Winter/Spring Issue, 2017
Kentucky State Poetry Society
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“…born of cadence and rhythm/I attended your foaling/and called you Pegasus/ for I knew you would fly...”

Traveler

When nostalgia takes its turn in my heart
I make a yogurt bowl
Brew some tea
Then research my present place and moment
Maybe on Google
Or just gazing out my window

Maybe the best cure for a longing for the past
Is a sure presence of the moment

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From the Editor:

Welcome to the first online issue of *Pegasus*! For several years now, we have been moving toward publishing our poetry journal in electronic form. By making *Pegasus* available online to members and the interested public, we hope to reach lovers of poetry whose primary method of tapping into the literary world is the Internet. We expect to increase the footprint of our journal, attracting readers and poets of all ages, from within Kentucky, the United States and even internationally. We value greatly our older poets who have sustained KSPS and *Pegasus* for the past 51 years, and we look forward to welcoming a new generation of poets that will carry our society and journal into the future.

Over the past few years, the cost of printing and mailing paper copies of *Pegasus* has increased, putting a burden on the financial resources of the Kentucky State Poetry Society. Publishing *Pegasus* electronically will free up funds to support the other, valued activities of the society, such as the Student and Adult Contests, the annual meeting and conference in October and meeting our financial obligation to the National Federation of State Poetry Societies. And it will allow us to be environmentally responsible by reducing the amount of paper we use, thereby saving trees.

A number of our readers have said that they would like to continue receiving *Pegasus* in the traditional paper booklet, and they have indicated that they would be willing to pay for the copies. Therefore, we are planning to produce *Pegasus* in the booklet form by subscription for $5.00 per copy. We will be publishing the Summer/Autumn Issue online, also, so readers may order both issues in paper form at one time. Please submit orders for the paper *Pegasus* to the editor (address below) and make checks payable to KSPS.

Members and contributors who want to read *Pegasus* online, plus hold it in your hand, are welcome to print off a paper copy for your own use from the electronic publication.

**Editor’s Address:** Rebecca S. Lindsay, 2828 University Court, Crestview Hills, KY 41017.

(One request: Please bear with the editor while she learns how to do the online thing. Suggestions and corrections are always welcome.)
Book Woman

I left the hollow on my ride
heading high as I watched
wisps of fog lift
from lofty mountain realms
like bored spirits leaving earth.
A long day’s work for short pay from WPA,
I sat straight in the saddle—
a Kentucky pack horse librarian.
It was noon before I met sun, forest
shadowing dirt trails up one ridge then down
and over the river and up the next.
I carried the books—precious then—
to eager hands and eyes
hungry for worlds beyond plank porches and puncheon floors.
Man does not live by bread alone…
The Best Book says,
so I carry it, too, pause to read some chosen scripture,
or some other fiction adventure chapter,
sip spring-cooled sweet milk,
and slip away with friends like a letter sent
to places we’ve never been and those we dare not go.

Sandi Keaton-Wilson
Somerset, KY
Midnight Visitor

Usually we don’t hear much at night. Us Smiths are hard sleepers. That night when our world exploded, we woke fast. The back door collapsed, an enormous racket. Us three boys leaned over the stair rail, shivering. Nobody wore pajamas.

Dad appeared, waving his shotgun. “Stand back, I’ll get ‘em.” Reckon he imagined gang assault. We heard kitchen crashes. Why would robbers bother with a room of dirty dishes and drying socks?

Flashlights wavered. We crept closer, Dad in front, his gun “ca-chunking.” Wouldn’t do much good to call 911. Biggest black bear I ever seen sat on our scarred oak table. Ever so often he reached in the fridge for leftover chicken, a brick of cheese, broccoli. Bear didn’t even glance at us. We backed away. Dad was glued to the door jam, gun raised. Probably guessed nothing would stop this eater till he was full—if ever.

The monster growled low, rumbly. “Throw him that bag of chips,” Dad whispered. Heck, I threw the chips, two boxes of cereal and a bag of cookies for good measure. We hightailed out, soon’s we grabbed clothes.

The bear won, this time. This was his world. No flimsy wood house or steel fridge could stop him. For extra insurance, on our way out, I lobbed candy bars and Aunt Fran’s fruit cake. I’d swear that bear smiled at me.

