

Poets of the Palm Beaches

Vol. 24 No 4

Newsletter

October, November, December, 2009

Our mission is to support and encourage the creation of original poetry in Palm Beach County, Florida

Message to Members

2009 Anthology

Dear Members of the Poets of the Palm Beaches,

You may pick up your copy of the 2009 Anthology at the Anthology Party during our 3rd Sunday of December Reading, December 20, 2009 at the Friends (Quaker) Meeting House. Every paid member will receive one free copy of the Anthology. If you are unable to attend the event our anthology will be mailed to you. If you would like to contribute to the refreshments for the party, please call Jocelyn Noe at 561-236-7867.

2010 Dues

It's hard to believe that it is going to be 2010 in a few months! I have to think about how to type the number! But 2010 it is and that means that DUES are once again due! Please use the membership form in this newsletter (print it out if you're receiving this electronically) and mail it along with your check, or go to the website (www.poetsofthepalmbeaches.com) and use PayPal. If you do use PayPal and any of your contact information has changed, (phone, address) please email us (contact@poetsofthepalmbeaches.com) so we can update our database. A reminder: you must be at least a part time resident of Palm Beach County, Florida to be a member.

6th Annual Palm Beach Poetry Festival-January 18-23, 2010

<http://www.PalmBeachPoetryFestival.org>

Palm Beach Poetry Festival, in partnership with Old School Square Cultural Arts Center in the heart of Delray Beach, Florida, is proud to present the sixth annual festival featuring six days of readings, lectures and poetry workshops.

Our faculty includes advanced workshops with Stephen Dobyns, Carolyn Forché, Marie Howe, Thomas Lux, David Wojahn, and Kevin Young; and intermediate workshops with Mary Cornish and Ilya Kaminsky.

These critically acclaimed poets teach in graduate and college level writing programs and include the New York Poet Laureate, winner of the National Book Award; two poets chosen for the National Poetry Series Award; recipients of the Kingsley Tufts Poetry Award; the Lamont Prize; the Yale Series Younger Poets Award; the William Carlos Williams Book Award; the Quill Award; the Patterson Prize; the Field Poetry Prize; the Whiting Writers Award, the Dorset Prize, and the Ruth Lily Fellowship; and many NEA and Guggenheim fellowships.

To maximize your chances of acceptance, we suggest you apply for four workshops, in order of preference. See submission guidelines for further information.

Don't miss the opportunity to join us this January. To participate in a workshop, intermediate or advanced, or to audit a workshop, apply before November 2, 2010. See the Workshops and Faculty and Featured Poets pages, or simply apply online now!

Festival lectures, readings and other ticketed events are open to anyone who wants to experience the best of the best in the poetry world. Will you be part of our audience? Will you open yourself up to a new experience of language? We promise you an experience that you will never forget.

OTHER NEWS: We no longer accept MasterCard and Visa directly, but you can pay dues online at our web site with PayPal. You may use your MasterCard or Visa at PayPal.

***WE GREATLY APPRECIATE ANY DONATIONS, IN MEMORIAM OR OTHERWISE,
MADE TO BENEFIT OUR STUDENT CONTEST FUND.***

Poets of the Palm Beaches



Our mission is to support and encourage the creation of original poetry in Palm Beach County, Florida

Events for Oct, Nov & Dec 2009 — Open to the Public

7622 Trapani Lane; Boynton Beach, FL 33472 561-439-4044

contact@poetsofthepalmbeaches.com

www.poetsofthepalmbeaches.com

Sunday

Oct 18 (featured reader is Jocelyn Noe) *(Every 3rd Sunday)*

Nov 15 (featured reader is Trudy Livingstone)

Dec 20 (featured reader is Victoria Maynard)

Our Primary Monthly Reading. Contest with cash prizes. Open to the public. Original work only.

Place: Palm Beach Friends (Quaker) Meeting House, 823 North A Street, Lake Worth. Just a little more than one block South of 10th Ave North. Time: 2:00 PM. (Doors open at 1:45 PM)

Donation: \$2 for members and their guests, \$3 for non-members. Free for high school students.

