton, OH
2nd Place  “Yesterday..Today..Tomorrow” by Clacy White, Auburn Elementary, Auburn, KY
3rd Place  “Ocean” by Hayley Hulse, Lake Center Christian School, Hartville, OH
1st HM    “Finding Peace” by Emmeline Stoltzfus, Lake Center Christian School, N. Canton, OH
2nd HM    “Swish” by Gabe Halcomb, Lake Center Christian School, Uniontown, OH
3rd HM    “Home” by Spencer Plum, Lake Center Christian School, N. Canton, OH

Category 4 (9th and 10th Grades)

1st Place  “My Life” by Luke Gagliano, Rowan Co. High School, Morehead, KY
2nd Place  “My Summer Ride” by Nathan Bessant, Rowan Co. High School, Morehead, KY
3rd Place  “Call Me Naïve” by Claire Qian, Lafayette High School, Lexington, KY
1st HM    “Seasons” by Allyah Barker, Rowan Co. High School, Morehead, KY
2nd HM    “Truancy” by Maggie Luttrell, Casey County High School, Dunnville, KY
3rd HM    Wednesday;” by Makensey Mays, Rowan County High School, Morehead, KY
2017 KY State Poetry Society Student Contest Winners

Category 5 (11th and 12th Grades)

1st Place   “Rules I Broke” by Katrn Flores, Lafayette High School, Lexington, KY
2nd Place   “A Lyric’s Luck” by Jamin Waite, Lafayette High School, Lexington, KY
3rd Place   “Ode to Silence” by Margaret Williams, Lehighton Area High School, Lehighton, PA
1st HM      “The Daily Battle” by Chelsea Hutnick, Lehighton Area High School, Ashfield, PA
2nd HM      “The Fallen Tree” by Michael Blackletter, Lehighton High School, Lehighton, PA
3rd HM      “Deceit” by Josie Flugger, Lehighton Area High School, Lehighton, PA

Book Beat (From Page 32)

. . . sang “La donna è mobile”
as he fixed your engine knock

and banged the wheels into place
in time with “Vedi! Le fosche notturne.”

And that’s the thing about small towns which Stroble makes abundantly clear: There is no typical small town. The particular is unique, although, paradoxically, in the hands of a writer like Stroble, the universal resides within the particular. And in the last poem, “Bucking Bales,” out in flyover country, a person can find a lifetime of solace in a line of trees:

“They’re pretty, and when you walk them
you feel like you’re sharing the day with a friend
who wants the best for you
and never lets you down.”

***

KSPS members may send their poetry books for review to Elaine Palencia, 3006 Valleybrook Drive, Champaign IL 61822. Send inquiries to efpalenci@gmail.com.
**Bio-Bits**

**Becky Alexander** (p. 25) was born and raised in the small town of Hespeler, ON. She is a poet and memoir writer whose work has won more than 200 awards. She has been published in five Canadian provinces, twenty-one U.S. states and seven countries. She runs Craigleigh Press, a micro-publishing company.

**Azatutyoun** (p. 12-13) hopes that by writing about her difficult experiences she will encourage other women in similar situations to find their own voice and freedom.

**Gary Beck** (p. 27) has spent most of his adult life as a theater director, and as an art dealer. He has published short stories, novels and 11 chapbooks of poetry and has three more accepted for publication. His original plays and translations of Moliere, Aristophanes and Sophocles have been produced Off Broadway.

**Amanda Benton** (p. 26) lives in Paducah, KY. She discovered early in life that she loved words. Now, she looks for poems all around her.

**Barbara Blanks** (p. 30) is the Recording Secretary and Librarian for Poetry Society of Texas, as well as the president/editor of *A Galaxy of Verse*. (www.barbara-blanks.com) She is the author of four books, her newest being *Not Quite Leaping Puddles*. Her work appears in a variety of publications and anthologies.

**Sarah Clark** (p. 24) is currently living as an expat in Taiwan on the East Coast, where she teaches English, studies Chinese and attempts surfing on the weekends. Her students give her endless writing material, and the ocean and foreign living helps her to evoke emotion through words.

