

# STANZA

## OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE MAINE POETS SOCIETY

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VOLUME 30, NUMBER 2

July 2022

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### NEWS OF OUR NEXT MEETING

Our next general meeting will be September 24, 9:30-to noon, on Zoom only. Please see the explanation on page 2. The Board will meet at 9:00. Others will be “admitted” at 9:30. And the contest judge will be with us by 10:00. The Zoom link will be sent to current members by the 23rd.

### September Members-Only Contest

Times New Roman or Arial font preferred.

(REMINDER: Submission to a contest constitutes permission to publish.)

**Deadline, August 24, 2022**

### CONTEST DETAILS

**Contest Poem — Subject: “Grief.” — 30-line limit.**

Robert Frost once wrote that “poetry has a vested interest in sorrow.” So often, our griefs serve as our impetus for writing, reading, or sharing poems. But creating a powerful grief poem requires a poet to do more than simply document sadness. An effective grief poem draws a reader into the drama of sadness; sometimes, yes, into the comedy of sadness. It constructs a conversation between past and present, loss and gain. It mines internal pain to create complex characters, enact complex situations, reveal complex emotions.

Here are three very different examples of effective grief poems: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow’s “Mezzo Cammin,” Lucille Clifton’s “To Mama too late,” and Jeffrey Harrison’s “Our Other Sister.”

#### **To Mama too late**

*Lucille Clifton*

The lady who is gone  
had forgot all about  
I love you.  
If I had fastened it someplace  
on to her midnight pillow  
I might be able to say goodnight  
and she might not be asleep.

[Our Other Sister by Jeffrey Harrison | The Writer's Almanac with Garrison Keillor \(publicradio.org\)](#)

[Mezzo Cammin by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow | Poetry Foundation](#)

### ABOUT THE JUDGE

Dawn Potter is the creative director of the Frost Place Studio Sessions as well as the director of the Frost Place Conference on Poetry and Teaching, both associated with Robert Frost's home in Franconia, New Hampshire. In addition, she directs the high school writing program at Monson Arts. When not teaching, she works as a manuscript consultant and as a freelance editor for literary and academic presses.

Dawn was a finalist for the 2020 National Poetry Series. She is the author or editor of nine books of prose and poetry--most recently, the forthcoming poetry collection *Accidental Hymn*. Her memoir, *Tracing Paradise: Two Years in Harmony with John Milton*, won the 2010 Maine Literary Award in Nonfiction, and she has received grants and fellowships from the Elizabeth George Foundation, the Writer's Center, and the Maine Arts Commission. Her poems and essays have appeared in the *Beloit Poetry Journal*, the *Sewanee Review*, the *Threepenny Review*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, and many other journals in the United States and abroad.

Dawn lives in Portland, Maine, with her husband, the photographer Thomas Birtwistle.

## HOW TO SUBMIT

**Only current MPS members are eligible and only one entry per person is permitted.** Note that Times New Roman or Arial font is preferred.

**If submitting by USPS:** Mail to: Gus Peterson, 12 Middle Street, Randolph 04346

2 copies of your poem (ONE with your name; one without) in a letter-size (#10) envelope marked "CONTEST." **Must be postmarked on or before August 24 to be considered.** Please be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

**Email entries** must be sent as an attachment on or before August 24 to [mainepoetssociety@gmail.com](mailto:mainepoetssociety@gmail.com). In the upper right-hand corner, include your name, address, telephone number and email address. **Please send the poem in a .doc, .docx or .rtf format. Do not send it as a .pdf.** We suggest **Member Contest Entry September 2022** or something similar in the subject line.

