

# West End Poets

## News Letter

www.westendpoetsweekend.com



June/July/August 2020

Created and Issued by:  
Carrboro Recreation, Parks &  
Cultural Resources Department

Issue No. 74 (Est. June 2006)

# THANK

# YOU!

to all the **CARRBORO DAY** POETS who shared their poetry

Gary Phillips (*former Carrboro Poet Laureate*)    Maura High  
Susan Spalt    Jay Bryan (*former Carrboro Poet Laureate*)

**CARRBORO DAY CONTEST WINNER:** Joan Barasovska  
*See poem inside*

# WEST END POETRY FESTIVAL

Coordinated by the *Carrboro Poets Council*

Thursday, October 15, 2020  
through  
Saturday, October 17, 2020



For more information please visit:  
<http://www.westendpoetryfestival.org/>

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Carrboro Day Contest Winner

## Carrboro

*Evolution Is Real - Get Over It; I Will Fight For EQUALITY Forever:*  
bumper stickers in the crowded Weaver Street Market parking lot.  
On the trampled lawn, children race, students hunch over phones  
and cans of local craft beer, hula-hoops and ragged skirts twirl.

*Carrboro is a town, but it is also a cause:*

*The Paris of the Piedmont, the Left Bank of Chapel Hill.*

*At the Farmer's Market fat purple tomatoes nestle next to peaches;  
beets and yams snuggle in Fall.*

*On Main Street, cops and skateboarding boys high-five;  
tattoos, rainbow flags, grey ponytails, papoosed infants in tie-dye.  
Take Greensboro or Jones Ferry, Rosemary, Main, or Weaver Street,  
just meet me in Carrboro, 27510.*



*SPRING STAGE OBSERVED*

*Fairy wing breezes flutter ash, willow oak  
and bamboo leaves,  
Chasing final days of March off stage.  
A large willow branch, fallen by the storm,  
dominates left garden area  
Daffodils heavy heads hang low along  
the garden walk - as full of tears as I.  
Hyacinth and crocus have faded and  
White candytuff is on stage.  
A robin, contemplates bird affairs-  
nest planning and worm stalking.  
Far right, deep-pink blooms of the red bud  
peek through a dogwood tree curtain.  
Tree shadows appear and disappear like  
dancers, cued by the sun,  
Intent on dispelling hovering storm-clouds  
and warming and drying the damp ground.  
Watching this drama, after last night's  
violent storm, I know  
My tears will dry, my hope return and joy  
will fill my spirit.  
Beauty, like spring flowers, will replenish  
My life's stage once more  
I pray for gentle rains - for safety-  
when other storms arrive.*



## L.11

Lovely lady, you reside square in my man's mind  
 on a Godly waking morning in Carrboro.  
 Your nurturing spirit, feeling gentle and kind,  
 speaks words seeming genuinely true. Say it's so.

A way beyond the clouds for our good and not bad  
 beckons a hope unheralded that has arrived.  
 One heart is to be made well in two hearts once sad.  
 For no other fate have these frail bodies survived.

When we meet, all doubts resolved for every time  
 in a single kiss shared shall settle this affair;  
 as it is my intention to be wed to you.

His bliss is mine to be yours and yours to be mine.  
 As my fingers adore that golden flowing hair,  
 my earthly Goddess, these lines will ring well true.



Jean Jones

## What you were meant to be in my life



What you were meant to be in my life-  
 You put your mouth to me-  
 You breathe life into me-  
 You take me-  
 You make me climb a tower  
 and force me to jump off-  
 I'm yours-  
 I surrender-  
 I joyfully-  
 completely-  
 give up everything to you-  
 For the rest of my life with you-

## Something

You wanted something concrete,  
So you fell in love to feel the pain of rejection.  
The real truth teller of life, pain.  
I hate honesty, and you do too who clings  
To the fictions, random facts forged  
To keep your sanity while the drugs give  
Everything a patina of peacefulness and safety until  
Doubt creeps into your life about work or love.  
You whisper to the Holy One with a half empty glass  
Unwilling to venture out of the trepidation  
You may lose your sinful ways,  
So your enlightenment remains at bay  
Until a more catastrophic time presents itself,  
When the medicine doesn't work,  
And you want something  
More concrete to soften the blow.

