

Poets of the Palm Beaches

Vol. 25 No 4

Newsletter

October, November, December, 2010

Our mission is to support and encourage the creation of original poetry in Palm Beach County, Florida

Message to Members

2010 Anthology

Dear Members of the Poets of the Palm Beaches,

You may pick up your copy of the 2010 Anthology at the Anthology Party during our 3rd Sunday of December Reading, December 19, 2010 at the Friends (Quaker) Meeting House. Every paid member will receive one free copy of the Anthology. If you are unable to attend the event our anthology will be mailed to you. If you would like to contribute to the refreshments for the party, please call Jocelyn Noe at 561-236-7867.

2011 Dues

It won't be long before 2011 is upon us, and that means that DUES are once again due! Please use the membership form in this newsletter (print it out if you're receiving this electronically) and mail it along with your check, or go to the website (www.poetsofthepalmbeaches.com) to use PayPal. If you do use PayPal and any of your contact information has changed, (phone, address) please email us (contact@poetsofthepalmbeaches.com) so we can update our database. A reminder: you must be at least a part time resident of Palm Beach County, Florida to be a member.

7th Annual Palm Beach Poetry Festival-January 17-22, 2011

Palm Beach Poetry Festival, in partnership with Old School Square Cultural Arts Center in the heart of Delray Beach, Florida, is proud to present the seventh annual festival featuring six days of readings, lectures and poetry workshops, January 17-22, 2011 in Delray Beach, Florida.

To apply, review our Guidelines and use the online application to apply early. Featured Poetry Workshops for qualified writers include:

[Now Look What You Have Done with STUART DISCHELL](#)

[Enlarging Poems with JANE HIRSHFIELD](#)

[Word By Word, Line By Line with THOMAS LUX](#)

[An Architecture of Senses with HEATHER McHUGH](#)

[The Plot of the Poem with VIJAY SESHADRI](#)

[The Craft of Poetry with ELLEN BRYANT VOIGT](#)

[Writing at the Edges of Things with C.D. WRIGHT](#)

[Poetry Lab with DEAN YOUNG](#)

Don't miss the opportunity to join us in January 2011. Click on [schedule](#), to see what's planned for the week. To participate in a workshop, or to audit a workshop, you need to apply between June 1 and November 2, 2010.

Festival lectures, readings and other ticketed events are open to anyone who wants to experience the best of the best in the poetry world. Will you be part of our audience? Will you open yourself up to a new experience of language? We promise you an experience that you will never forget. www.palmbeachpoetryfestival.org

***WE GREATLY APPRECIATE ANY DONATIONS, IN MEMORIAM OR OTHERWISE,
MADE TO BENEFIT OUR STUDENT CONTEST FUND.***

Poets of the Palm Beaches



Our mission is to support and encourage the creation of original poetry in Palm Beach County, Florida
Events for October, November & December 2010 — Open to the Public

7622 Trapani Lane; Boynton Beach, FL 33472 561-439-4044

contact@poetsofthepalmbeaches.com

www.poetsofthepalmbeaches.com

Sunday

October 17 (featured reader is Stephanie Goldstein) (Every 3rd Sunday)

November 21 (featured reader is Cora Lee Palma Hayden)

December 19 (featured reader is Diana Fazio)

Our Primary Monthly Reading. Contest with cash prizes. Open to the public. Original work only.

Place: Palm Beach Friends (Quaker) Meeting House, 823 North A Street, Lake Worth. Just a little more than one block South of 10th Ave North. Time: 2:00 PM. (Doors open at 1:45 PM)

Donation: \$2 for members and their guests, \$3 for non-members. Free for high school students.

Special Second Contests:

October is Ballad, November is Rondeau, December is Shakespearean Sonnet (see rules page 6)

Third Sunday Reading Rules:

(1) Original work only. (2) One poem per round. (3) No poem more than one 8 1/2 x 11 page, in normal 12 point font. (4) Prose Poems no more than 250 words in normal 12 point font. (5) No introductions please. State your name, the name of your poem, and the form of your poem. All present may enter the contest, which is judged by the featured reader. Submission of a poem automatically conveys permission to print it in this newsletter and on our website if it wins. All rights revert to the authors upon publication. After the first round will be the Special Contest. The same rules apply as just stated, except that it must be the designated FORM. All present may enter the contest who have a poem written in the form, even if they entered the first round contest. For the 2nd round, the same rules apply, or up to 3 poems, if none is over 5 lines. There is no contest for the 2nd round.