Gail Denham
Sunriver, OR
The Rolodex In My Head

It started when the doctor said, “It’s cancer”
The faces of the cancer patients I had taken care of
The people who had succumbed to their illness
Their images kept flipping in my mind—out of control
I saw them vividly as if they were standing here now
I could envision expressions on their faces
Clearly remembering what they said to me
The counselor said, “Don’t think about it”
It continued—one face, then another, then another
Like a Rolodex on auto-pilot
Six years have passed since those images haunted me
I don’t see them anymore unless I consciously think of them
What do I do if the Rolodex comes back—
Flipping, flipping, flipping in my head?
What does it mean?

Azatutyoun
Somewhere in Kentucky
Into Today

The world outside of my window is obscured by a thick fog. Tall trees, bushes, and houses loom eerie white cotton mounds and in other places a dirty gray caught in an in-between land lost in a weightless cloud.

As I pour another cup of tea my mind begins to drift until I hear bird song high in a dingy shroud of hazy light of a hazy silhouetted tree: gray mounds become bushes and soft light outlines houses.

The world beyond is still lost but I open the front door prepared to walk through fog one sure step at a time...

Madelyn Eastlund
Beverly Hills, FL
Now it's Personal
Staff writer for the paper,
in charge of obits.
Sam answers lovelorn hopefuls;
writes the local news.
His father died late last night.
Sam can't write a word;
sits and cries for the first time.
Now it's personal.

Good-bye to Flo
Local radio station,
it plays country tunes.
The drivers at the truckstop,
they give Flo the eye.
Ed orders eggs and coffee,
a side of hashbrowns,
takes a sip, leaves Flo a tip,
Flo stays on his mind.

Home Schooling
“I know he'll be back,” Mae said,
“he'll come running back.”
It's been over ten days now,
and he hasn't phoned.
She laughed, “He's done it before.”
Mae's always been proud,
she learned that from her mama
when papa left home.
Irritant

Grief stands at the door, tapping its foot, petulant, entitled.

Grief is the guest who will not leave, who eats all the ice cream and acts like it doesn’t know the cold sweetness was being saved for the end of a long day.

Grief takes up space I don’t have. It hogs the blankets, leaves clothing scattered on the floor, lets the dishes pile high in Dr. Seuss stacks, and will never take out the garbage.

Grief wakes me up on mornings off, demanding to be let outside, then wanders around sniffing and refuses to go.

Grief is the nagging thought in the middle of the night when nothing can be changed. It steals sleep until just before dawn on mornings the alarm goes off at 6 a.m.

Grief barges in and watches sports at full volume while I’m trying to write it away. It sneaks up and startles, and, though it laughs at its own joke, it is never funny.

Julia Anne Miller
Louisville, KY
the sun sees a body, but the moon sees a soul

the soul is a moon,
grey and ashen with thought.
callused by craters
from too many vigilant nights.
she is a murky silhouette
under the sheets of a bed,
eclipsing the skin and bones
and ponderous eyelids,
but she is the inspirations,
the commemorations,
the universe of a mind of an insomniac
with a heart adorned of stars and a world within her veins.

the body is a sun,
red and ravishing with enticement,
violated by flames
from too many feisty fingertips.
she is a frame of flesh
under sheets of a bed,
invading the essence of a self
of fancies and whims and impulses
that morning cannot bear,
but she is the edges and bindings of the daybreak,
the peeling of leaden eyelids
with a mind in the clouds and a heaven in her mouth.

Chandra Scobee
Morehead, KY
The Train

At the end of the war, only Burt Lancaster and the French Underground can stop the Nazis from hijacking the art in the town’s museum and sending it in crates by train to Germany. It plays out on TCM piped into the ward where my child sleeps, knocked out by the rhythmic drip of Benadryl and three kinds of poison into the hole in her chest.

The film is noir, stark darks and lights, and she pale, no color in her cheeks under the black kerchief covering her shaved head. Once I held her on a bench in a museum, and a man said she was more beautiful than the paintings. So she is still, though white and unmoving as marble, as I sit uncertain how this war ends.

Roxanne Kent-Drury
Ft. Thomas, KY
Security

A slender wire suspends from sturdy supports
I stand on a tiny platform
gazing over the watching crowd
Tentatively, I slide one foot before the other,
toes clenched, searching for certain grip.
Progress is slow as I inch my way, briefly triumphant.
Such short-lived exulting, my foot slips and I
plunge down to the safety net of grace.

