

STRATHCONA WRITERS' MUSE

Copper Bird

Karen Probert

A copper bird on a tall twig
 Hails longer days, a stronger sun.
 Under a rock unearthed by my boot
 Green leaves lie next to exposed brown stubble.
 Cracking ice pops and splits – unseen
 Pulled by the creeks gravity below snow cover.
 Wind at my back,
 My sun-warmed face tilted upwards
 To a deep blue sky.
 Scent of damp earth,
 Sun-warmed rocks, muddy trails.
 Spring will come soon, the air will warm
 Renewal has started says the trilling song
 Sung by one small copper bird.

WFSC Report: ACCSC AGM

On Thursday, April 21st Mandy Eve-Barnett and Linda J. Pedley attended the Annual General Meeting for the Arts & Culture Council of Strathcona County. The WFSC is a member of the Council, as is Mandy, Linda, Dream Write Publishing, and member, Guy Chambers, who was also in attendance. As you may be aware, the Arts & Culture Council represents groups and individual artisans in our community and advocates for creating cultural awareness. With a WFSC membership we have a vested interest in how the council is run and receive reports and invitations to participate in ACCSC hosted events. The meeting allowed us reports from the President (past year activities), Chris Munn (Recreation, Parks & Culture), and financial standings, as well as, upcoming planned activities. Mandy was nominated at this meeting to take on the position of Vice-President for the Arts & Culture Council – congratulations! As we know firsthand, they have a real go-getter now on board! Watch for further updates and events.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Beth Rowe

Is this the busiest time of the year? Taxes need to be completed. Gardens are ready... or are we ahead of ourselves.



Important Dates

Author Reading at Audrey's – April 29th - 7 pm

Conference -April 30th- County Hall #1 8-4:30 pm

Upcoming Dates

Submission deadline

May 31st

Writing Circle

June 7th

A Poem About My Mum

written in 2008 by Karen Probert
- my mother passed
away in 2007 at the age of 101 years

In later days you didn't know me
My face brought you fear, wonder and confusion
I've known you all my life - being your last child

You had a life before you had me
A life after forgetting who I am
But my life has always had you in it.

Canal Walk

Mandy Eve-Barnett

I walk under a hazy blue sky, populated with cotton wool clouds. Leaves are beginning to turn into their autumn splendor. The still water mirrors the late summer's day in its depths, in an upside down sort of way. Floral scents drift in the air mixed with the pungent smell of water logged foliage. My skin is caressed alternatively with the coolness of a shadow and the warmth of the sun. Passing the lovingly tended gardens and white-washed walls, I imagine a life living beside the canal in days past, when barges frequented the waterway. In contrast to today's quiet leisurely pursuits, it had been a busy industrial route, coursing through the countryside. The grey slate roofs and stone bridge show the effects of decades of aging with lichen, moss and smoothed edges. Tales they could tell; I am sure of the changes they have witnessed. I turn to begin my walk again, gravel crunches under my feet as I anticipate a wholesome luncheon in a country inn.

Two Souls Journey

Mike Deregowksy

Two souls journey through life's wandering road,
seeking out new opportunities in their ever changing
load

New images and sounds trickling down the vine,
to find a life, ever divine.

Two souls journey through the world so fast.

With memories and feelings that ever last.

Searching for another soul to share with, forever
theirs.

And a love so true, it never wears.

Two souls journey through thick and thin.

Waiting for their next phase to begin.

Through darkening hope, a light shines bright.

Another soul for true, a love in pure sight.

Two souls journey, hand in hand.

Forever together in this wondrous land.

Their paths have crossed through the eyes of fate.

The one and only perfect soul mate.

They travel into destinations unknown.

For a new world, to call their own

Time together, never to be undone

Two souls journey joined as one.

Water Droplet

A water droplet falls from the sky

Where it falls, it will never know

Will it fall into the sea and live with the rest of the water droplets?

Will it fall in a river and start a journey to the sea?

Will it fall to the ground and provide nourishment for something near it?

A water droplet falls on a tree.

It drips down, leaf by leaf, providing many opportunities for other creatures.

A caterpillar that needs a drink.

Perhaps, it removes dirt that was holding the leaf down.

Once it reaches the bottom, it nourishes the tree to grow taller and stronger.