Tuesday

October 12, November 9, December 14 (Every second Tuesday) Time: 6:30 PM.

Place: Jupiter Library — 705 Military Trail, Jupiter, FL33458 (561- 744-2301 x 124).

Workshop: Open to the public. No charge. The participants will generate new poems every month.

Bring paper and pen. Contact: Marjorie Wolfson 561-575-2376.

October 19, November 16, December 21 (Every third Tuesday) Time: 7:00 PM.

Place: Boynton Beach Barnes & Noble Bookstore — 333 N. Congress Ave., Boynton Beach.

Workshop: Open to the public. Original work only. No charge. Bring at least 12 copies of one poem.

Contact: John Palozzi 561-588 -9829.

Wednesday

October 6, November 3, December 1 (Every first Wednesday) Time: 6:30 PM.

Place: Panera's Cafe — 771 Village Blvd., West Palm Beach.

Workshop: Open to the public. Original work only. No charge. Bring at least 12 copies of one poem.

Contact: Charles Scheitler 561-833-2981.

**If you are interested in joining a Creative Poetry Writing Workshop
Ongoing every Saturday 10 AM to 12 PM in Lake Worth
call John Palozzi at 561-588-9829**

Monthly Contest Prize Winners for July 2010

The featured reader and judge for the July reading was *Raymond P. Neubert*

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FIRST PLACE

The Skate Key
by **Beth SK Morris**

My skates were my sails,
the courtyard, my sea; the
noise of my troubled house
forgotten, I closed the door
on rancor, opened joy
with a metal key.

So easy to be free of
walls, of hurt, of "not
good enough--" skating faster
and faster, round and round, no
longer bound to words, to land,
atop my cobblestone stream.

Now it's dark; the world is
shouting, "Come on in!"
My compass has unwound;
I cannot get my bearings, and
my skate key is no
where to be found.

HONORABLE MENTION

The More Things Are The Same
By **Charles Scheitler**

A mockingbird sings a song
From a chimney top—

The same mockingbird sings
The same song
From a telephone wire

Sings the same song
From a flagpole
From a palm frond-

It is not the same mockingbird
Singing the same song
From anywhere—

It is not the same stream
I've stepped into
It is not the same world
It is not the same me—

SPECIAL CONTEST WINNER: Tanka

Tanka II
by **Blake Valin**

Thunder booms echo
Off the drum skin of black sky.
The cold breath of God
Speaks in ancient tongues.
I run in fear for shelter.

SECOND PLACE

Talking to My Mother
by **Stephanie Goldstein**

I had a terrific time talking
To my mother

I brought her a corned beef sandwich,
Knishes and cashew nuts

She said, "Nothing beats a Jewish sandwich!"
I said, "Hard to imagine a sandwich being Jewish,"
Trying to make her laugh—

She said, "I'm going to be 93 in April!"
I imitated my son Marc, mimicking her—
"Oy! Am I getting old," I said.

She said, "Marc makes fun of the Jews," and laughed.
"We are lucky we can laugh at ourselves," I said.

We talked about the people we knew in the past
I told her stories about what the children said
I told her that Justin is nine and knows
How to say "Feinkochen"
I emphasized the guttural sound of, kochen.

She laughed again
And I experienced the joy of making her laugh.

HONORABLE MENTION

Sunrise Over The Ocean
By **Diana L. Fazio**

Again, the break of day

Filaments of light
Dust the horizon
with yearning arms,
white ices bum away to mist

Clouds move to the strange rhythm
of heartbeats in the sky

Suddenly—
The sun is crowned with liquid fire
presents fantastic glitter
melting in the coolest blue of waves
then protrudes triumphant whole—
a million jewels of creation

air chills slight
as blue dawn
turns to blazing

Monthly Contest Prize Winners for August 2010

The featured reader and judge for the August reading was *Norma Duncan*

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FIRST PLACE

Predators

by **Stephanie Langson**

They lurk within the costumes now preferred,
their darkest thoughts on blackened tongues demurred.
Lovely, lonely, winsome, wounded Jew,
they seek to seize you as they please you.

Brazen, bold, and brash blackguards of old,
remember well the stories that were told.
Pounding hoofs of thundering, rearing steeds,
madmen riding high on murderous deeds.

Crashing through villages, killing who?
For what unforgivable sin, born a Jew.
Infants left beneath the kitchen table,
all the rest running for the stable.
Those that they killed not, in their hearts they wrought
a terror that could not be forgot.

