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

Spring Snowstorm

One evening among warming spring days a roving winter storm roars in and great white flakes of snow race across my windowpane like packs of leopards and cheetahs chasing herds across darkening plains.

Next morning black tree branches and fence rails topped with last night’s white cover look like okapi and zebra browsing silent in the sunshine, nosing snow aside to find spring’s new shoots.

Don Fleming
Crescent Springs, KY
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Nothing stays the same these days. Last year, in response to many of you who use the Internet, KSPS progressed to publishing *Pegasus* online. [http://www.kystatepoetrysociety.org/pegasus](http://www.kystatepoetrysociety.org/pegasus) Those who wanted paper copies could acquire them for $5.00/copy from the editor. Because the annual membership fees do not cover the production and mailing costs for *Pegasus*, we are offering paper copies of the 2018 issues for those who want them, but at $7.42/copy. ($7.00 plus 6% state sales tax) During the past year, legislation passed by the state assembly requires that we now charge sales tax for purchases of *Pegasus*.

In 2019, things will change again. At the annual meeting held October 6, 2018, in Berea, KY, the Executive Board raised the annual membership fee for all adult members to $35.00 (student fees $15.00) beginning January 1, 2019, with the provision that those who would like a paper copy of each *Pegasus* issue may obtain them at no extra cost by indicating their desire on the membership form. Extra copies will be available at $7.42/copy.

Thanks to all of you who have contributed to and supported *Pegasus*. In the past, we have awarded to contributors a paper copy of the journal containing their poem(s). We would like to continue that practice. In order to do so, we will need the funds. If you would like to help us provide those copies, please make a donation directed to KSPS and earmarked for *Pegasus*.

Becky Lindsay, Editor
Of Affronted Keyboards and the Limits Of Regret

On a rainy afternoon, I spilled coffee on my laptop, (one teaspoon packing the impact of an iceberg). After days of drying, all letters but z revived. There went work on my zombie novel, *ombie* producing more laughter than fear. It could have been an e, of course, ruling out *he, she, the*, and, yes, *coffee*, so the first line might read: 
*On a rainy afternoon, I spilled coff on my kyboard.* 
Or, perhaps worse, an *i*, erasing first person. Some changes would be easier, like losing an *h*, stories about my *horse* becoming stories about my *pony*, or *m*, shifting *emotion* to *feeling*, *rambling* to *discursive*, though the murder mystery wouldn’t be written at all, unless the victim were *killed, wasted, slayed* (even *homicide* being off limits). I find myself wishing I’d lost *x*, not *z*, able to write around *exigencies (needs)*, and *fix (repair)*, but what would I do without xoxoxoxo, or the crisis I feel, *existential*?

C.G. Thompson
Greenville, NC
When A Snowflake Falls

I walk slowly into the falling snow. 
The black cat follows my footprints. 
Quietly, we weave through the woods 
Seeking refuge and seclusion.

Our destination, a cedar thicket. 
Under their scented green limbs 
Lay the soft, dry oak leaves. 
Not there by choice.

I decide to rest on the dry leaves, 
He rubs my arm, settles in my lap. 
Silence in the cedars.

I am thinking—mother mistreated me. 
He—turns to the movement under the leaves, 
Adjusting his ears to locate the source.

I hear something, it startles me. 
Beside my wet shoe, on a leaf, a lacy snowflake 
Has come to rest, ending its life-long journey.

I heard a snowflake fall!

I touch him softly. 
Our green eyes meet. 
I whisper, “I heard a snowflake fall.” 
He looks at me with understanding. 
It’s about time, he conveys with his look, 
And turns his head to listen again.

Vivian M. Kelley 
Frankfort, KY
Our Dwelling Along the River Banks

Rain, then more rain softened the heated earth. Nitrogen pelleted fescue seemingly jumped to the sky, Unevenly due to the imprinted furrows of fallen limbs And shaken summer leaves which crowned The wind stormed waves as if our yard were the backdrop For a newer rendition of America The Beautiful. Pushing the lawn mower had not been a recent option. Upon this disordered palette the hired mulching crew Was dispatched pre-lunch by the office sales guy Who certainly would not be shoveling soggy shavings. As more rain soaked the laborers bearing The treasure of nine cubic yards in their truck bed, I hid my lack of envy from behind curtained windows, Peering at their barrow propulsion, knowing a transient Black appearance to my flower beds was artificial, I nonetheless admired the deliberate assembly Three men imparted while creating only minimal ruts. By post dinnertime inspection, I was appalled That the Bagginses or Brandybuck chipmunks Had rearranged the earth of the herb garden Just so they could return to their Shire.