Special Second Contests:

Oct is Ballad, Nov is Rondeau, Dec is Italian Sonnet (see rules page 6)

Third Sunday Reading Rules:

(1) Original work only. (2) One poem per round. (3) No poem more than one 8 1/2 x 11 page, in normal 12 point font. (4) Prose Poems no more than 250 words in normal 12 point font. (5) No introductions please. State your name, the name of your poem, and the form of your poem. All present may enter the contest, which is judged by the featured reader. Submission of a poem automatically conveys permission to print it in this newsletter and on our website if it wins. All rights revert to the authors upon publication. After the first round will be the Special Contest. The same rules apply as just stated, except that it must be the designated FORM. All present may enter the contest who have a poem written in the form, even if they entered the first round contest. For the 2nd round, the same rules apply, or up to 3 poems, if none is over 5 lines. There is no contest for the 2nd round.

Tuesday

Oct 13, Nov 10, Dec 8 *(Every second Tuesday)* Time: 6:30 PM.

Place: Jupiter Library — 705 Military Trail, Jupiter, FL33458 (561- 744-2301 x 124).

Workshop: Open to the public. No charge. The participants will generate new poems every month.

Bring paper and pen. Contact: Marjorie Wolfson 561-575-2376.

Oct 20, Nov 17, Dec 15 *(Every third Tuesday)* Time: 7:00 PM.

Place: Boynton Beach Barnes & Noble Bookstore — 333 N. Congress Ave., Boynton Beach.

Workshop: Open to the public. Original work only. No charge. Bring at least 12 copies of one poem.

Contact: John Palozzi 561-588 -9829.

Wednesday

Oct 14, Nov 11, Dec 9 *(Every second Wednesday)* Time: 6:30 PM.

Place: Panera's Cafe — 771 Village Blvd., West Palm Beach.

Workshop: Open to the public. Original work only. No charge. Bring at least 12 copies of one poem.

Contact: Charles Scheitler 561-833-2981.

Creative Poetry Writing Workshop

Ongoing every Saturday 10 AM to 12 PM at the

Palm Beach Friends (Quaker) Meeting House 823 North A Street in Lake Worth.

\$10 per workshop. For more information call John Palozzi at 561-588-9829

Monthly Contest Prize Winners for July 2009

The featured reader and judge for the July reading was *Marjorie Wolfson*

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FIRST PLACE

MAMA

by Stephanie Goldstein

Mama had a powerful personality.
She'd say, "No one steps on my toes."
Gesturing emphatically
the fat of her arms flapping like wings.

No bent back, she stood straight and honest
commanding respect firm voice, strong arms.

She didn't take any crap
telling off her boss and whoever crossed her path.
She'd say, "I don't mince my words."
But she did mince onions
and even made meatballs cry.

I ate up everything she said
remembering the taste and smell
the fastness of her tongue
the filling of her food.

She lived till 96 and stayed spicy and spirited
as a Mexican dish.
Wore a badge of courage
shinning her silver star of deeds
as good as her chicken soup.

HONORABLE MENTION

Peel Me

by Blake Valin

This leather covered body
loose sun-dried hide -
make a good couch,
my grandson says.

Pinched eyes -
blue jelly beans
set deep in brown wrinkles,
strings of silken white hair

fly in the wind - cobwebs
of time and more time.
Peel me, strip the husk
for the shiny soul seed.

SECOND PLACE

HAND CRAFTED

by Charles Scheitler

Words are full of treachery
I know they've entrapped me—
However much they claim
To change their spots
I'm afraid to trust them—

All I can hope to do
Is draw circles around you
With my hands—

HONORABLE MENTION

A Tombstone I Found Deep in the Woods

by John J Buchholz

Once stood erect and marked a grave. . .
it now lays flat faced to the ground.
I turned the stone both sides were blank. . .
no names no dates or service rank.
I quickly learned when the stone was turned. . .
how angered ants protect their nest.

Don't bury me where graves are marked. . .
with names and dates and short remarks.
A place where ghouls will search for loot. . .
a diamond ring or golden tooth.
Place my remains in wilderness. . .
the only true perpetual care.

Let stars and shadows be my guards. . .
while rain and wind nurture and groom.
Where open blooms with fragrant scents. . .
fills the air and blankets my soul.
I'll feel at home where wildlife roams. . .
and ants can find a place to nest.

