Author's BAZAAR ONLINE
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INDEX

2012

Wrapping up THE YEAR

Several of our regular contributors help celebrate the close of 2011 and herald the start of a new year in this issue of *Author's Bazaar.*

Sheryl Nelms jump-starts the action by recounting her first motorcycle race in Kansas. She no longer races bikes but writes about this former hobby and about other interests as a poet.

If you are looking for situational comedy, don't miss read-

ing Dave Griffins' husband/wife conversation "At the Mall."

Helen Hollyer takes us into the bush and describes how she acquired a hunting spear during an anthropological study in an African rainforest.

Hugh Singleton explains how a person can leave a "mark" on the lives of others.

Paul King shares an interesting historical event centered around a sailing ship that went aground in 1890 on the Oregon Coast.

Kathleen DesHotel says that photographs she takes "trigger" poems she writes. Three of her photographs and the poems they inspired appear in this issue.

The photographs serve to remind our readers that they are invited to participate in the "favorite photograph" project scheduled for publication in the February issue of *Author's Bazaar.*

You may submit a photograph that you took as an attachment to an e-mail message in which you explain in up to 200 words why the image is your favorite and where and when you took the photographs. The e-mail address: deanrea@comcast.net.

Now, make a resolution to submit a poem, a fiction or non-fiction article or a photographic essay for publication in *Author's Bazaar* during the new year.

Hare & Hound: My First Motorcycle Race

BY SHERYL L. NELMS

My God
what am I doing here? I want out. But here I am, lined up with 353 other people waiting for the blast of a shotgun to start this race.

Am I nuts? I hope to hell my bike lasts. I think my body will make it if only my bike can. Along with nine other women, I am in the Powder Puff class. That means I only have to survive one lap of the twenty-five mile course. The men have to go three laps.

We stand poised waiting for the blast. It is a gorgeous April day. There is a panoramic array of machines lined up in the middle of a farmer's pasture two miles east of Towanda, Kansas. They are using the LeMans start. Our bikes are turned off and parked in a line, side by side while the riders stand 10 feet behind in a parallel line.

The tension is growing, knotting my stomach. I wish they'd get this thing started before I have to go to the bathroom again because now it's too late.

The blast!

It's started. I float in slow motion. Watching, smelling, feeling. Now the roar. The smoke, the methane smell overwhelms. It's beautiful.

I'm on my bike kicking. I know it started on the first kick. I can't hear it above the roar, but I can feel the throbbing. We're off.

I dodge, swoop, fly. I'm great. It's beautiful. I'm riding in this race, and I just passed all of those men who can't get their bikes to start. Me, a girl. I'm competing.

Look ahead! What a jumble. I'd better slow up until I figure this out. It's a mammoth mud hole in a tiny creek. Now it's a fence-to-fence strip of muck full of men and motorcycles.

I was good in the pasture, gliding and swooping. Now I'm superb in the mud. I love mud riding. I've practiced a lot. My husband Ed always gets mad when I come home from practicing mud riding, but now it pays off.

I'm through the mud hole and swooping on with the survivors. We ride on and on and on. Around curves, along the Cottonwood River, bumping high on the ridges along the end of a milo field. Almost never on a road.

This is a hare and hound cross-country motorcycle race and our only guides are the white arrows nailed on trees, fences and telephone poles.

Now we're in a pasture coming around a river bend. And there at the back of the meandering curve among the willows is a crowd, watching, leering.

Lord! The arrow points straight down. They're going to run us off a 12-foot-high river bank. It looks like a sheer cliff from up here. Southeastern Kansas rivers cut deep into clay. And clay is slick when wet.

I pick my path down the bank gently, carefully feathering with my foot. But in trying to avoid the mired bikes in the water, I drown the engine in hub-deep water. A chivalrous rider helps pull my bike up onto a mud bar. Then we go back and pull his swamped bike out of the gushing muck.

With his help I get the engine plate off and the points dried out.

I've gone too far to quit now.

At the next river crossing my husband's bike is waterlogged. I make it to the slimy sucking mud bank, then go back to help pull his bike to a squishy place just above the waterline. He takes the engine plate off and dumps out the water.

We had waterproofed our bikes, but we must have missed some vital innard. Dry again, we're off.

The riders are fewer now and often clustered at the bad spots like flood debris caught behind a bridge. I stand on

the pegs when the ruts become unbearable, then sit when my legs tire.

I am not good at water-slick clay hills and those gaping spectators ahead seem to know it. I swear they've been waiting for me. I give them something to watch.