Jonathan Singer M.D.  
Maineville, OH
Two by D.J. Scully of Ft. Thomas, KY

The diamond ring
Light budding around all beings
Showing itself
Wealth and death
Plurality and totality
Darkness causing focus
Unity with the most of us
A few hours of reality
The sun, the moon, and we

Eclipse

Fawn spots on the lawn
The shade of the moon so strong
Leaves splatter the dark nights’
Light is deceiving
Absence showing meaning
Like stalagmites and stalactites
Search for equilibrium
The words and music forming song
Coalescing around sound
Or in the latter, nothing
The profound now of
The cave’s vacant how

Mammoth
Four Haiku by Brian Barnett of Frankfort, KY

clear trickling spring
shimmering rocks in a stream
frothy waterfall

cemetery trees
gnarled weathered bones
looming over graves

a black sheet of ice
stirring currents underneath
a winter window

sandstone bridge crossing
those countless pilgrimages
a rite of passage

Flash Flood

Quiet
Serene calm
Bluish lazy river
Hot sultry ominous wind
Swift black cloud
Mighty rain
Flood

JoAnn Finley Black
Somerset, KY
Deliberate

A woman
who’s lost a child
gathers up dinner plates,
wine glasses and silverware,
slow and methodical,
avoiding any disturbing clatter,
deposits them softly,
one by one, in the sink.

Her husband
stays behind,
still seated at the table,
feeling a little fatter
but no wiser.
The after-life still sounds
more like a threat to him
than a release.

She will fulfill her duties as before,
but in a more measured way.
No dust motes will stay long
on the carpet, on the television,
but, even with her vacuum cleaner
working overtime, it will feel
as if she’s picking up dirt
like it’s lint from a sweater,
one grain at a time,
mechanical and deliberate,
requiring her utmost concentration,
anything to prevent her
from crying out.
Her husband
is working on ways
to ask her how she’s feeling.
In the meantime,
she is working on ways
not to feel.

John Grey
Johnston, RI

To Harry

Go forth from this world
on crashing waves
and a quiet prayer
on harsh strong winds
and a calming song

Go forth from this world
on waves and wind
and love and laughter
for you have brought us joy.

Dorie Hubbard
Berea, KY
Pain Pills

They give Fentanyl for pain, so, when my friend passed me a tablet, I was just chewing aspirin to forget college debts and family pressure to find a job in line with their dreams.

The patches they shared, I stuffed in the sleeve of my shirt, skipped class, and found a space to sit and chew through plastic. I woke in the dark, my mouth on fire, swollen with pain.

I clear dishes in a kitchen but can’t last the shift. I walk streets to find the next fix that keeps me tethered in a world of shifting shadows, where the people I know are just searching for pills.

Diana Becket
Cincinnati, OH
Delicious Red Apple

Delicious red apple thereon the desk.
Ripe and polished, its juices
reliable, savory, and memorable
against the palate of life.
Lessons taught and learned.
Honored and celebrated young minds
navigate which paths to travel or abandon.

Meanwhile, beyond classroom walls,
cautionary words, voices, stories—ignored.
Why listen to them? Who, then, would
hear children’s cries and laughter, dreaming of a life?
see their tears and smiles?
feel their sorrow and joy?
More voices, more noise — year after year after year.

One day, an insidious awakening.
Pillars of learning, shaken and weakened:
testing, class size, unions, pensions, funding.
Unraveling an institution. Slow, methodical.
Finally those words, voices, stories—heeded.
Inner confusion followed.
Inner turmoil emerged.
Inner hopelessness claimed victory.

So, the weary, older body, mind, and soul retired.
And each day since
in public education, destruction continues.
But the retired now feel rested and younger,
ready to help nurture that
delicious red apple thereon the desk.

Kimberly Ann Schwarz
Milford, OH
Dichotomy

Somewhere between sorting socks and Changing sheets, I abandon real time. I wander down literary lanes, Smell the metaphors, pluck and suckle The plots. My fingers search for a rip In the fabric of the world. I slip through Into another, different, yet not dissimilar.

I revel in the light, engage the citizens, Join the dance, sample the angst. The round-faced girl in wire rims Pleads tell my story. The man in the Broad-brimmed hat shows me the Cramped closet in the barn where he Hid his brother from the guard.