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### **An Interactive Workshop with Dawn Potter – Saturday, October 29 “Next Steps: Moving a Poem Draft Forward” Free to 10 current MPS members, but limited to ten spaces**

A new poem draft can be both exciting and daunting. It's thrilling to create a first shape for a poem, but the next steps can feel confusing, unclear, even frightening. We're often told that revision is an essential element of growth into the art, but how can we move beyond our perplexities into embracing experiment and play? In this 2-hour workshop, we'll consider a variety of ways of looking at new poem drafts. Our focus will be on identifying multiple paths, on learning to stand back from our own work, on beginning to see what a draft is doing and what it might do in future drafts. The goal is to build curiosity and self-confidence as we move forward into possibility.

This workshop is limited to 10 participants. Please email Gus Peterson at [glp3324@gmail.com](mailto:glp3324@gmail.com) if you wish to be included. The first 10 people to respond will receive confirmation of their registration. Latecomers will be placed on a waiting list in case a space opens up. Once your registration is confirmed, you will be asked to send a one-page poem to Gus by October 20. That poem should be a work in progress, not a finished or published piece.

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### **A Members-Only Reading in the Round – Saturday July 23 – 10:00 to Noon**

Recognizing that a summer Saturday will not be workable for all, we're still planning a members-only "Reading in the Round" for Saturday, July 23, from 10:00 to noon. Members have suggested that having these quarterly would be their preference. It is our hope that a sufficient number of us will be able to participate to make it an enjoyable time for sharing our work. A link will be sent to all current members on or before July 21.

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### **The September 24th Meeting Will be on Zoom Only**

Feedback from the membership shows us with an approximately 50/50 split regarding who would like to come to an in-person meeting and who prefers to stay on Zoom. This confirms us in our belief that we should purchase the OWL system and look to do hybrid meetings.

However, we have run into an unexpected snag. We need to get *Stanza* to the membership with contest and meeting info this week, and our choices for a venue of a suitable space (needs to be not too big for the hybrid system to work) is not available on the date we have booked with our judge.

Rather than scramble around looking for an alternative space, given that time is now short, we think it best that we Zoom one more time for the September meeting and test out the OWL system during the fall, aiming for a hybrid meeting (possibly a reading in the round?) during the winter. We're all unfamiliar with the system and feeling a little hesitant, wanting to get it right, to provide the best possible experience for members. Please note that the President's Message was written before this decision was made.

## OPPORTUNITY GRANTS ARE STILL AVAILABLE

Funds for an Opportunity Grant to MPS members are available! The rules stipulate that a person needs to have a valid membership as of January 10th of the current year. Now that the pandemic is waning, there may be courses that would be beneficial to a member or members. Courses already are occurring on ZOOM (or other virtual means) that may serve the interests of our membership! The grant application is available upon request by mail or can be sent as a PDF by computer email. Written requests for the form and completed Opportunity Grant Applications can be sent to John Seksay, Treasurer, at 72 Green Street, Augusta, ME 04330. Or go to the Maine Poets Society website, click on the Membership tab, and then on "Download a Membership Opportunity Grant Application."

Opportunity Grants can be up to \$100 (some of which could be used for gas/travel expenses for any in-person poetry seminar/workshop experience). Anyone receiving an Opportunity Grant is asked to write a short piece for *Stanza* afterwards to tell other members about their experience. Individual members can only have one grant in any three-year period. A total of \$500 a year is available for grants – first come, first served. Go here to print out an application: <http://www.mainepoetsociety.com/PDFs/2020-Opportunity-Grants-explanation-and-application.pdf>.

NFSPS asked us for an annual report. We do not remember such a request in years past, but the board members worked to create one for 2021 which we've sent to them and now want to share it with the membership. At this writing, membership on our Facebook page is at 297.

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*The National Federation of State Poetry Societies (NFSPS) asked us for an annual report. We do not remember such a request in years past; but the board put together a report which we sent to them by a deadline in mid-June. We now would like to share it with the MPS membership. At this writing, membership on our Facebook Page is at 303.*

## Maine Poets Society Annual Report 2021

Maine Poets Society met exclusively on Zoom during 2021. We had two general meetings, one in May and another in October. Each ran from 10:00 a.m. to noon. and included a members-only contest. Of the poems submitted, the judge was asked to choose six: 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes and three honorable mentions. These are published in our newsletter.