I'm tired and this is a bitch of a hill, judging by the size of the crowd. I go through the river water easy, gathering speed in the shallows.

I start up the 25-foot perpendicular hill in second gear but lack the momentum to top it. Three feet short of the summit my bike and I flump over. I scramble from under my 213-pound Yamaha and drag it sideways gouging, resisting up the final three feet.

I keep hoping the finish is near. We've been riding for hours, I think, surely we're almost there. I am completely disoriented. Lost. But I keep riding.

Now it is down a limestone cobbled hill, covered with giant boulders. My God! My brakes are gone! I squeeze and get nothing. They are wet.

"I have no brakes," I holler to my husband.

"They're only wet! Just brake as you ride. They'll dry out," he hollers back.

I brake, brake and brake. Nothing. I'm still going too fast down a steep rocky hill. I shut the bike off and stop

hard against a boulder. I dismount and bulldog the cycle down the hill to a pasture.

I start my bike and ride, squeezing the brakes several times until they are working again. Then it's back to the river.

This time my husband and I drown our bikes. We slog our bikes up onto a gravel bar, open the engine plates and dry the points again.

I am parched. Then I think of Coleridge and recite, "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink."

Ed laughs.

I can tell that the greenish-brown Cottonwood River is unthinkably undrinkable.

My mouth is a dry pith of tongue. Dying of thirst is an excruciating death, I decide.

Thirty minutes later our bikes start. We put them back together and pick our way up the bank on a tested path.

Then it's sideways glopping, mucking across the face of a muddy hill. Up a 2-foot cut. Down a rutted farmer's path to the gate.

The finish! I did it. My first race. I rode the entire 25 miles in only five hours. I am spent. Exhausted. Elated. It is so good. I am competent. A survivor.

Ed finished, too. He decided that one lap was enough for him. He didn't do the other two.

AT THE MALL

by Dave Griffin

My wife and I have had an agreement for the 47 years we've been married. She won't murder me and I won't lie to her. I've never fibbed about anything serious, but if she had been strict about our bargain, she would have been a very young widow.

When the cell phone rang, I turned the volume on the car radio down and dug into my pocket. I sure don't know how we ever got along in life without cell phones.

"Where are you?" my wife asked.

"I'm sitting up at the end of the north parking lot, and I

can see the Mall entrance where I dropped you off."

"OK," she said, "I'm inside walking toward it now."

"I'll be looking for you when you come out the door," I said.

"Well, start driving. I hate to stand outside waiting for you. The young guys always try to pick me up and take me out for a drink," she said.

"A word of advice…" I began.

"Never mind," she finished. "Start driving."

"I will when I can verify you're actually at the North exit. You always get your directions mixed up, come out the wrong exit and I drive around wondering where the hell you …" I began.

"It says 'North Exit' in big letters," she finished, "in English, right over the door. Which I'm walking through now."

"I don't see you," I said from my perch at the end of the parking lot. "You should carry the Boy Scout compass I gave you for these occasions."

"I AM at the north parking lot exit," she said heatedly. "I'm not carrying that thing. I'd look like a surveyor."

"With the flip-up mirror, anyone would think you're just checking your make-up with a compact."

"Who carries a brass compact mirror as big as a hockey puck? I'm holding up my shopping bag." she said. "You

can't miss it. It's bright pink. Can you see me?"

"No," I said, "wave it back and forth."

"Oh, for … I can't," she said. "It's too heavy."

"Set down the bag and just raise both hands and wave," I said. "Like a cheerleader," I added.

I got no answer. Perhaps I needed to explain further.

"You're too short," I said. "Can you get some height? Remember jumping jacks, where you jump up and clap your hands together over your head? Or is there a bench or something you can climb up on?"

Still no answer.

"Are you there?" I asked. "Are you listening?"

"I stopped listening to you the first year we were married," she replied. "I'm busy looking for a nice young man to buy a drink for a soon-to-be widow."

You know, it's simply amazing how we can miss the little things in life. I'd been sitting there up at the end of the North parking lot for almost an

hour without noticing that the sign on the mall building I was watching plainly read "South Entrance." I guess that meant I was in the South parking lot.

"OK I see you!" I hurriedly shouted into the cell phone as I turned the key and ripped the shift lever down into Drive.

"Yes, that's you," I lied. "Gee you're just as pretty from a distance as the day I married you," I added.

"Then remind me to keep my distance from you," she said.

