Founded 1966

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

Dead Song

Forsythia, cedars, standing stone
sing their song
to warm the bones
of ghosts
among the dogwoods.

Joshua Dilley
Glasgow, KY
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Editor’s Note: Welcome to the 2018 Summer/Autumn Issue of Pegasus. We hope you find in these pages poems that entertain, touch, challenge, and inspire you. Besides poems submitted by 32 poets, we have included the first place poems from the 2018 KSPS Student Contest accompanied by a complete list of all the student winners. A number of our KSPS members have been busy publishing collections of their poetry, so our Book Beat editor, Elaine Palencia, is once again reading and reviewing. In this issue she focuses her critical eye on two collections: Balance of Five: Poems by Vicky Hayes, Libby Falk Jones, Tina Parker, Dorothy Hopkins Schnare, and Barbara Wade; and The Aqua Notebook by Tasha Cotter. If you are a KSPS member and have recently published a collection of your poetry, contact Elaine about having her review your chapbook or book (contact information on page 40). If you’re wishing you had a poem published in this issue but don’t, the editor’s mailbox is open for submissions for 2019. A link to the guidelines for submitting can be found on the Pegasus page of the KSPS website www.kystatepoetrysociety.org/pegasus or obtained by contacting the editor. (Contact information on front inside cover).
Down at the Square

Every day Ned deposited himself on the same bench alongside Myer’s Store. A small park with one tree crowded the side wall of Myer’s brick building.

Ned liked to feed a certain crippled squirrel who crept slowly out on a shaky branch. In time the bushy animal learned to eat out of Ned’s gnarled old hand, which rested on his faded jean knee.

“What do you do on days the squirrel doesn’t come out?” Two other old-timers loved to tease Ned. “I watch dandruff falling like summer snow on passing collars,” Ned said.

“I listen to tiny flower buds pop. I memorize tree music and wait, quiet, to see if a chickadee might land on my donut. Mostly I let the world happen, while I breathe slow.”

Gail Denham
Sunriver, OR

“Down at the Square” won 1st prize in a Pennsylvania contest in 2015.
Falls of the Ohio

At Jeffersonville, if any of those fossil-hunting school kids in my care steps too close to the edge…

a channel cut in stone won’t stop current, after all, even if we can’t watch steamboats rushing chutes in the high water,

or see freight hauled by coach from Shippingport to the city docks, or view Corn Island where Clark set his feet.

Steep heights, woods razed for venerable cabins down river toward that fierce baptism of boats.

In 1815, my people began from Portsmouth, became Buckeyes for years on their way West, with firm hope toward Illinois.

But waylaid at Louisville, wife and brother died in a season of low water, children gathered—one left behind with good people—

as the rest trudged on, the trade of a gun for family corn, another child and Grandma lost at Shawneetown.

What do you say then about God, who cares for the bison, the waters, the Devonian shells alike with man?
Below the Falls, there were grapevines in pioneer bottoms, parakeets in the sycamore, cane-breaks and their ambling bears. Today, we sail by on 64, faster than any steamboat as diesel lines rumble on the K&I, and the Clark still carries old 31. Before we cut roads, we cut canals.

Dr. Paul Stroble
St. Louis, MO

1942

Sitting on the stairs, shaking in fear Comforted by my “big” brother at my side the silence filled with the sound of sirens the darkness invading us, surrounding us Announcing a war we were too young to understand

Dorie Hubbard
Berea, KY
Country Town

Boisterous people in the park, 
one clown, 
one farmer leading a heifer down a hill, 
elm grove to the right, 
bleats from a nearby field, 
church bells tolling, a barn, 
a gas nozzle dancing in 
the smelly forecourt of the gas station while 
wind whips the sign 
that says so much for regular, 
and so much for supreme. 
Bandstand, 
the town Napoleon 
blows his tuba. 
God bless America, 
God bless the town's one cab. 
Man on horse, 
real estate agent locking up, 
manila folder beneath arm. 
Stalled seeder, tractor pulling discs, 
rusty truck, pretty farmer's daughter... 
a distant argument that dies 
quicker than a paper plane. 
Fruit seller, choice cukes, 
melons big as melon growers' heads, 
old ladies in their sunlit finest, 
old men talking bull about bulls, 
Flag at high mast, 
sparrows under eave, 
tuba kills mosquitoes at five paces, 
hand in hand, teenage lovers, 
chickadee chirping from the alder bough. 
Broken tree trunk, 
lightning twenty years ago, 
pregnant woman, 
lightning seven months back.
Here's the mayor.
He's also the town barber.
Here's the prom queen,
the river and the sky.