**a child of twelve**

Imprisoned, within the confines  
of my upstairs bedroom,  
outside loud and clear cheers  
of joy, laughter, such a pleasant sound.

It is late March, early Spring for some,  
Southern buds reaching out into bloom.

I'm unable to see, for I'm blind "as a bat",  
an expression heard from a close family member.  
All other senses are fine and I clearly hear my goldfish friends  
chasing one another within a barren  
fishbowl, unlike the downstairs aquarium, well  
fitted for those who seek solace as family

I have been placed in this mobile, motorized,  
digitalized wheelchair, gifted from my parents a while ago,  
This existence in which I live is not much fun.  
I would prefer to be able to skip rope, climb from a limb,  
back and forth, just run.  
with the others,  
who don't pay much attention  
to me

Recently, listening to the news on the Radio,  
there was a most dramatic turn of events, of an escalating  
scale, an invisible enemy  
not witnessed for more than 100 years.  
The household became too quiet and I sensed another fear,  
similar to the moments I'm alone in my upstairs room  
settled in my motorized, mobilized, digitalized wheelchair.

I hear or imagine hearing the swishing of my goldfish in the bowl.  
There are no sounds of joy or laughter in the backyard  
Once I learned that epidemics came and went, but never here.  
Also, the word "pandemic" is one I never knew.  
Everyone is in "lockdown" another new word overheard  
moments ago.

Well... unless this invisible enemy climbs upstairs to attack me,  
I guess I'm safe.  
I cannot move alone and cannot see  
The entire household is just like me.



## Carolina Wren



This time a solitary wren perches on power lines that divide purple-blue sky, slicing rhombi, diamonds, thin rectangles, pushing geometry into a regular autumn morning. This makes you wonder how birds keep their feet warm in countries with no power, or how people survive on a hundred bucks a year, or where refugees go when war hits. Our wren flies, a speck, ever smaller as she finds her way. Given our superior brain capacity, how is it we cause misery across the planet while creatures so small live, content to take their share peacefully?

## Sybil Austin Skakle

### *The Shopper*

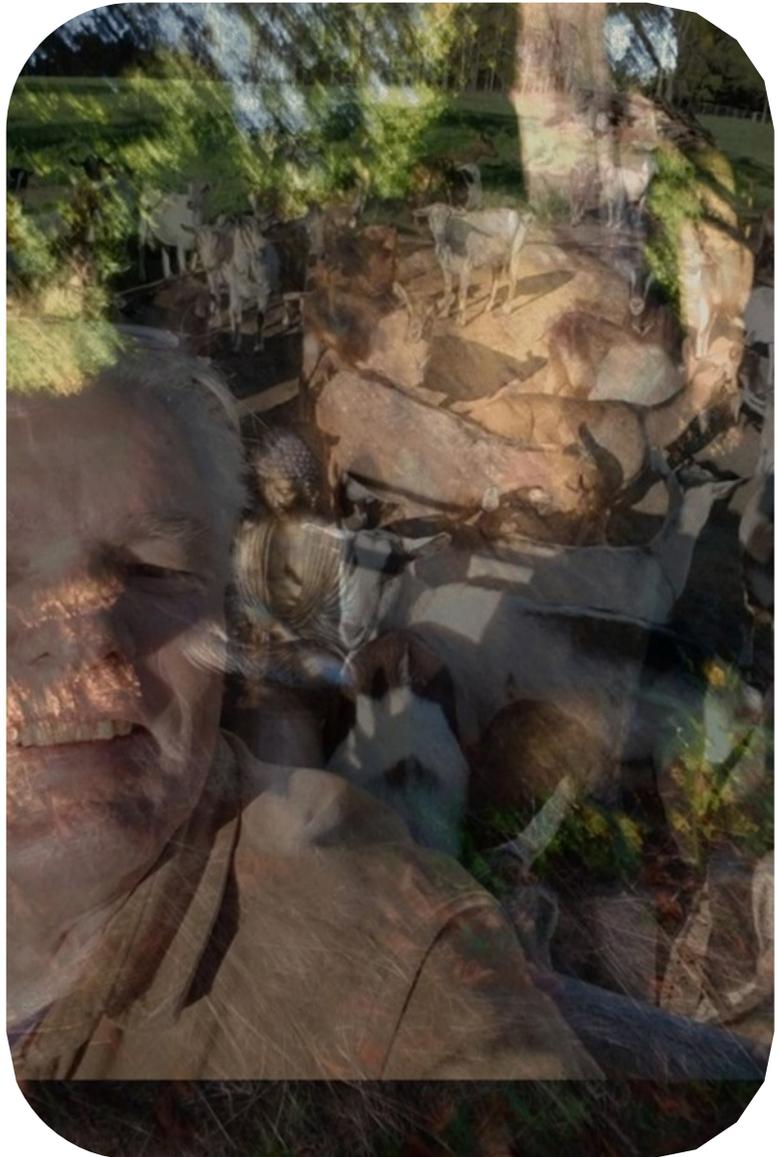
*“Upon finding one pearl of great value, he went and sold all that he had and bought it.”  
Matthew 13:46*