Mother Russia drove her children's flight.

They walked the winter's night of bitter cold,
carrying the frail, sick, young and old.
Before the breaking of the coming day,
they hid in barns along the frozen way.

At last! They reached the border's guard
and slipped between the wires barbed.
Safe! Behind Rumania's giant door,
they worked and waited six years or more
before the rising of the turning tide
would carry them to far-off freedom's pride.

Anger and fear from violence denied
smolders like slow-burning fire inside.
Threatening winds blow, blast the hidden flame
cinderling scapegoats with a blinding blame.

Father, mother, sister, brother
what's the difference from one to the other?
See them lurking in a stranger's eyes.
Don't be taken suddenly by surprise.
The predators are also your own kin
compelled by forces now buried within.

Who will drive Russia out of her children?

HONORABLE MENTION

TOMORROW

by **Victoria Maynard**

Let tomorrow have its way, (with me)
Let it push aside the hours spent this day
in dolorous reverie of a yesterday
full of a love, long gone from me.

Let tomorrow bring a smile to my face
Let it lift the shroud I wear
around my heart, the chains that bind
my soul in coils of misery.

Let tomorrow chase dark thoughts,
secure them from my mind, so when
tomorrow turns into today,
I will once again be free

SECOND PLACE

Hangin' By My Knees

by **Blake Valin**

Seems like we spen' half our life climbin' trees.
Y'all might reckon I be a fan of b'nanas, but no.
Thing is, evr'y time I hang by my knees
no good come of it.

Fust time I recalls, is my shy brother, Andrew
Marshall, takin' advantage of my compromisin' position,
when he come up an' chomp his toofs into my back.
Course, I go wailin' straight t' Ma wif a tattle.
She scold on him sayin' only wilf critters bite,
'n' bitin' not be civilianized. So she go 'n' bite
Andrew Marshall, a toof fo' a toof like in na' Bible.
That end he silence for a change, whilst I do
a secret gloat, 'cuz I knows why he done bit me.

Nex' time I am hangin' by my knees, dat Andrew
done jump on my tree branch knockin' me clean off.
I hit flat on my back and see confetti floatin'
in speckly colors in front of my eyes 'til I passes out
colder 'n' a mackerel. When I come roun' faces are
laughin' at me like in a slow motion picture show.
At las' a gust of air come flyin in my mouf.
It is not a jokin' matter, les't it happen to someone else.

Finally, I be hangin' by my knees on Non's monkey bars.
Roun' de garage come a swarm o' wasps so hoppin' mad
you kin hear 'em buzzin' alia way to de nex' county.
Upsidedown I see Non fly off dat swing, her feets
hit da groun' in a beeline (ha ha) for da back do'
wif my brothers right behin', leavin' me fo' a scarifice.
Ansel Pa plaster me wif bakin' soda but I swell up
like I got mumps. It be den I quit hangin' by my knees.

HONORABLE MENTION

Going Away

by **Maureen Ford**

How can I die and leave my wealth behind,
the money saved, my homes, old books, antiques-
such unfairness - my heart, my soul it piques,
their beauty, worth - by which I was defined?
The time I spent amassing was no grind
adornments for myself, for my physique
allowing me to feel rich and unique –
that I should have to part from them's unkind.
From my life's tethers I must disengage
with fear of thieves I thieved myself of trust
that God provides while wealth did but enslave.
I must divest, donate and set the stage
to exit life prepared to meet august
company on the other side of the grave.

SPECIAL CONTEST WINNER

Sestina

Crawling Out From Under

by **Cyndee Bowdoin**

Life's journey takes me on a walk
Down hallways shrouded in mists of time
Through doorways yawning in the dark
Filled with memories that sigh and whisper.
I wander restless, searching for the sky
While fear makes my nerve-endings sing.

Can someone with no voice yet sing?
Can someone bound in chains yet walk?
My captive spirit yearns for the open sky
While grains of sand mark the passage of time,
Sliding through the hourglass in a whisper
As ghosts reach for me in the dark.

I crave the sunlight on my face, not this dark
Imprisonment. I want to hear voices sing
Not taunt me with their cruel whisper,
My sadness shadows me as I walk,
Day after day, toward the end of time
While my soul strains toward the sky.

I want to dance under the bright, blue sky.
Lock my past up in a place deep and dark
And just forget it for all time.
I'll give my heart wings and loudly sing
Songs of triumph. I will not whisper!