A water droplet is like an individual person.

Each one has the ability to affect the world around it.

Will it nourish with a river?

Will it destroy with a flood?

Will it simply fall and pass by unnoticed?

A water droplet can affect a vast ocean.

A single drop creates a ripple, that creates waves later down the line.

A tsunami that forever changes the world.

Uniting countries for a single goal.

A water droplet rises to the sky and moves on.

It gets swept away by the wind and forms clouds.

Navigating the sky, to a new location,
releasing more water droplets somewhere new.

The water droplet life cycle begins again.

By Mike Deregonski

CHERRY

Lana O'Neill

On a Maui morning walk, I came upon a shell
Propped on dewy, stiff, green grass; pristine and looking well.
I looked around and had to wonder how this came about,
As stilts and egrets poked the earth in hopes of eating out.

The mystery caught me up so I dropped down to get in close,
The shell that sat alone that day inched left of my tanned nose.
I'll stop right here and let you know of that which makes me whiny:
The things that creep just gross me out no matter if they're tiny.

To leave, to run, say 'ew' or 'ick' is normal and for real,
Imagine how confused I was when 'ew' turned into zeal.
I squealed just like a baby would seeing something new
Not scared or scarred by fears passed down, a change most
overdue.

Emboldened by my brave new self and free of childhood quirks,
I stayed to learn how nature looks up close and how it works.
The shell was whorled and tapered, colored bands of varied size,
In beige and brown and grey and white, a masterpiece surprise.

The engine, or the underside (depending on your prose),
Stretched front then followed by the back, steady as she goes.

The mucous covered beige tube, striated to the nines
Stood proud against my gaze and swayed antenna topped with eyes.

A momentary lapse when I felt 'ick' rise up my throat
And threaten the maturity I hoped would stay afloat.
I breathed and pushed 'ick' down because of what I stood to lose:
A lesson taught by nature's kin: where to find a muse.

Humbled and enlightened by this creature, small but grown
I rushed to do, as humans do, and take the moment home.
A bloom of white plumeria, a gauge for scale outlined,
Was placed beside my gastropod, the ocean blue behind.

The image caught belies what lurks within the human brain.
There's beauty borne at home or far where grass is wet with rain.
Its ignorance that creeps and slimes, intending to misguide;
And worse is when we lock it tight and feed our voice outside.

Awareness of a moment lived feeds purpose to the soul
But is a gift of wonderment where gratitude's the goal.

I looked upon life's lesson in disguise- an island snail,
And smiled in knowing how I'd thank it in this tribute tale.
Acknowledgement requires a name to fete and sometimes drop,
So Cherry know, that in my books, you've crawled up to the top.



"A writer needs three things, experience, observation and imagination, any two of which, at times any one of which, can supply the lack of the others." ~ William Faulkner



Celebrating the Bard's birth and death, Google had this cool page image!
 ~ 400 years later and his work is still going strong and a source of inspiration and a-muse-ment.

Sponsor

Our mandate is to support writers - any age, any stage of their writing career. You can help us by being a WFSC sponsor. Money raised by our non-profit organization is channeled back into the community, not only for the benefit of our own members, but for the benefit of all those who love the written word.

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On the home page of our web site www.wfscsherwoodpark.com you will find a "Donate" button. If you know of anyone who is interested in sponsoring the group to help facilitate our mandate to "support writers... any age, any stage of their writing career" – please suggest and provide this information to them. Fundraising is a big part of our annual income, and as a society, we give back to the community to promote the literary arts.

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Writers Foundation of Strathcona County

2015 – 2016 Board Members and contact information:

Joe McKnight	President	jmcknight2@hotmail.com	
Bethany Horne	Vice President	cbhorne@shaw.ca	
Linda Pedley	Treasurer	wildhorse33@hotmail.com	780-445-0991
	Web Site Administration		
Mandy Barnett	Secretary	mandybar@shaw.ca	
Karen Probert	Past President		
	Library Liaison	karen@lumevision.com	780-464-6632
Beth Rowe	Director /Newsletter	bethrowe1@telus.net	780-718-7253
	Your Lifetime of Stories Coordinator		
Henry Martell	Director		
Mike Deregowski	Director		

www.wfscsherwoodpark.com

Email: wfscsherwoodpark@hotmail.com