*Wandering in narrow, noisy,  
crowded Jerusalem streets  
Shiny trinkets of copper,  
brass, silver and gold catch my eye  
Bright colored silk scarves  
tempt me to deplete my purse  
Knowing these will not satisfy  
I turn to search for Jesus’ stall  
A perfect pearl of his will  
Satisfy my longing at last.*



**rona-demic**

each small detail  
holds the whole  
we discover  
so many episodes  
of self discovery  
resistance  
only prolongs  
the arrival  
of wisdom  
the cost of wisdom  
is enormous loss  
stultifying grief  
implacable suffocation  
until  
without resource  
we discover  
how truly fragile  
we are  
how truly un self sufficient  
we are



*continued on page 9*

and all our planning

will not suffice

for the required

confrontation

with our self

our inner dialog

our unexamined

false beliefs

about

### HOW LIFE WORKS

and without warning

we discover

our selves

on our knees

### BEGGING

something

hidden in plain sight

for help

for relief

for something within

our control

that others may

see

and admire

in us

that in their eyes

we see

their envy

at our possession

of the illusions

of control

and we are reassured

that we can delay

the required

investment

of SLOW time

### ALONE

with

ourselves

where the orbits  
of planets  
comingle  
with our red blood  
circulating around our hearts  
where the salt of ancient  
comet born oceans  
star dust  
of  
our diamond epidermis  
these stirrings  
that propel our endless  
strivings  
all the while  
the sexual hunger  
that can never be quelled  
seeks  
to surprise  
with the deepest  
irony

of the electric  
sparks  
that have set us in motion  
and welcome us  
with radiant warmth  
and pleasure  
that we  
swam  
with all the other salmon  
giving  
without reserve or hesitation  
until wisdom does find us  
as we leave  
and rediscover  
just how beautiful  
is the MYSTERY  
of it all  
and I fall to my knees in worship  
to plant another tomato...

## “You Know Who”

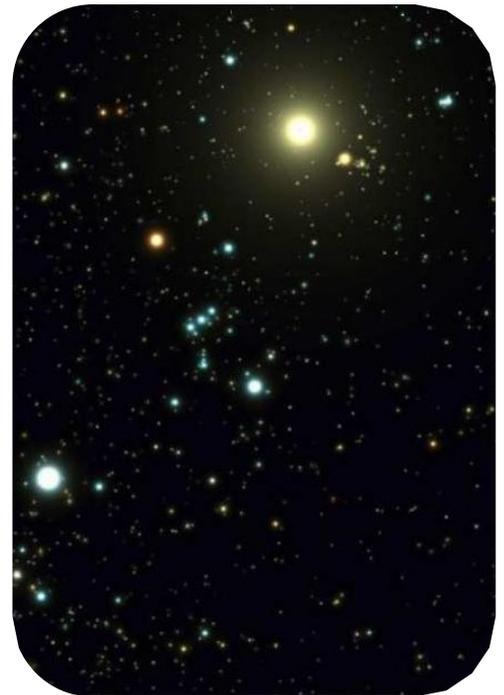
*'You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride;  
you have ravished my heart with one glance of your eyes,  
with one bead of your necklace.'*      SONGS 4:9

Sacred lady, lovely Mother, blessed Sister,  
love at 1st listen? Love at first listen, indeed.  
I have not the power to be a resistor,  
nor would I. Noble hearts only are born in deed.

Mighty Orion rises right, outside your door  
the lonely hunter gently glides across the sky  
e'er daring one back to begin again once more.  
She asks - the words come slowly, but I will try.

