

# A COMMON WEALTH OF POETRY

Newsletter of the Poetry Society of Virginia

APRIL 2015



## A LETTER FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Life, if anything, is filled with changes and surprises of every kind. I decided in January to get back to the gym. I retired half from my own decision and half from no new contract as of this year. Sometime in February I felt tightness across my chest and thought it was from starting an exercise regimen. But it didn't go away so I went to my doctor on March 9th. They sent me to a cardiologist. They found a constricted artery around my heart. A wonderful doctor put in a stent on March 19th. The pictures he showed me of what it looked like before and after were like pictures first of a highway with an accident and then of a highway cleared with both lanes open. The good news is that we caught it before I had a heart attack. "One vessel was just a stream," the cardiologist said. But it's remarkable what can be done, and I'm sure this will spawn some poems. Several other members have had similar situations. We are an organization full of heart!

Poetry Virginia is also full of changes and surprises of every kind, too. We have a new newsletter editor and a new webmaster. Please send your ideas, questions, and submissions to them. Their e-mails are on the address page of the newsletter and on the Web site as well. We have a new member in Roanoke who has begun a program with Roanoke Public Schools to bring poetry to middle schools. Members of the faculty and students from Virginia Tech will bring their ideas and expertise to share with teachers and students in the schools selected for the project.

There will be no snow in April in Virginia! How's that for a prediction? We will all begin to enjoy good weather shortly. This month is the Contest Awards ceremony, which will be held in Richmond. The Student Contest awards will be announced on the same day on the Web site, April 18th. Many thanks to those who worked to make all this happen. Next month is our Poetry Festival in Williamsburg. These will both be events worth the effort to attend.

I do not plan to run for President again. I made the decision before I knew I had a constricted vessel. The reason is that I have to get back to my own writing. I know everyone understands how we can be distracted by our various commitments that keep us from doing our heart's work. (That word is on my mind a lot.) I will stay involved as much as I can. I have been given many gifts, and I treasure them and wish to share them for as long as I can.

Best to everyone,  
Guy

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## Recitation of Our Poetry

By Stuart C. Nottingham

In the 19th century, stage performers recited poetry and prose for the enjoyment of a paying audience. Recitations were also a popular form of home entertainment. This was before the time of radio and TV; singing around the piano and listening to recitations filled many a long evening.

In 1894, the Martin and Hoyt company published *The Peerless Reciter or Popular Program*. This book is filled with the popular recitation poems and prose pieces of the late 19th century. It also includes a brief lesson of advice to reciters. This advice is still relevant today. Here is that advice:

### *The Mind Speaking Through the Body* Important principles and rules

**The Book:** Hold the book in your left hand, and keep the place open with the thumb and little finger, supporting the book with three fingers placed on the underside. Let your eyes glance frequently from the page to your audience. Be so familiar with your selection that your eyes will not be bound to the book; they will be left free to act their very important part in the expression of the thought and sentiment. Your reading will be more effective if you have the selection committed to memory, and you can lay aside the book entirely.

**The Manner:** Be perfectly natural. Get in touch with your hearers. Stand or sit among them, as it were, and talk with them; do not place a cold distance between yourself and them, and then speak at them. Do not be stiff or stilted. Have all your powers under command. Take possession of yourself, and in this way only can you take possession of your audience. If you are ill at ease, your listeners will be also. Keep your body erect, but not rigid or defiant unless the sentiment calls for it.

**The Voice:** To have a full, rich, flexible voice capable of easy modulations is one of the necessary accomplishments of a successful reader. This, as a rule, must be the result of patient training.

- Practice breathing: stand erect, with the shoulders thrown back, and take in a full breath, filling the lungs to their utmost capacity. The breath should be emitted at times slowly; again, more rapidly; again, with quick, explosive force.
- The human voice is capable of great cultivation, yet always within certain limits. It should not be strained or overworked. With a full breath, give a prolonged sound, as you would when calling to someone at a distance. Do this on different keys, from the lowest to the highest. Practice quick, explosive sounds. You should know how to whisper; a forcible whisper can be heard by every person in the largest audience.
- Your voice should have what, for want of a better term, may be called volume. It should have a certain carrying power that will enable it to reach the farthest listener without rising to a shout. A loud voice is not always the most effective, nor can it always be heard at the greatest distance. A voice comparatively weak can press its tones forward and prolong them, thereby doing very effective work.

