



The Jacksonville Review

The newsletter of the Jacksonville Branch of the National League of American Pen Women

Editor Fletcher Shipp

Jacksonville, Florida

April 2012

Jacksonville Branch

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Paying Our Dues

Somehow it has managed to become April again, and that brings Poetry Month, the Passover and Easter holidays, the last of Spring Break — and Tax Day. April is indeed the cruelest month for combining bliss and terror. To add to this, we **Pen Women also must pay the annual dues this month.**

Treasurer Pat Setser has been kind enough to give us **a break-down of all the fees**; you'll find that on **page 4 of Branch News.**

Our other big news is sad — we lost long-time member Millie Taylor last month after she was hospitalized following a procedure in Austin, Texas. (We plan to formally memorialize Mille at the May meeting.)

On the cheerier side, we have some good announcements — **Dottie Fletcher** has a new book coming out, and **Sigrun Buckley** has enjoyed continued success with her internet radio interview show. **Katherine McCaughan** has also been busy on the internet, doing interviews. (**See Branch News for all.**)

Finally, we run a **special piece** by a Branch member, a **submission given by Millie Taylor, printed in full, beginning on page 6.**



Don't forget your input makes this newsletter a **news**-letter; send your announcements and info to

Fletcher Shipp, Editor

Musescribe @aol.com

Postal address on Back Page

CALENDARS

Things to Come:

Important Dates 2012

April 14, 2011 — Meeting

Site: Timuquana C C
 Guest: Thelma F. Young
 Topic: "The Importance of Storytelling"
Please pay dues now

May 12, 2011 — Meeting

Site: Timuquana C C
 ENCORE
 Members share their original Work

SUMMER BREAK

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#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Watch newsletters for any scheduling changes.

#### *Deadline Changes!!*

We are moving our *Revue* deadlines up in order to be more timely with our news briefs for members. Please have additions/changes to calendar items in to the Editor **by the 1st of each month**, in order to keep print copies up-to-date. Please have all other copy in by the 5<sup>th</sup> of each month. *Thank you!*

### April 2012 Meeting

This month we meet at **Timuquana Country Club**, and welcome **Thelma F. Young** as our guest speaker. **Ms. Young** will be speaking on the topic "The Importance of Storytelling". A brief bio sketch follows:

*Thelma F. Young has published two books, "The Stories My Foremothers Told Me," based on conversations with women of color who witnessed the Civil Rights Movement in the Deep South, and "All You Could See Was the Water," based on conversations with children who survived Hurricane Katrina. Ms. Young's work with children who survived Katrina prompted the University of Virginia to invite her to speak at their inaugural symposium on race and society: In Katrina's Wake: Racial Implications of the New Orleans Disaster."*

*In addition to writing books, T.F. Young conducts workshops across the country on memoir writing and on the importance of storytelling. She also served for two years as program manager and transcriptionist for the University of North Florida's Oral History Program, and currently teaches creative writing, storytelling, and literature at Greenwood School in Jacksonville, Florida.*

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Special Note: Reminder:

REMEMBER, DUES ARE PAID THIS MONTH!

Our new meeting date is now the second Saturday of each month, and the time is being moved up to **10 AM, beginning with the actual business meeting, brunch to follow at 11 AM**. Members are requested to try to be at the meeting site prior to 10 AM.

The cost is still \$16 per person. Please be prepared to pay by cash or check.

If you have dietary requirements/allergies, please notify Duncan Sawyer in advance, at smtwain@comcast.net .

BRANCH NEWS

Millie Taylor Arrangements

As has been announced by email, we mourn the loss of our **long-time friend and member Millie Taylor, who died last month in Austin, Texas.** Millie moved to Austin to be closer to some of her family last year, following the death of her son John. Cause of death seems to have been due to a combination of pneumonia and an infection, which weakened her severely. Millie passed away the afternoon of March 19, in the presence of her two sons, Lou and Peter after having been hospitalized in ICU for a couple of weeks. Her daughter, Jan Meyer, had flown from Boston to be with her during the illness, and was the one who alerted all of us to Millie's condition.