John Grey
Johnston, RI

Lighthouse Deceit

The old lighthouse crumbles
exterior rocks onto the jagged shoals
like shards of dark-defying lamp
lying strewn at the base—
silvery slivers reflecting the moon
in inept attempts of past glory
when ships sailed in its beam
to escape blood-ripping stones
slicing through drowned hulls
still buoyant with grained strength
even in flotsam randomness
splashing in from the sea.

Diane Webster
Delta, CO
A Scream in the Night

a piercing scream shatters
the moonlit peace
and I begin to imagine
like the time Pa thought
screams were his sister caught in distress
only to learn
it was a den of red foxes
near the cave spring

the night sleepless
I awake exhausted
grumpy with Susie my old terrier
who stands on a knoll
above the barn and barks
it’s just a deer, I mutter
I get up to look
a bobcat lounging against the barn!

like the one we saw
crossing the road
“king of the mountains?”
or the one high on a bluff
eyes gold nuggets
the earth below carved
with deep fissures
stones and soil overturned?

I call Susie in
when I look again
the bobcat is gone
no harm done

Elizabeth Howard
Arlington, TN
Death of a Tree

They say too big
Blocks sun
They say roots too big
Clogs pipes.

Gawkers
One and all
Gather in the shade
To watch the put-down
Of a handsome Oak.

The choppers
Start at the top
Nip the leafy ends
Cut off prayers
Saw the branches
Cut off dignity

There's not much left
A tall naked trunk
Hiding behind scabby bark
Soul leaking to heaven

Cut it down they shout
As the weight of years
Roars through space

The ground trembles
In its final felling
Where life meets death

Lori Goff
Walled Lake, MI

And Around, And Around

Every day
I swear I'll quit
making myself
promises
that don't ever
make it
to sundown,
promise to
quit
caffeine
and sugar
and anger
and sloth
and, oh,
what the hell,
I am nothing
more than
another
old war horse
running
around the track
again and again and again,
ever winning,
only running.

Christopher Helvey
Frankfort, KY
Dandelions

I recalled a series of events this morning; small things, caught and clinging on the edges of the sliding slope of memory.

Dandelions, yellow and beaming, in the expanse of the yard. Running and crouching, bare feet and dirty knees, to gather as many as I could for you.

Slamming screen doors as I tiptoed inside to surprise you; sunshine clutched in a sticky fist hidden behind my back.

Too young to understand smiles that don’t meet your eyes and the deep melancholy that bitter roots, even lovingly sacrificed, can’t fix.

Sasha Reinhardt
Owingsville, KY

The Stone Steps of Idyll Hill

Beware the calling of the wind. Listen not to the rain’s promise. Rustling leaves indeed tell tales of the dead and their abyss.

The stone steps of Idyll Hill beckon lovers and loners the same. Beware the calling of the wind, or your life might be Death’s claim.
Forward they march
to a tune not their own.
Forward they lurch
into the great unknown.

Beware the calling of the wind.
Listen not to the rain’s promise.
Rustling leaves indeed tell tales
Of the dead and their abyss.

Tanya Bartlett
Fort Thomas, KY

The Witch

I live with a witch night and day.
She makes my brew and has her say.

Some days she’s good; some days she’s bad.
She makes me happy; she makes me sad.

She can cast over me the most heavenly spell.
Sometimes she makes me miserable as hell.

Sometimes she’s lovely and looks like a queen.
Sometimes she’s ugly, grouchy and mean.

When she rides her broom, she wears rags of black.
Sometimes she wears silk and drives a Cadillac.

If you happen to meet my witch in the market-place,
You probably won’t know her, she has a angel-face.

JoAnn Finley Black
Somerset, KY
Sunday

In lethargy of thought, 
a stunned, 
desultory elusiveness, 
my mind, 
grasping at images— 
a dream I’m already forgetting: 
I stood alone on home-place ridge 
as three funnel clouds passed in front of me 
over Hard Scratch Hollow. 
This pale, dream image 
statics in memory; 
now a four lane.

Steam from the coffee pot 
glazed cabinet grain. 
Cream 
whirled in our cups 
as darkness pressed on kitchen windows.

His tired steps 
almost drug 
through the hall-way, 
sleep dispelled 
with lungs weary, 
from steel-dust, 
unfiltered Kools, 
from breathing 
so much breath; 
Agent Orange, 
the latent chaos of these poisoned cells.
Gravity pulls at everything. 
Outside, 
ridge pines materialize, 
risen from indiscernible gray. 
Then, 
in the East, 
sunlight blazes tree-line crowns. 

John Timothy Robinson 
Gallipolis Ferry, WV

The Cell

The opioid withdrawal room is in a jail, 
cell door slammed on uniforms, guns, and keys. 
He lies on a narrow, metal bed, eyes glossed, 
mouth bleeding with sores that crack his lips.