Abruptly, I return to the tear, struggle Back into the dullness of domesticity, The necessary grinding of gears. I face the stacked sink. Perfume Does not dispel discontent or the Acrid odor of unchanged clay. I search through piles of paper For my pen, grasp at the Slivers of sun seeping through the slit.

Becky Lindsay
Crestview Hills, KY
21 Grams

Lately I’ve been thinking about my own mortality and just how fragile life can be. They claim that at the time of death, when your soul leaves your body you lose 21 grams of weight. If we’re counting, that’s 8 pennies. That’s nineteen jelly beans. Or 15 paper clips if you will. Better yet, one hundred raindrops on a chilly autumn morning.

It troubles me to think that everything that makes us unique carries so little weight. It seems so insignificant.

When I die I want the sun to supernova and the earth to spin off its axis. I want the oceans to be at rest so the tide never comes back in.

When I leave this earth I want people to wonder how they could ever go on in my absence. 21 grams isn’t enough. My soul feels so much heavier than that.

Joseph Fulkerson
Owensboro, KY
Empty Things

Boxes under the dried-out tree on Christmas morning

Old purses in the guest room closet down the hall

Our house when we used to leave for work each day

My abdomen that December morning in Louisville in 1997

Thoughts, or no thoughts, as I survive my son’s suicide.

Janice Hoffman
Williamsburg, VA

Seasoned

…Pleiades*

Silly, isn’t it, how much stress we allow to fester, saving it up like an IRA of the spirit, coddling worry that eats strange hollows in our souls, large, receptive, saturated with nasty aftertaste.

Gail Denham
Sunriver, OR

*The poetic form, Pleiades, named for the Seven Sisters star cluster, features a single word title followed by a seven line stanza, each line of the stanza beginning with the same letter as the title.
The Ache of Loss

Dear daughter,
come sit with me.
Let us grieve together.
I cannot stare at the stars
decorating the blanket in the sky
and be alone tonight.
We need not speak of loss.
Silent angels will cradle
our slumped shoulders, our bowed heads.

We treasured your father’s smiles and hugs.
He sang to us when we grew sad.
Dear one, sit by my side.
We’ve spoken enough of sorrow today.
Time now to quiet our sadness.
Let’s sniff the sweetness of summer.

Do you think we could hum a tune,
begin to lift that heavy stone,
find a path to a place of peace
and, slowly like the rising moon,
mend and heal our withered hearts?

No, not soon, not nearly soon.
But yes, one day our tears will dry.
Night will fade; we’ll welcome dawn,
and our hearts will slowly rise again
to dance on this porch
with the morning glories.

Noel Zeiser
Cincinnati, OH
Covered Bridge

Green for a famine land, the bridge was down the church road, over the north fork of Little River, a Kodachrome attraction for vacationers.

It once had a sign that announced a $5 fine if you led any beast faster than a walk or drove more than twelve horses or cattle, or rode your horse at a gallop.

Cillian Bell had a patent on his design, the special way his lattice trusses supported weight and the attractiveness of the portal: good money in his design, his reliable work.

He also built the Embarrass River bridge, down in those bottom lands near U.S. 50, and they say he asked for burial beneath a pin oak, beside our bridge that was wrecked in the flood of ‘62 when the river and its streams spread water over twenty townships, carried off houses, crops as well, and nearly anyone you’d ask of a certain age remembers and laments the bridge, still on local brochures.
The prestressed concrete bridge that took its place has its own believers: anyone who needs to take the church road, after all,

my Sunday trips,
every farm family of the township and the undetected soul who, for memory, paints it green.

Paul Stroble
St. Louis, MO

Colville Bridge over Hinkston Creek
Bourbon County, KY

Sketch from “Kentucky’s Covered Bridges” by Miriam L. Woolfolk
Former Editor of Pegasus
Used with Mrs. Woolfolk’s permission
Loaded Dice

It's two in the morning
and my wife and kids
have been asleep
for hours
and the streets are
empty
and the old house
is so quiet
that I can
hear the
words
tumble
across my mind
like loaded
dice
and the
poems
post themselves
on the
naked
pages.

Christopher Helvey
Frankfort, KY

Haiku

What if wished-on stars
fell from heaven to ocean
washed up on the beach

Sandi Keaton-Wilson
Somerset, KY
Heading South Through Mountain Peaks

Zip past Renfroe Valley and Corbin, Kentucky in frosty January.
Ride the ridge of sandstone over the Cumberland Mountains.