Pain can haunt us with its persistent whisper.
It can hide the sun shining in the sky.
It will turn us from the path we would walk,
keep us cowering in the dark,
drown our voices struggling to sing
and bury us with the curse of time,

Change your fate! Change the passage of time!
Fight, scream, yell! Don't whisper!
Your voice is beautiful so sing,
Let it soar up like a bird to the sky.
You alone can choose the light or the dark;
Only you can loose your chains and walk.

When you sing, you can see the sky.
Pain fades with time, becomes a whisper.
Crawl out from the dark, stand up then walk

Monthly Contest Prize Winners for September 2010

The featured reader and judge for the September reading was *Diana Loy*

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FIRST PLACE

Savannah
by Beth SK Morris

I sit in Madison Square in the heart of the Old City, the statue of Sergeant William Jasper, Irish immigrant, hero of the Revolution, rises before me; hand pressed against his side, a mortal wound sustained in vain to rid Savannah of the Red Coat's grip. Held hard within the other hand, his regimental flag, unfurled in marble glory against the Georgia sky.

Across the park, an ante-bellum home where Sherman lived after siege and occupation: (the Civil War? the War Between the States?). From this porch he read out the Emancipation Proclamation to a subjugated South and offered every full—born slave, “forty acres and a mule.” I follow the tourist trail to the waterfront. Atop the hill, a row of solid brick; buildings that once contained the Cotton Exchange,

symbol of Southern wealth and power for two hundred years. At the water's edge, a memorial to the men, women, and children brought across the seas in chains: from Africa, South America, the Caribbean—sold into slavery on the banks of the Savannah, human fuel for the engine of expansion that was and is our land. . . Zenith and nadir in this one place: the promise of America and its shame.

When will we ever resolve or explain the paradox that is us?

SECOND PLACE

Love Story
by Cyndee Bowdoin

My heart is like a prom corsage pressed between chapters in an old book its spine cracked, title faded its pages yellowed, falling free a harrowing tale of love pursued in lands mysterious and uncharted the plot twists, turns, doubles back unforeseen circumstances abound I sally forth, undaunted until weariness and disappointment slow my steps, bow my head the story, for now, is put aside penned by a greater hand it gathers dust on a shelf the ending not yet written

HONORABLE MENTION

Feast
by Shirley Kent

Red salmon hibiscus
Bordeaux bougainvillea
Tangerine honeysuckle
Parfait hangipani
Champagne bubbling fountain
Efilorescent delights
All seen nom my window

HONORABLE MENTION
Symbol of a Military Funeral
by John J. Buchholz

The
Reverence
Of Folded Flags
Mummifies Casualties

For every drop of blood that's shed by soldiers sent to war,
That stained the uniforms they wore from wounds that would not scar.

Love ones will grieve and feel the pain from bells relentless tolls.
Reparations for what they lost are flags with thirteen folds.

SPECIAL CONTEST WINNER

Limerick:
The Open Road
by Cyndee Bowdoin

There was a young lady from Boston
Who got lost while driving to Austin
She said "I prefer planes
Or traveling on trains
They aren't as easy to get lost on!"

History of Poetry as found at: <http://www.poetryamerica.com/>

Poetry as an art form that predates literacy was used by civilization to keep an oral record of their traditions, law, and lineage. Epic poems were one of the first forms of oral history. Some of the earliest poetry is believed to have been orally recited or sung. With the development of writing, poetry has since developed into increasingly structured forms, though much of poetry since late 19th century has moved away from traditional forms towards the move of free verse and prose poem formats.

Ancient poetry is attributed to musical traditions and much of it can be accredited to religious movements. Many poems from the ancient world are a form of recorded cultural information of the people of the past; prayers or stories about religious subject matter, histories about their politics and wars are precious artifacts from preliterate history.

From the Vedas of India to the Odyssey are believed to probably be prepared in poetry form to help the oral history be easily memorized and oral transmission in ancient societies. Poetry often is found to be the earliest form records of most cultures. The oldest surviving poem is the Epic of Gilgamesh. The oldest love poem found was on a clay tablet from Samaria, known as the Istanbul # 2461. The Tibetan Epic of King Gesar is one of the longest epic poems known.