Beneath a silver crown wherein lonely she lurks,  
no one sees the angels dance in those oaken eyes.  
Shake them off but, closer they flutter, undaunted.

To go to the bar to get away will not work.  
To dispel the regal hands and feet of a Goddess  
requires a soul that has never been haunted.



## Death is Snow

Death is upon her. Death is persistent. Death be not proud. Death is a series of twitches, days worth. Death is snow. Death moans and screams. Death is not easy, death is not random, death is not timid, death runs on time; death hangs in the air, then dives from on high, but not always that quick in the suffering phase. Death is Catholic. Death is not pretty. Death is white. Death is ginger ale, death is dehydration, death is omniscient. Death leaves bills to pay; death does not smile or frown. Death is a whisper. Death comes fast for those in a hurry. Death waits at the doorstep, greeting old friends. Death reunites, tears asunder, acts as the final good-bye. Death motivates. Death inspires. Death has its own terms.

Jean Jones

## The change that comes



Nothing comes close to it-  
There's joy, there's happiness,  
there's even love, but this-  
This is a loss of control,  
when your body  
replaces your mind,  
and everything voluntary  
becomes involuntary  
and when you lose it,  
this religion,  
the change that comes  
leaves everything to the wind,  
everything-

### 3am

*The birth of a newborn.  
during the hour of the Wolf,  
season of the Supermoon,  
beginning of a lengthy journey...  
a blessing to behold.*

*What shall we name this  
most welcome addition?  
A given name can help define  
all that is or forever be.*

*Shall we first instruct the  
science of the stars, rising of the  
sun from the East  
setting on the West, ever rolling flow  
of waters surrounding us  
and bestow upon us the memory  
of Mother's womb.*

*So much to absorb within  
such a brief period of time  
as the soul needs  
to be filled first with joy...  
then strengthening of the mind.*

*Facing continual choices,  
others will move forward  
or settle to the side.  
Intellectual curiosity,  
laments or pursues mindful prosperity.  
Fact: impermanence  
explained in vain unless one is  
the recipient of unconditional love*



## Announcement

### Poetry In Plain Sight Submissions

Launched in Winston-Salem in 2013, *Poetry in Plain Sight* brings North Carolina poetry and poets to the public. Four poems are chosen monthly and displayed on posters in street-visible locations throughout arts districts and downtown areas in Winston-Salem, New Bern, Burnsville, and in other host cities as we expand. This program is a collaborative effort of the North Carolina Poetry Society, North Carolina Writer's Network, Winston-Salem Writers, and Press 53. Funding is sought locally through sponsorships and donations.

The program is open to any poet who is a current resident North Carolina. Submissions will be accepted between May 1<sup>st</sup> through June 30<sup>th</sup>, and are free to paid-up members of the NC Poetry Society; \$5.00 for non-members by Paypal on the PIPS webpage. Donations to the program are an option on the same button.

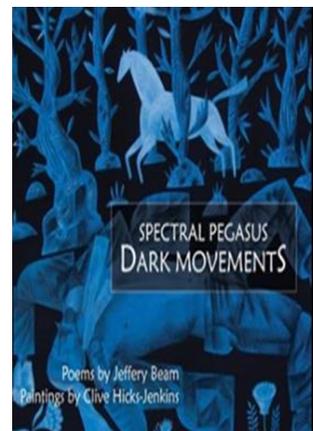
Each poet can submit **one time** in the submission cycle to [ncps.pips.sb@gmail.com](mailto:ncps.pips.sb@gmail.com) Format 1-3 poems into one document, **doc or docx file type**. Mailed submissions will not considered. Although there is no limitation on theme or subject matter, all submissions should be suitable for public viewing.

Please visit the NC Poetry Society <https://www.ncpoetrysociety.org/pips/> under the Contest heading for more information.

