

WRITERS BLOCK



THE WRITE TOUCH WRITERS NEWSLETTER

April 2008

EDITOR'S CORNER:

A passage from William Shakespeare's poem,
"The Merchant in Venice":

"The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night."

I must mention that April is National Poetry Month, and it is my deepest literary passion. I am here to awaken, and steer you toward reading and writing poetry.

Let's honor the great poets - Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman, John Keats, Geoffrey Chaucer, and many more - and, the local poets and poets across the nation, and in foreign countries who have achieved their poetic goals - and mastered the art of poetry.

The beauty and richness of a poem comes from the depth of heart, mind and spirit.

Take a break. Write a poem that moves you - and gives you wings.

Karen Fink

FACILITATOR'S CORNER:

When writing becomes obsessive, then writers are in their prime. I have written a piece about obsession but that is for another time. I have learned that, very often, what is not said can be more effective than what you might have said. You have to listen to what has not been spoken. And nothing gets my attention faster than a nuance. My Webster's Dictionary, 1995, says a nuance is: a slight difference in color or tone -- a slight difference in meaning or emotion. I love this one, "Can't we just be friends?" That's a classic and a death knell to any relationship a man might have had in mind. Whatever it was, you can bet it was more than friendship.

If anyone cares, my favorite dictionary is a 1934 Webster's, about eight inches thick and old enough to have Germany represented by a swastika flag.

W.E. Rowe, Jr.

UPCOMING EVENTS: MAY 7 - Critiquing at Dale Association (Senior Centre), 33 Ontario St., at 6:30 p.m., William Rowe - Facilitator. MAY 21 - Writing/Critiquing at Lockport Public Library, 23 East Ave., at 6:30 p.m., Marti Schrichte -- Facilitator. JUNE 4th - Critiquing at Dale Association, at 6:30 p.m., William Rowe - Facilitator. JUNE 18th - WORKSHOP: DIALOGUE - Is It Necessary?, Lockport Library, at 6:30 p.m., Helene Lee - author of Bittersweet Decision.

MEMBERS' SHOWCASE:

Ladies in Yellow

Wind has a nasty bite
In his breath
As I quickly put to rest
Deep in the moist earth
The sleeping ladies
Whose yellow attire
I could only dream about
As I neatly tuck each one in
For the long, cold season coming along
Much too swiftly for me.

I'm impatient now as I search
For the slightest sign of
Their resurrection
Hoping that maybe today I should
Invite Wind to send his
Warm and gentle waves
To gracefully billow out
Their flaxen skirts.

~Del Levesque
March 2008

Jailbird

Jailbird,
Why do you cry?
The world around you hasn't died!
Hey, Jailbird, stay awake another day,
The world around you hasn't died!
Hey, Jailbird, keep your head high like
The agile wings of an eagle you will be
Free!
Don't lie to yourself.
Hey, my darlin' Jailbird, the world around
You hasn't died so wipe away your tears,
Save them for another day, the world around you
Is still alive.
Oh, Jailbird, why do you cry?
The world around you didn't die!
Baby, be fine and dandy cross over the line.
Momma still loves you.
Pretty little Jailbird, don't worry your heart,
Momma's love hasn't fallen apart.
The world is going strong although
You did something wrong!
By eagle's agile wings, my pretty little Jailbird
You will be free.
Oh, Jailbird, why do you cry?
The world around you hasn't died.
The world around you hasn't died!

~Jay G. Helwig

A TIME FOR MAGIC

Life is a series of contracts, many of which one becomes involved in with no thought of consequence. There are many kinds. There is the formal, legalized contract written at great length and, often enough containing clauses that protect both parties from fulfilling what they had agreed to. If one party has smarter legal representation a contract could be broken. And it can be broken without loss of prestige. In fact, a reputation can be enhanced by someone's foreknowledge of having a way to renege on what had been agreed

to. Honor is not expected in a contract. It hasn't always been that way. But the day of a man's word being binding is long gone.

One of the least understood, yet, most honorable of contracts is the one you make with Uncle Sam when you serve in the armed forces. He feeds you, clothes you and gives you a place to sleep. He takes care of your medical needs and dental problems. And he pays you. And it isn't all that hard to live up to your end of it. Until he really needs you. It is not until then, when he tells you to go somewhere and shoot at someone who will be shooting back, that you really live up to your end of the contract. Shades of the Godfather there. "Some day I may ask a favor of you--".

(a novel excerpt)

~W.E. Rowe, Jr.

HER STORY

On the porch of a house that time forgot, an old woman rocked in her chair. From the folds of her blue house dress she pulled out a book. Weary with age, arthritic fingers opened it to a photograph between the pages.

In a dreamlike state, the old woman drifted back to the house on Grover St. picturing the end of the street, where it led to the woods and the maze of trails that ended at the lake.

Dwelling in a time when she was young, had children and gossipy neighbors, the old woman remembered well the whispers spreading, creating a pattern of waves that she feared would reach her husband's ears.

Once, a stranger in town slowly, insidiously introduced her to whiskey, to a boat in the lake.

After several furtive meetings, guilt overwhelmed her. And when she said it was over, the stranger begged for one last boat ride to their special place. Accompanying the lunch he always provided was the shovel, the one he used to dig a hole and bury the remains of their lunch.

Upon landing, the last mating dance became the dance of death, of survival when her sexy white dress bore blood-stains.

Now, the sadness she felt whenever looking at the photograph lightened. Glancing at the tall urn sitting in the corner of the porch, the old woman picked up the bottle of whiskey and drank her bedtime drink of choice, toasting the urn.

Only the old woman knew that the flourishing geranium on top hid the burial tool, the sawed-off pieces of the shovel.

The Write Touch Roundtable facilitator handed out a lengthy word list and said, "Use some of the words to write a story." I used all the words for this piece.

~Helene R. Lee

"Don't be in a hurry to condemn because he doesn't do what you do or think as you think or as fast. There was a time when you didn't know what you know today."

-Malcolm X

Submitted By: Jay G. Helwig

VOCABULARY NOTES:

Spectrum, n. - rainbow; color gamut.
See COLOR, variegation.

Dank, adj. - humid, moist.

Abhor, v. t. - hate.

Wicket, n. - gate, door, window; hoop, arch; turnstile.
See OPENING.

Ablution, n. - cleansing, washing..
See CLEANLINESS.

KUDOS!

Keith Casey - Union-Sun & Journal - "Santa Claus Does Exist - An Ode to Gill" - December 2007.

Annette Szymula - Niagara Writer's Corner of the Niagara Living supplement of the Niagara Gazette - "The Fish Tale"-----Buffalo News My View - "Odd Shamrock Teaches the Teacher". Both publications - March 2008.

Ten Write Touch members attended the Art reception at the Market Street Art Center, February 23rd. Seven members read their stories and poems -- written from selected artists' paintings and photography exhibits.

Mike Miller (member) - presented a "Writing A How-To Book" workshop at the Lockport Public Library on January 16. He has a recently published book - 3-D Photography: You Can Do It With Your Own Camera.

E.Y.I.: Scratch offers monthly writing contests to discover new talent. Seeks new short fiction, offers rotating guest judges, authors, agents, editors and publishers. Small fee to enter, cash prizes, publication every month. For information and links: <http://www.scratchcontest.net/>

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