- Do not mouth your words, nor jumble them together. You should enunciate distinctly, for the reason that you are trying to say something and wish your audience to understand what it is.

**Expression:** The body, with voice, eyes, hands, arms, head, in short, with all its members that were made to talk, should express the exact thought and sentiment of the reading. How can this be done unless you make the selection your own? It is your work to bring the thought and sentiment home to the minds and hearts of others. The selection is yours for the time being, a part of yourself, and you are communicating it. The eccentric, celebrated Dr. Emmons was once asked by a student to give him some rules for public speaking. The Doctor gave him two: first *Have* something to say; second *Say* it. You are supposed to have something to express, and you are to summon all your powers and energies of mind and body to give effect to the expression.

- Make gestures only where they are required. A few, well placed and suited to the thought, are better than many given at random. Let the hand take any shape that is appropriate: the open palm, the pointing finger, the clinched fist; and do it all in an easy, natural way. In gestures requiring only one hand, make use of the right. Ordinarily, the hand should be lifted from the side with a slight curve of motion. Do not let one gesture contradict another; all should be in harmony.
- Remember that your arms are *arms*, not *sticks*. The angular, ungainly thrust is a common fault. Let your arms be supple, easily bent. Do not use merely a part of the arm, as if your elbow had suddenly become your shoulder. Let the gesture rest on the emphatic word. It should not follow, but rather precede, the sentiment it is intended to aid in expressing.
- Human emotions write themselves upon the face. The eyes and other features should express joy, sorrow, wonderment, fear, merriment, hope, despair, anger, etc., as these are conveyed in language. Here, especially, the proficient reader shows his consummate art, and here is large opportunity for painstaking study.
- Stand, as a rule, with one foot slightly in advance of the other, resting the weight of the body on the one farther back.

**Emphasis and Pauses:** There is a world of meaning sometimes in a word emphasized. Where the thought is intended to be emphatic, there should be an emphatic expression of it. Emphasis is the life of antithesis.

- The sentiment of nearly every recital requires pauses; silence is often the most eloquent speech. Do not make the pause too lengthy, else a dreadful solemnity and dullness will result.

**N.B.:** Following these rules, the book depicts an “alphabet” of 26 postures and gestures that may be used to convey meaning.

**Query:** Can you think of rules for reading that the writer in 1894 left out?

## Tribute to Claudia Emerson 1957–2014

By Carolyn Kreiter-Foronda

Admirers of Claudia Emerson's poetry are still reeling from the loss of this eminent writer, who died at 57 on December 4th. In an interview with Jay MacDonald ([www.divorce.com](http://www.divorce.com)), the 2006 Pulitzer Prize winner provided this comment about the genre that fueled her spirit: "Poetry is ordering chaos, whether it's emotional chaos or social chaos or political chaos. You take language and try to hone it, to make it have both ambiguity and clarity about it." In six memorable books, including the recently released *The Opposite House*, Emerson offers a compelling view of the human condition in lyrically intense poems that showcase her artistry. As a professor for over a decade at both the University of Mary Washington and Virginia Commonwealth University, Emerson was dedicated to her students, many of whom considered her their favorite teacher. Julie Dymon, a Summa Cum Laude graduate of UMW, credits her former mentor with enhancing her growth as a poet and inspiring her to pursue a career as a professional writer.

During her term as Poet Laureate of Virginia (2008–2010), Emerson served as a Literary Arts Specialist on a Metrorail Public Art Project, designed to integrate poems into art installations at Northern Virginia metro stations—an effort avidly supported and partially funded by the Poetry Society of Virginia. As a staunch advocate of making poetry accessible to the general public, she left an indelible mark on this effort. Her generosity extended far beyond her role as an educator and public advocate for the arts. She displayed unflinching loyalty to friends and associates by endorsing books and willingly critiquing work in progress.

Poet Laureate Emerita Kelly Cherry "was ambitious" for Emerson early on in her career after selecting her as winner of an Academy of American Poets competition in 1991. Most admirable was Emerson's rapid and well-deserved rise in the field, frequently winning prestigious awards and fellowships, including a Witter Bynner Fellowship from the Library of Congress and a Guggenheim Fellowship.

