



# WRITING CURRENTS

Peace River Center for Writers

---

## Summer Days Story Boyle

The summer is almost upon us, with school winding down, college semesters ending, and the sun's heat creeping higher. Most of our seasonal residents have already gone back to their other homes, far away. Even in Florida, the shift of seasons is apparent, the air syrup thick, and the summer rains rumbling in the afternoon.

The PRCW will be undergoing a few changes for the summer as well. The office will be on hiatus for the duration of the summer, though that doesn't mean the PRCW will be shutting down. There will continue to be a host of regular activities for the summer months, including the Open Mic at Hava Java, and Kids Stuff, which will be meeting in the cafeteria area on its regular dates, the second Saturday of the month.

Regular office hours will resume in the fall.

We had great success with our first annual poetry contest; many thanks to all who entered! The winners' poems have been reprinted here in this edition of *Writing Currents*, with a note from the new Board President, John Pelot.

There have been a few other changes to the board of director. Doug Houck is now Vice President of the Board. The other officers remain the same.

We had many other triumphs this year, as well. Our Florida Humanities Grant program, *Celebrating Native Americans in Florida*, was a great success. Both events, the showcase of Guy La Bree's art in March and the poetry reading by Elgin Jumper in April, saw good attendance and were well-received. The Moonlight Literary Cruise was a blast, with photos from the event appearing on our Facebook page.

For the last month, after I resigned as Executive Director, Casey Sutton has filled the duties of Office Manager, taking care of the essentials, and ensuring the smooth transition to our summer schedule. Her summer will be spent working with the Easter Seals, continuing to make great contributions to the community. Many thanks to her for her outstanding efforts!

This has been an adventure of a year for the Center, and we could not have done it without you. Above all, thank *you* for your participation. You are what makes this organization live and breathe. Keep writing!

## MAY AND JUNE ACTIVITIES

**KIDS STUFF** will meet on Saturday, May 14<sup>th</sup> and Saturday, June 11<sup>th</sup>, in room O-116 or the cafeteria on the Edison Charlotte Campus. If you have an interest in writing for children, from picture books to young adult novels, this is your group! Laura Aldir-Hernandez facilitates this adventure into the ins and outs of writing for children. Please bring 8-10 copies of your manuscript or writing excerpt (please limit to 5 or 6 double spaced manuscript pages at a time) for critique. Writers without a ready manuscript are also welcome.

**OPEN MIC AT FISHERMEN'S VILLAGE** will take a break this summer, with a special July evening event. Further information will be available as the event date approaches.

**WRITER'S TEA** will hold its final meeting until fall on Tuesday, May 17<sup>th</sup> from 1pm until 3pm at the Literary Suite in the Artisan's Atelier Join hosts Arlene Kincaid and Mary Grace Patterson for snacks, poems, tea and talking shop about writing. This fun and informal group will begin meeting again in the fall.

**OPEN MIC 2 AT HAVA JAVA** will be held on Friday, May 20<sup>th</sup>, and again on Friday, June 17<sup>th</sup>. Shirley George emcees. Located at 2711 Tamiami Trail in Port Charlotte, we begin at 6:30pm, and the readings and performances run until 8:30pm. Bring your poems, stories, excerpts, and music, and share them, or just come to listen and grab a bite to eat. Excellent food, good company, and a cozy atmosphere make this open mic night a success.

### Thank You to Our New and Renewing Members:

Laura Aldir-Hernandez  
Camille Amy  
Catherine Bukovitz  
Jan D'Errico  
Teresa Falsani  
Michelle Fanslau  
Barbara Goldberg  
Shenilyn Harper  
Karen Hillelson  
Elizabeth Leone  
Mac Martin  
Carl Parrott  
Tomas Smith  
Andrea Willard

**Fishermen's Village**  
is a Corporate Member of PRCW@ESC  
Visit their web site at <http://www.fishville.com>

# May 2011

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8 Mother's Day	9	10	11	12	13	14 Kids Stuff
15	16	17 Writers' Tea	18	19	20 Open Mic at Hava Java	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30 Memorial Day	31	** Indicates a workshop			

# June 2011

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11 Kids Stuff
12	13	14	15	16	17 Open Mic at Hava Java	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	** Indicates a workshop	

**Don't forget, the PRCW is now on Facebook! Search for "The Peace River Center for Writers at Edison State College" on Facebook to become a fan of the page.**

**PRCW Poetry Contest Winners**  
**John Pelot**

Thanks to all the directors who helped with the Poetry Contest. After a few lessons on how to make the PRCW Poetry Contest even better next time, and judging over one-hundred entries, the winners are:

**First Place...**Terry Ansbro for "First Light, Jackson Square"

**Second Place...** Penny Hunt for "My Father in Brown"

**Third Place...** Teresa Falsani for "Closure"

There were five Honorable Mentions:

Jo Ellen Gantor, "Word Weavers"

Gary Gee Helinski, "Slender Threads of Friendship"

Dobie Pasco, "They Don't Make Great Movies Anymore"

Robert Wm. Ross, "Grow With Me"

Linda Neckel White, "Morning After"

The three winning poems are reprinted here, after having been shared at the Open Mic Night at Hava Java on April 15th.