The car in front of me stopped abruptly and waited to take the place of an SUV backing out. This always annoys me. I had stopped in time only a foot from her rear bumper. The SUV driver couldn't see traffic in either direction and he inched out backwards a tiny bit at a time

"Where are you?" asked my wife.

"I'm in motion," I said.

"Uh huh," she said, "don't hurt yourself."

The SUV driver was now out far enough to see up and down the traffic lane. He accelerated and swooped backward, crashing into the driver waiting in front of me. Her car lurched backward and hit my bumper.

I got out to inspect the damage to my car… only a slight scratch.

"What's going on?" asked my wife.

"I'm caught in traffic," I lied.

The woman ahead of me was taking a long look at the front of her car while the other driver stepped from his SUV and apologized.

"No problem with my car," I said as I approached the two, holding the cell phone away from me with my finger over what I always thought was the tiny voice pickup on the device.

They didn't seem to notice me. "And your back bumper looks OK," I said to the woman.

"It's my husband's new car," she said to no one in particular. "He will absolutely kill me!"

"I gotta go," I said to her with my hand in the air, the cell phone held as far away from me as possible. Some day I'll find the mute button. The last time I held my hand that high was in the third grade the day I almost wet my pants before getting the teacher's attention.

A policeman materialized to my right.

"Sir, I'll need your license and registration," he said. "You can put your hand down now."

"Honey, I've been involved in a minor accident," I said into the phone.

"Well, you look OK to me," said my wife, standing now to my left.

"I brought her with me," said the policeman.

"I heard the crash on the phone," she said.

"While you were standing on the bench, lady," said the policeman.

"He said he was arresting me," my wife said, glancing at me with what might have been a proud look on her face.

"I said I was rescuing you, Mam," said the policeman.

"Well, I was only standing there, young man, and this is America," my wife said. "You're lucky I hadn't started my jumping jacks."

Spear

By Helen Hollyer

A patina of ocher rust has crept over the iron of its gracefully tapered head and flared, feather-shaped butt. Forty-three years in a climate drier than the African rainforest of its origin have caused a deep vertical crack in the wood shaft.

The geometric designs incised into its iron flanges still speak of its maker's aesthetic sensibility. Once used for hunting bush pigs, and occasionally humans, in close quarters, the short stabbing spear remains a functional weapon, but now leans against the wall next to my bed.

This is how I came to possess a Mano chief's hunting spear.

The professor whose responsibility it was to supervise

my anthropological research into the marriage patterns of the Bassa, a slash-and-burn agricultural people of Liberia, West Africa, apparently regarded his time in Liberia as a family vacation.

Accompanied by his wife and daughter, he settled down in luxurious, air-conditioned quarters at a Lutheran mission near Monrovia, the capitol city, and remained there for the duration of my fieldwork.

Perhaps he was feeling guilty when he asked a professional colleague to verify that I was still alive in the bush of Grand Bassa County and to see if my research was progressing satisfactorily.

The professor of sociology who was in Liberia with a group of German graduate students investigating the role of savings associations in various Liberian tribal societies, drove his battered VW Beetle up the automobile-torturing dirt track to Compound No. 3 and hiked down the trail through the rainforest to my hut, where he found me, not just surviving, but thriving.

During the ensuing conversation, he and I soon crossed swords over the correct methodology for fieldwork. He maintained that I lacked a "theoretical framework" for my studies, and that I, in proper academic surroundings, should have developed theories of human behavior before venturing out to validate my hypotheses in the field.

I responded that I thought it important to actually ob-

serve a people before attempting to draw conclusions about their behavior.

He suggested that I travel to another area of Liberia to experience the behavior of a different tribal group and offered to escort me (he had the car) on a brief trip to visit the Mano people, who lived in the Nimba Mountains north and east of Bassa land. I agreed to make the trip, and we set out. During the tooth-rattling, bone-jarring, kidney-pummeling drive, he continued to compare academic research methods in the United States unfavorably with those practiced in German universities. He also confided that he had been purchasing African artifacts to take back for resale, at much higher prices, to German museums.

We eventually came to the rectangular mud huts of a Mano village. The town chief's residence had a spacious covered veranda. The villagers soon located a man with sufficient English skills to act as our interpreter.

The village chief, a tall, slender, mahogany-brown man wearing a long, woven cotton garment dyed in indigo and rust patterns, invited us to join him on the veranda. About two-dozen men, women and children already were gathered around his high-backed wooden chair.

After we had exchanged formal greetings, the chief offered us palm wine, a fermented tree sap. He sent a runner to fetch wine and drinking utensils while we exchanged further pleasantries.