Collectively, her friends are committed to keeping the memory of this exceptional writer alive. She chiseled poems with the practiced hand of an artisan, offering wisdom for present and future generations to savor and preserve.



## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Friends,

My name is Andrew Jarvis, and I am honored to be the new newsletter editor. I have been writing solely poetry for 20 years. I studied poetry at Johns Hopkins University, and then I became a professional writer and editor. A nature lover, I frequent the numerous parks in Virginia and greatly enjoy our western mountains and eastern shorelines. Our wild, natural world is frequently overlooked in poetry, and I hope future poets will rediscover and personify its unique, powerful images. Our state is rich in culture, history, and natural beauty, so find your voice and keep writing. I look forward to hearing all of your exciting news!

Best,  
Andrew

The newsletter submission deadline is the third Saturday of the month. Submissions received after the deadline will be included in the next newsletter.

E-mail submissions to:  
[newsletter@poetryvirginia.org](mailto:newsletter@poetryvirginia.org) or [ajax\\_aj@outlook.com](mailto:ajax_aj@outlook.com)

## LETTER FROM THE WEBMASTER

Dear Friends,

My name is Brian Chad O'Rourke, and I am the new webmaster for the Poetry Society of Virginia. I love poetry and writing, and I am a life member of the PSV. I remember the old Web site and when the new one came into being, I constantly nagged Guy Terrell about updating this or that. Finally, Guy asked me if I wanted to be the one who updated this or that on the Web site, and I said "yes!" YES! I do have an extensive background in computers and Web sites. It's a whole lot of fun to take the words of others and transform them into the digital art of the Internet. The Form is beauty to me, and I'll make sure that what you give me is translated into beauty on the Web site. Our Web site will be a continual work in progress as we add our poems and thoughts to it. I'll be there to assist in making our Web site a true representation of our society.

Best,  
Brian

It's easy to add events to the Web site. Please provide as much of the following information to me for an event: Title of Event; a description of the event; the date and time of the event; the location, zip code, telephone of the event; the Web site of the event; the organizer of the event.

E-mail information to:  
[webmaster@poetryvirginia.org](mailto:webmaster@poetryvirginia.org) or [brian.chad@gmail.com](mailto:brian.chad@gmail.com)

## POETRY

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### For Blessing

By Shonda Buchanan

today at crittenden middle school  
 me and langston's ghost misted a room while  
 fifty sets of brilliant orbs listened, giggled into their sleeves  
 smiled shyly at secret crushes,  
 writing group poems with solid bones. after,  
 she came up to me, half covering nervous, watery eyes  
 still, brave-hearted, thirteen, she said "i write poetry"  
 recited a poem sweet as spring water. sweet as summer tea.  
 reminding me of another girl,  
 her hair smelling of wood smoke and weeping willows  
 dragging her feet down a long lonely hallway  
 to finish her last line before the bell. that girl liked the quiet too.  
 no taunts. no bullies to say, "why you always writing?"

was it possible, that i had slipped  
 into the future to whisper my own name, "Miss Shonda"  
 say "i write poetry"  
 saying, look at you now, teacher friend mentor.  
 poet. look at you now.  
 she wrote her name on a slip of paper  
 so i would remember her. this moment.  
 her/my far-away eyes.  
 but who could forget any of this, i wanted to tell her.  
 no one could ever forget  
 such a Blessing.

### Of Love and Time

By Kelly Cherry

Time felt expands and shrinks according to  
 the number of details that we observe.  
 The less familiar an experience,  
 the more details we notice, lengthening  
 the time it takes; and the more ordinary,  
 the fewer details adhere. And yet your face,  
 better known to me than is my name,  
 and creased and folded like a well-used map,  
 is a place in which I'd live a million years  
 if I could, every year a century,  
 every century a millennium  
 and all that lengthy while I'll register  
 the play of light upon your light green eyes,  
 silver stubble and mobile mouth, the way  
 you clear your throat to say a thing clever  
 or punning. Such minute observations  
 to me are Shakespeherian dramaturgy  
 and bespeak a narrative of close detail  
 that makes each single moment as riveting  
 as insight and as lingering as a poem  
 about the inexhaustible theme of love.

~Published in *Thirty Three: Anniversary Anthology*,  
 Mobile, Alabama: Negative Capability Press, 2014

### Safe Harbor

#### Orange County, Virginia

By Stu Nottingham

Aimlessly I wander across the abandoned field  
 that edges the wet weather stream bed.  
 The grasses in the bed are bent to the right,  
 broken by Spring's torrents.