For the May contest, Dennis Camire was the judge. Submissions were to be "a persona poem in the voice of something other than a human being" with a 30-line limit. For the October contest, Jefferson Navicky was the judge. The subject was "solidarity," and there was a 40-line limit.

We have only recently made it possible for contest entries to be sent via email. This is possible because there is no money involved. We do not yet have a way for payments to be made online.

In November, the judge for the October contest, Jefferson Navicky, for an honorarium from the society, offered a two-hour workshop without cost to MPS members on how to make our poetry less prosy. Slightly more than 20 people attended.

For the past several years, we have held "Winter Gatherings." In 2021 these were also held on Zoom. (1) In January, MPS President Jenny Doughty held a 4-hour workshop titled "What Can We Learn From The Romantics?" at no charge for the first 10 MPS members asking to participate. (2) In March we offered our first members-only "Reading in the Round" on Zoom. This was so successful, that we did another in November and are hoping to offer at least three in 2022.

We also offered two Prize Poem Contests open to all residents of the State of Maine, including those only here for part of the year, one for published poets and another for those work has not yet been published. This is the fifth year that we have done this.

Membership in the society at the end of 2021 was 51. We have a public Facebook page with a current membership of 284. This includes a link to our website with access to our tri-annual newsletter.

<b>May 2022 CONTEST WINNERS</b>
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**Contest: "Time and Place"—Judge, Mike Bove**

**1st Prize—Frances Nankin****Artifact**

I loved that you were there  
 in that empty, dry  
 cellar room  
 that I still see  
 in my dreams,  
 representing, as you were,  
 what you were:  
 a purposeful stone sharpening tool  
 on an aging wood frame  
 designed for your wheel-like purpose,  
 depended upon by someone  
 who once lived

there, in our old house.  
 I loved that you had  
 lasted,  
 gathering dust  
 for so many years,  
 forgotten, loved  
 your musty smell,  
 and there I was,  
 a little nothing girl,  
 watching,  
 wondering if  
 there might also be  
 someone  
 watching me.

**2nd Prize—James Breslin****Night**

The night that he was introduced to her,  
 She sat upon the floor cross-legged in blue denim.

Her long blond hair fell around her face  
 Like a veil of weeping willow.

Who then could predict she'd marry him,  
 Or they'd have an only child that died before them;

Or, for half a century they'd be together and  
 Speak now mostly through their silences?

**3rd Prize—Diane Hunt****The House on the Hill**

The moonbeams turned  
 the white lace curtains  
 into mid-night blues,  
 somewhere off in a hill town  
 inaudible to many  
 a train whistles  
 and keeps up with  
 yesterday's timetable.  
 And those same brilliant stars  
 that have been smiling now forever,  
 twinkle still in our town.

Off there, on the mountain  
 of childhood  
 flanked by a three legged  
 water tower  
 is the place where I go  
 to dream my dreams.

### 1st Honorable Mention—Dr. Jim Brosnan On Narrow Country Roads

I remember  
visiting  
the Tallgrass Prairie  
National Preserve,  
sixty miles southwest  
of Topeka where  
under receding  
charcoal clouds  
we caught glimpses  
of common nighthawks,  
western meadowlarks,  
and a tufted titmouse  
under a slate gray sky,  
when I suddenly  
remembered other  
mornings when  
I retraced a path  
along the Merrimac,  
paused to study  
a great blue heron  
hidden behind in reeds  
along the riverbank  
where nothing else  
but memories remain.