Janice Harris
Somerset, KY
Wintertime Flight

Like the migratory birds of winter I fly south in February. My soul rejoices basking in the warm Florida sun. Yesterday buried under snow and ice, today I walk a sandy beach where my spirit comes alive. My family settled here where my childhood took root. An ancestral voice ambles among the seagrass.

A sundry of seashells to scoop up, each one a simple souvenir. February in Florida is a pleasant panacea for wintertime blues. Hear the ocean roar? It is the tide erasing the day’s sandcastles. The sun slowly sinks into the Gulf of Mexico leaving an orange blue sky behind.

Unlike the birds I will return north before winter’s end, yet my spirit remains in Florida. My heart lingers in a place where palm trees sway under a sultry sun. A place where people are engaged in the moment. A place where flowers flourish and mangroves mature in moist salt marshes. A place I used to call home.

Pamela D. Hirte
Cincinnati, OH
So you want a rhyming poem

poems ain’t rhymed since old Walt Whitman
they coming at you like a stoned cold hitman
if you think a poet has to use rhyme and meter
i give you Sylvia Plath and you can’t beat her
now an ancient old poem like Kilmer’s “Trees”
just sounds like a sick dog scratching at fleas
i can go all day, go all night, full time, non-stop,
hip hop, won’t drop, new crop, dew wop.
if it’s got a good beat and a nice rhyme
the song’s the same from the beginning of time.
when old man Ezra pounded that thing
and the beat generation began to sing
the old style poems became just that
like a buggy whip or a stovepipe hat
don’t feel bad for those poets long dead
their work won’t pass, it will still be read
but the poems, the songs, the music of the street
bursts out, explodes, talks real, won’t cheat.

Rick Stein
Cincinnati, OH
Repetition
A tune runs round and round my brain—
an “earworm” driving me insane.
I’d like to boot it out but still
it sticks like gum—I’ve had my fill.
The words escape me as a rule—
which makes it worse. I try to fool
the sound by humming it off key
in hopes that it will set me free.
It works—except its hold is strong …
the earworm sings a different song.

Barbara Blanks
Garland, TX

Published in Indiana newsletter, 2-2016

By Myself
For too long of a time
I lived scared and
Holed up in my sacred home—
Until a friend urged me to slowly
Venture out alone into the world.
I meandered through the park
Once in the daytime
Once in the dark
With the help of a torch.
Soon I expect to again embark,
Perhaps with a touch of fear,
Free to wander through nature
Free to roam through woods
And meadows with joy
Free to explore life
Outside my sacred home.

Adele Ellery
Cincinnati, OH
Aubade

Darkness still clings
to the crescent moon,
pale opalescence
on the brink of losing its fire.
Aromas of wood smoke
and crushed leaves funnel
through my window.

I slip outdoors
into the cool on my face,
into the lush hush of dawn
hanging like a pause
between breaths.
A screen of fog silhouettes
cattle grazing
in the neighboring field.
Charlie slides up behind me,
warm lips nuzzle my neck.
We linger on the porch,
seasoning our day.

A distant train whistle
is the echo of commerce,
of far-off destinations,
of unstoppable movement;
allure that has drifted away
from us, days of deadlines
left behind. Charlie gathers
my hand in his, smiles
as the sun flashes first light.

Kathleen Gregg
Wilmore, KY
Castaway

(with sincere apologies to Isaac Newton and Peter Pan)

ignored by stalking ravens
scavenging for breakfast
at the edge of the highway,
one black boot, its red-lipped edge
yawning in the breeze

always just one boot, rejected,
tossed away, fallen from a truck,
slipped out passenger doors
at roadside tire changes
or “I have to pee NOW!” pit stops

only ever one boot, never the pair,
perhaps an unwritten law of non-motion:
for each and every lone boot
at the roadside, there will
never be another

somewhere a boot waits
mateless, and what does it do . . .
pair up with the single mittens
and the unattached socks . . .
perhaps hop off to that Neverland
...of lost soles?