A wall of pines, poplars, brush, and vines  
 borders the farther edge of the field.  
 At first it seems a solid wall,  
 but no,  
 there is a hidden entry here.

I push aside an elderberry bush,  
 slip through into a small room carpeted  
 with pine needles and poplar leaves.  
 The walls of the room are tangles  
 of honeysuckle, wild grape and elderberry,  
 cornered by dark trunks of pine and poplar.

I am enwombed by Nature,  
 drugged by the honeysuckle's sweetness.  
 I am at peace in the silence of the woods.

#### Suddenly

through the branches  
 of the elderberry guarded portal  
 I see a clattering pickup  
 raising a cloud of dust  
 as it hurries down the dirt lane  
 across from the weed grown field.  
 And I hear an Atlanta bound jet  
 climbing to altitude.

I know that soon  
 I must fly away  
 and hurry to raise my own dust.

This is the original version of this poem. When I submitted it to a peer review group, I was persuaded to delete the last two stanzas. They were thought to detract from the quiet pastoral scene I set forth in the foregoing four stanzas. This poem appeared in my book *Where Did That Poem Come From* without the last two stanzas. I have since rethought this poem. The last two stanzas are necessary to bring the reader back to today's reality from the dreamlike Eden of the first four stanzas. The contrast between the pastoral Eden and modern civilized machinery serves to show that we all need our Eden, but we all need to realize that it is only a dream, that the real natural past was replete with lions, disease, accidents, warring neighbors and early death. Few of us would choose to go back to that.

## POETRY *continued*

### For the Chocolate Tasters

By Diane Lockward

who sit around all day eating bonbons,  
 whose mission is to empty each fluted cup,  
 day after day in pursuit of the perfect truffle,  
 whose nights are filled with dreams of ganache,  
 who do not count calories or fret the heart  
 attack, diabetes, or cavities, but push forward  
 to the next confection, who make a virtue  
 of falling to temptation, these epicureans  
 of chocolate, who never say I've had enough,  
 but like Olympic athletes persevere and savor  
 the literal taste of sweet success, who worship  
 the chocolatiers as they would gods and study  
 the science of chocolate, how to hold up a piece  
 to the light, to inspect for sheen and the slight  
 fissure, how to snap it and listen for the crack  
 that signals perfection, how to soften a Belgian  
 treat with the teeth and not chew, who train  
 like sommeliers to master the bunny sniff,  
 to breathe in the aroma notes, and show up  
 at work each day with a whiff of expectation,  
 who practice the fine art of slow eating,  
 grateful for each one of the 8000 taste buds  
 on the tongue, the hyper-sensitive palate,  
 steadfast in their refusal to rush joy.

~first appeared in *Southern Poetry Review*

### Poetry Prompt

Read the poem again and select 5 words from it.  
 Write them down on the top line of a piece of  
 paper. Now give yourself 10–15 minutes to use all  
 5 words (in any order) in a one-sentence poem.  
 The one-sentence challenge will lead to surprising  
 twists and turns. As you write, allow the ghost of  
 the original poem to enter in. In your revision, feel  
 free to abandon whatever isn't working and to add  
 whatever might work.



### Painting in an Enclosed Field at Saint-Paul Hospital

~After Vincent van Gogh's *Enclosed Field with Peasant*

By Carolyn Kreiter-Foronda

. . . We, who live by bread, are we not ourselves  
 very much like wheat . . . to be reaped when we are ripe . . .  
 Vincent van Gogh, 1889

Like a peasant  
   *Devout,*  
 I long to haul wheat  
   *we rise*  
 in the fertile field, enclosed  
   *and billow*  
 by the asylum's walls I want  
   *in venerable breezes*  
 to feel the gentle rocking of  
   *Roots*  
 the gathered stalks  
   *unfurl, curl*  
 A prism disperses ocher  
   *into pulsating soil*  
 Lilac rays define  
   *Sinewy, we grow*  
 olive trees, cypresses,  
   *like wild thyme, free*  
 sheltered by the rugged Alpilles  
   *from the North's cold*  
 In this enclosure I strive to recover  
   *We flower,*  
 amid a wellspring of light  
   *the florets: aureate,*  
 At the easel, I do for the wheat  
   *the stems: limber, sleek*  
 what I have done for the reaper  
   *Sun-drenched, we spit seeds—*  
 I breathe lissome air  
   *little eyes loosened—*  
 and paint a peasant, hauling a bundle  
   *onto holy ground*  
 Wary, my attendant follows me  
   *Our hearts bloom*  
 wherever I go, earthy yellows,  
   *They ripen into braided gold*  
 silvery grays, blues spattered  
   *Earth's tongue unfolds,*  
 over my arms, outstretched  
   *lets go*  
 like ripened grain  
   *its wind-borne song*