### 2nd Honorable Mention—Jenny Doughty Ready Steady Go

The weekend started here at ten thirty,  
on Friday night TV, when I stretched out  
on the front room floor while my parents were  
safe upstairs in bed. 5-4-3-2-1 –  
Manfred Mann counted down my teenage years.  
Cathy McGowan, Queen of the Mods, was  
my Mary Quanted goddess with her black  
eyeliner, pale lips and Sassoon haircut,  
the Rolling Stones, louche in bell-bottomed jeans,  
on screen in black and white, my demigods.  
I wore my black lace panties on the night  
my boyfriend and I made love in front of  
those miming deities. They were unaware  
I was no longer their virgin priestess.

### 3rd Honorable Mention—Laura West

#### Poet's Cosmology

I'll never know, how it was I came to have a memory before time began.  
Was there an irregularity in the singularity,  
a hair in the ointment of the Big Bang?

That fiery night I felt each exquisite desire embody as a point of light.  
Like drops of dew they appeared from nowhere  
and spun off like tops to bifurcate and bifurcate again.

Time's birth cry rocketed through the chambers of the universe  
but it changed not  
the rose petals of Love on the altar of the heart.

This inner compass, the longing for return, sailed through  
the field of Becoming as a lark  
heading toward Home.

## Results of our 2022 Prize Poem Contests

### The Winner of the \$100 prize

#### Pattern—Jeanne Julian

Alone in the dark bedroom I reached back to the wall, located the cool hard surface behind the headboard. Turning under warm covers, I drummed my fingertips, knuckles prancing against the unseen cheery yellow (color chosen by our mother), such a tiny staccato transmitted to you, the older girl on the other side, in your inviolable refuge with its satin-shaded lamp, poster touting Aspen's slopes.

Beneath the AM radio's pulsing Wall of Sound, you heard the tell-tale faint percussion perking from your closet, my signal muffled by the mélange of your fashionable ensembles. You must have smiled, slipping across the shag carpet, barefoot in an aqua negligee. Pushing between blouses and sheaths, you found the solidity of our shared wall. Your polished nails pattered in a reassuring paradiddle softly echoing mine.

When did your carefree cadence ratchet into careless?  
Now, my shuttered sister, as you lie here in the glare of the ER, reaching toward whatever divides us I find no place for our old pattern.  
My hand seeks the comfort of familiar rhythm,

but you, deaf to my gesture, snared  
and dragged under by overdose,  
falter, fade,

flatline.

Here's a deal for you: if  
the tender tempo of my fingers  
rouses your unlikely pulse,  
whatever dream was beaten out of you, I  
will sing into being.

There was only one winner for the contest, but two others were selected as Runners-up.

### Prize Poem Contest 2022 – 1st Runner-up

#### Weatherman— Martin Steingesser

December 2019

Like birds living among ringing bells in belfries,  
sent whirling into morning feeling danger, their wild  
fluttering round towers like inscriptions of fright—  
We also in the tumultuous tones flee the home  
in our hearts. *Rainer Maria Rilke*

The president of the Ukraine won't kowtow  
to the tyrant of America. Not yet the new year,  
the breastbone of the continent in winter's fist,  
snow falling in my coastal city, the weatherman  
predicting a night of icy roads, hazardous going.

I am restless, lounging about the house, angry  
with myself at a fenced and fettered life.  
"Eagles eat ducks," my wife says from the couch  
across the room, face lit over a laptop, her comment  
mingling with the news and history — ex-president  
G.W. Bush once defending a murderous assault  
rained on people in Nicaragua, calling them ducks.

Neighbors are shoveling snow, a snow blower groans,  
a friend in the Philippines writes he has survived  
Typhoon Ursula. Snow keeps falling in a sobbing grey light  
as if it were Lear's winter in Denmark.  
We drink our coffee, talk of taking the bus into town,  
I write, read some, wondering about worth in what I do.  
"You don't have to be a weatherman," Dylan sang in '65,  
"to know which way the wind blows."

Que sera, what comes will be in suits, white shirts  
and red-or-blue-stripe neckties, unpredictable as weather.  
Daylight balks between indecision and fear,  
what survives is white as the intractable snow.