Becky Alexander
Cambridge, Ontario

(Won an Honourable Mention and published in
Ascent Aspirations, Anthology Two, Nanoose Bay, B.C.)
Blue Jays IV

After being gone for three weeks
the Blue Jay returned
to our terrace, a bit shyly,
as if unsure of his welcome,
but he didn’t fly off
when my wife put out peanuts.
He didn’t stay long enough
for her to ask:
“Where have you been?”
He was a city Jay,
so he wouldn’t take his family
on a trip to the country,
or the Hamptons.
He wouldn’t ever
go to Coney Island.
Too Far. Too raucous even for a Jay.
A time share visit in Central Park?
No. Too many muggers.
I know he couldn’t afford the Waldorf.
Maybe they just stayed home for three weeks,
hiding in the nest
like pretentious yuppies
who couldn’t afford to go away
and hid at home,
so no one would know
they weren’t out of town.
But he’s back
and took a lot of nuts
before we went away the next morning,
only for five days,
so his family won’t starve to death
until we get back.

Gary Beck
New York, NY
Woman’s Work Is Never Done

Ella stood in front of the mirror brushing her dark hair and admiring her new white gown with ruffles across the bodice. She’d worked hard all day to finish it. It was as beautiful as she’d imagined it, but she was tired to the bone. Sometimes when she was overtired she had trouble going to sleep. She curled up in bed beside John, already sleeping soundly, but as she feared, sleep wouldn’t come. She kept thinking of the big pile of laundry waiting for her in the morning. She dreamed about it—towels, sheets, John’s work clothes, the children’s play clothes.

When the alarm rang, she felt so tired, as though she hadn’t slept at all. And her new gown, damp and dirty, the hem black, as though she’d dragged it through dirt. What had happened? What had she done? She looked out the window and there on the line was the laundry she’d dreamed about—the sheets waving at her.

Elizabeth Howard
Arlington, TN
A Mother's Message from Heaven

When the wind blows
Know that I am near and remember that God is closer still.

So speak to Him in the darkness of night; speak to Him in the morn. Speak to Him when you think you can't, for He is ever present in your storm.

He will speak to you in the laughter of a little child; He will speak to you through their smile. He will speak to you through the beauty that there still is in this world.

He will remember all of the prayers that I have laid up for you and you will be well protected and comforted. But most of all loved with a love that not even I could give you.

So when the wind blows, remember a brush of my hand against your cheek, the warmth of my hugs. Think of pleasant thoughts of you and I, in days gone by, and the laughter that we made, think of the joyful things along my way.

And always remember, I am but a thought away and let each thought be a whisper to God, carried to him as the wind blows.

Stephanie Davis Moore
Grayson, KY

Stephanie wrote this poem for her mother, Sylvia DeLee Davis, upon the death of Sylvia’s mother (Stephanie’s grandmother).
Mountain Song I

Cool mists snuggle gently into the valleys of Kentucky’s Appalachian foothills.
Wisps of ghostly white clouds weave through the trees,
vines and flowers.

Fleeting moments remain before the night is drawn back making way for the first glimmer of morning sun to appear from the east.

Soon, in its own time, the sun’s golden rays reveal a profusion of color as dew-kissed blossoms of trillium, bloodroot, and tiny wild strawberries greet the fresh morning, the new day.

But mountain laurels in full flower upstage them all—shouting aloud their joyous colors, and outrageous patterns. Laurels, bold, beautiful, fresh-faced—beckoning, flirting, lethal.

As the lingering clouds of mist retreat, the flowers of this forbidden coquette reveal their full beauty. Their delicate blossoms, clusters of pale pink and snowy white, wink innocently.
But the laurel sings a siren’s song.
Its voice pure, sweet, and deadly.
Listen closely to the words
that waft soft on mountain air,
“Call me not Laurel,
my friend. My name is Lorelei.”

Charles Finney
Cincinnati, OH

Lorelei – a mythical feminine water spirit, a siren,
rumored to send sailors to their deaths by luring
them near cliffs with her beautiful singing voice.