According to Jan, Millie was to be buried in the family plot at Forest Home Cemetery in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

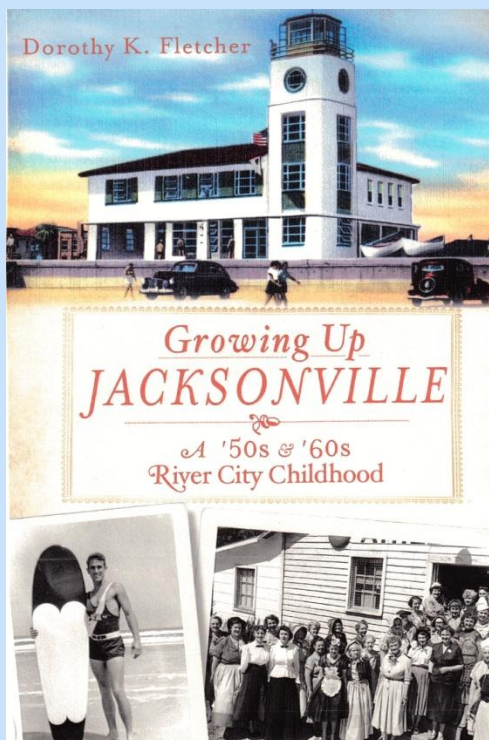
—Susan D. Brandenburg



Dottie Fletcher's New Book

There's a new volume to put on your shelf beside *Remembering Jacksonville: By the Wayside*. **Pen Woman Dottie Fletcher** has a new book on Jacksonville popular history coming out soon from The History Press, her previous publisher, which focuses on life here in Northeast Florida fifty-plus years ago.

Here is the description of *Growing Up Jacksonville: A 50s & 60s River City Childhood*:



Jacksonville during the '50s and '60s was a wonderful and energetic place for the children who called it home. The northeast corner of the Sunshine State was the perfect and picturesque backdrop for some of America's timeless traditions. Mothers belonged to garden clubs and fathers played the golf links, while the children who grew up in Jacksonville frolicked on the warm beaches and fed peanuts to Miss Chic, the first elephant at the Jacksonville Zoo. They laced up skates and held hands as they circled the rink of the famous Skateland, wandered down the stacks at Haydon Burns Library and

crossed the many bridges that traversed Jacksonville's waterways. Join Dorothy Fletcher, former columnist for the Florida Times-Union, as she recounts the memories and adventures of the people who grew up Jacksonville.

A soon-to-be-released book published by The History Press about all the Jacksonville influences that made us who we are. Visit Dottie's website at www.dorothykfletcher.com.

—Dottie Fletcher

BRANCH NEWS. cont'd

DUES ARE DUE!

Dues for National, State and Branch are now due. The amount is \$61 (\$40 for National, \$6 for State and \$15 for our Branch). The check for \$61 should be made out to The National League of American Pen Women or NLAPW (to fit the space).

Pat Setser, Jacksonville Branch Treasurer, must send dues to National by May 1. Your co-operation and attention to this is most appreciated.

If you will not be at the next meeting, please mail the check to:

**Patricia Setser
4674 Empire Avenue
Jacksonville, FL 32207**

It is important that you verify your contact information. THE INFORMATION WHICH I SEND TO NATIONAL NEEDS TO BE CORRECT. IF YOUR ROSTER HAS INCORRECT INFORMATION, I NEED TO KNOW.

Thank you for your helping me complete my responsibilities.

—Pat Setser

NOTES



MCCAUGHAN INTERVIEW

Pen Woman Katherine McCaughan has sent a link to an interview she did last month. The interview was on the site GreatMinds Literary Community at the Great Minds Think Aloud Book Club.

The link is <http://www.greatmindsthinkaloud.blogspot.com/2012/03/interview-with-autho-katherine.html>

—Katherine McCaughan

www.katherinemccaughan.com
www.natashalandsdownunder.com

BUCKLEY'S BLOG TALK

“On March 12, we had **Sandy Hartman** on our **Blog Talk Show: Monday Lunch Hour**. The link to the show is this: <http://www.blogtalkradio.com/angelicaharris/page/0>. People can either log on and listen live, or anytime afterwards as it becomes a podcast after the show.

“Here is a link or two if somebody is interested enough to read up on my novel, *Next Time Lucky*.
<http://raychelle-writes.blogspot.com/2012/02/writers-block-interviews-siggy-buckley.html>.”

—Sigrun Buckley, aka Siggy

BRANCH NEWS cont'd

Jacksonville 450th Updates

Bonjour all!

I would like to take a moment to introduce myself and give an update of Commemorate 450. Ginny Walthour has moved on from COJ and I have taken her place as the 450 media contact and Ribault luncheon coordinator (my contact info is below). I received a very thorough briefing on the event from Ginny and am excited to help out on this historic occasion (thanks, Ginny, for all your hard work on this!). Betzy Santiago, Special Assistant to the Mayor, will be taking over as the Sister Cities liaison.