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### Prize Poem Contest 2022 – 2nd Runner-up

#### Wooden Wheels— Patrick Hefferan

I do not know the name of  
the ship that took my grandfather's fingers,

his own, that sent him back home with two  
perpetual fists to father this family,

and through the disembodied echoes of someone else's long guns  
blasting too soon, too close, plasma white,

I am the one curling my fingers into a club, primitive,  
stealing away my own family's first memories,

I boom and bellow and cough corrosives out of my salt wearied wiring,  
stunting the young hearts that have been drafted into their fathers' conflict—

at the green black bottom, my own disfigured  
hands root and fuse with the great wooden wheel,

and I imagine my son, my daughter, far away from my charts,

innocent of the shipwrecked.

## Winner of the Unpublished Poets Prize Contest (\$50 prize)

### It is a Matter of El Chucho (a sestina)—Anna Lane

It is a matter of *el chucho*  
 And perhaps his stench to you.  
 But it is the gentle lapping of his tongue  
 On my out-stretched hand for me,  
 That professes his need for a home.  
 You scoff at my naivety, but I do not care.

How could I care?  
 It is your blind eye that sees *el chucho*  
 As a heap of scattered fur, infesting our home  
 With fleas and disease. You  
 Fail to see his love for me,  
 When he grins with each pant of his smooth, rhythmic tongue.

Much different from your forked tongue  
 That slithers from your mouth without a care  
 For this dog, for me.  
 Your words slash my skin while *el chucho*  
 Gazes at my tears to say "oh you,  
*Pobre alma*, entrapped in this home."

Where is my home?  
 Is it here, where your tongue,  
 Once kind, built a *paraiso* of words for me and you?  
 Or has it died because you forgot to care  
 For it, for us? Will you not care for *el chucho*  
 Either? Must it be only this dog and me?

I will pack my bags and I will take the dog with me,  
 Because you have decided this isn't my home  
 But only a home for you. No *el chucho*  
 May remedy our ills because your tongue  
 Refuses the medicine of his care,  
 So I will leave with the final words: "I once loved you.

I see the tears in your eyes, but you  
 Have decided what is best for me  
 Without my consent. So I do not care.  
 Just as you have forgotten to care for this home  
 Once held by the honey of your words, dripping from your tongue  
 Into my heart. It has since crystalized, too hard even for *el chucho*.

It is you who destroys our home.  
 And it is me that replies in your Spanish tongue:  
*Por que no cuidarás por nuestra salvacion, por el chucho?*

*el chucho* is a noun used in Guatemala for stray dogs.

*pobre alma*: poor soul

*paraiso*: paradise

***Por que no cuidarás por nuestra salvacion, por el chucho:***  
*why will you not care for our salvation, for the stray dog?*



**The Contest had only one winner, but two other entries in the Unpublished Poets Prize Contest received Honorable Mentions.**

### **Dark Shadows – Shaun Rowe**

**Dark shadows against a brick wall tagged with graffiti. In a city built by the needy. A street light lights the corner across the dim lit street.**

There is Latina prostitutes speaking A mix of Spanish and English talking about dreams of getting out of the ghetto.  
Echoes of the poverty from generations lost to the

Streets of a city torn with strife. Youth's blood spilled by a knife and a gun looking out for a rival on the run. Lookout  
stands at the door drugs beneath the floor. Drug dealer says Im selling gateway by the freeway. If you want that it's by  
the underpass. Clash of titans within a broken soul a needle in the arm can only mean harm. What is it to peddle when  
you're a employee of the devil.

Under the underpass there's a place that does not see class. Just a date with the undertaker for anybody that is a partaker.

Poverty does not see race its all part of this place marked with disgrace. Even in the concrete castles we call projects there

Is a feeling of dread. Not that you will end up dead but that you won't make it out.

