

Poems and Quotes from Colorado 2018

Inside you,
In the places where whispers carry memories
Where you hold your breath, turn away
And believe yourself less,
There is a truth.
A truth as gentle as a melody,
As limitless as the sky,
As honest as a mountain lake,
No push, no need to try,
A truth that shimmers with the light of you,
The bright of you
The irrepressible delight of you,
The take my breath away flight of you,
The I will not go silently into the night of you,
The 'Oh my God', just feel the might of you,
The break me wide open sight of you,
When at last you have embraced all of you,
Accepted the day and night of you,
The luminescent, spontaneous grace of you,
I want you to know I'm in awe of you
All of you,
every microcosmic,
wild orgasmic inch of you
Every wild unfettered gesture of alive of you
Thank you
Thank you
For you.

~ Clare Dubois, Founder of TreeSisters: women seeding change

Personal by Tony Hoagland

Don't take it personal, they said;
but I did, I took it all quite personal—
the breeze and the river and the color of the fields;
the price of grapefruit and stamps,
the wet hair of women in the rain—
And I cursed what hurt me
and I praised what gave me joy,
the most simple-minded of possible responses.
The government reminded me of my father,
with its deafness and its laws,
and the weather reminded me of my mom,
with her tropical squalls.
Enjoy it while you can, they said of Happiness
Think first, they said of Talk
Get over it, they said
at the School of Broken Hearts
but I couldn't and I didn't and I don't
believe in the clean break;
I believe in the compound fracture
served with a sauce of dirty regret,
I believe in saying it all
and taking it all back
and saying it again for good measure
while the air fills up with *I'm-Sorries*
like wheeling birds
and the trees look seasick in the wind.
Oh life! Can you blame me
for making a scene?
You were that yellow caboose, the moon
disappearing over a ridge of cloud.
I was the dog, chained in some fool's backyard;
barking and barking:
trying to convince everything else
to take it personal too.

Where I'm From - George Ella Lyon

I am from clothespins,
from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride.
I am from the dirt under the back porch.
(Black, glistening,
it tasted like beets.)
I am from the forsythia bush
the Dutch elm
whose long-gone limbs I remember
as if they were my own.
I'm from fudge and eyeglasses,
from Imogene and Alafair.
I'm from the know-it-alls
and the pass-it-ons,
from Perk up! and Pipe down!
I'm from He restoreth my soul
with a cottonball lamb
and ten verses I can say myself.
I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch,
fried corn and strong coffee.
From the finger my grandfather lost
to the auger,
the eye my father shut to keep his sight.
Under my bed was a dress box
spilling old pictures,
a sift of lost faces
to drift beneath my dreams.
I am from those moments--
snapped before I budded --
leaf-fall from the family tree.

Just For Now by Danna Faulds

Just for now, without asking how, let yourself sink into stillness.

Just for now, lay down the

weight you so patiently

bear upon your shoulders.

Feel the earth receive

you, and the infinite

expanse of sky grow even

wider as your awareness

reaches up to meet it.

Just for now, allow a wave of breath to enliven your experience.

Breathe out

whatever blocks you from

the truth. Just for now, be

boundless, free, awakened

energy tingling in your

hands and feet. Drink in

the possibility of being

who and what you really are

so fully alive that when you

open your eyes the world

looks different, newly born

and vibrant, just for now.

How to be a Poet by Wendell Berry

<https://onbeing.org/blog/parker-palmer-how-to-be-a-poet/>

"Good creative writing is almost always conceived in doubt, and fueled by an urgent desire to understand something that eludes understanding. Thus the best writing is less about dispelling than acquiring wisdom, less about explaining the point of a given experience to others than about exploring and learning about it oneself."

- Alice LaPlante, *The Making of a Story*

Tobias Wolff to Mary Karr, *"Don't be afraid of appearing angry, small-minded, obtuse, mean, immoral, amoral, calculating, or anything else. Take no care for your dignity."*

One definition of a story by novelist Ken Foster is a story is *"Someone loses something"* (Non-fiction your reader lost it and want to find out how to get it back or get it for the first time)

"While the hero journeys for external fame, fortune, and power, the heroine tries to regain her lost creative spirit... Once she hears the cries of this lost part of herself needing rescue, her journey truly begins."