**Randy Cox** (p. 10) has been a music publisher for the past 40 years in Nashville, TN, directing the careers of many successful songwriters and recording artists. His own lyrics, set to music, have been published by over a dozen choral publishers worldwide. Currently, he is a publisher, choral director, adjunct professor, consultant, poet and Lay Cistercian of Gethsemani Abbey.

**Gail Denham** (p. 15) For 36 plus years, Gail Denham’s writing and photography have been published nationally and internationally. These days, her muse is shown through poetry, short stories and photos. Gail belongs to over twenty state poetry societies and often leads writing workshops.

**Madelyn Eastlund** (p. 22-23) served as past president of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies (1994) and as president of the Florida State Poets Association (2010). She retired in 1990 as a Creative Writing and Poetry Writing instructor in New York, California, and finally Florida where she taught for the Withlacoochee Institute and Central Florida Community College.
Adele Ellery (p. 26) is a member of the Monday Morning Writers Group in Cincinnati, OH. She likes to write short stories and recently tried her hand at poetry and, now, novel writing.

Sherry A. Farmer (p. 16) didn’t necessarily plan to become a poet, but is grateful that the gift was given. She is happy when, from the shadows, the essence of a poem appears. She knows joy when a poem is realized and freed to fly.

Charles Finney (p. 28-29) was born in Louisville, Kentucky. He found his way to Cincinnati in 1960 as a member of the news team at WKRC Radio and later WKRC TV. He was eventually drawn into advertising (in which he honed his fiction writing skills). Other than dabbling in limericks, he didn't find expression in poetry in earnest until this year.

Charles K. Firmage (p. 6) has spent time in the South. His poems often have a country or blues flavor. He is a member of ASCAP, KSPS, Poetry Society of Tennessee and poetry groups in several other states.

Kathleen Gregg (p. 7) has been writing poetry, seriously, for five years. She takes classes at Carnegie Center in Lexington, KY, on a regular basis, and is a graduate of the Author Academy program offered there. Currently, she is working on her first poetry chapbook.

John Grey (p. 21) is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in New Plains Review, South Carolina Review, Gargoyle and Big Muddy Review with work upcoming in Louisiana Review, Cape Rock and Spoon River Poetry Review.

Lynne Handy (p. 8-9) is a retired librarian who lives in North Aurora, Illinois, where she enjoys nature, and writes poems, essays, short stories, and reviews. She is the author of Spy Car and other Poems, In the Time of Peacocks, and The Untold Story of Edwina.

Janice Harris (p. 20) is an active member of the Pulaski Writers Alliance. She is a graduate of Berea College, and her works have appeared in PWA anthologies, Mosaics I and II. She enjoys doing volunteer work and loving her grandchildren.

Pamela D. Hirte (p. 5) grew up in Florida and later moved to the Midwest to earn a Master’s degree in Business Administration. Today, she is a Master Gardener and spends her time outdoors. likes to practice mindfulness while gardening and writing poetry. Hirte’s poems can be read at www.poemsbypam.com.
Janice Hoffman (p. 11) Born in Kentucky and raised in southern Indiana, Janice now lives in Virginia. She holds bachelor’s and master’s degrees from Indiana University and teaches at the post-secondary level. Her work appears in *Snowy Egret, POEM, The Canadian Writers’ Journal, Women Who Write*, and other literary journals.

Elizabeth Howard (p. 8) now lives in Arlington, TN. Her work has appeared in *Comstock Review, Big Muddy, Appalachian Heritage, Cold Mountain Review, Poem, Mobius, Now & Then* and other journals.

Roxanne Kent-Druy (p. 13) is an Associate Professor at Northern Kentucky University, where she teaches creative writing and literature. She learned the rhythms of poetry from her grandfather, who recited from memory long poems by Tennyson, Service, and Wilde. She lives in Fort Thomas, KY, with her husband, son, father, and three dogs, where she takes pleasure in exasperating neighbors with a front yard herb and vegetable garden.