In his half-waking trance, this barred cage 
is other traps in his life. He cringes in jeering 
prisons of high school yards, caught between daily 
mockery of peers and his need for their drugs.

His bones ache with chills that shake his skin 
thin frame. The sheet doesn’t warm his ribcage 
and knobby knees. In dreams, he sees the metal tray 
where his cousin lay, face covered by a sheet.

Diana Becket 
Cincinnati, OH
Soul Searching

What do you do when the children are gone?
My family was my life’s work.
Why didn’t anyone tell me how painful
it would be when my last child got a job
many miles from home.
The swallows built their nest in the corner
of our porch. Each spring we watched
them and marveled at nature’s way.
The eggs hatched and grew
under constant feedings.
We saw the young stand on the edge of the nest,
teetering, balancing, flapping their wings,
getting ready to take off.
My bedrooms are as empty as their nest.

Amanda Benton
Paducah, KY

Ode to a Weeping Willow

There is something to be said for willows
leaning in to shed raindrop tears
to add depth to long and winding rivers
dividing the land.
How like a woman, head bowed in sorrow,
hair hanging like a curtain to hide the hurt.
I'm drawn to those leafy tresses,
wanting to shelter under their covering
away from uncertainty, to lean
against her understanding trunk,
confide and cry
for earth itself.

Sandi Keaton-Wilson
Somerset, KY
Trek

So unfamiliar, 
yet so well known.

Footprints sculpting the sand 
in rhythmic indentations.

Depicting a moment in life’s 
journey with clearly visible steps.

Then ... suddenly erased by 
the wind’s breath.

Washed completely clean 
by the sea’s hand.

Leaving no evidence 
of my presence or existence.

Yet, I know 
I was there.

Marking another page 
in the book of time.

Making an impression, 
if only for a moment.

Billie Holladay Skelley 
Joplin, MO
That Foggy Morning

US 421 snaked by our house
and around a mountain
where the rock face wore scars
of smashed cars and pickups.

My sisters and I lived
on the next hill,
a hill we ran down
to catch the school bus
or visit the bookmobile.

Across the highway,
elves and fairies lived
in a wood, riding dragonflies
and slaying shrews.
If I told my baby sister
stories about them,

she would let me warm
my large winter feet
on her small belly.

The little folk lived there
until the day a carload
of big boys crashed into that rock.

I only remember the one
in the back seat,
the one who fell out bloody
when I opened the door.

E. Gail Chandler
Shelbyville, KY
Three Tweetable Poems

Suggestion*

Slipping across the room,
I am a subtle suggestion
You pretend not to hear, except…
I can see that you do.

Reconnoiter

I am your breath on my face, waiting;
a tightening feeling we carry
toward the threshold between
expectation and experience.

Love Song

I see you lean against the wall.
My hips recall old dances,
domestic and exotic,
glances dissolving together alone.

Kelly Vance
Richmond, KY

*First Place Winner in the 2017 KSPS Annual Conference Contest
The Curmudgeon

I’m not satisfied
unless it’s raining
I’m talking torrential downpour,
broken levy kind of rain.

I’m not happy until the verdict is in:
capital murder in the first degree,
no possibility of parole

I’m not worried
until the market has crashed,
the bubble has burst wide,
and the bottom has fallen
out of it all.

I’m unable to empathize
with angry crowds
gathered to protest my right
to use the family bathroom
at Target alone.

I won’t be swayed
by your ability to conjugate
full sentences, and I am
unavailable for comment.

Joseph Fulkerson
Owensboro, KY
Curious Child

What are those mounds Mama
Why are they so straight
What are those stones growing out of them
The stones with marks on them
What is under them
Can we see Mama
Can we?

Hush, my curious child
Your words may wake the sleepers
That lie beneath earthen blankets.
They are as seeds planted in the soil
Waiting for the return of the gatherer.

Whose return Mama
Who is this gatherer that is coming back
Can we come to watch Mama
Can we?

Hush my curious child
Let me think
Let me gather my thoughts.
In time, we two, you and I
May lie here sleeping, waiting with them.
Our mounds will be straight
Covered with green velvet blankets
The stones growing out of them
Our names, written in stone.