The restoration of the Ribault mural has started. Jim Draper will be working on it in the lobby of the downtown library, in the former Shelby's coffee shop. Spectators are welcome.

We have several vendors offering Commemorate 450 merchandise - pens, plates, cups and more! **Visit Jacksonville** is coordinating **French Dining Week**, from Thursday, April 26 – Sunday, May 6. Spread the word!

Two fun, unique opportunities for boaters and churches to get involved in are: ***Welcome on the Water*** — we'll be waving and welcoming the two French ships in as they moor at the Jacksonville Landing, on Monday, April 30, about noon. ***Ring for Ribault*** — a unified ship horn sounding (45 seconds) and church-bell ringing (4.5 minutes) tribute that will take place on Tuesday, May 1, at noon, up the length of the river and surrounding communities.

Please visit www.Commemorate450.coj.net to see a list of all events, forms, downloadable flyers and general information. Please also visit our Letters and Resolutions section of the site to see support letters from Governor Rick Scott, French Ambassador Francois Delattre, Tax Collector Michael Corrigan, Property Appraiser Jim Overton, and a proclamation from Jacksonville Beach Mayor Fland Sharp. We've also received resolutions recognizing and honoring the 450th anniversary from the Jacksonville City Council, the Florida State House and the Town of Penney Farms.

It has been confirmed that a delegation of descendants of Jean Ribault, led by Philippe and Isabelle Montillet (Isabelle is a direct line descendant) will be in Florida in late April/early May and **plan to attend the May 1st ceremonies.**

Merci!

Debbie Delgado

Public Communications Officer, City of Jacksonville
Office: 630-3404 3333 E-mail: Delgado@coj.net

BRANCH SPECIAL

A Flower is a Flower is a Flower

It isn't every day that my doorbell rings and someone hands me a bouquet of flowers from a florist. It isn't even every week, or for that matter, every year. A rare occasion. One that doesn't last too long, either, because, for most of my life I have had a black thumb

Well, not completely black. There have been times when plants have survived in spite of my ministrations. There were the lilies-of-the-valley at the top of the ravine behind one house. To be honest, they were well established before we bought the place and were perennials that loved their location. I loved them too and left them alone. Hence, they survived.

There were the delicate violets that nestled nearby, too. More firsts of spring that, with the little bells of those lilies, made the sweetest wee bouquets. They didn't need any help from me either. Lucky them.

Nearby, along the brick wall of the garages, there was a hardy hedge of lilacs, whites and lavender, so hardy and with branches so loaded with blossoms that one cut would overload a vase. Ahhh, and the delicate perfume that no chemist has ever been able to duplicate faithfully. They filled the house day after day, never seeming to run out of new blooms. No fertilizer, no watering. Nothing.

There were the little white strawberry blossoms, too, across from the garages, that grew outside the vegetable garden. They didn't care that I ignored them. They turned into small, sweet, red berries, enough, at first, to pick for breakfasts, later filling quart after quart for fresh berry pies and jams to last through the year. No help from me here, either.

Then the peonies arrived. Huge blooms. Pale and saturated pinks, whites and creams, armloads, day after day. They were there, too when we bought the place and kept right on blooming in spite of me. Year after year their profuse exhibition delighted me. And, next to them the large green leaves of rhubarb, stems ripening red and lovely, just defying the rabbits to attack them, which they never did. How do those creatures know, generation after generation, that the leaves are poison to them? Do they talk to each other, use sign language or what?

Then, later, in the vegetable garden, masses of marigolds filled the heat of summer. My one accomplishment! Every year I gathered seeds from the largest blooms and planted them the next year. That was it. One watering-in and I forgot about them, but they grew in spite of me and the plants grew, large and healthy, with immense flowers that kept the rabbits away. Well, so we were told. It didn't quite work as planned so we had to fence the garden.

Everything else that needed help, died on me. House plants? Forget them. It became such common knowledge that I had a black thumb, that a friend who was going to Germany for a stint with the service asked me a great favor.

"Please," she said, take care of this rubber plant I have while we are gone. Of course I protested. "No" she said, "you'd be doing me the biggest favor. We'll be gone two years. I hate the thing. It was given to me by my mother-in-law and I haven't been able to kill it. I am so hoping you can."