Classical and early modern western traditional thinkers made classifications as a way to define poetry as we know it today. The Poetic by Aristotle describes three genres of poetry as defined: epic, comic, and tragic. He developed rules to distinguish the best quality poetry of each category. Later in the history of poetry aestheticians identified and modified Aristotle's three categories of poetry to epic, lyric poetry, and dramatic poetry. The classic writers treated comedy and tragedy as subcategories of dramatic poetry. Aristotle's works heavily influenced the Islamic Golden Age in the Middle East and Europe during the Renaissance. Poetry's purpose became a way to render the beautiful or sublime without engaging in typical logical or narrative thought processes. The romantic poet's approach saw as pivotal for a successful poem because form is abstract and unique from logic. During the romantic poetic age there was also substantially more interaction among the various poetic traditions, in part due to the spread of colonialism of Europe and attendant rise in global trade. During the romantic period numerous ancient works were rediscovered. The use of verse to transmit cultural information continues today.

How to Write Poems for the Special Contests

Rules for writing a Ballad: (October)

Most ballads are written in four line stanzas of alternating lines of iambic (unstressed followed by stressed syllable) tetrameter (eight syllables) and iambic trimeter (six syllables), known as ballad meter. Usually, only the second and fourth line of a quatrain are rhymed in the scheme a, b, c, b. However, there is considerable variation on this pattern, including length, number of lines and rhyming scheme, making the strict definition of a ballad extremely difficult. In all traditions most ballads are narrative in nature, with a self contained story, often concise and relying on imagery, rather than description, which can be tragic, historical, romantic or comic. Another common feature of ballads is repetition, sometimes of fourth lines in succeeding stanzas, as a refrain, sometimes of third and fourth lines of a stanza and sometimes of entire stanzas. A question and answer format can be built into a ballad: one stanza asks a questions and the next stanza answers the question. Ballads contain a lot of dialogue. Action is often described in the first person. Two characters in the ballad can speak to each other on alternating lines. Sequences of "threes" often occur: three kisses, three tasks, three events. Ballads most often are songs, and set to music.

Dance Band on the Titanic by Harry Chapin

Dance band on the Titanic
Sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee"
The iceberg's on the starboard bow
Won't you dance with me
 Mama stood cryin' at the dockside
 Sayin' "Please son, don't take this trip"
 I said "Mama, sweet Mama, don't you worry none"
 "Even God couldn't sink this ship"
Well, the whistle blew and they turned the screws
It turned the water into foam
Destination sweet salvation
Goodbye home sweet home
 I'm in the dance band on the Titanic
 Sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee"
 The iceberg's on the starboard bow
 Won't you dance with me
There was a trombone and a saxophone
The bass and drums were cookin' up the bandstand
And I was strummin' in the middle with this dude on the fiddle
And we were three days out from land
 And now the foghorn's jammed and moanin'
 Hear it groanin' through the misty night
 I heard the lookout shout down "There's icebergs around"
 "But still everything's all right"
Oh, the dance band on the Titanic
Sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee"
The iceberg's on the starboard bow
Won't you dance with me
 They were burnin' all the flares for candles
 In the banquet they were throwin' in first class
 And we were blowin' waltzes in the barroom
 When the universe went CRASH!
"There's no way that this could happen"
I could hear the old captain curse
He ordered lifeboats away, that's when I heard the chaplain say
"Women and children and chaplains first"
Well, they soon used up all of the lifeboats
 But there were a lot of us left on board
 I heard the drummer sayin' "Boys, just keep playin'"
 "Now we're doin' this gig for the Lord"
I heard the dance band on the Titanic
Sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee"
The iceberg's on the starboard bow
Won't you dance with me
 There's a wild-eyed boy in the radio shack
 He's the last remaining guest
 He was tappin' in a Morse code frenzy
 Tappin' "Please God, S.O.S."
Jesus Christ can walk on the water
But a music man will drown
They say that Nero fiddled while Rome burned up
Well, I was strummin' as the ship go down
 I'm in the dance band on the Titanic
 Sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee"
 The iceberg's on the starboard bow
 Won't you dance with me

Rules for writing a Rondeau: (November)

The Rondeau is a form of verse which makes use of refrains, repeated according to a certain stylized pattern. It was customarily regarded as a challenge to arrange for these refrains to contribute to the meaning of the poem in as succinct and poignant a manner as possible. The rondeau consists of thirteen lines of eight syllables, plus two refrains (which are half lines, each of four syllables), employing, altogether, only three rhymes. It has three stanzas and its rhyme scheme is as follows:

- (1) A A B B A
- (2) A A B with refrain: C
- (3) A A B B A with concluding refrain C.

The refrain must be identical with the beginning of the first line.