Vivian M. Kelley
Frankfort, KY
Coffee with Merton*

On a cold March morning
I first met Thomas Merton
At his place, his hermitage

There was no heat in the room
Only a small electric heater
Not nearly enough to cut the chill

I made coffee and sat at his desk
A single overhead lamp
Aided the the sun’s rising

The window’s view was panoramic
Very much as Merton saw
Very much what he enjoyed

I had come here to write
What, I didn’t know, just
That I wanted his voice in my ears

I lit votive candles for ambience
Pulled a blanket off his bed
And wrapped up in it

The frosty front lawn soon
Began to thaw and so did I

There was a friendly presence
About this room, one of
Familiarity and encouragement

The smell of long lost fires
Scented by fireplace soot,
Was comforting, memorable

*Copyright, 1953, by John L. Merton


All rights reserved.
The photos, the macramé hanging
The bookshelf, the squeaky chair
Sang their own song…

As if Merton himself was still about
As if he had just stepped out
For awhile but would soon return

The coffee was, after all, hot and inviting

Come back, Father Louis, come home
Where you belong, where your heart lives
In this place of peace and paradox

Randy Cox
Nashville, TN

*Thomas Merton’s hermitage, Trappist, Kentucky

Carolina

I went to the beach because I found it hard to resist. I took my time putting up a tent, pole by pole, until it was built. I spread out my towel, thought about the people I missed. Each morning I woke up to the new dead crabs and jellyfish left by the night. I wonder why it’s my instinct to lie. (I’ve not forgotten your eyes.) The disk still swims under the seat. Black fleas in the sand. I can’t tell the monsters from men. I lie back and my skin is pricked with sin. The water rushes up around me. Cold, I catch my breath. I watch someone fade and drain into it.

Tasha Cotter
Lexington, KY
Save Us, Lord

after: Easter Vigil Litany
& M. Gandhi

Parce nobis Domine
From blessings without gratitude
   Ora pro nobis;
From power without empathy
   Ora pro nobis;
From knowledge without wise consent
   Ora pro nobis;
From business without principle
   Ora pro nobis;
From science without morality
   Ora pro nobis;
From religion without tolerance
   Ora pro nobis;
From politics without probity
   Ora pro nobis;
Parce nobis Domine.

Don Fleming
Crescent Springs, KY

Feeder Fight

Two grackles
   beak to beak,
      wings flapping
a foot off the ground,
   surrounded by plenty,
      squabble like humans
over a single millet seed.

Becky Lindsay
Crestview Hills, KY
Two by Gary Beck, New York, NY

Summer Tourists

Visitors pass through Bryant Park en route to entertainment but unexpected attractions capture their attention, ping pong, library readings, dance class, chess, tempting the willing to stay and play games of choice on a pleasant afternoon.

Summer in the City

The less privileged beauties who aren’t in the Hamptons, a luxury island resort, strut their wares on prosperous streets hoping for an encounter with prospective providers. The mentally ill homeless walk in neighborhood parks, babbling to themselves, madness accelerated by lack of meds, extreme contrasts in the urban fresco.
Old Poets

Old writers of poems never die
They just fade into the white spaces between
Those black printed lines they have
Worked so hard to create

In this day and age—hardly ever read
Never to be remembered—to be recited
Rarely paid for—infrequently printed

Once in a blue moon or a new moon
Does a young one come along—hardly ever do they
grow old
Still writing those profoundly poetic verses

R. R. Nash – The Archetypal Poet
Crestwood, KY
Driving

I watch little old people as they drive.

Along the expressway
They grip the wheel too tightly
They wear blinders for lateral vision
And barely move at 55

Others pass them briskly
Or cut them off
Or call out to them: get with the flow
Or get off the road

My Fiatt 500 does best on local roads
But when it finds its way to I-75
My concentration constricts
Internal police repeat in my ear

Don’t exceed the speed limit
Keep your eyes on the road
Drive defensively
Keep in the lane that prepares you for your exit

My hands tighten on the wheel
As my Fiatt reminds me of my full time task:
Don’t forget where you are going
Or how to get there

I watch little old people as I drive.

Jack Lindy
Cincinnati, OH
Progress

For my father, who spent his life fixing things, and taught me all about regress and progress.

That day, years ago, when Dad and I picked up a piece of furniture near where he grew up—off of Chesapeake onto Ohio Ave.—we slowed down for the home that he was raised in. A clapboard old thing then with white siding which you could tell, looking at, grew haphazardly room by room by accretion, as each of its sixteen inhabitants arrived, screaming and hungry, ready (or not) for what lay ahead.

After he died, I’d drive by it now and then to reflect on all that passed there, in that home and chicken farm where all my aunts and uncles, many now passed themselves, grew up just outside of Newport, back when urban and rural weren’t so far apart.

Now the home is gone, and the two or three other clapboard homes near it, replaced by a new subdivision called Grande Villa or Villa Grande (or some such ersatz name), new brick clones that, fifty or sixty years from now, a middle-aged son will drive by (in passing) with his elderly father.