SPECIAL CONTEST WINNER

Tanka

A Passing Moment

by R. Rosoff

She smiles passing me
my heart soars, remembering
beauty confronts age.
I am reborn in her youth;
a moment of happiness.

Monthly Contest Prize Winners for August 2009

The featured reader and judge for the August reading was *Patricia Whiting*

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FIRST PLACE

MARIONETTES

by: Olive Forrester

Through the attic window I watched them perform
Flippantly, on the tight rope, high above the patches
Of crocuses in the yard below, with batches of tulips
receiving the bows as they flip arms and legs up and
down waving, saying "Come on out join us in
prancing, tap dancing, laughing, clapping hands."

Daddy's long arms wave to Mama in her apron.
My brother does a zig-zag turn, bumps into my
skirt, does a hot tango, to trills of bird fifes sweet
and whistling wood winds, fanning the dancers.

The wind keeps up the tempo, provides the music.
The strings hold the line for the dancers to flip, flop,
spin, lay flat or hoist billowy sails ready to go
on the magic carpet. I loved their dance routines.

Happily, merrily, see them dance on Mama Anna's
three clothes lines high above the yard, brilliant in
colored suits, like Olympian gymnasts, soon
gathered in Mama's loving arms, folded put to rest,
tenderly.

HONORABLE MENTION

Frozen In Time

by Janice Fine

It's cold for South Florida in March.
Outside, at Max's, the ghost of Mizner sits still.
The wind doesn't move one hair on her head.
Blond-red, bubble-gum clumped - her brush stolen...
A flower child of the 60's left behind:
Long skirts, dolmen sleeves, silver sandals,
a scarecrow in oversized clothes.

She begs from older women only.
Says, "I'm not a panhandler."
She's not -- just a woman who occasionally
needs a cup of coffee,
a woman with a run of bad luck.

I slowly approach — give her money.
She says, "I interviewed yesterday. I'll get the job."

Another woman claims I wasted my money
like she wasted her money:

"She's a faker, no grungy, homeless drifter.
She looks well.

Look at her bag, Bloomy's. Maybe she can afford
to buy us lunch."

We stroll back nonchalantly, peer into the open,
shopping bag
Empty.

At Max's the ghost of Mizner sits still outside -
Always on the outside...

She's cold in South Florida this March.

SECOND PLACE

OUT FOR THE COUNT

by Victoria Maynard

I watched the hawk
and the hawk watched me
climbing, toward her aerie
to count and tag the chicks.
just hatched.

A census taker, for the birds
Circling slowly, high above the nest
where squawked her progeny,
I watched the hawk, and
the hawk watched me .

As I approached, her treasure's shrieked,
and so did she ...a warning to be gone
or torn apart by razor claws and beak.

One cannot reason
with a well aimed bomb,
nor change its course mid- flight.
So, foolish bravery aside,

I'll estimate her brood at four,
then run like hell to save my hide.

A census taker's job is for the birds

HONORABLE MENTION

HIDE 'N SEEK IN THE LITTORAL

by Cora Lee P alma-Hayden

Mallard ducklings glide the pond
like Michelle Kwan on ice,
playfully tag and hide.

Great Egret commands presence,
stands tall in reeds,
still as silver statue.

Great Blue Heron struts his stuff,
shades in shadow of pink hibiscus,
soars to clay rooftops.

Annoying Double Crested Cormorant,
hidden in littoral vegetation,
shrieks for romantic company.

Ugly Muscovie duck family
skirts perimeter, claims territory,
waddles to refreshing waters.

Solo female wanders luscious landscape,
squats in still silence,
seeking respite from her tribe.

HONORABLE MENTION

My Boy

by John Vincent Palozzi

When I drop you off at school
I see you running toward your friends
like a piece of iron being magnetically pulled

You slam the door behind you
yelling "Bye Dad" with the back of your
head and "Hey Joe" with full attention

I sit for a moment
watching you fly into the future
where you need only yourself
and think of me in past tense

SPECIAL CONTEST WINNER

Sestina

Dining On The Fly

By Maureen Ford

The beautiful butterfly flutters with grace
From aromatic herb to bright fragrant blossom
Soundlessly flying through sunshine and shadow
Avoiding the pitfalls of snap-traps and webs
Hidden in plain sight to snare a good meal
Of grasshopper or moth or cricket or fly.

