

# *WRITERS BLOCK*

**THE WRITE TOUCH WRITERS NEWSLETTER**

**JUNE 2008**

## **EDITOR'S CORNER:**

Journal writing - When I write in gratitude journals, I find myself rooted in humble gratefulness...my words like little jewels...profound. In this type of journal writing, my words are apt to be more measured, more concise, more focused. I locate deep emotion through words of gratitude, explanations of real life occurrences... regarding family, worldly matters, personal health issues, how I felt when our home was spared from devastating fire in a nearby building inferno, etc. In the scope of gratitude journal writing, it's like peeling back reality and discovering the core - the sweetness and bitterness of life. I analyze with a vengeance, and then write my secret gratitude on specific points that had affected me very deeply.

I keep dream journals. For me, keeping track of my dreams is a fascinating thing. Whether nightmarish, or crazy journeys to strange places, or fragmented scenes, or reversed logic - my subconscious mind leads the way. Later, I scribble down whatever I am able to recall, and piece it together. Wallah! I have a poem, and another poem, etc. - or a prose piece.

Karen Fink

## **FACILITATOR'S CORNER:**

A Summer Piece --

I weave fabric. My closet is filled with all kinds of yarn: leftovers, bargains, colors or textures that just spoke to me. It is called a stash and is the well of creativity to visit. Periodically, a weaver sees this yarn and decides nothing new comes into the house until something is used. I'm in one of those moods now and am experimenting with color and patterns using bits and bobs of wool.

One summer while stopped at a traffic light, a red convertible was in front of me. The driver, a young woman with long blond hair, was combing her hair with her left hand, running it through her tresses. When she came to the end, she extended her arm out of the car and, as if playing scales on a piano, let the captured hairs free to float on the breeze.

This image is in my stash to use in some story I haven't yet anticipated. It is important to collect images, interlace them with our own imaginings to make a magical cloth all our own.

Marti Schrichte

*“You must stay drunk on writing so reality cannot destroy you.” - Ray Bradbury*

## **MEMBERS' SHOWCASE:**

### **LET ME FLY**

Red bird, purple bird, yellow bird with black bird  
blue bird, orange bird, black bird with red wings  
ruby-throated humming bird flies a million miles an hour  
kisses me on the cheek...then turns on the power.

Long graceful water birds, blue heron, pink flamingo  
filmy feathered ibis and stretching long necked crane  
fluffy white whistling white swan carrying me home  
lays me on my feather bed like a princess on her throne.

Sweet-dreamed flights on Mother Goose's back  
flying to never-land, round pillared clouds stacks  
from breadths so wide and heights so tall  
if I ever had a problem - it's so very, very small.

Mother always knows when to tuck me in tight  
in my own feather bed; I'll dream away the night  
of flight and fancy; I'll fly my heart's content  
to fall through the feathers to see where I went  
    ...wait for me...I'm flying!  
        ...I'm a bird!  
        ...Let me fly!

Linda Adams

### **LET'S LEARN FROM OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS**

Have you ever noticed how birds behave around a bird feeder? The tiny sparrows and finches sit on the narrow perches and take time between their feeding to flick seeds out of the holes, so that they drop to the ground below. The larger robins, blue jays, starlings and cardinals then feast on those seeds. Most of the time you see several species blithely munching away together with nary a squabble. Invariably one or two red-winged blackbirds or robins will stand guard on the higher branches of the shrubbery, ready to alert the motley flock to the presence of a predator. Sometimes a squirrel will break open a feeder, causing cupfuls of birdseed to rain down upon the “groundlings”, who then chirp loudly, perhaps in thanks.

It seems to me that people could learn a valuable lesson from backyard critters and our feathered friends. Birds of all shapes, sizes, colors and styles, somehow managing to live peacefully, even cooperatively, together. It makes you wonder. Who, indeed, are the “dumb” animals?

Annette Sleyman Szymula

### **MEMBERS' CORNER**

No member submissions received for this column.

### **HUMOR TIDBITS: (New)**

No member submissions received for this column.

### **UPCOMING EVENTS:**

The Write Touch Writers 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Writing competition is slated for October deadline. It's time for members to get their submissions ready. Your work will be judged by non-member published authors. Certificates will be awarded to winners, and recognition for honorable mentions at the Christmas party at the library. Mike Miller and William Rowe, Jr. will be moderators for the competition.

June 18	Library	Writing Workshop (Dialogue)	Helene R. Lee
July 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Dale	Critiquing	Bill Rowe
July 16	Library	Fantasy Workshop	Jennifer Serrano
August 6 <sup>th</sup>	Widewaters	Annual Picnic	Kim Lavery
August 20	Library	Brain Storming Workshop	Mike Miller

### **CREATIVE WRITING CRITIQUED AT DALE - JUNE 4<sup>TH</sup>:**

Jay Helwig	“Vampire of the Dance”; “The Woman and the Corpse”
Helene	“Impasse”
Mike Miller	“Typewriter Repair”
Claudia Rowe	Memoir (excerpt)
Bill Rowe	“Papa Bear”; “Cutting Away”
Adrienne M.	“Peanut and Muff”
Jennifer Serrano	“Fairy Dreams”
Vicki Taylor	“Sway”
Karen Fink	“Rhythms of the Winds”; “Observing the Moon”

## **VOCABULARY NOTES:**

Curvaceous, adj. – colloq... - buxom, voluptuous. See BEAUTY

Purlieus, n. pl. - neighborhood, environs, surroundings, outskirts, limits, bounds, Confines. See NEARNESS

Abattoir, n. - slaughterhouse (See KILLING)

Mogul, n. - autocrat, ruler; capitalist, entrepreneur, financier, tycoon. SLANG - Bigwig: bigshot. See IMPORTANCE

Zealot, n. - fanatic, visionary, dreamer, enthusiast; bigot, devotee, partisan. Colloq., addict, fan. See HETERODOXY, PIETY

HERE ARE SOME WRITING CHALLENGES (if you choose to do):

1. Someone has amnesia. Did that person travel to a town or city...maybe took on a new identity?
2. Some old, yellowed, tattered papers are found in a secret place...could be documents, maps, a confession, a formula, love letters, ingredients for a potion, etc. What is the significance...the mystery?
3. Write about a man or woman you have seen on a street, or a subway, or in a park, or in a crowd, etc. - a haunting image.
4. What color is most prominent in your nocturnal dreams? Analyze. Write your impression of this color, and why it recurs in various scenes of your dreams. Is this color soothing to the eye? Or, is it linked to evil?

Courtesy of Karen Fink, Editor

***“If there’s a book you really want to read, but it hasn’t been written yet, then you must write it.” -- Toni Morrison***

**MISSION STATEMENT - Information \* Education \* Support \* Camaraderie  
For Write Touch Information Call - 434-3201 or 772-7627**