The sea is the soil of our world
Currently moving with her
Mysteries under bow
Gliding through the envelope
Towing trapped freedoms
Letting the sun wrinkle faces
Our mind the crow’s nest
Of soul
Various directions leading
Inwardly home

Ishmael

D. J. Scully
Ft. Thomas, KY
The Last Clothesline in South Dakota

The people here must have been in a hurry,
leaving the stained, stuffed sofa on the front porch,
now a haven for field mice. Inside, a dresser,
its chest puffed out, two right women’s mud-boots,
a headless doll, red toy truck missing two wheels,
all strewn across the living-room floor. What’s left

of the windows blown out for target practice,
gape open to winter fields long left to seed.
And in the side yard, next to a broken swing,
rusted slide, tether-pole with the leather ball missing,
a thin rope still runs between two splintered

and further down the line, next to the wrens

hanging on by their toes, swaying back

and forth like trapeze artists practicing

to stay aloft above dozens of broken beer bottles

that serve for their net, a child’s blanket,

and pillow cases, linen, blowing three sheets to the wind.

Richard Luftig
Pomona, CA
Solo

Snow creates a cold silence.
The road is white. There is no traffic,
Only wind-driven snow.

One lone sparrow flies to the limb of a pine.
In this solitude, against white-winged winds,
The bird flutes a snow throated melody.
The song blossoms on winter's bough,
Releasing memories of a sun restored
To stir the leaf sleep of spring.

There is no applause for his effort,
Only proof of life against winter's ice mantled robe.
Heart shadows fill with light, fueled by the flame
Of a sparrow's song.

Sherry A, Farmer
Grayson, KY
Lives At Work

The man who lives at work
was discovered lying on the floor
of a co-worker’s office—
boots seen first she expected
death, but only sleep.

He must start his pickup early
and defrost the windows
so the appearance is he drove
and parked exactly in the same
spot since snow lies undisturbed
around his clean tires.

The man who lives at work
is always here so that was the joke
when we’d see his pickup
parked early on Saturday or Sunday
or late those nights when people
drove by on their ways home.

Creepy goose bumps prickle
my skin as I unlock the door
and listen and search
for the man who lives at work.

Diane Webster
Delta, CO
A Mind Is a Careless Thing

*My mind lets go a thousand things* each time I leave the room.
A chore in mind
is snatched, I find
by gremlins hiding in the walls.
Why do they lie in wait
for purposes without a string of twine
circling finger to remind
of errand's urgent intent?
Have they no thoughts to swirl
in fuzzy heads instead of mine?
I feel inclined
to spray a mist
with strength of fist—
an aromatic bomb—
but they might like it
think it a welcome banquet.
So I'll resign
and give up
what's left of my mind.

Von S. Bourland
Happy, TX

*Memory*—Thomas Bailey Aldrich
Published: Poets' Forum Magazine “Penessence”

Dementia

My fingers fumble
With the buttons of my mind
In the darkness of doubt
Searching for a buttonhole
In the coat of memory

Sylvia DeLee Davis
Richmond, KY
You Ask For Advice

The bell rings
or is it the bulb that lights?
You pay attention to the fragments
you’ve come to get from me.

An eyebrow raised
marks wisdom’s arrival,
a cocked ear
where it heads for next.

Uttered light or dark speech,
part of you is filtered through
and influenced by
whatever it is I say to you.

Of course, my words are no better or worse
than what you tell yourself.
I’m seated opposite you, that’s all.
And even the smallest distance shouldn’t go to waste.

John Grey
Johnston, RI

Born To Be Mild

typical teenaged boy
peach fuzz, sixteen, gangly
looking for adventure
a Friday evening dance
at urban school for girls
dimly-lit basement room
Steppenwolf spinning fast
she agrees to dance
I screw up my courage
do you go here? I chirp
collection starter
just like Easy Rider

not bad looking she has
long glossy dark hair
glasses maybe, smart
and not unfriendly
shouts over the music
I teach here—true story

John Secor
Murray, KY

Worry

It lives in a dark room of a house with no doors or windows
A shrine built by Ivan Cannot and William Never
Mountains of filth surround this rank abode
It smells so putrid roaches refuse to enter
Lying, waiting, ready to consume entire days
Sucking the color out of any life it touches
It has but one fear
Its only enemy and sure cure
Whose name is
Faith

Phil Gladden
Paris, KY
Frida

--After Roots, painted by Frida Kahlo, 1943

Torn from heart to womb,
she births thick-stemmed, vining leaves
whose grasping veins seek rooting.
She seems not to suffer from this eruption—no,
beneath her body, the ground cracks open.
And so does she. Her glance is steady,
the corners of her lips
only slightly slipped down—
grief for lost fetuses, her barren state.
Frida stretches on a bed of rock,
whip of hair lashing the pillow,
brow giving her an avian air
during a time when Diego was mostly faithful
and before another botched operation
clotted her with pain.
The sky, forlorn. No sun,
but no sense of impending wind or storm.
She might take flight
if she only had wings.