Here, trickling waters have draped an icy dress down the cliff lined wall fashioned frozen sentinels like upright mummies wrapped in white muslin.

Icicles salute us on our way south, later wayfarers will miss their blessings as the sun relieves the sentinels of their watch.

Lori Goff
Walled Lake, MI

The Chase

Gracefully she moved across the open ground leaving trees, hills and hay bales behind Escaping to the safety of the green and yellow leaves And the sound of the fast moving stream Chased by two black dogs, whose short legs Had no chance of catching up with her

Dorie Hubbard
Berea, KY
Old Vinyl

I rescued you
from a yellowing gloom
in the powdering pulp
of a paper sleeve

You thanked me
with the dried scent
of damp roots
and old libraries

You spoke to me
in a calming crackle
and the dust of age
loosened in your throat

I heard you
and you told me
how to feed
my taste for time

Joshua Dilley
Glasgow, KY

Over the Edge

The table cloth travels beyond
its absolute parallel with the table,
and it rejoices! feeling curves and wrinkles
instead of linear attention --
even draping toward the floor
in gleeful balance before gravity pulls,
and it crumples on the floor with maybe
one more thread count over the edge…
until her hands straighten the jumble,
And the cloth and table merge as one again.

Diane Webster
Delta, CO
Twilight Days
For Mama

You are going as surely as a fish slips the hook, an apple drops, a maple helicopter spins away. You say that it’s like a child learning to walk, that she’ll know when she is ready. That you will know. And I am supposed to watch you trek toward the horizon to meet a red and yellow dawn. I’m supposed to celebrate your new beginning. The hell I will. I’ll be alone and out of porridge. Oliver Twist. Jane Eyre. The Little Match Girl.

E. Gail Chandler
Shelbyville, KY

Third place winner, Mississippi Poetry Society’s contest, 2013

Deteriorate

With each step forward,
I feel a tension growing,
Muscles pulling,
And bones creaking.

With each step forward,
My breath becomes shorter,
My heart pumps slower,
And my brain turns into mush.

With each step forward,
I cry.
Feeling like my body
Can no longer keep up
With my dreams.

Brooke Crouch
Lexington, KY
Polaris and the Big Dipper

In Wilmot, New Hampshire
a light is out.
I first learned on Tuesday.
And it still seems odd,
a different, solemn sadness
to lose a mentor.

Once, over my desk
I taped pictures of space
in black and white to the wall.
Clipped from an old encyclopedia,
edges curled in sheaves
from another life.

I had hoped he would begin
to write poetry again.
Saturday,
I was trying to finish a sestina,
correcting typos,
making new submissions,
angry at myself for making
the dumbest mistakes.

Two stars
in Polaris’ bowl
shift,
change alignment’s
slightest hold.
Their shape
slightly mutates over time,
the burning glow of their resist.

Light of carbon gas
escapes
bends through water,
reflected on a lake.
Still,
this force disturbs the nebula and enzymes.
Polaris and the Big Dipper,
cast-off
bits from life
that flare and shine.

John Timothy Robinson
Gallipolis Ferry, WV

I Have Tasted The Rain

The falling arpeggios
Clearly touching lightly
Fertile, fallow earth
Just ripe for growth

Settling dirt devils with
Tiny droplets, eyes now
Blinded, they retreat
And soon are gone

My brother and I parade
With our mouths open wide
Catching, swallowing
As each drop falls

The taste, unmistakable
The fresh simplicity,
I can’t ask for more,
Filled to the brim

I will always remember
The long and sacred hours
Standing in the rain,
Saturated

Randy Cox
Nashville, TN
Tea for Thought

Stirring soft memories
tea swirled
in white porcelain.
Strong. Hot. Wet.

Strands of steam
wafting, twining up
ropes of quiet thought
on silent braided wing.

Cup in hand
round and warm
sharing heat
with fingers gnarled and worn.

Waiting long and longer,
waiting for I know not what nor why.
Lifting cup to wanting lips.
Sip the sultry brew.

Dorothy Jeanette Martin
Cincinnati, OH

Finish the Dream

We meet each night
Pouring rain or moonlight
Fog or snow, I still go
It is the place, where I see your face
Awakened by life again, it would seem
That my only wish is to finish the dream

Amy Alisabeth Bates
Graham, KY
Anamorphosis

Just to look
In those beautiful eyes
gray/green soft,
Limpid gentle doe eyes
Exotic slow blinking
Exemplifying liquidity
Exuding caring,
Surely loving

And then, and then
And then, change
Oh, not in a flash
But with nascent graduality

Eyes change.