Matt Birkenhauer
Ludlow, KY
I Lied

There are some losses that can make you a lover.
And there are some losses that can make you a liar.
My guess, my loss made me a liar.

Just after the death of my father.
I lied to my mother, "You will be okay; things will turn in your favor.
And your nightmares? All will be over soon."
Looking straight at my face my mother asked, “Since when have you become such a liar?”

And I am still searching for that answer.

Actually, nothing was okay. Nothing!
Nothing is okay and nothing is going to be okay.

Compensate!
That is what we do.
We compensate with our lives.
We love.
We lie.
We love, lie, live and we try to be alive.
Then we die.

Rachana Rahman
Frankfort, KY
Legacy

Author of Life,
a book written large,
I add my scribbles in the margins
praying they do not detract.

Volumes of the ages
weighty tomes,
I take up pen to add
my commentary.

Do I dare leave my mark,
pit intellect against the great,
inscribe my message
for posterity?

No apples of gold these,
no silver frame,
only brass
left behind.

Janice Harris
Somerset, KY
After Your Husband’s Unexpected Surgery, 
You Look For Temporary Refuge 
To Stitch Together Your Emotions

The heart café is in the heart of the lobby, 
its wall-sized windows welcoming, 
letting in light that isn’t necessarily in your life. 
You can sit in a high-backed chair to eat, 
streaks of sun veining your table, warming hands 
and thoughts. Sometimes you piece together 
a crossword, or take up someone else’s attempt, 
the daily newspaper communal, as in shared grief. 
Outside, a stone’s throw from plate glass, 
bulldozers direct and redirect a wedge of earth, 
new wing planned. One day you sip water 
(heart healthy) from a bottle, seek calm in its label, 
bucolic, watch a lone worker shovel dirt into a ditch, 
fixing a scar. Mentally, you send moral support, 
osmosis over distance through a transparent barrier. 
The café has its own frequency of quiet, 
but adjacent voices buttress you, sustenance 
for the return upstairs, elevator cutting vertically, 
opening to the clogged arteries of long hallways.

C.G. Thompson  
Greenville, NC
You can read this variegated bouquet of poems by five Berea writers several ways. Read straight through the volume, meeting the poets in different combinations and imagining conversations going on among their poems because of how they are sequenced. Or, thanks to an index that groups the poems by individual poets, read the work of each poet separately. And there’s always the serendipity of dipping in and out of the book, drawn by a title as, for example, I was drawn to Jones’ “Celebrating Fifty by Throwing Out my Make-Up,” or Parker’s “For My Mountain Uncles, Those Men Long Gone.” The number of poetic forms makes this also a handbook on writing poetry: for example, Barbara Wade’s “Ode to Avocados” and her sonnet, “Autumn Equinox;” Vicky Hayes’ prose poems; Jones’ “Appalachian Ghazal” and “Wedding Pantoum;” Parker’s “My four-year-old asks what happens when people die and when I hesitate she answers her own question,” which certainly reads like a found poem; and narrative poems such as Schnare’s “Appalachian Trail.”

The subject matter deeply engages us in the joys and sheer work of being human, usually from an explicitly female perspective. Parker’s persona poem, “The Midwife,” takes us to a remote home and allows us to eavesdrop as the midwife coaches the mother, “The baby can’t come/till you let go. /The pain is a light, /reach for it now.” Schnare’s “The First Year” addresses a deceased loved one as the speaker struggles towards hope: “How long must I live in blue days, twilight?” In “What She Needs,” Wade expresses the fear and anger that erupts in caregiving. Place is important as a source of identity and of understanding. Hayes’ prose poem, “War, West Virginia,” evokes a dying coal camp: “We’ve come to War looking for troubles and we’ve found it deep in

Continued on page 40
This poem sequence, each titled with a date, begins on “January 24” and ends with “December 31” of 2016. One imagines the poet writing a poem a day as an exercise in paying attention, and choosing the best ones to make up this volume.

The first poem introduces the reader to the poet’s household: her spouse, two cats, and a dog. As is often the case, the poem addresses her partner as she records the business of daily living: “I’ve been stocking the birdfeeders/In the snowy yard. You are re-organizing/The kitchen again. You’ve baked us bread, /And cured your own bacon.” The mood, of quiet appreciation for the ordinary, is set for the collection. Another thread of attention goes to self-examination. “My life has begun/To figure itself out,” she says in “January 26.” Although apprehensiveness may intrude from time to time, and writer’s block, there will be no anguish, regret, or other killing emotions. “February 7” concludes, “Tonight I discovered what I discover/Each day: all along I wanted this/Exact miraculous thing.”