- Valerie Estelle Frankel, *From Girl to Goddess*

"Revision is about deepening, extending, elaborating, and only then burnishing and honing. Polishing a too-thin piece is to do the right thing at the wrong time. And most unrealized works are, basically, too thin. They don't extend far enough. Perhaps they lack insight. Perhaps the language is thin as weak tea. Perhaps the structure needs correcting for the piece is structured nonsensically or lacks a dramatic structure all together. Perhaps the emotional ground is merely hinted at because the language is not saturated with emotion of the piece. Perhaps there is a skill or activity or action in the work that is hardly described, no insight into the tools or smells of this trade. Perhaps the setting is absent or perhaps it does not hold the emotion of the piece. Perhaps someone comes on stage without portrayal. Or they speak with no body language. Or they are not dressed."

- Priscilla Long, *the Writer's Portable Mentor*

Revision Questions

What I really need to tell you is...

OR

What I really need to say is...

OR

What I mean by this...

OR

What I would write here if I weren't afraid is...

PR

But what I really need you to know is...

OR

What this is all about is...

AND

what else?

AND

is this getting closer?

"If You Knew" by Ellen Bass, from The Human Line

What if you knew you'd be the last
to touch someone?

If you were taking tickets, for example,
at the theater, tearing them,
giving back the ragged stubs,
you might take care to touch that palm,
brush your fingertips
along the life line's crease.

When a man pulls his wheeled suitcase
too slowly through the airport, when
the car in front of me doesn't signal,
when the clerk at the pharmacy
won't say Thank you, I don't remember
they're going to die.

A friend told me she'd been with her aunt.
They'd just had lunch and the waiter,
a young gay man with plum black eyes,
joked as he served the coffee, kissed
her aunt's powdered cheek when they left.

Then they walked a half a block and her aunt
dropped dead on the sidewalk.

How close does the dragon's spume
have to come? How wide does the crack
in heaven have to split?
What would people look like
if we could see them as they are,
soaked in honey, stung and swollen,
reckless, pinned against time?

What Do Women Want? by Kim Addonizio

I want a red dress.
I want it flimsy and cheap,
I want it too tight, I want to wear it
until someone tears it off me.
I want it sleeveless and backless,
this dress, so no one has to guess
what's underneath. I want to walk down
the street past Thrifty's and the hardware store
with all those keys glittering in the window,
past Mr. and Mrs. Wong selling day-old
donuts in their café, past the Guerra brothers
slinging pigs from the truck and onto the dolly,
hoisting the slick snouts over their shoulders.
I want to walk like I'm the only
woman on earth and I can have my pick.
I want that red dress bad.
I want it to confirm
your worst fears about me,
to show you how little I care about you
or anything except what
I want. When I find it, I'll pull that garment
from its hanger like I'm choosing a body
to carry me into this world, through
the birth-cries and the love-cries too,
and I'll wear it like bones, like skin,
it'll be the goddamned
dress they bury me in.

RESOURCES I PROMISED:

Jane Friedman's next class on publishing:

https://www.writersdigestshop.com/todays-key-book-publishing-paths-r9757?utm_source=Jane+Friedman+%2F+Electric+Speed&utm_campaign=5a241d78b8-EMAIL_CAMPAIGN_2017_12_30_COPY_01&utm_medium=email&utm_term=0_b84a4334ba-5a241d78b8-301573181

HYBRID PUBLISHING:

Good articles about hybrid publishing:

<https://publishingperspectives.com/2018/02/nine-criteria-reputable-hybrid-publishing-ibpa/>

<https://www.janefriedman.com/3-reasons-not-to-go-with-hybrid-publishing/>

<https://www.publishersweekly.com/pw/by-topic/authors/pw-select/article/70446-the-indie-author-s-guide-to-hybrid-publishing.html>

My friend Jennie Nash loves <https://www.girlfridayproductions.com>

My friend Michael has worked with <http://www.pagetwostrategies.com/>

We also discussed Ingramsparks:

https://myaccount.ingramspark.com/account/signup?utm_campaign=2018%20Adwords&utm_source=ppc&utm_term=brandingresponsiveUS&utm_content=sign%20up%20US%20responsive&gclid=EAlaQobChMIwI7Zse3R3QIVlrjACh2jgQNpEAAYASA AEgKDEPD_BwE

More resources in the Going Pro Workbook!

<https://jenniferlouden.com/wp-content/uploads/2018/09/Beginner-to-Pro-Workbook.pdf>