The silk-weaving spider constructs for the fly
A network of delicate threads, made with grace
From iridescent secretions, to capture a meal
Of various insects that fly near a blossom
And travel through spaces with gossamer webs
Of filmy and flimsy snares in the shadow.

The praying mantis humbly waits in the shadow
To clasp a moth or a cricket on the fly
Busy buzzing bees beware of the webs -
Soft-woven wisps, while working with grace
Depositing pollen, with duty, on blossoms
Not lured by the flytrap in wait for a meal.

The common fly is soon snared for a meal
Stuck in the tangle that dangles in the shadow
Deprived of its freedom to soar over blossoms.
The hungry spider taunts the frightened fly
The arachnid performs her dance with grace
Advancing and retreating through the web.

The sensitive spider feels the vibes in her webs
When insects are caught - a nourishing meal
Surrounded by threads, ensnared without grace
Wrapped like a package in the dim shadow
After twisting and turning and trying to fly
To escape to the soft-tissue feel of the blossom.

The beautiful butterfly rests on the blossom
With her wings erect, keeping free of the webs
While midges and moths and mosquitoes all fly
And often fall prey to some trap for a meal
Tricked by the scent in the sun and the shadow
Styly interrupted in their last flight of grace.

'Tis pleasant to fly from the herb to the blossom
To wing it with grace while avoiding the webs
Enjoying a sweet meal in the coolness of shadow.

Monthly Contest Prize Winners for September 2009

The featured reader and judge for the September reading was *Ton Pangia*

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FIRST PLACE

Beyond
by Victoria Maynard

When I think of you
and I almost always do,
it is your smile I would
recognize
out of a thousand other
ivory grins.

The shape of your lips,
curling up like sleeping kittens
so soft and warm.
Sometimes I think I feel them,
feather light brush
across my own
and I smile too.

How many years ago
did you strand me in this
arid desert of life, take your
smile and go beyond my reach,
my sight,
my touch, to some unknown
space in the universe that
preachers call "A better place"

Does time exist where you are?
Can you feel, or are you only
a wispy cloud floating
between the stars.
Where is that smile,
like no other
I will ever know,
until my last breath is gone,
and I can search
the heavens for your soul.

SECOND PLACE

Normal
by Blake Valin

No one suspects that I am not normal.
It's cool how well my insanity is blanketed
by nods, smiles, solid eye-contact, so well
controlled to flummox the experts.

Behind stage the light are out,
I wander where wolves might live
in Effigy, saga of an Indian girl,
fourth wife of a Zionist.

What if he brought me a family of
wolves he shot and told me
to skin them, preserve them
for his bloodthirsty collection?

The moon would darken at my wail,
a death howl to send shivers up
the mountain, send the snows
crashing down upon us all.

I smile, nod to him, vision my
knife plunge into his irreverent heart.
On stage, you smile, nod back at me,
suspect that I believe you are normal.

HONORABLE MENTION

Autumn Time
By Diane Belleville

It has arrived, a calendar event
fall of my youth from summer
hoarfrost hair blankets dried
apple cheeks no longer rosy
age spots multiply and I am
pumpkin pie sun freckled
I celebrate Day of the Dead to
embrace death as part of living
everything has its price

HONORABLE MENTION

Broken and Battered
by Cora Lee Palma

Here lies my body
broken - battered
racked with pain
excruciating
like constant
throbbing toothache

Mobile coffin
twisted - shattered
chunk of metal
crushed
as tin can
ready to recycle

Roses - carnations
arranged - tattered
in glass vases
fresh - fragrant
with ethereal scents
of my own funeral.

SPECIAL CONTEST WINNER Limerick:

Limerick
by Patricia Whiting

A comely young woman named
Brigid
was commonly said to be frigid.
"Oh dear, it's not so"
she said to her beau.
"It's just that you haven't been
rigid."