And what’s wrong with contentment, with confessing to happiness amid the flood of confessional poetry that insists on darkness? Why not preserve some mystery? In “February 8” we are told gently, “There’s a story to every person, / And behind every love story/Exists another story that’s never told.” Such restraint does not deny the range of human emotions, however. The example of Virginia Woolf appears more than once to remind us otherwise.

The copy on the back cover lists David Lehman, Frank O’Hara, and Emily Dickinson as inspirations in creating a poetic journal. I also hear Mary Oliver whispering in the daily descriptions of nature, particularly the weather and the changing seasons. “... spring is its own/Form of kindness,” she notes in “March 24.” Always, as with Oliver, the attention to the natural world brings wonder and comfort. Highly recommended.
2018 STUDENT CONTEST WINNERS

CATEGORY 1 – GRADES 3 & 4

Piano

I love playing the piano;  
It is really fun.  
One song is about a rainbow,  
And another is about the sun.  
Playing the piano makes me feel fine.  
I like to play music  
And memorize the lines.  
"Amazing Grace" is my favorite song  
Sometimes I play it and even sing along.  
I love playing the piano;  
It is really great.  
I'm getting really good at it;  
I practice every day.

Corey Burns  
Iuka, MS
The Wishing Star

I wished upon a wishing star
   To take me away very far.
   To take me up in the sky,
   To take me high so I could fly.
So . . . it took me up in the night
The sky was far, but his friends were bright.
I fell asleep upon the star,
It’s been an awesome night so far.
I woke up and the star said,
“It’s time to get out of bed.”
Then he placed me near the ground.
I got off and looked around.
Before I knew it, he went away.
I kept looking for him, for days.
I didn’t get to say goodbye,
But we had an adventure,
He and I.

Sydney Breeze
Lexington, KY
2018 STUDENT CONTEST WINNERS

CATEGORY 3 – GRADES 7 & 8

Porch of Memories

I sit on the porch
as the sun waves
from the trees,
causing the world to brighten.
The leaves slither
across the blacktop road like animals,
and I peer over the bushes,
trying to catch the movement.

I sit on the porch
and glare at the creek
my mom never let me swim in.
I breathe in, savoring the silence stuck
between the crevice of the mountain.

I remember sitting on the porch,
looking for bears,
running as bees chased me,
and eating Ramen messily in my lap.

I recount the memories,
some I wish to cherish
and some I wish to forget
as I sit on that porch,
stuck in the mountains of my own
childhood.

Sydney Spickard
Hartville, OH
The Storm

The storm approaches,
Faster, faster.
The black clouds draw closer,
Each fighting to get on top.
They block out the sun's beautiful rays,
And the world is swallowed by darkness.
The trees begin to sway and bend
As the wind rips through the valley.
Rain begins to fall;
Heavier, heavier.
Light only appears for a matter of seconds,
With rolls of thunder following close behind.
The sound is overwhelming:
The rushing rain,
The roaring thunder,
The howling wind.
Impossibly, the rain comes down harder,
And barely anything is visible.
But somehow,
*Everything* soon *calms down.*
The wind slows to a gentle breeze,
and the dark clouds move away.
It all returns to normal.
It may not be the same as it was before,
But it will survive.

Olivia Poczatek
Vanceburg, KY
arms

a baby boy is born
like the first flicker of a flame
elated, his mother beams at her only son.

a young boy is in algebra class he
reads numbers like poetry
everybody notices
his dark, outstretched arm
eager, waiting.
at lunch, the boys ask him
why he doesn’t act “black.”
he wonders what melanin
ever had to do with math.

a teenage boy puts his hoodie
back in the closet.
it is better to be cold
than dead.

A young man
speeds seven miles above the limit the
sirens follow close behind him the
street side is stained with injustice he
bleeds another man’s mistake.

a young man never makes it
to his first job interview
but his name blooms like
wildfire.

Tejaswini Sudhakar
Lexington, KY
2018 KSPS Student Poetry Contest Prize Winners

Category 1 (Grades 3 and 4)

1st – Corey Burns, “Piano,” Iuka Elementary School, Iuka, MS.

Category 2 (Grades 5 and 6)

2nd – Caleb Upton, “Secrets of the Heart,” Baker Middle School, Troy, MI.
3rd – Blake Hunley, “When You Are Thinking Hard,” McNeill Elementary School, Bowling Green, KY.
1st Honorable Mention – Michaela Lynn Hubert, “From Darkness to Light,” Baker Intermediate, Winchester, KY.