### PALE HORSE a song by poet Jeffrey Beam

In August of 2018 singer/songwriter Mary Rocap accompanied Jeffrey Beam by singing back-up and playing guitar at Hubert Seans' Snow Hill Music Studio outside Hillsborough, NC to record the song Pale Horse, a new "antique" ballad created from one of the poems from his 2019 book *Spectral Pegasus / Dark Movements*.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uLLnKIDLjOU&feature=youtu.be>

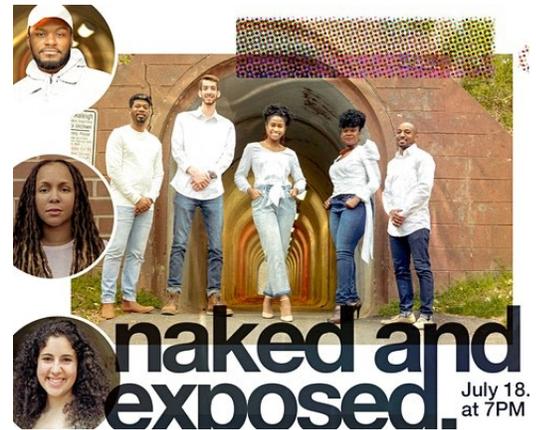


Please note that the following events are *subject to change* due to the current public health situation. Please check ahead of time to see if the event is still being held.

**Naked and Exposed: The Showcase—Musical Performances and Spoken-Word**

**Saturday, July 18**                      **7:00-9:00pm**  
Hope Café                              **\$10-\$15**  
201 Tryon Road, #Suite 109  
**Raleigh, NC**

We're back with a 3rd installment, themed-The Show Must Go On. A journey through singing and spoken-word poetry. Join us with performances by David Johnson, Shondra Watson, Reggie Pate, Eva Zarzar, Zach Hallow and Janae. Hosted by Gabrielle Hicks and Jaquan Gillespie. **Your ticket includes entrance, access to event material, food, and giveaways.**



**Next North Carolina Poetry Society Meeting**

**Saturday, September 19, 2020**  
Weymouth Center for the Arts and Humanities  
555 E Connecticut Ave  
**Southern Pines, NC**  
For directions to the Weymouth Center & other information visit  
<http://www.ncpoetrysociety.org>.



Please note that the following events are *subject to change* due to the current public health situation. Please check ahead of time to see if the event is still being held.

## Recurring Events:

**Carrboro Recreation, Parks & Cultural Resources Department Presents:**  
**Poet's Open Mic Night at Oasis** **First Tuesday of Each Month listed, 7:00-9:00pm**

Oasis  
 Carr Mill, **Carrboro**

Join Carrboro Recreation, Parks & Cultural Resources Department the first Tuesday of each month listed for this great event! This is a night where poets can engage with others and share the power and diversity of poetry. The event is staged to provide a venue for people to celebrate, to share, and to encourage the writing, reading and listening to poetry.

See page 20 for listings.



**Free the Mic** **Second & Fourth Monday of Each Month, 7:00-10:00pm**

Lucky Tree  
 3801 Hillsborough St., **Raleigh**

For people who are not afraid to believe in themselves, for people who are thinking of believing in themselves, and also for people who like supporting people who believe in themselves. Just bring good energy & support for local artists. Artists and spectators welcome!!!

For more info: <http://www.luckytreeraleigh.com/>

**City Soul Café Open Mic**

Noir Raleigh  
 425 Glenwood Ave, **Raleigh**

**Wednesdays, 8:30pm**

**\$5 Cover / \$7 Features Nights  
 21 & over**

THE HOTTEST SET IN THE TRIANGLE!  
 OPEN MIC POETRY | SPOKEN WORD | SINGERS

City Soul Café is the spot for a night of poetry, music, and so much more. Live DJ provides the musical backdrop. Food and Drink specials. Featured performers from all over the country. Come out and bring friends! Sign up between 8:30 - 10:00pm. Hosted by "The City Soul Café Group".

For more info: <https://citysoulcafe.splashthat.com/>

## More Recurring Events:

### Passionate Poets

Unity Center of Peace  
8800 Seawell School Rd., **Chapel Hill**

**Second Wednesday of Each Month, 7:00-8:30pm**

**\$10 suggested donation**

Passionate Poets invites all to this evening of creative expressions where performers are encouraged to share their gifts of music, poetry, dance or comedy. Performance times will be 3-5 minutes each depending on the number of participants. A piano is available if required. Arrive early at 6:30pm to sign up. MC: Vanessa Vendola.

For more info, contact Vanessa Vendola at 919-810-3548.