**Congratulations!**

Many of our authors have published items in recent days,

Court Nedervald has just released his new cookbook, *Epicuria: Adventures That Really Cook*. Combining narrative and recipe, Nedervald's tale meanders takes his hero through the kitchen. Available through Amazon.com

John Pelot has released his novel, *2021 (Arcane)* in ebook format for the Kindle. It can be downloaded at Amazon.com

**Board of Directors**

**John Pelot**  
*President*

**Dr. Douglas Houck**  
*Vice President*

**Amber Maksymiak**  
*Secretary*

**Sam King**  
*Treasurer*

David Abraham  
Catherine Bukovitz  
Michelle Fanslau  
Shirley George  
Dr. Janice Jaén  
Linda Mahshie  
Carl Parrott  
Mary Grace Patterson  
Naomi Pringle  
Dr. Thomas Rath

**Terry Ansbro**  
**First Place**

First Light, Jackson Square

The quarter isn't sleeping, just moving slow,  
one part hangover and two parts Southern dissipation.  
There is no early shift, just the odd  
shopkeeper, slant-eyed from sleep,  
holding an unfiltered Camel between thumb and finger,  
hosing down the doorways and sidewalks.

The fire-eaters and jugglers have gone to ground,  
scuttled into the cracks in the cobblestones,  
sleeping off the day's miasma, while the marks sleep off  
their Flaming Hurricanes.

Nobody begs here.  
Even the youngest of the discarded works  
a frantic section of sidewalk,  
grinding bottle caps into the soles of his tennis shoes,  
keeping time to fuzzy jazz  
borrowed from the open doors  
of two-drink minimum nightclubs,  
or, standing in the neon spillover,  
coaxes off-key and ill-remembered standards  
from a battered but willing axe,  
until he earns the entry price  
to the back-alley oubliette.

This is the time of leaning.  
Doorjambs, rust-eaten iron fences, and stone walls support  
The day-weary, hunched over mugs of bitter  
coffee and chicory.  
The men sip from their mugs, suck at their cigarettes,  
exhale, masking faces behind a blur of smoke and steam.

The sun is too high already and the bells are ringing  
and this is a place and a people that love the dark  
and the sounds of other people.  
The sounds of heaven are high, abstract,  
and generally ignored.  
Ask and they'll tell you the church bells must be broken--  
nobody's heard them in years.

**Penny Hunt**  
**Second Place**

My Father in Brown

I have been seeing my father in the background of my dreams.

I am sorting papers, or hanging out clothes, or furiously chopping vegetables.

I am rushing to put out a brush fire, stamping on it with bare feet that don't seem to get burned.

I am climbing ladders that never seem to reach the top.

I am swaying on a swinging bridge high above a bottomless chasm holding my children, who are small again, close to me, escaping violent men who are cursing and threatening—

And my father, dressed in his favorite brown shirt, is somewhere behind me.

My father in brown: his brown, tanned skin, his dark hair, his brown-fleck eyes,

Wearing the brown regulation shirt from the state park job he held after he retired.

How nice he looks.

I see him behind me as I dream myself in peril.

I see him there, watching, sometimes smiling and sometimes with mild puzzlement  
Or concern.

I watch myself struggle through the nightmare of the dreams, through tedious routines, through terrifying tasks—

And then I notice him there.

I remember when I was in the background of his dreams.

He, peering into the guts of a malfunctioning TV, experimenting with the different tubes to see what would fix it, and I am a small figure behind him.

And he, with a vision of a boat suited to house a family of four on the wide, brown Ohio River, turning that vision into reality by measuring the lumber, and sawing, and fitting the pieces together, and caulking and painting.

Turning the lumber pile into a dinosaur-like rib cage and then a hull and then a cabin on it all

And I am the thin, fragile child who wriggles beneath the smallest places to press  
the compound around the screw heads,

And I am in the background

And shadow

Of my brown-eyed father who looks so handsome in brown.

**Teresa Falsani**  
Third Place

Closure

Nobody told me  
That after death comes  
Not closure but the eternal  
question. Where is he  
now? In that rusty Plymouth we pass  
grumbling down a country road?  
Or that strange semi with our family name  
emblazoned on the side?  
In this red van just like his  
we follow on the freeway?

Hello, Dad I say  
as if he were really out there,  
instead of driving the sporty blue sedan  
we wouldn't let him buy- -  
his last car had to be a van  
we said with all-wheel drive  
and better visibility - -  
driving that sporty sedan  
around and around  
the back roads of my brain,  
lurking like a cop behind  
every hill and curve.

## SHELL CREEK BOOKS

I BUY BOOKS

Collections • Estates • Used Books

shellcreekbooks@peoplepc.com

637.0095 - Madelon

Browse my inventory at:

<http://www.abebooks.com/bookseller/shellcreekbookspg>

or by appointment



When he died, I thought  
all I had to do was let him go.  
But still, he shows up  
in the rearview mirror,  
tailgating my days and dreams,  
rolling down his window  
to toss a cigarette,  
ashes bouncing helter skelter  
on the black pavement,  
a hundred little flares

**Peace River Center for Writers at Edison State College**

**26300 Airport Road, Punta Gorda, FL 33950**

**Phone: 941.637.3514 Email: [prcw@edison.edu](mailto:prcw@edison.edu)**

**Web Site: [www.peacriverwriters.org](http://www.peacriverwriters.org)**