Category 3 (Grades 7 and 8)

1st – Sydney Spickard, “Porch of Memories,” Lake Center Christian School, Hartville, OH.
2nd – Sydney Varga, “The Beautiful Creature,” Lake Center Christian School, Hartville, OH.
3rd – Aniya Meese, “Time Not Wasted,” Lake Center Christian School, Hartville OH.
1st Honorable Mention – Alexis Joseph, “Passageway,” Lake Center Christian School, Hartville, OH.
2nd Honorable Mention – Sophia Sommers, “The Unknown,” Lake Center Christian School, Hartville, OH.
3rd Honorable Mention – Jessica Mansfield, “Not Just,” Glasgow MS, Glasgow, KY.

Category 4 (Grades 9 and 10)

1st – Olivia Poczatek, “The Storm,” St. Patrick School, Maysville, KY.
2nd – Madison Brandenburg, “The Devil’s Bathtub,” Bath County HS, Owingsville, KY.
3rd – Claire Qian, “Inconvenient Truths,” Lafayette HS, Lexington, KY.
1st Honorable Mention – Zachary Thomas Brock, “I Would Not Stop for Freedom,” Berea Ind., Berea, KY.
2nd Honorable Mention – Chloe Upton, “Kentucky,” Athens HS, Troy, MI.
Category 5 (Grades 11 and 12)

1st – Tejaswini Sudhakar, “arms,” Dunbar HS, Lexington, KY.
2nd – Lily Kesten, “View from My Front Porch,” Homeschooled, Midway, KY.
3rd – Kayla Stubits, “The Book,” Lehighton Area HS, Lehighton PA.
1st Honorable Mention – JaQuavius Whitlock, “Recreated,” McCracken Regional School, Paducah, KY.
3rd Honorable Mention – Mi Brianna Castillo, “Isaac,” Lehighton Area HS, Lehighton, PA.

* * *

Book Beat   Continued from page 32

the downward spiral.” There’s sweetness, too. Jones’ vivid “My Four-Year-Old’s Dreamwork” adopts the child’s voice to declare, “I dreamed I got ated by a dinosaur. I got ated by a diplodocus.” Any mother “would need a pazooka and a sword” to fight such a beast.

Balance of Five is arranged in six sections. The final one groups poems about writing, writers, and art, and shows these poets as students of their craft. Wade’s “Wide Seas Apart,” dedicated to Jean Rhys, author of the novel Wide Sargasso Sea, thoughtfully re-explores Rhys’ novel about Bertha, the madwoman in the attic of Jane Eyre. The imagery of Schnare’s “Encounter” evokes doomed fictional heroines Emma Bovary, Anna Karenina, Tess of the d’Urbervilles, and Edna Pontellier. Hayes’ “James Agee, Voyeur,” expands on a quote from Let Us Now Praise Famous Men. Jones’ “Wedding Pantoum” takes its inspiration from an Isak Dinesen story. Their poems send us back to the originals, a fine tribute from one artist to another.

This is an excellent introduction to the work of five serious writers.

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

Tanya Bartlett (p. 12–13) loves writing of all forms, but her go-to genre is poetry. She tries to write or edit every day. Her poetry blog can be accessed at bltcorner.blogspot.com. This is her first appearance in Pegasus.

Gary Beck (p. 25) has spent most of his adult life as a theater director in New York City. His original plays and translations of Moliere, Aristophanes and Sophocles have been produced Off Broadway. He had published 14 chapbooks of poetry. His latest novel, Flare Up, is now available through all major retailers.

Diana Becket (p. 15) 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.

Amanda Benton (p. 16) has always loved words. The first, from her first grade reader were “puddles,” then “cup” and “saucer,” and a kitten named “Boots.” She likes to write in the manner of Robert Frost—straightforward, without hidden meanings.

Matt Birkenhauer (p. 28) 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. 13) 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.

E. Gail Chandler’s (p. 18) poems have appeared in a number of journals including Appalachian Heritage, Verse Wisconsin, Passager, and the anthologies, Standing on the Mountain: Voices of Appalachia, Motif and Bigger than They Appear. Her nonfiction book, Sunflowers on Market Street, was published by Dismas Charities in 2003. Finishing Line published her chapbooks of poetry, Where the Red Road Meets the Sky (2009) and He Read to Us (2016).

Tasha Cotter (p. 23) is President-elect of KSPS and will serve as President of KSPS in 2019. A review of her recent work, The Aqua Notebook published by Anaphora Literary Press, can be found on page 33 of this issue of Pegasus. She makes her home in Lexington, Kentucky where she works in higher education.
Bio-Bits  (Continued)

**Randy Cox**, (p. 22–23) a music publisher for the past 40 years in Nashville, TN, directed 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. 5) 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. 1) 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 workshop conducted by Kentucky Poet Laureate Frederick Smock.