~Published in *Nimrod International Journal*,  
 Volume 57, Number 2, Spring/Summer 2014

## POETRY *continued*

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### The World We Make with Leaves

By Sofia M. Starnes

One day we'll tidy up our homes  
and leave their trembling  
thresholds, though thresholds hold  
the steps

of prophets and of children;  
we'll miss the welcome rooms  
we squared, where small and hefty  
feet crisscrossed

the floors, and from the walls  
their echoes... But places are  
like maple leaves we press  
to make a parchment

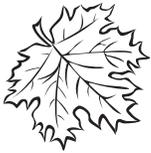
lampshade; they are both panoply  
and reach, a temporal  
concession.

Glued still, a leaf (known equally  
as place) gleams as impatient wish,  
an afternoon in heat, a tungsten  
close to burning;  
split from the woods, it embers.

So when a home is done—breath-  
less the break of doors, hinges ajar,  
a prophecy at each window—  
I think we'll see

the threshold wholly *still*, still  
as the leaves done-dying on the sill,  
whose brink is every lamp  
we pieced: all we will need, remember.

~An early version of this poem  
appeared in *ARTS: The Arts in  
Religious and Theological Studies*,  
in 2014.



### At The Vietnam Memorial, 1983

By Ron Smith

"Clear the air! clean the sky! wash the wind! take the stone  
from the stone, take the skin from the arm, take the muscle  
from the bone, and wash them."

~*Murder in the Cathedral*

I fought  
the March wind,  
at each hill saying,  
"This is it. This looks new."  
When I thought I had gone too far,

I was there. It's black, but  
I had seen the pictures. I walked  
beside a wall of small names  
to find Wells and Strobo,  
who never knew each other.

But they both loved fast cars  
and hated school more than I did.  
Which is why they are carved  
in black and I can drive to see them.  
I was in the back seat

when Wells slammed over a gas pump  
and then filled up anyway.  
And in the All-Star Game  
tiny Strobo stole the headlines  
from the big-name backs, zipped past

giants for the only touchdown.  
He was too light  
for a scholarship. He'd give  
a kind of buck-toothed shrug and say,  
"I got a girl and a GTO."

Walking back to my Olds,  
I sized up the Washington Monument,  
measuring space  
for a continent of names.  
On every side of the Mall

the pale facades  
rose like clouds.  
Every marble column there,  
every granite block waits  
to spring back ten billion years

to a blinding stellar  
vapor. Stone from stone,  
hell. Every atom  
shall be set  
free.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

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### Poetry Virginia Festival 2015

Now is the time to set aside the dates for the 2015 Poetry Festival in Williamsburg, May 15–16. We are privileged to welcome nationally-known Dorianne Laux ([www.doriannelaux.net](http://www.doriannelaux.net)) and Joseph Millar ([www.josephmillar.org](http://www.josephmillar.org)) as featured poets; check out their Web sites. The two-day program will also include presentations by Luisa Igloria, Henry Hart, Derek Kannemeyer, and Bill Glose. The festival will include the popular Friday evening banquet at Ford's Colony Club, followed by an open mic.

The weekend is a busy one in Williamsburg. Out-of-towners are encouraged to make early reservations. PSV has set aside a block of rooms at LaQuinta, 814 Capitol Landing Rd., Williamsburg, 1(800) 531-5900 or (757) 229-0200, for \$75 plus tax.

**Joan Mazza's** poem "Ode to Sewing Baskets," published in *Apple Valley Review* in fall 2014, has been nominated by that journal for the anthology of *Best New Poets 2015*.

### PSV Slate of Officers, 2015–2016

In accordance with the PSV Bylaws, the Nominating Committee submitted the following list of members, recommended to serve in the offices indicated. The Executive Committee has approved them to comprise the Slate to be presented to the membership for election at the Annual PSV Meeting in May. Additional nominations may be made from the floor at the meeting.