A few minutes later, the runner returned empty-handed. He whispered a few words into the chief's ear. Visibly angry, the chief abruptly shot to his feet and stalked into the hut. When I asked the interpreter what had upset the chief, he replied that the chief was vexed because the runner could find no glasses in which to serve the palm wine, adding that the chief was aware that in our country we would honor him by serving palm wine in glasses, not in calabashes made from dried gourds.

"Please tell the chief that, while it is true that in our country we would serve him in a glass, we are guests in his country, and we would be honored to be served in calabashes," I said.

After receiving my message, the chief emerged from the hut's interior and returned to his chair to await the arrival of wine and calabashes. He held out his calabash for the wine to be poured, drank it in one long guzzle, and turned the calabash upside-down, apparently to demonstrate that he had consumed it all, and that it had not been poisoned.

Then he did something unusual. Although women are not accorded high status in Mano society, the chief motioned for me, not the professor, to be served next.

I drained the calabash of tepid, yeasty-tasting liquid, and up-ended it with a flourish. The chief's mouth stretched into a wide grin, and the other spectators laughed out loud.

After the professor had been served, he told the chief that

he wanted to buy the sacred masks used in Mano secret society rituals. The mercurial chief reacted angrily, "This is not a matter to be discussed in front of women and uninitiated boys," he said with a scowl, and stalked off into his hut a second time.

The professor followed the chief into the hut. I remained sitting on the veranda, distressed to realize that he intended to follow his agenda: obtain valuable ethnographic artifacts cheaply and make a killing by reselling them to German museums. No wonder he had been willing to give me a tour of Mano country.

A few minutes later, the interpreter emerged from the hut's interior and motioned for me to accompany him back inside. I found the professor sitting on the ground in front of the chief, who was ensconced in his hammock.

The professor indignantly demanded to know what I was doing inside because "this is not a matter to be discussed in front of women and uninitiated boys." I replied that I had been invited to enter.

Speaking softly so as not to be overheard by the interpreter, the professor told me that he had made a tactical error by openly offering to purchase the tribal masks. Now, if the masks were to disappear, the villagers would know who had been responsible.

The professor was convinced that the chief would have been willing to sell them if he could have done so secretly.

With a sigh of resignation, he pointed to the spear leaning against the wall near the chief's hammock, and asked me if I liked it.

"Yes," I said," it's beautiful."

"I'll buy it for you," he announced.

A few minutes later, the chief told the professor that he would not sell the sacred masks of his people.

He replied curtly, "No matter, I want to buy that spear."

With great dignity, the chief rose to his feet. "That is my personal hunting spear. It is not for sale to anyone," he declared firmly.

Then he paused, shifted his gaze to me and added gently, "but I will give it to the woman."

The professor was remarkably silent on the long drive back to my hut.

Leaving Your Mark

By Hugh Singleton

When my brother was in grade school, he was the victim of a larger boy, a bully, who made it his daily business to humiliate smaller boys by physically abusing them in the presence of their classmates.

When my brother complained to our father, he was told that the next time he was put upon, he must leave his mark on the attacker. No shame was attached to being defeated by larger opponents; the shame would

come when that opponent left the fight bearing no sign that it had occurred.

As my brother was being wrestled to the ground during their next encounter, he took the only path left to him by clamping his teeth down on the bully's ear, almost severing a large part of it and causing his attacker to run crying to the teacher. The bullying stopped and the culprit bore my brother's mark long afterward.

As we live our lives, we are presented with one chance after another to leave our marks on the many situations that confront us. How we do it is as varied as the stars, but to those affected we are remembered for what we did or failed to do. We respect those in our lives who taught us by their example, and we cherish friends and family members who took action when it was needed rather than avoiding or denying responsibility.

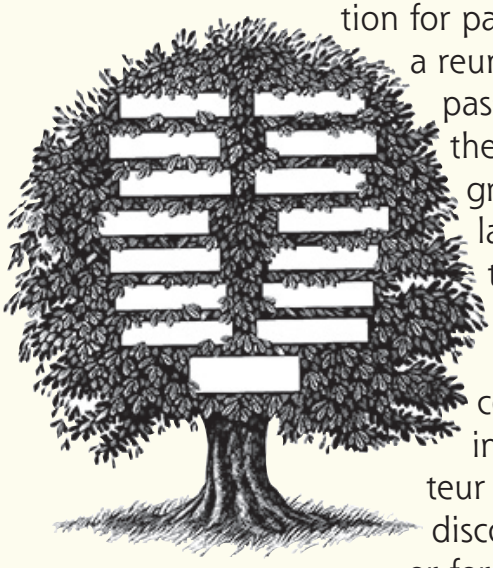
A life without crisis is missing elements necessary for development of a whole person. To fail is not a curse, but to refuse to try shows lack of courage and weakness of spirit.