How could I turn down a friend in need? I took the plant. It died before her return.

BRANCH SPECIAL. cont'd

So, here I am at the door, being handed a large bouquet of hydrangeas in a lovely square vase a few shades deeper than the lovely blooms that overflowed it. The door closed. I set the arrangement on the counter and then noticed, half the blossoms were wilted, one drooping very badly. Oooh, I thought, I've done it already. I topped up the water in the vase, with unpolluted fresh stuff from the fridge, thinking it may be a bit of spillage (not me, for goodness sake) that did the damage. Barely in the door and they are dying. Still, what a lovely thing, to send me flowers. I thanked the sender profusely, but never mentioned the wilted problem.

The next day, the blooms had not recovered in the least. I added more water. Still no improvement.

Mid-afternoon. Maybe I should tell the florist, not to complain, but to let them know something maybe went awry in the delivery system. The florist was Curly Willow in Switzerland (FL, that is). Funny name. I couldn't find them in the phone book. I took to the internet. A lot of Curly Willows there, but I finally found one way out on SR13 (San Jose, far out, that is). I dialed 230-5551 and held my breath. I didn't want to sound like I was complaining. It was the right place.

I was told the sender insisted on sending me hydrangeas. They explained they were difficult as cut flowers because they wilted so easily. They need lots of water. The name... hydrangeas... the "hydra" for water. They are shipped here from South America and arrive droopy, have to be drenched in warm water to revive them. I should cut just a bit off the stems to remove the crust that forms and put them in warm water. Baby bath warm. Then call them after the weekend if that doesn't work and they'd replace them. What? I didn't expect that.

Okay. I sharpened a knife till razor sharp, cut stems, elbowed the water, redid the arrangement and, hopefully, put it in a prominent spot.

Within an hour the doorbell rang again. Another bouquet! This time peonies. The same sender. Was it a matter of forgetting already having sent a bouquet or suddenly remembering that my favorites were not huge hydrangeas but huge peonies? Was the sender overly stressed or trying desperately to make me happy?

Hydrangeas are peonies and I am confused, but happy. Thank you again.

Monday the hydrangeas, despite my ministrations, had not recovered one whit. I called the florist again, as I promised. Julie, to whom I had spoken before, was not there so I had a delightful conversation with the designer who lamented the lack of lilacs and lilies-of-the-valley and peonies here. All, he said, were so hard to come by that each was \$10 or more a stem. That much for even one tiny stem of a lily-of-the-valley. It made me want to cry. He hasn't even been able to get any peonies. The farms that grew them were wiped out by storms and nobody is raising them anymore.

When I told him I received another arrangement and it had peonies, he asked how many blossoms were in it. Seven, I said. "Oooh," he said, "that was an expensive arrangement. They are \$12 each, wholesale. I gulped and sent another thank you note.

He said they tried to talk the sender out of the hydrangea arrangement, without success. Still, they wanted to make it right so would send me a replacement. I could have fresh cut flowers or a plant. A plant, I thought, would be lovely, but I kill everything and there is only one place I can put something. It would have to work on a table behind orange (muted) drapery, next to a northwest facing window. And, I added, my place is not color friendly to plants

BRANCH SPECIAL, cont'd

... the walls are all white with lots of artwork in browns and muted oranges and blue with a bit of aqua and a wee touch of yellow.

“Perfect,” he said, “I’ll send you an orchid.”

I gasped. “An orchid? For someone who can kill a rubber plant?”

“Oh,” he said, “it will be perfect for you. Everyone thinks they are so difficult, but they are really air plants and thrive on no care. People over water them and kill them. If you forget them, they thrive. You can give them a quarter of a cup of water once a week or mist them lightly every day, if you wish. Not both. That’s all they need.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously.”

And so my doorbell rang again. This time with a brown planter to match my decor and two white orchid plants. All from the same sender and a very service oriented florist.

A hydrangea is a peony is an orchid. My kind of flower!

—*Millie Taylor*

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EDITOR’S NOTE:

It is with very mixed emotions that we run this piece this month. Millie submitted this before she left last year, and it never saw print due to space considerations. I promised her I would find space for it eventually, even though she was no longer here in Jacksonville, and I now am making the space to honor that request and that promise.

Millie should be proud of this piece — it is some dang fine writing.

I hope it will bring a smile and a chuckle to all of you who read it, those who knew and loved her as a good friend and great writer, and those who never had that privilege.