Lynne Handy
North Aurora, IL
Book Beat by Elaine Palencia


Christine Strevinsky’s new collection, deeply felt and clear-eyed, marches inexorably into the problems of old age. In the first poem, “Five Women Riding the Wheels Bus to a Podiatric Appointment,” we witness the difficulties of managing bus steps, walkers, oxygen tanks. Then comes a series of vignettes about elderly people contending with physical and/or mental challenges. In “Neighbors,” two solitary men form a grudging friendship: Jack, who “resembles a pair of calipers—all elbows and knee angles,” and Walter, “Fat/with triple chin and an enormous belly.” In the monologue, “Miz Eula Mae’s Birthday,” a woman takes stock on her 103rd birthday. Some speak from beyond the grave à la Edgar Lee Masters’ Spoon River Anthology: in “Agnes Has Her Say” a deceased woman tells a sad Cinderella story that has no prince. In “Daily,” a woman relates the day’s news to her husband’s urn. Letters and faded photographs point to Strevinsky’s Polish roots in “From the Back of Aunt Lucy’s Closet” and “Family Matriarch.” The focus shifts from seniors functioning in society to the fragile Ruthie, the roaming Duck Lady of New Orleans, and Crazy Rita, who thinks Jesus lives behind the sheetrock in her bedroom. Poem by poem, life shrinks to one room. The next stop, in “Homesick,” is a nursing home. “In the Check-in Line” strikes a humorous note: in another anteroom, the damned and the saved are separated. Fortunately, teachers and poets get nice robes, and wings. Memories offer comfort. Each bead in “Beads” memorializes a lost acquaintance. In the final poem, “Leave Taking,” resignation mutes the exit:

A door opens
unto nowhere
in an upstairs room
of a house ringed
by aged magnolias

A soul passes through, accompanied by the sound of muffled weeping, and then,

evitably
someone
shuts the door.

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This poignant memorial volume of poems by two of Jess Wilson’s daughters begins with one of Chandler’s poems, “The Making of an Environmentalist,” based on a story her father told of a 1929 frog-gigging expedition gone wrong. So we know from the beginning, and from the title, that his life was informed by stories—telling them, reading them, preserving them—and that he passed this interest along to his children. In the title poem, “He Read to Us,” also by Chandler, he shares with his girls *The Swiss Family Robinson*, “The Most Dangerous Game,” “The Tell-Tale Heart,” “The Raven.” In the same poem, the story of who he was to his family begins to be told:

He never changed a diaper  
or washed a plate  
but bought Mom  
the first dishwasher  
in the county.

Soon another story line starts, in Wakefield’s “Working with My Father:” “With no brothers, I was his helper,” she says of her childhood. By the end of the poem, her father is unable to do what he used to do, but takes comfort in watching his daughter work:

*I see your fingers doing what I would do  
It’s like watching my own hands.*

The collection weaves back and forth from the authors’ childhood to their parents’ old age, tracking the decline into old age, the steadfast love of a seven-decade marriage, and the family farm. In Chandler’s “How They Lost Their Father,” the family is celebrating the parents’ sixtieth wedding anniversary in Jamaica when the father becomes separated from them and is lost for a while. In “Cabo San Lucas,” this man “who’d always known the way” gets lost on a cruise ship. But he still remembers his Doré edition of *The Divine Comedy* and the opening line of Du Maurier’s novel *Rebecca* “(Dinner at the Shanghai Blossom”). The theme of mortality strengthens. In Wakefield’s “Considering the Family Camp,” the poet watches young campers and reflects:  

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**Bio-Bits**

**Becky Alexander** (p.18) was born and raised in the small town of Hespeler, ON, during the 50 & 60s. 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, and has been a KSPS member since 1991.

**Azatutyoun** (p. 7) 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. 19) 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 two more accepted for publication. His recent novel, *Sudden Conflicts*, is available in paperback and ebook. *Now I Accuse and other stories* will be published by Winter Goose Publishing.