Heather M. Lewis (p. 17) completed her BA in English at Morehead State University and plans to pursue her MA. Although her passion has been fiction, she has recently began to write poetry as a part of her studies at Morehead. This is her first appearance in *Pegasus*.

Richard Luftig (p. 18-19) a former professor of educational psychology and special education at Miami University in Ohio, now resides in California. A recipient of the Cincinnati Post-Corbett Foundation Award for Literature and a semi-finalist for the Emily Dickinson Society Award, his poems have appeared in numerous literary journals in the United States and internationally.

Julia Anne Miller (p. 31) is a doctoral student at Union Institute & University in Cincinnati. She has taught undergraduate philosophy at U.C. and Stony Brook University. She has published poetry in a variety of literary journals, and most recently written poetry related to sustaining a traumatic brain injury.

R. R. Nash (p. 27) Ron is a retired Psycho Therapist. He served with Los Angeles Police Department for 21 years before he earned a Masters Degree in Clinical Psychology. He has worked as a Drug Addiction Counselor for the state of Kentucky. He is a certified Domestic Violence Counselor. He has served as Court Appointed Special Advocates for the Kentucky Family Court system. He began writing Poetry in his late sixties.

Rachana Rahman (p. 1) came to USA in 1993. Her stories and poems have been published in *The Kentucky River, KUDZU, Best New Writing, Trajectory, and Eastern Iowa Review*. She completed her minor in Creative Writing and major in Computer Science from Kentucky State
University and worked for the Kentucky State as a Programmer Analyst.

**Victoria D. Rose** (p. 29) has been a member of the Green River Writers for ten years and a participant in Thursday Poets with Ernie O’Dell. She is also a member of the Clear Creek Writers of Shelbyville, and with The Chartreuse Table. A grandmother and great grandmother, she lives in Crestwood, KY, with her husband and dog, Lulu.

**D. J. Scully** (p. 19) lives in Fort Thomas, KY. He is an environmental educator and a certified arborist. He prefers to put the title to his poems below the poems rather than above.

**John R. Secor** (p. 9) is Associate Professor of Romance Languages Emeritus at Morehead State University (KY). He writes poetry in both French and English.

**James B. Sinclair** (p. 14) is Professor Emeritus from the University of Illinois, Urbana. Earlier in life, he was a laboratory scientist and a docent at two museums at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. At 90+ years old, he studies poetry writing in OLLI (Osher Lifelong Learning Institute) courses.

**Diane Webster’s** (p. 30) goal is to remain open to poetry ideas in everyday life or nature or an overheard phrase and to write from her perspective at the moment. Many nights she falls asleep juggling images to fit into a poem. Her work has appeared in *Philadelphia Poets, Illya's Honey, River Poets Journal* and other literary magazines.

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**A Big Thank You!**

Our thanks go out to the following people who helped to sponsor the publication of *Pegasus* in 2017. Their generosity enabled us to provide paper copies to our contributing poets as we had promised to do: Joann Black, E. Gail Chandler, Gail Denham, Adele Ellery, Lynne C Handy, Christopher J. Helvey, Vivian Kline, Paul E. Stroble, Jr., and Barbara Wade.
Kentucky State Poetry Society Membership

KSPS members benefit from being part of a network of poets who encourage and support each other.

KSPS publishes three issues of its poetry journal, *Pegasus*, per year. In the past, all issues have been produced in paper. The journal is now establishing an online presence.

KSPS is a member of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies (NFSPS), so our members not only receive *Pegasus* and KSPS newsletters, but also have access online to the NFSPS newsletter (*Strophes*).

KSPS conducts three poetry contests per year: the Adult Contest, the Awards Weekend Contest, and the Student Contest. Members can enter poems in both the KSPS Adult Contest and the NFSPS annual contest at reduced rates. The Awards Weekend Contest is open at no cost to participants in the annual poetry conference in October. The Student Contest reaches out to public, parochial, and homeschool students statewide and nationally.

To join or renew your membership, copy and fill out the form below. Mail with your check to Mary Allen, KSPS Membership Chair, 1092 Chinoe Road, Lexington, KY 40502-3098.

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