Periodical Poetry.

Poet's Panel

Respondent

My pen flowed, cold ink
into the skin, signing away
our life. What is it
about permanence and paper?

I thought I was numb to it –
that all we'd shared
had long been set aside,
all we'd lost been grieved,

but in some corner of my brain
there lived yet more sorrow,
like an opportunistic thief
ransacking
my house of feigned indifference.

My hand reversed the dance,
unclinked the flutes, turned
bubbles
into vapor as ink bled into paper,
cut through my icy trance.

-Betsy Mars
Originally published in Better Than Starbucks
Want your poem featured? Send it to stepthepoet88@gmail.com for consideration!

Strength in Community

Well, here we are. "Periodical Poetry." has been birthed; & just like my actual child, I am eager to see what it grows to be. Each month you can expect upcoming events, a little message from me, & a featured poem. I thank the exceptional Betsy Mars for this month's offering. On its surface, this is a piece about divorce-the complex emotions that eek in even when we think our armor has us covered. But as always, Betsy leaves us with much to peel back: the cyclical nature of grief, ink as a tool/lifeforce, & our inability to evict loss...there is so much to adore here, & so much to relate to given the amount of loss we all have endured throughout the pandemic. Although we cannot "reverse the dance" with our words, we have forged on by building a strong and dedicated community of friends. This month, as we all make extra holiday-inspired efforts to be thankful, I want to send a heartfelt extension of that to you. As we close in on this virus & move toward in-person events/gatherings, let's not lose the connection that has sustained us. Thanks for being here.

UPCOMING EVENTS

November 30th
SpoFest Poetry & Prose

December 9th
Thursday Night Open Mic

December 18th
Women of Appalachia Project
Women Speak: Book Launch

"A word after a word after a word is power."

-Margaret Atwood