In our twilight years, we tend to think back on events in our lives and often we bring to mind some occurrence that does not reflect well on our integrity. We may yet have an opportunity to amend the results of our prior action and by so doing, leave a more favorable mark.

Grandparents often have splendid opportunities to influence younger generations by passing on words of

wisdom to grandchildren. A former cherished friend who has drifted away from us, or a family member who is no longer close may be drawn close to us again; it's another chance to leave our mark favorably while we still can.

Great distances today often separate family members, especially during their later years. One way to leave a final remembrance for estranged loved ones is to write a letter to be delivered to them at your death. Such a letter might express the writer's feelings of kinship or appreciation for past favors, and the hope for a reunion in spirit. Too often the passing of a loved one leaves the survivors with unrelieved grief at that person's loss; a last personal message from the deceased would provide welcomed closure.



In recent years it has become more popular to delve into family history. Amateur genealogists are often the discoverers of facts long hidden or forgotten — facts that may lead to the reunification of entire family branches. Aside from the fun of "digging up the past" research into family history often brings together kinfolk who might otherwise never know each other.

I can verify from my own experience that joining one or more cousins in creating a record of family history is a marvelous way to share your time with others in pursuing a common goal — and in leaving your personal mark on your own family's history.

Another opportunity to make a difference: If you have photos, write on the back of each one the names of everyone photographed. Include, if you can, their ages and any bits of information that future generations may find interesting. Unidentified photos are the scourges of genealogists everywhere and removing the uncertainty is such an easy thing to correct. You may not feel that you are leaving your footprints in the Sands of Time, but you can find other ways to leave your mark — and to be remembered.

(Part one)

A Tale of Two Ships

BY PAUL KING

Until it was purchased by the Boy Scouts of America in 1926, the Ezra Chamberlain Homestead was located on a section of land in Tillamook County in Sandlake, just south of Cape Lookout, about 75 miles west of Portland, Oregon.

On Christmas morning 1890, the Chamberlains awakened to find a full-rigged sailing vessel aground in the surf in front of their farm and lumber strewn on the beach from the cape as far south as they could see. The Struan, flying the flag of Norway, carried one million board feet of Douglas fir bridge timbers from the Olympic Peninsula and was bound for Australia when it began taking on water.

Its crew abandoned the Struan in small boats. The

Norsemen were immediately picked up by a nearby vessel and taken to San Francisco. But the Struan began to drift northward from its position off the southern Oregon coast before a powerful winter storm finally drove it ashore near the Chamberlain farm. There, it broke up and gave up the last of its cargo, by then scattered over 20 miles along the coastline.

Opportunistic Tillamook pioneers regarded the lumber as building material for coastal farms. Among these was my grandfather, W. C. King, who arrived in 1888 in Tillamook from Wisconsin with his wife and three children. The eldest was my father Burt King, then 16, with sisters Lula and Zoe.

In 1892, my grandad bought three-fourths of a section of land adjacent to the Chamberlains. Father and son, then a teenager, soon set to work with a team of horses to salvage some of the cargo, mostly 3 by 12 inches in cross section. Horses dragged the heavy timbers to the mouth of the shallow Sandlake estuary at high tide, then floated them to the building site. There, the men erected a house, barn and outbuildings.

And there W.C. King became one of the early blueberry growers on the Oregon Coast. He also kept bees, made cheddar cheese and grew dahlias, which took top prize at

the county fair. He was a self-taught painter who created many oil landscapes and seascapes. And Grandma Jenny dealt with the Indians in grandpa's absence in spite of her fear of them and served as postmistress from her new home while Grandpa Will strove with mixed results to keep the black bears from feasting on his pigs.

The old farmhouse, one of two standing remnants of the Struan's cargo, is on Galloway Road in Sandlake. Today it is known as the Sandlake Country Inn, a B & B.

More later about the coastal steamer Argo, shipwrecked in 1909 with my grandparents aboard near the mouth of Tillamook Bay. Not everyone aboard survived the disaster. Grandma Jenny King suffered nightmares about that tragedy for the rest of her life as she nearly perished in the raging winter surf at Twin Rocks.