It's hope against doubt as you drive towards the roundabout. I've seen a drive by in my neighbors driveway. You better not  
give in or give way or you might not see another day. The moon rises above city hall as a John gives a catcall to the  
hooker down the hall but the cop forgets him and books

Her. Not fair but in the city's subway we all pay the fare in a life with little truth but a lot of dare. We all bare a open  
prayer to the gatekeeper let us out. Show us the way to make it though the day and night.

Who's wrong who's right. We all live in this

Plight to fight for right against the urban blight with all are might. Just a night in the city!

### **Take That, Punxsutawney Phil! – Pat Karpen**

Chimney exhalations celebrating upwards.  
Early sun outmatched by shiv slashing winter.

No hint of heat save for smoke shadows flowing  
Up and along capillaries of limbs and branches.

Spring blood. Old oak winking and stretching.

**Publication & Member News**

Gus Peterson had two poems – “Tree Removal” and “Stone Age” – published in volume 9 of the *Frost Meadow Review*, and three accepted for publication in *Pirene’s Fountain* upcoming 2023 issue. He was featured this past March in Rattle’s Poets Respond series.

Craig Sipe’s poem “The New Dirt” will be included in the Fall issue of Last Leaves magazine.

Jim Brosnan's poetry received honorable mentions in the Arizona State Poetry Award contest and the Maine Poets Society Award contest in the 2022 National Federation of Poetry Societies competition this past June.

Robert Paul Allen recently published the following poems: “The Man No One Knows” in *Dissident Voice* 6/5/22; “Martin’s House” in *Dissident Voice* 5/22/22; “A Poem on Christina’s World” and “Not Long to Go” in *Northern New England Review*, Volume 42 June 2022.

Richard Foerster’s poem “Plein-Air Sketch” is forthcoming in *Bennington Review*, and his “Ode to My Left Hand” has been accepted for publication in *Tar River Poetry*.

Nancy Orr’s haiku “tadpoles” was published in the Spring/Summer issue of *Frogpond* and “down to” will be published in the September issue of *The Heron’s Nest*.

Janie Gendron’s poem “Loft” will be published in the Maine Sunday Telegram “Deep Water” column on July 24, 2022.

Jeanne Julian will have four poems in the August issue of *Hole in the Head Review*—a submission prompted by a post in the Maine Poets’ Society Facebook group about a call for submissions! Her poem “Trust” is in the Summer 2022 issue of *The Orchards Review*.

**Other Member News**

Jim Brosnan's poetry was recently recognized in two contests sponsored by the National Federation of Poetry Societies this June. "Dining at Mama Rose's" was awarded First Place in the San Antonio Poets Association Award contest. That poem reminisced wonderful Italian meals prepared by his wife's mom. "Crossing Wyoming" received an Honorable Mention in the Wyopoets Award contest. That poem recalled driving across Wyoming on a cross-country trip. <https://www.thecafereview.com/summer-2021-review-ballast/>

**Slate of Officers for 2023-25**

Our bylaws state that MPS officers are elected for two-year terms by a majority vote of members present at the Annual Meeting, and that only members whose dues are up-to-date are eligible to vote in general elections. We’ve not actually had a meeting designated as an “Annual Meeting” for the past several years. We do have people currently serving on the Board of the organization. John is the most recent to be added, taking the position in which Gus served us well for several years before agreeing last year to become Vice President & Program Chair. Jenny is willing to continue as the society’s president for another term. Diane Hunt recently let us know she is willing to assume responsibility for hospitality. So we present to the membership for action on September 24, 2022, a partial slate of officers, open to volunteers from the floor and truly hoping to fill in the blanks you see below.

President: **Jenny Doughty**

Vice President & Program Chair: **Gus Peterson**

Treasurer & Membership Chair: **John Seksay**

Newsletter Editor: **Sally Joy**

Hospitality Chair: **Diane Hunt**

Secretary: \_\_\_\_\_

Member at Large: \_\_\_\_\_



### **President's Ink July 2022**

As I write this, I am jerking and swaying on an Amtrak train on my way to New Jersey. My son has had an accident and fractured a vertebra, and I am going on grandma duty to help out.