Peace to you, dear friend. It took me a while, but here ‘tis.

MINUTES for MARCH

National League of American Pen Women – Jacksonville Branch

Minutes of March 2012 Meeting

The meeting was held on March 10, 2012 at the Timuquana Country Club in Jacksonville, Florida. It was called to order at 10:10 a.m. by President Jan Atchley Bevan.

Members present were Jan Atchley Bevan, Susan D. Brandenburg, Sandy Hartman, Duncan Sawyer, Fletcher Shipp, Dottie Burris and Peg Hallam. Susan's guests were Susanne Schuenke and Rita Malie, and Paula Moore attended at the invitation of Joanelle Mulrain.

Our honored guest presenter was Anne Coyle, who played piano and sang seven of her marvelous compositions based on the Biblical Psalms. Her website is Psalmbird.net, and her performance was a blessing for everyone present.

Invocation by Chaplain Lynn Curtin was read by Fletcher Shipp:

Dear Creator

The robins are here - flying in figure eights in front of our house, drinking from puddles in the road, resting in tree branches. So many robins. So much spring. Winter never really got started here and spring came eagerly bringing the promise of renewal, freshness, flowering gardens, and blooming spirits.

We thank you for the spring in our steps, the lightness of our beings, the feelings of hope. We thank you for these feelings reminding us of our freedom to choose who we want to be and who we are. We ask your guidance as we define our thoughts and deeds with the standards that speak to who we are as individuals. It is in our appreciation of ourselves and others that we can become full of heart like the robins are full of spring.

Please bless those beings who are less fortunate than we are. Thank you for listening to our prayers and our gratitude. Amen

Fletcher then led the Pledge of Allegiance.

Special Update:

Millie Taylor's condition in Austin, Texas hospital is very serious. There was a call from her daughter, Jan, for poems and short stories to read to her, to which several members responded. She will remain in our thoughts and prayers.

Jan Bevan paid special tribute to the memory of Dale Regan, Head of School at Episcopal High School, who was the victim of a murder/suicide perpetrated by teacher, Shane Schumerth.

MINUTES for MARCH, cont'd

Old Business

Jan brought up discussion of Commemorate450 – celebrating the May 1, 1562 landing of Frenchman Jean Ribault – and the possible involvement of NLAPW-Jacksonville Branch in this historical event.

1. Motion was made to present our Art Award to a deserving young female artist in conjunction with art engendered by Commemorate450. Motion seconded and passed.
2. Jan suggested possible partnering with the Cummer Museum to narrow the field of youthful art award recipients. Jan will talk to Hope McMath regarding partnering.
3. Pat Setser discussed the plan for artists to create plain air (please spell correctly) paintings during the celebration on May 1, to be returned that same day framed and ready to hang.
4. Avondale Artworks will feature a wall of art submitted by NLAPW artists and others at the generous offer of owner Ken Stutes.
5. Fletcher Shipp will contact Emily Lisska at the Jacksonville Historical Society to discuss possible other roles that NLAPW can play in submitting letters, art, music and photography through the Historical Society.
6. Pat Setser announced that both Sandy Hartman and Peg Hallam had poems in the spring edition of the NLAPW magazine. Congratulations to our wonderful Poets!!!

New Business

- Open Mic Jacksonville Volume II was discussed and Jan encouraged entries (further info in NLAPW Newsletter). It was noted that Frank Gromling of Ocean Publishing published the first Open Mic Jacksonville, but is now publishing exclusively nature books.
- Officer Elections are coming up in April. No nominating committee was forthcoming. Currently, we are in need of a Vice-President, an Art Chair, and a Membership Chair.
- “Queen” Jan made a special presentation of thanks on behalf of the Branch to her “Prime Minister” – Vice-President Peg Hallam who is stepping down from that office due to health challenges.
- Fletcher announced that Siggy Buckley has a new podcast radio show and her guest was Sandy Hartman. The address of the show is:
<http://www.blogtalkradio.com/angelicaharris/2012/03/12/guest-sandy-hartman>.
- Fletcher also announced that Blondes Drum 2 (Lynn Curtin and Marilyn Wilson) were not able to attend because they were playing at RAM on Saturday. They will also be playing at North Beaches Art Walk on 3/15, all evening in the Courtyard on First Street.

Following brunch, we retired to the piano bar where Anne Coyle blessed us with a beautiful, God-inspired performance.

The meeting was adjourned at approximately 12:50 p.m.