How to Write Poems for the Special Contests

Rules for writing a Ballad: (October)

Most ballads are written in four line stanzas of alternating lines of iambic (unstressed followed by stressed syllable) tetrameter (eight syllables) and iambic trimeter (six syllables), known as ballad meter. Usually, only the second and fourth line of a quatrain are rhymed in the scheme a, b, c, b. However, there is considerable variation on this pattern, including length, number of lines and rhyming scheme, making the strict definition of a ballad extremely difficult. In all traditions most ballads are narrative in nature, with a self contained story, often concise and relying on imagery, rather than description, which can be tragic, historical, romantic or comic. Another common feature of ballads is repetition, sometimes of fourth lines in succeeding stanzas, as a refrain, sometimes of third and fourth lines of a stanza and sometimes of entire stanzas. A question and answer format can be built into a ballad: one stanza asks a questions and the next stanza answers the question. Ballads contain a lot of dialogue. Action is often described in the first person. Two characters in the ballad can speak to each other on alternating lines. Sequences of "threes" often occur: three kisses, three tasks, three events. Ballads most often are songs, and set to music.

Dance Band on the Titanic by Harry Chapin

Dance band on the Titanic
Sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee"
The iceberg's on the starboard bow
Won't you dance with me
 Mama stood cryin' at the dockside
 Sayin' "Please son, don't take this trip"
 I said "Mama, sweet Mama, don't you worry none"
 "Even God couldn't sink this ship"
Well, the whistle blew and they turned the screws
It turned the water into foam
Destination sweet salvation
Goodbye home sweet home
 I'm in the dance band on the Titanic
 Sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee"
 The iceberg's on the starboard bow
 Won't you dance with me
There was a trombone and a saxophone
The bass and drums were cookin' up the bandstand
And I was strummin' in the middle with this dude on the fiddle
And we were three days out from land
 And now the foghorn's jammed and moanin'
 Hear it groanin' through the misty night
 I heard the lookout shout down "There's icebergs around"
 "But still everything's all right"
Oh, the dance band on the Titanic
Sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee"
The iceberg's on the starboard bow
Won't you dance with me
 They were burnin' all the flares for candles
 In the banquet they were throwin' in first class
 And we were blowin' waltzes in the barroom
 When the universe went CRASH!
"There's no way that this could happen"
I could hear the old captain curse
He ordered lifeboats away, that's when I heard the chaplain say
"Women and children and chaplains first!"
 Well, they soon used up all of the lifeboats
 But there were a lot of us left on board
 I heard the drummer sayin' "Boys, just keep playin'"
 "Now we're doin' this gig for the Lord"
I heard the dance band on the Titanic
Sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee"
The iceberg's on the starboard bow
Won't you dance with me
 There's a wild-eyed boy in the radio shack
 He's the last remaining guest
 He was tappin' in a Morse code frenzy
 Tappin' "Please God, S.O.S."
Jesus Christ can walk on the water
But a music man will drown
They say that Nero fiddled while Rome burned up
Well, I was strummin' as the ship go down
 I'm in the dance band on the Titanic
 Sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee"
 The iceberg's on the starboard bow
 Won't you dance with me

Rules for writing a Rondeau: (November)

The Rondeau is a form of verse which makes use of refrains, repeated according to a certain stylized pattern. It was customarily regarded as a challenge to arrange for these refrains to contribute to the meaning of the poem in as succinct and poignant a manner as possible. The rondeau consists of thirteen lines of eight syllables, plus two refrains (which are half lines, each of four syllables), employing, altogether, only three rhymes. It has three stanzas and its rhyme scheme is as follows:

- (1) A A B B A
- (2) A A B with refrain: C
- (3) A A B B A with concluding refrain C.

The refrain must be identical with the beginning of the first line.

An example:

We Wear the Mask by Paul Laurence Dunbar:

We wear the mask that grins and lies, (A)
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,— (A)
This debt we pay to human guile; (B)
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile, (B)
And mouth with myriad subtleties. (A)

Why should the world be over-wise, (A)
In counting all our tears and sighs? (A)
Nay, let them only see us, while (B)
We wear the mask. (C)

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries (A)
To thee from tortured souls arise. (A)
We sing, but oh the clay is vile (B)
Beneath our feet, and long the mile; (B)
But let the world dream otherwise, (A)
We wear the mask! (C)

Perhaps the best-known rondeau is the following
World War I poem:
In Flanders Fields, by John McCrae:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Rules for writing an Italian (Petrarchan) Sonnet: (December)

The Italian sonnet was created by Giacomo da Lentini in the 13th century.