This reminds me that we all write our poems in the interstices of time in an ordinary life in which we have to clean house, tend gardens, go to work or help children, sometimes all at once. Invariably an idea will strike when your hands are busy, and this is when it is helpful to carry a notebook or learn how to use a voice memo app on your phone. These random jottings are a fantastic resource when you are otherwise devoid of inspiration. Sometimes a note made years before acquires fresh importance when combined with something recent, and out comes a poem.

Another great resource is your own unsuccessful drafts - you know, the poems you wrote that didn't work, that you abandoned unfinished or thought not good enough to send anywhere or even share. Save them either on your computer or in a paper file. I often tackle one of those poem-a-day challenges in months with 30 days. If I actually manage to write 30 poems, maybe 3 will be worth working on and developing at the time, but even years later I look back at the others and spot a good line or an interesting idea that I can haul out and reconsider.

I am rather a fan of prompts when I do one of those challenges. Like the prompts set by our judges for our members-only contests, they can turn my thoughts in an unexpected direction and get me out of a rut of topics. There are books of prompts, and Facebook groups, and there is always the tactic of opening a poetry anthology and plunking your finger on a line to use as a prompt.

You will all have had an email from Gus Peterson and Sally Joy recently asking for your thoughts on whether you would be likely to attend an in-person meeting for our September meeting in Augusta or whether you are more likely to stay on Zoom. Please respond to that as soon as possible, so your board can make decisions about what size room to rent and spending the society's money on equipment for a hybrid Zoom/in-person meeting, and figure out the hospitality required. I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible there, and hearing your contest entries and hearing the response of our wonderful judge, Dawn Potter, as well as hearing her own work.

Our election schedule has been thrown off course by the exigencies of Covid 19, and the next meeting involves an overdue election. Some of the board are happy to stay on board for the next couple of years, but we are in need of a new secretary as Linda DeSantis is having hand surgery which will make it impossible for her. Please consider if you would like to help out that way (and many thanks to Bill Frayer for temporarily stepping into the breach). We have already had a much-appreciated offer of help with hospitality, and are very thankful indeed to Darlene Glover for her fantastic bakery in the last few years, and for the work of setting things up. James Breslin is also stepping down after a good number of years as an active board member. We thank James very much for all his work for MPS over the years. Anybody who would like to join in with the work of planning and organising and being a general back-up person will be very welcome.

I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible in September, and I hope you have a relaxing and enjoyable summer in the meantime.

Jenny Doughty

STANZA, Maine Poets Society  
16 Riverton Street  
Augusta, ME 04330

FIRST CLASS

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*Stanza* is the tri-annual  
newsletter of the  
Maine Poets Society  
promoting good poetry  
since 1936

FMI or to join, write  
John Seksay  
72 Green Street  
Augusta, ME 04330

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<b><u>Board Members</u></b>
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Jenny Doughty, President, [jennydoughty@icloud.com](mailto:jennydoughty@icloud.com)  
Gus Peterson, Vice President & Program Chair, [glp3324@gmail.com](mailto:glp3324@gmail.com)  
John Seksay, Treasurer & Membership Chair, [netmotel@gmail.com](mailto:netmotel@gmail.com)  
Bill Frayer, Acting Secretary, [billfrayer@gmail.com](mailto:billfrayer@gmail.com)  
Sally Joy, Newsletter, [srjoy43@gmail.com](mailto:srjoy43@gmail.com)

Webmaster, Lisa Montagna [LMontagna@apitechnology.com](mailto:LMontagna@apitechnology.com)

MPS website ([MainePoetsSociety.com](http://MainePoetsSociety.com))

MPS Facebook page: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1747588905507733/>. When you indicate an interest in joining the group, Jenny (as Administrator) will be able to confirm your request. You can also search within Facebook for Maine Poets Society. Choose the option that says “public group.”