The eyes darkening gray
Into a hard cold stare
Blinking gone
Narrowed now by
Some sort of rage
Untendered from present life
Face and nose turning cold
Cold blooded herpetologic stare
Intense, velvety soft touch gone,
And at such a moment, forgotten

Harrie Buswell
Cloverport, KY
Come Play with Me

He emerges from the playroom
Where jumbo jets carry
Family members to distant places
Like Chicago and Colorado
Luggage must be loaded
And gas poured in

The control tower signals all in readiness
Round and round the room
The plane flies only to return to base
As he readies for the next adventure

I know the routine well
Only a few weeks ago
I occupied the powerful seat
Near the control tower

But today I must rest
Stationary in my living room chair
“Papa,” he says, as he pokes his head next door
“We need to make a tent”

Last week Aaron and I
Made a tent of two chairs and a blanket
We were camping
Snuggled safely from the wild beasts outside

But today my shortness of breath
Takes away my legs
“I’m sorry Aaron, I can’t play today”

A few minutes pass and Aaron returns
“Papa come to the playroom I have a surprise”
“I’m sorry Aaron I can’t play today”
Still a few minutes later
“Papa, I have an idea”
“What is it Aaron?”
You just sit there”

The large jet liner with his family aboard
Comes flying into the living room
I have become the landing strip for his trip to Colorado

“See Papa, you can still play with me”

Jack Lindy
Cincinnati, OH

“Elvis’ Secret Diary Found”
—Headline from a weekly tabloid.

Standing in line at Kroger's I
wondered what fumbled secrets the King
kept from us all these years.

If the King still lives, somewhere,
somehow, driving shellacked limousines,
planting spring bulbs at Graceland,
leading a choir of look-alike selves—

Inquiring minds want to know,
I suppose: but more pressing still
is, perhaps, belief in a concert beyond
the tired cashier scanning my rolls
where the King still reigns, belting out songs.

Matt Birkenhauer
Ludlow, KY
Concealed, Revealed  
A Villanelle

The solitary trees stand guard in fields.  
Could they have known their fate long beforehand?  
They provide shade for those who harvest yields.

Did the farmers just leave them as a shield  
when they first decided to tame that land?  
The solitary trees stand guard in fields.

Are they lonely, those trees, their fate sealed  
Growing old, strong, rooted in clay or sand?  
They provide shade for those who harvest yields.

Don’t stand mute, with all your secrets concealed.  
Is your life harder than you can withstand?  
The solitary trees stand guard in fields.

It’s time those secrets are shared and revealed.  
Trees serve as markers, hold nests in their hands.  
They provide shade for those who harvest yields.

Sleet, snow, high winds that blow, yet you still wield  
the power, for nature’s at your command.  
The solitary trees stand guard in fields.  
They provide shade for those who harvest yields.

Mary Nemeth  
Batavia, OH
Introspection

And fifty eons now have come and gone. The crest was reached and passed. He stares into the universe, but does not see the earth about him. His eyes search the heavens, but he cannot look into his own soul.

He has tried to cure the inadequacies of society, but he has not cared for his own inadequacies. He has left no prints in the sands of time, where even the lowly dinosaurs left their signs and fossils in the earth.

He stands for freedom of choice and for the individuality of the spirit. Yet he is molded, deftly shaped by the attitudes and pressures of his peers. Pity then this mixture, compound, colloid form with driving force, guidance system fragile.

Shine a light for him to follow, as his own light is dim and failing. Lead him; help him to find that brilliant aura, where he will surely be fulfilled, yet still can hold his head up high and say he did it on his own!