Sandlake Country Inn

Party Invitations

By Kathleen DesHotel

Parties missed
Soirées ignored
Gatherings avoided

La la la – bland
Conversation
Blah blah blah – boring
Bragarts
La ti dah – much
Self-importance

Safer at home
With a glass of wine
And a poem.

Dog Love

By Kathleen DesHotel

Eyes devoted
Eyes following me
Ears listening
Ears to rub
Nose to sniff me out
Nose to find leftovers
Barks of fear
Barks to protect
Tail of happiness
Tail of glass destruction
Hair on the sofa
Hair on my pants
Sign to vacuum
Sign of love
Dog, dog
Dog, dog.

Celebration Tradition

By Kathleen DesHotel

Years of battles
To fit the tree
Bark in the stand.
Saw lower branches.
Saw again.
Sticky sap on hands
Tree topples
Battle. Curses
At Christmas.
Finally, it stands
To be covered with orbs and
Sparkling garland
Twinkling lights
Star on top
Behold!
Aroma fills home.
Needles fall.
Next year
Artificial.

Authors

Sheryl L. Nelms

Sheryl, a regular contributor to Author's Bazaar, may be best known as a poet. In this issue, however, she writes about one of her hobbies: motorcycle riding. She rode a 750 Honda while dirt and street biking for about 20 years and competed in four races. "I don't have a bike right now, so not much riding," she says, "but I have been 4-wheeling with my two sons and my brother." Sheryl is the fiction/nonfiction editor of *The Pen Woman Magazine*, the National League of American Pen Women publication. Email her at **slnelms@aol.com**

Dave Griffin

Dave is retired from a career in corporate education, communications and product planning and lives near the ocean in South Carolina with his wife and her dog. Dave writes the popular blog "Monk In The Cellar," where he plays the main character Brother Jesse with some degree of authenticity. The blog is now a novel by the same name and is available at **amazon.com**. Dave publishes his essays online at www.windswept-press.com and self-publishes a book of stories each year that is well received by those who love him. He seldom hears from those who don't. EMAIL him at **dave@windsweptpress.com**

Helen Hollyer

Helen's pursuit of a doctorate in cultural anthropology (it eluded her) ended when she realized simultaneously that she was learning more and more about less and less, and she needed to find honest employment. Before abandoning formal education, she researched marriage patterns among the Bassa, a slash-and-burn agricultural people of the secondary rainforests of Liberia, West Africa. After her return to the United States, she engaged in serial careers that included residential real estate brokerage, insurance sales and serving as the reporter/photographer/editor/publisher of *The Creswell Chronicle,* a weekly community newspaper. Now retired, she lives on her 87-acre nature preserve in Western Oregon's Coast Range Mountains with her horse, Let's Do Lunch, and Doberman Loki. EMAIL Helen at **helen112@centurytel.net**.

Hugh Singleton

Hugh grew up on the farm in west central Georgia during the 1930s and '40s. His education was in accounting and business administration. During four years in the U.S. Navy, he was a court reporter. He later was employed as an accountant and administrator by the NCR Corporation. He developed a desire to write fiction while in high school and joined the AAPA when he was 16. After retirement, he re-joined AAPA and published a number of amateur journals. He later switched to electronic journals and has published in that arena since 2003. You can read his journal, *Things in Motion*, by clicking on the e-journals listing on this website: **www.greenapple.com/~aapa/ejtoc.html**.

Paul King

Paul was born, reared and schooled in Tillamook, Oregon, the land of cheese, trees and ocean breeze. He trained to be a naval aviator, but WWII ended before he earned his wings. He entered the University of Washington on the G.I. Bill as a pre-medical student, majoring in chemistry, but became neither doctor nor chemist. Paul instead persuaded a reluctant editor to let him try reporting. After his wife, who died recently, writing became the love of his life for 12 years in two Washington State cities. When two daughters entered college, he shifted to PR for western lumbermen, which eventually took him to Washington, D.C. as an itinerant lobbyist. Paul resides in Beaverton, Oregon. EMAIL Paul at **pabloelcamino@gmail.com**.

Kathleen DesHotel

"Poetry is a relaxing form of expression for me," Kathleen writes. " Poems are triggered by photos I have taken. The photo speaks to me, but often it takes a bit of time to figure exactly what it is saying. I stick them into a 4x6-inch journal where they fester until the meaning dawns on me. Because of the size of the journal, each poem is short and hopefully efficient, albeit with themes eclectic." EMAIL Kathleen at **kathleenrose624@aol.com**.

The archives for *Author's Bazaar* can be viewed here.