The Italian sonnets included two parts. First, the octave (two quatrains), which describe a problem, followed by a sestet (two tercets), which gives the resolution to it. Typically, the ninth line creates a "turn" or volta which signals the move from proposition to resolution. The a-b-b-a, a-b-b-a pattern is the standard for Italian sonnets. The sestet can use any of several rhyme schemes:
c-d-c-d-c-d,
c-d-c-c-d-c
or c-d-e-c-d-e.

Example:

On His Blindness by Milton,

When I consider how my light is spent (a)
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide, (b)
And that one talent which is death to hide, (b)
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent (a)
To serve therewith my Maker, and present (a)
My true account, lest he returning chide; (b)
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?" (b)
I fondly ask; but Patience to prevent (a)
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need (c)
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best (d)
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state (e)
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed (c)
And post o'er land and ocean without rest; (d) T
hey also serve who only stand and wait." (e)

Renascence I by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Thou art not lovelier than lilacs, -- no,
Nor honeysuckle; thou art not more fair
Than small white single poppies, -- I can bear
Thy beauty; though I bend before thee, though
From left to right, not knowing where to go,
I turn my troubled eyes, nor here nor there
Find any refuge from thee, yet I swear
So has it been with mist, -- with moonlight so.
Like him who day by day unto his draught
Of delicate poison adds him one drop more
Till he may drink unharmed the death of ten,
Even so, inured to beauty, who have quaffed
Each hour more deeply than the hour before,
I drink -- and live -- what has destroyed some men.

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www.poetsofthepalmbeaches.com

Our mission is to support and encourage the creation of original poetry in Palm Beach County, Florida

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Poets who maintain at least a part-time residence in Palm Beach County are eligible to become members. The membership dues are \$20 from January 1st through December 31st of every year, and include: 1) Receipt of the bimonthly newsletter. 2) Reduced admission fee to all functions and contests. 3) Publication of one original poem in the annual members' anthology. 4) Receipt of one free copy of the annual anthology. 5) The right to be a featured reader at one monthly reading within a 12-month period. First time members joining after July 1st may elect to pay a pro-rata share of \$10 for the remainder of the year.

Please fill out the form below, detach, and mail to: **POETS OF THE PALM BEACHES**
7622 Trapani Lane; Boynton Beach, FL 33472 Make checks payable to: **Poets of the Palm Beaches.**

LAST NAME: _____ FIRST NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Your newsletter will be e-mailed to you at:

E-MAIL: _____ PHONE _____

SUMMER ADDRESS: _____

Please indicate which months are to be sent to the summer address: (only for US mail) _____

Please check: ___ Renewal ___ New Member starting in the month of: _____, 2010

PLEASE CHECK THE APPROPRIATE BOXES:

PATRON \$100 BENEFACTOR \$75 SPONSOR \$50 FRIEND \$30 BASIC \$20

I would like to make an additional tax deductible contribution to The Poets of: _____

Please earmark this donation for "Student Contest" _____ or for "General Operation" _____

YOU MAY REMIT PAYMENT BY CHECK OR PAYPAL (ONLINE)

Poets of the Palm Beaches is a non-profit 501(c)(3) corporation.

All donations will be appreciated and acknowledged and are fully tax deductible



7622 Trapani Lane
Boynton Beach, FL 33472

Support The Poets

Renew your membership for 2009

Join for the first time

Attend the monthly readings and workshops

Tell other poets about us

Help publicize our events

Help us find a newsletter editor

Help us with publicity

Volunteer

But most of all – keep writing!

PPB Board of Directors

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VP – Consultant

John Palozzi (561) 588-9829

General Contact Information

Email: contact@poetsofthepalmbeaches.com

Phone: (561) 439-4044

Web: www.poetsofthepalmbeaches.com