Ronald Lee Cornelius
Mayfield, KY
Pink Lady Slippers

moccasin flowers
reach for the crackling
lick of the sun

Mary Oliver

on an excursion,
grandmother and I came
to a patch of pink flowers
in the woods
not ordinary flowers
but fairyland flowers
grandmother caught her breath
gripped my hand

on Black Mountain
pink lady slippers climb
the springhouse steps
I think of grandmother’s
captured breath

autumn fires sweep
across the mountains
Black Mountain burning . . .
all winter I fear
for the lady slippers

late April I visit
find the forest floor black velvet
only lady slippers
reaching through
the brittle brown understory
for a lick of sun

Elizabeth Howard
Arlington, TN
Amy Alisabeth Bates (p. 26) is an artist, writer, photographer, and poet who is turning part of her home into an art gallery that will feature her works. This past January, she had several pieces of artwork published in SOKY Magazine. She is scheduled to have her work on display at the Logan County Public Library in January 2019. Brian Barnett (p. 9), author of the children's chapter book Graveyard Scavenger Hunt, lives in Frankfort, Kentucky. His work has been published in dozens of magazines and anthologies such as The Lovecraft Ezine, Scifaikuest, Three Line Poetry, and Spaceports and Spidersilk.

Diana Becket (p. 12) was born in Manchester, England, and lived for ten years in The Netherlands before moving to Cincinnati. She taught English Composition Courses at the University of Cincinnati for twenty-five years. She began writing poetry when she retired in 2015. Matt Birkenhauer (p. 29) teaches English at Northern Kentucky University’s Grant County Center with an emphasis on Composition and Rhetoric. Originally a biology major in college, he still has a strong love of the outdoors and the unending complexity of life on this planet. He lives in Ludlow, KY, with his wife and two sons.

JoAnn Finley Black (p. 9) is a resident of Somerset, Kentucky, and a member of Pulaski’s Writers Alliance and Christian Writers Workshop. She volunteers with Kentucky Disaster Relief. She has been published in Pegasus and Country Living.

Harrie Buswell, (p. 27) although a techie, has a Ph.D from University of Georgia in the study, practice, and research regarding creativity thinking. He lives in Cloverport, KY, along a big horseshoe bend in the Ohio River which allows him a view for miles up and down the river.

E. Gail Chandler’s (p. 23) poetry collection, He Read to Us, Remembering Jess D. Wilson, published together with her sister, T. Sammie Wakefield, celebrates the life of their father. “Twilight Days” was previously published in the Mississippi Poetry Society’s prize poems booklet in 2013.

Ronald Lee Cornelius (p. 31) is a graduate of Vanderbilt University where he earned a minor in American English Writing. He spent 46 years in the insurance business before retiring in 2016. He has had poems, short stories, open verse and magazine articles published.

Randy Cox (p. 25) 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.

**Brooke Crouch** (p. 23) is in her last two semesters of her graduate studies. She will graduate with a master’s degree in Mental Health Counseling. Writing is both a hobby and an emotional release for her. She dedicates her poem published here to her great-aunt who is one of her greatest supporters.

**Gail Denham** (p. 16) has been publishing poems, short stories, newspaper articles and photos for 40 years. Recently, she has won contests and been published in a number of places including Wyoming, Pennsylvania, and Peninsula Poets. In May of 2018, she had poems displayed in seven libraries in Highland Park, Illinois.

**Joshua Dilley** (p. 22) has lived in Kentucky all his life. His poem, “Dead Song,” selected as one of ten finalists in the 2017 Jim Wayne Miller Celebration of Writing poetry contest at Western Kentucky University, opened the way for him to participate in a writing workshop conducted by Kentucky Poet Laureate Frederick Smock.

**Don Fleming** (p. 1) is a retired research scientist. He was inspired to pursue poetry by his father whose poetry appeared in the *U.S. Stars and Stripes* during World War II. Don’s poetry has been exhibited at Centre College in EAT: *A Literature + Photo Installation* at the Norton Center for the Arts. His poems have been published in *Parody Poetry* and *These Summer Months: Stories from The Late Orphan Project*.

**Joseph Fulkerson** (p. 15) is an aspiring writer of prose and poetry. His influences include works by Hunter S. Thompson, Charles Bukowski, and Jack Kerouac. His work has been published in *Verbatim*, as well as in upcoming issues of *Modern Haiku* and *Frogpond*. He is currently working as an electrician in Owensboro, Kentucky.

**Lori Goff** (p. 21) is the author of *The Heart of It All*, a collection of poetry and prose, and *Spirits Walking*, a collection of stories of rural Appalachia passed down to her by her mother. She is currently at work on a book of poetry.

**John Grey** (p. 10–11) is an Australian poet, US resident. He has been published recently 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*. 
Bio-Bits (Continued)

Christopher Helvey (p. 20) lives and writes in Frankfort, Kentucky. He currently serves as Editor-in-Chief of Trajectory Journal. His latest novel, Snapshot, has just been released by Livingston Press.