President	Robert Arthur
Vice President, North Region	Sally Zakariya
Vice President, Central Region	Derek Kannemeyer
Vice President, East Region	Bill Glose
Vice President, Southeast Region	Donna Wynn
Vice President, West Region	Tom Morris
Treasurer	Melinda Nolen

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Shonda Buchanan**, PSV Advisory Board member, writes about hybridity, culture, race, human agency, and shifting landscapes in our lives, in Virginia, and wherever she travels, and how these elements shape, impact, and transform us. Shonda is the author of *Who's Afraid of Black Indians?* and editor of *Voices from Leimert Park*. She is the Chair of the Department of English & Modern Foreign Languages at Hampton University and an assistant professor of English and Creative Writing. She holds an MFA from Antioch University. Shonda is working on two collections of poetry.

**Kelly Cherry's** poetry explores art, science, philosophy, and the meanings of love and loss. Her most recent collection is *The Life and Death of Poetry: Poems*. Her 24th full-length book, *Twelve Women in a Country Called America: Stories*, and 10th chapbook, *Physics for Poets*, are forthcoming in the spring.

**Dr. Carolyn Kreiter-Foronda** has been creating poetry and art since childhood. She strives in her work to offer insights into the commonalities of humankind and the resilience of the human spirit. Poet Laureate of Virginia from 2006 to 2008, Carolyn has co-edited three anthologies and authored seven poetry books, including *The Embrace*, winner of the 2014 Art in Literature: Mary Lynn Kotz Award.

**Diane Lockward** is the author of *The Crafty Poet: A Portable Workshop*, a poetry tutorial to inform and inspire poets. The book includes model poems and prompts, craft tips, and interviews with poets. Contributors include 56 of our nation's finest poets, including 13 former and current state Poets Laureate. An additional 45 accomplished poets contributed sample poems. Geared for the experienced poet as well as those just getting started, the book is ideal for individual use at home or group use in the classroom or workshop. Lockward is also the author of three poetry books, most recently *Temptation by Water*. Her previous books are *What Feeds Us*, which received the 2006 Quentin R. Howard Poetry Prize, and *Eve's Red Dress*. Her poems have been included in such journals as *Harvard Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Prairie Schooner*. Her work has also been featured on *Poetry Daily*, *Verse Daily*, *Gwarlingo*, and *The Writer's Almanac*. She writes poetry because it's where she lives her life most intensely and with the greatest pleasure, frustration, risk, challenge, and reward.

**Stuart Nottingham** has been an officer or executive director of the PSV for a quarter of a century. His poetry often, but not always, has a message. Much of his poetry is intended to encourage the reader to think about race relations. Here is an example, a six word poem entitled "Evolution": My Black friend / becomes my friend. Stuart also writes about his relationship with the plant world and about family history.

**Ron Smith**, Poet Laureate of Virginia, writes because he loves to play with words, to juggle them, fiddle with them, to rub them together to see what happens. He writes because he believes that only language can take humans where they need to go, into the mystery, into the truth. Playful language that also pushes into new areas of consciousness—that's what he's after. Every poem is an adventure. A real artist tries not to do the same thing twice, because art is not manufactured—it's exploration. Ron has come to believe that if he knows precisely what he's doing, then he is not doing it right.

**Sofia M. Starnes**, whose work seeks out the spiritual in its incarnate reality, is the author of five poetry collections, including *A Commerce of Moments*, designated Honor Book by the Library of Virginia. She has edited two anthologies, most recently *The Nearest Poem Anthology*, and co-edited, with her husband Bill, a collection of essays written by Bill's father, William Starnes, Sr., titled *How Will You Measure Life?* Sofia served as Poet Laureate of Virginia from 2012 to 2014.

# POETRY VIRGINIA

1709 Memorial Avenue  
Lynchburg, VA 24501

## PSV EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEMBERS & ADVISORY BOARD 2014-2015

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Membership Chair	Eric Forsbergh	<a href="mailto:forsber@verizon.net">forsber@verizon.net</a>
Newsletter Editor	Andrew Jarvis	<a href="mailto:newsletter@poetryvirginia.org">newsletter@poetryvirginia.org</a>
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