**Barbara Blanks** (p. 16) is the Recording Secretary and Librarian for the 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 Marie Clark** (p. 1) A graduate of Berea College, Sarah is currently living as an expat in Taiwan on the East Coast. She is enjoying life as she teaches English, learns Chinese and attempts surfing on the weekends. Her students give her endless writing material, and the ocean and foreign living are helping her to evoke emotion through words.

**Sylvia DeLee Davis** (p. 27) a graduate of Eastern Kentucky University, a substitute teacher and an ESL tutor, has had poems published in numerous anthologies, including *Colors of Thought, The Other Side of Midnight, and Kudzu*. She is the author of *Appalachian Angels* (Infinity, 2008).

**Gail Denham** (p. 6) 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.
Bio-Bits  (Continued)

**Madelyn Eastlund** (p. 8) served as 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. 16) 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. This is her first appearance in *Pegasus*.

**Sherry A. Farmer** (p. 25) 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 the joy when a poem is realized and freed to fly.

**Charles Finney** (p. 22-23) 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. 9) 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.

**Philip Gladden** (p. 29) After Phil Gladden moved to Kentucky, he wrote a letter to the Bourbon County Citizen telling how much he and his wife loved their new home. That led to a weekly column, “Phil's Philosophical Fodder,” which won third place at the Kentucky Press Association’s Winter Editorial Convention. He has also begun to write poetry.

**Kathleen Gregg** (p. 17) has been writing poetry seriously for five years. She takes classes at the 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. 28) 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. 30) 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*. 
Bio-Bits (Continued)

Janice Harris (p. 13) lives in Somerset, Kentucky. She is a graduate of Berea College and has a master’s degree from Eastern Kentucky University. She is a member of the Pulaski Writers’ Alliance and has been published in their anthologies, as well as Kudzu, The Notebook, and other collections.

Pamela D. Hirte (p. 14) grew up in Florida and now lives in the Midwest. She received her MBA from Xavier University and worked in the transportation industry. She is a Master Gardener and volunteers in her community. Pamela has been published in many literary magazines.

Elizabeth Howard (p. 20) 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.

Sandi Keaton-Wilson (p. 5) is a member of Pulaski Writers' Alliance and writes prose, poems, plays and performance pieces. Her work has appeared in many regional journals and anthologies including: Kentucky Monthly, Back Home in Kentucky, Appalachian Journal, Mosaic I and II. She gives God the glory for her talent.

Roxanne Kent-Drury (p. 12) 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.

Richard Luftig (p.24) 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. 10) 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.

Stephanie Davis Moore (p. 21) is an aspiring poet and writer who resides in Grayson, KY. She is a legal assistant and has two children and one grandson. She wrote “A Mother’s Message from Heaven” to console her mother, Sylvia Davis, upon the death of Sylvia’s mother.
Bio-Bits  (Continued)

Chanda Scobee (p. 11) is a senior at Morehead State University studying English Education. She has been writing poetry since middle school. She has been published in *Inscape* and produced a chapbook of her own work.

D. J. Scully (p. 23) 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 body of the poem rather than above.

John R. Secor (p. 28) began writing poetry in high school in Toronto, Canada in the early 1970’s, and has increasingly found the need and occasion to express his thoughts and feelings in verse over the last 15 years. He now lives in Murray, KY.

Rick Stein (p. 15) has been writing poetry for almost fifty years. After editing his college literary magazine, he taught English in high school and worked on several literary magazines in northeast Ohio. He has always had a passionate love of words and images as well as a healthy battle with grammar.

Diane Webster’s (p. 26) 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. That’s the excitement of writing. Her work has appeared in "The Hurricane Review," "Eunoia Review," "Illya's Honey," and other literary magazines.

**Book Review: He Read to Us: - Continued from Page 32**

They do not know
the body’s deep hunger for earth,
that it wills away each action
until blinking and breathing are gone.

Soon, roles reverse. In Wakefield’s “Advice in the Season of Hospice,” the daughters read to the father. It is fitting that in Chandler’s “Echoes,” the final poem, their mother has the last word:
Mama talks to Daddy every day.
She says that since we took his ashes
to the family graveyard, he’s happier.
Now he helps her wash the dishes
and fold the clothes.

KSPS members may send their poetry books for review to
Elaine Palencia, 3006 Valleybrook Drive, Champaign IL 61822
Send inquiries to efpalenci@gmail.com
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 moving now toward establishing an online presence as well.

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 homeschooled 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.

**Categories and Fees**

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