Our April Meeting will be held at 10 a.m. at Timuquana Country Club and will feature as our Guest speaker Thelma F. Young, with the topic, “The Importance of Storytelling.”

Respectfully submitted

Susan D. Brandenburg, Secretary

PRESIDENTIAL PANACHE

Holidays and Cheese Balls

It never ceases to amaze me how we Americans love our holidays. Presidential Panache has already touched on this subject last year, but I thought we could have some fun with this topic once again.

Of course, there are holidays like **April Fools Day**, **April 1st** and **Easter**, **April 8th**, that we circle on our calendars. It is on this very day of our meeting, **April 14th**, that America celebrates **National Pecan Day**. I will try and keep the meeting on schedule so all of you can get home in time to bake your pecan pies.

Last month, on **March 14th**, I celebrated **National Potato Chip Day**. To me, every time I enjoy potato chips it is a Holiday. I actually cannot remember when I first held a bag of Lay's Potato Chips™ in my little hands. My father would always buy the big bag (we are not talking family size, but big for the 1950s). We did not have any house rules, as we three children were free to roam the pantry with first-come-first-serve rules. We had to share if one of our siblings came along, but we never ate the whole bag ourselves. It was placed back on the pantry shelf. Now, in my adult life I have scarfed down a whole regular size bag of unflavored and thin potato chips. I had absolutely no remorse. My body was young, fat burning, and I was in a size 10. Food science had not yet exposed to me that potato chips are not on the good carbohydrate list. Be sure to put **March 14th** on your calendars. If any of you were lucky enough to be born on that day, you get to eat those addictive chips all day long.

April 11th is **Eight Track Tape Day**. Goodness, how many do you have lying around your house? Go ahead and admit it—we thought those were rather innovative at the time. We now know how the dinosaurs died, but what killed the eight track tapes?

PRESIDENTIAL PANACHE, cont'd

April 17th is **National Cheese Ball Day**. Now this is a true holiday to sink your teeth into...let me approach this in an intelligent manner. Cheese Balls were not born cheese balls. They emerged from chunks of hard cheddar cheese blended and softened into balls and mixed with different assortments of nuts and placed on the Christmas holiday tables. Kitchen serving knives soon merged into cheese knives decorated with Christmas trees on the handle. You cut the cheese balls with a knife and covered it generously over at least 30 saltine crackers. One could not just pop the cheese in one's mouth, lick the knife and call it a day. Wheat crackers are a new product that fool us in thinking this is a diet treat. Velveeta Cheese™ came along as a pasteurized prepared soft cheese and marketed as the healthy cheese product for cooking. We were getting closer to what will become cheese balls at this stage of time. Velveeta was baked with macaroni and millions of happy children and adults savored the creaminess of an American comfort food forever. Blenders plus Velveeta, hard cheddar, and pimentos became home-made pimento cheese. That recipe was passed down as a family tradition. That was pretty nifty. But gourmet varieties were coming into our lives. Hickory Farms, Wisconsin cheeses, and other specialty catalog products arrived in our mailboxes, and the birth of the cheese balls truly began. Now you can walk into Publix and rush out the door with a variety of cheese balls, a bottle of wine, and crackers, and you are ready for a quick party.

I especially like this quote about cheese.

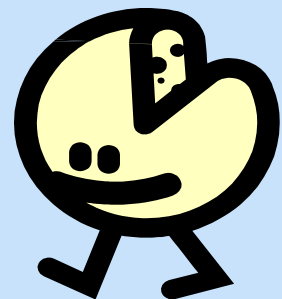
"Cheese is milk's leap for immortality."

—Clifton Paul Fadiman

Finally, we cannot forget **April 16th. National Eggs Benedict Day, or April 24th. National Pigs in a Blanket Day** (thank you, Grandmother). I would be remiss if I didn't mention **National Poetry Month**, celebrated in April. As a poet, I can tell you I do my best writing while eating cheese and wheat crackers.

Bon appetite!

Jan Atchley Bevan



BACK PAGE

Probiotics

(With regards to Ogden)

Considering all the cellular kind
That live within me deep inside
Busying in cellular cities
Attending to their small civilities

Just how should I regard me
When I think upon myself

Should I say that Me is I
Or should I now declare
That I am really Us?

© 3/2012
Sandy Hartman

Send your contributions for
The Jacksonville Revue to:

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235 West 5th Street
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OR
Digital files to:
musescribe@aol.com