**Don Fleming** (p. 24) 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. 20) is an aspiring writer of prose and poetry. His influences include works by Hunter S. Thompson, Charles Bukowski, and Jack Kerouac. He will have poems appearing in upcoming issues of Modern Haiku and Frogpond. He is currently working as an electrician in Owensboro, KY.

**Lori Goff** (p. 11) is the author of The Heart of It All, a collection of poetry and prose, and Spirits Walking, a collection of stories passed down by her mother of rural Appalachia. She is currently at work on a book of poetry.

**John Grey** (p. 8–9) is an Australian poet, US resident. He has been 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.

**Janice Harris** (p. 30) lives in Somerset, KY. A graduate of Berea College with 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, Pegasus and other collections.
Bio-Bits (Continued)

Christopher Helvey (p. 11) 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.

Elizabeth Howard (p. 10) 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. 7) 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. 16) 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, and at Brier Books, Joseph Beth Booksellers and Amazon.

Vivian M. Kelley’s (p. 21) 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. 24) 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. 27) is a retired psychiatrist and psychoanalyst. His recent books include *Twelve Months: Diary of a Year to Live; Portraits*, and *Returns*. His poem, “Driving,” is part of his new project, *Extra Innings*.

R. R. Nash (p. 26) is a retired psychotherapist. He served with Los Angeles Police Department for 21 years. After receiving a Masters Degree in Clinical Psychology, he worked as a Drug Addiction Counselor for the state of Kentucky. He is a certified Domestic Violence Counselor. He has served as a Court Appointed Special Advocate for the Kentucky Family Court system. He began writing poetry in his late sixties. Ron is the KSPS Historian.

Rachana Rahman (p. 29) 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 State of Kentucky as a Programmer Analyst.
Bio-Bits (Continued)

Sasha Reinhardt (p. 12) is an 8th grade English teacher and an avid Harry Potter fan. She grew up and still lives in Eastern Kentucky. This is her first appearance in Pegasus.

John Timothy Robinson (p. 14–15) is a mainstream poet of the expressive image and inwardness in the tradition of James Wright, Rita Dove, Donald Hall, and 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.

Billie Holladay Skelley (p. 17) grew up in Kentucky, went to college in Wisconsin, and currently lives in Missouri. Her writing has appeared in various journals, magazines, and anthologies—ranging from the American Journal of Nursing to Chicken Soup for the Soul. Billie has written five books for children and teens. Her biographical text, Ruth Law: The Queen of the Air, received the 2017 Missouri Writers’ Guild First Place Award for Best Juvenile Book.

Paul Stroble (p. 6–7) 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 various subjects. His first chapbook, Dreaming at the Electric Hobo, was published by Finishing Line Press in 2015.

C.G. Thompson (p. 31) 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.

Kelly Vance (p. 19) is currently enrolled in the MFA for Creative Writing at Eastern Kentucky University’s Bluegrass Writers Studio where she is the poetry editor for Jelly Bucket. Her work has been published in The Other Side, Cathexis, and The Licking River Review. When not writing poetry, she researches the complex intersection between human behavior and violence.

Diane Webster (p. 9) 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.
Kentucky State Poetry Society Membership

KSPS members benefit from being part of a network of poets who encourage and support each other. KSPS is a member of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies (NFSPS), so our members not only receive our poetry journal, Pegasus, and any KSPS newsletters, but also have access online to the NFSPS newsletter, Strophes.

KSPS conducts three poetry contests per year: the Adult Contest, the Annual Conference Contest, and the Student Contest. Rules for the Adult Contest (open March 1 – June 30) can be found on the KSPS website. The Annual Conference Contest is open at no cost to participants at the annual poetry conference in October. The Student Contest reaches out to public, parochial, and home-schooled students statewide and nationally. Members can also enter poems in the NFSPS annual contests at reduced rates.

KSPS publishes two issues of its poetry journal, Pegasus, per year. All issues are posted in electronic form on the KSPS website, www.kystatepoetrysociety.org, and members receive an email notice when a new issue is available. Members can receive one paper copy of each journal at no extra cost if they request it on the membership form.

Membership: The Kentucky State Poetry Society welcomes new and renewing members. Membership, based on the calendar year, is $35 for adults and $15 for students. “Student” includes those enrolled in levels elementary through graduate school. To join or renew your membership, copy and fill out the form below. Mail with your check, made out to KSPS, to Mary Allen, KSPS Membership Chair, 1092 Chinoe Road, Lexington, KY 40502-3098.

Name ____________________________
Address _____________________________
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Phone(s) _______________________ Email ___________________
Adult _____ Student _____ (Grade Level ______) Fee _________
New Member_______Renewal ________ Year fee covers ________
_____ I wish to receive a paper copy of each issue of Pegasus published during 2019.