Janice Hoffman (p. 16) 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. 32) 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.

Dorie Hubbard (p. 11 & 21) is a retired social worker who moved to Berea, KY, from northern Illinois twenty-two years ago. She is a weaver and a paper maker who also does paper quilling.

Sandi Keaton-Wilson (p. 20) is a facilitator of Pulaski Writers Alliance and is busy doing readings and signings of her newly published, No Shroud of Silence (Shadelandhouse Modern Press), a collection of many previously published poems and prose plus a few newer pieces. It can be purchased through the publisher, Brier Books, Joseph Beth and Amazon.

Vivian M. Kelley’s (p. 6) nonfiction short story, “Make Your Own,” received the Richard Taylor Creative Writing Award for 2014 and was published in The Kentucky River. Her poem, “A Snowflake,” was published in The Kentucky River in 2015. Vivian has a BS in Biology and Psychology and an MS in Counseling and Psychology from Troy State University.

Becky Lindsay (p. 14) had poetry published in For a Better World, 2018, and upcoming in Riparian, an anthology about the Ohio River by Dos Madres Press. Her fiction is based on family stories, particularly about her Mennonite ancestors who lived during the Civil War.

Jack Lindy (p. 28–29) is a retired psychiatrist and psychoanalyst. His recent books include Twelve Months: Diary of a Year to Live; Portraits, and Returns. The current poem is part of his new project, Extra Innings.

Dorothy Jeanette Martin (p. 26), having crested eighty, is officially old, but still has a lot of living to accomplish. No advanced education in Creative Writing, but trying to trade in a lifetime of techie endeavor for the fun of writing poetry. Cincinnati’s Monday Morning Writers Group is her literary home.

Mary Nemeth (p. 30) is a budding poet who has taken poetry writing classes for two years at OLLI through the University of Cincinnati. She is a member of the Monday Morning Writers Group and Cincinnati Poetry Project. Also a photographer, she enjoys combining her two passions.
Bio-Bits (Continued)

John Timothy Robinson (p. 24–25) is a mainstream poet of the expressive image and inwardness in the tradition of James Wright, Rita Dove, Donald Hall, and many others. John’s work has appeared in over seventy journals. He is also a published printmaker with fifty-three art images and photographs appearing in nineteen journals, electronic and print.

Kimberly Ann Schwarz (p. 13) has written poetry for about 30 years, and taught poetry to elementary-aged children many of those years. Since she retired in 2015, she has been involved with various poetry groups to support her growing understanding of poetic forms, and to focus more on tapping into her own creativity.

D. J. Scully (p. 8) lives in Fort Thomas, KY. He is an environmental educator and a certified arborist who works as a University of Kentucky county extension agent. He prefers to put the title to his poems below the poems rather than above.

Jonathan Singer M.D. (p. 7) is Professor Emeritus of Emergency Medicine and Pediatrics at Wright State University School of Medicine. He had a four decade career characterized by scientific inquiry, publication, teaching and patient care.

Paul Stroble (p. 18–19) teaches philosophy and religious studies at Webster University in St. Louis. He is a former grantee of the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Louisville Institute, and has published eighteen books on a variety of subjects. His first chapbook, Dreaming at the Electric Hobo, was published by Finishing Line Press in 2015.

C.G. Thompson (p. 5) was a runner-up for the 2017 Barry Hannah Prize in Fiction, and in 2017 had two of her poems displayed in downtown Winston-Salem, NC, as part of Poetry in Plain Sight. Her poetry recently appeared in Jersey Devil Press, Redheaded Stepchild, and Pinesong, and her fiction in Yalobusha Review, Prime Number Magazine, and Fictive Dream.

Diane Webster’s (p. 22) enjoys the challenge of picturing images into words to fit her poems. If she can envision her poem, she can write what she sees and her readers can visualize her ideas. Her work has appeared in The Hurricane Review, Eunoia Review, Illya’s Honey, and other literary magazines.

Noel Zeiser (p. 17) is the author of The Pearl Street Flood, a story based on her father’s experience of the 1937 Ohio River flood. Noel, a member of Monday Morning Writing Group, recently published Salute the Moon, a collection of poems, essays, and stories.
Kentucky State Poetry Society Membership

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

KSPS publishes two to 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 home-schooled 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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*On January 1, 2019, KSPS memberships fees will increase to $35.00 for all adults, $15.00 for students K – College.)*

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