### TAKE FIVE Poetry & Prose Open Mic

Karma Boutique & Coffee Bar  
131 Wicker Street, Downtown **Sanford, NC**

**First Thursday of Each Month, 6:00-8:00pm**

First Thursday Take Five draws in all ages and levels of experience for five-minute open mic presentations of poetry and prose. The sign-up for the readings begins at 5:30, with the guideline that writers 15 or under are encouraged to share their original works from 6:00 to 6:15. Works *containing adult language or mature themes* may be shared after 6:15 pm. To make a day of it, come early and explore the antique stores, the restaurants and craft galleries of Historic Downtown Sanford.

**You deserve to Take 5!**

For further information about the Take Five open mics, contact Caren Stuart at [caren@windstream.net](mailto:caren@windstream.net) or C. Pleasants York at [cpsy711@gmail.com](mailto:cpsy711@gmail.com) or visit [www.facebook.com/KarmaandCoffee](http://www.facebook.com/KarmaandCoffee).

### Friday Noon Poets

Amity United Methodist Church  
Corner of Estes Dr. & Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd. (*Historic Airport Road*)  
**Chapel Hill**

**Fridays, 12:30-1:30pm**

Informal meetings every Friday. Read original poem or prose or a selection written by someone else. Writings should be no longer than 1½ pages. Free parking, side entrance. All are welcome!

For details, call Dave Manning at 919-462-3695.

## More Recurring Events:

### Jambalaya Soul Slam

The Hayti Heritage Center  
804 Old Fayetteville St., **Durham**

Spoken-word poetry competition hosted by Dasan Ahanu. The area's best performance poets compete for a cash prize & a possible spot on the Bull City Slam Team. *Mature content.*

For more info: <http://www.bullcitypoetryslam.com/>

**Third Saturday of Each Month, 8:00pm**

*(Participating Poets sign up @ 7:30pm)*

**\$10 Admission**



### Open Mic Night with DL ZENE

Unscripted Durham  
202 N Corcoran Street, **Durham, NC**

Join DL ZENE for open mic night every. Anything goes: music, poetry/spoken word, comedy, rap. \ Sign up when you arrive and show Durham what you got!

**First & Third Sunday of Each Month, 7:00pm**

**Free**



### Tongue & Groove Open Mic Redux

~~VAE Raleigh~~ **ZOOM\***  
309 W Martin St, **Raleigh**

We welcome poets, musicians, storytellers, jugglers, interpretive dance ...anything but comedy (which is not say you can't be funny) and sermons (which is not to say you can't do poems/songs/stories/juggles/dances about faith). List at 7:00. Show at 7:30. 7-minute slots.

For event updates and to get/stay in touch: [www.facebook.com/tongueandgroove/](http://www.facebook.com/tongueandgroove/)

**Second Sunday of Each Month, 7:00pm**



*\*The link changes each month; find it in the Events section on FB.*



**By Request:  
Poetry Revealed Presents  
*OPEN MIC NIGHTS!***

**Poet's Open Mic Night at Oasis in Carr Mill**

Join Carrboro Recreation, Parks & Cultural Resources Dept. the first Tuesday of each month listed for this great event! This is a night where poets can engage with others and share the power and diversity of poetry. The event is staged to provide a venue for people to celebrate, to share, and to encourage the writing, reading and listening to poetry.

**Dates Held:**  
**\*No Open Mic in June\***  
**July 7**  
**August 4**  
**September 1**

**Time: 7:00-9:00pm**

Carrboro Recreation, Parks & Cultural Resources Dept.  
100 N Greensboro St, Carrboro, NC 27510  
919-918-7364  
carrbororec.org

Created and Issued by the  
Carrboro Recreation, Parks & Cultural Resources Department

For the newsletter, we welcome:

- Poetry News
- Upcoming Poetry Events
- Articles
- Contest Information
- Festival and Event Recaps
- ...and of course, Poetry

Please email your information to  
Karen Kessler at

[KKessler@townofcarrboro.org](mailto:KKessler@townofcarrboro.org)



Information about the  
2020 West End Poetry Festival

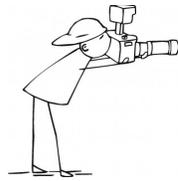
Can be found at:

[www.westendpoetryfestival.org](http://www.westendpoetryfestival.org)



100 North Greensboro Street  
Carrboro, NC 27510  
919-918-7364

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