An example:

We Wear the Mask by Paul Laurence Dunbar:

We wear the mask that grins and lies, (A)
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,— (A)
This debt we pay to human guile; (B)
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile, (B)
And mouth with myriad subtleties. (A)

Why should the world be over-wise, (A)
In counting all our tears and sighs? (A)
Nay, let them only see us, while (B)
We wear the mask. (C)

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries (A)
To thee from tortured souls arise. (A)
We sing, but oh the clay is vile (B)
Beneath our feet, and long the mile; (B)
But let the world dream otherwise, (A)
We wear the mask! (C)

Perhaps the best-known rondeau is the following
World War I poem:
In Flanders Fields, by John McCrae:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Rules for writing a Shakespearean Sonnet (December)

Soon after the introduction of the Italian sonnet, English poets began to develop a fully native form. While Wyatt introduced the sonnet into English, it was Surrey who gave it a rhyming meter, and a structural division into quatrains of a kind that now characterizes the typical "English" sonnet. The form is often named after Shakespeare, not because he was the first to write in this form but because he became its most famous practitioner.

The form consists of fourteen lines structured as three quatrains and a couplet. The third quatrain generally introduces an unexpected sharp thematic or imagistic "turn"; the volta. In Shakespeare's sonnets, however, the volta usually comes in the couplet, and usually summarizes the theme of the poem or introduces a fresh new look at the theme. With only a rare exception, the meter is iambic pentameter, although there is some accepted metrical flexibility (e.g., lines ending with an extra-syllable feminine rhyme, or a trochaic foot rather than an iamb, particularly at the beginning of a line). The usual rhyme scheme is end-rhymed a-b-a-b, c-d-c-d, e-f-e-f, g-g.

This example, Shakespeare's Sonnet 116, illustrates the form (with some typical variances one may expect when reading an Elizabethan-age sonnet with modern eyes):

Let me not to the marriage of true minds (a)
Admit impediments, love is not love (b)
Which alters when it alteration finds, (a)
Or bends with the remover to remove. (b)

O no, it is an ever fixed mark (c)
That looks on tempests and is never shaken; (d)
It is the star to every wand'ring bark, (c)
Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken. (d)

Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks (e)
Within his bending sickle's compass come, (f)
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, (e)
But bears it out even to the edge of doom: (f)

If this be error and upon me proved, (g)
I never writ, nor no man ever loved. (g)

Poets of the Palm Beaches



7622 Trapani Lane; Boynton Beach, FL 33472 561-439-4044 contact@poetsofthepalmbeaches.com
www.poetsofthepalmbeaches.com

Our mission is to support and encourage the creation of original poetry in Palm Beach County, Florida

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Poets who maintain at least a part-time residence in Palm Beach County are eligible to become members. The membership dues are \$20 from January 1st through December 31st of every year, and include: 1) Receipt of the bimonthly newsletter. 2) Reduced admission fee to all functions and contests. 3) Publication of one original poem in the annual members' anthology. 4) Receipt of one free copy of the annual anthology. 5) The right to be a featured reader at one monthly reading within a 12-month period. First time members joining after July 1st may elect to pay a pro-rata share of \$10 for the remainder of the year.

Please fill out the form below, detach, and mail to: **POETS OF THE PALM BEACHES**
7622 Trapani Lane; Boynton Beach, FL 33472 Make checks payable to: **Poets of the Palm Beaches.**

LAST NAME: _____ FIRST NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Your newsletter will be e-mailed to you at:

E-MAIL: _____ PHONE _____

SUMMER ADDRESS: _____

Please indicate which months are to be sent to the summer address: (only for US mail) _____

Please check: ___ Renewal ___ New Member starting in the month of: _____, 2010

PLEASE CHECK THE APPROPRIATE BOXES:

PATRON \$100 BENEFACTOR \$75 SPONSOR \$50 FRIEND \$30 BASIC \$20

I would like to make an additional tax deductible contribution to The Poets of: _____

Please earmark this donation for "Student Contest" _____ or for "General Operation" _____

YOU MAY REMIT PAYMENT BY CHECK OR PAYPAL (ONLINE)

Poets of the Palm Beaches is a non-profit 501(c)(3) corporation.

All donations will be appreciated and acknowledged and are fully tax deductible



7622 Trapani Lane
Boynton Beach, FL 33472

Support The Poets

Renew your membership for 2011

Join for the first time

Attend the monthly readings and workshops

Tell other poets about us

Help publicize our events

Help us find a newsletter editor

Help us with publicity

Volunteer

But most of all – keep writing!

PPB Board of Directors

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