

Current News & Views

WCWF board meetings - now on line.
Contact a board member for info.

Upcoming Events

STORYFEST in Paonia, June 26-27.
North Fork will celebrate the written word through workshops, speakers, readings, and performances. Visit their website for more:
<https://bluesage.org/storyfest-2020/>.

LIGHTHOUSE WRITERS LIT-FEST IS CHANGING TO A MONTH-LONG ZOOM EVENT. Featured in June are Garth Greenwell, Francesca Sloane, Jane Hirschfield, Jenny Offill and more. Sign up for advanced workshops. Info at lighthousewriters.org

Waving Hands Review: Literature and Art of Northwest Colorado seeks financial support for its publication. Colorado Northwestern Community College Foundation is sponsor. For further info, go to <https://cncc.edu/waving-hands2>

Send email, news and contributions to virg@leafmedia.com



VanPelt takes on Prompt Night

WCWF plans on an in-person meeting at Confluence Studios, the last Thursday of the month. Wake up your imagination with frequent guest and teacher, James Van Pelt, who will take us into new and uncharted territory as the next host and prompter.

Thursday, June 25, 2020 - 6:30-8pm
Confluence Studio, 634 Main,
Suite 6, off the downstairs garden area.

SLAMMING BRICKS an invitational slam

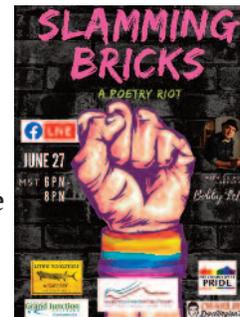
organized by Caleb Ferganchick

- 10 talented performers are signed up
- CO Poet Laureate Bobby LeFebre a judge

June 27, 6-8pm

A Facebook Event at:

https://www.facebook.com/events/702908073617430/?notif_t=plan_user_associated¬if_id=1589853130294481



Miss our poetry readings? Share yours here.

The WCWF Newsletter is opening up a page or two to make space for your writing.

If you have short poems, essays, scenes, thoughts, or just what you are writing or thinking about, please feel free to share them with us.

See our selection, page 4 in this issue for examples.

Send your text to virg@leafmedia.com

Story Structure:

**Learn how to flesh out stories
in ways to engage readers**

Transform a simple fictional vignette or anecdote from a personal memory into a compelling story narrative. Mary Ann will discuss the basic functions of the beginning, middle and end of a story, and expand on those elements as identified by Joseph Campbell in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. Includes a power point presentation, writing exercise and demonstrations.

Mary Ann Janson served on the Mesa County Spellbinders Board of Directors and the National Spellbinders Board of Directors, conducting workshops both locally and for the national organization.

jansonmaryann6@gmail.com



Writers Night June 2, 2020 - 6pm MST A ZOOM Meeting

To register and receive log on information, please send your name and email address to wcwritersforum@gmail.com.

**NO WRITERS NIGHT IN JULY
DUE TO FOURTH OF JULY HOLIDAY**

WCWF Wrap-Up

The Board is doing business by email and phone. Our last meeting was on Zoom, hosted by Erica Kitzman.

Because of the indeterminate length of the quarantine, many events are pending. We are holding onto the possibility of as many as we can becoming live. Much is dependant on conditions. If you have questions contact any board member at wcwritersforum@gmail.com
Please be safe and well and keep writing!.

WCWF Board Members

Linda Skinner, Pres.
Virginia Jensen, Vice Pres.
Erica Kitzman, Treas.
Sunny Ramsey • Carly Smith
Caleb Ferganchick • Jane Miller
To contact a board member email to:
wcwritersforum@gmail.com

General Information

Pay your dues or make a donation at www.westerncoloradowriters.org, or send a check to WCWF, 740 Gunnison Ave., Suite 205, GJ, CO 81501. Check out and like our Facebook page so that you'll be even more up to date. Volunteers who can help with PR, set up events, and liaison with community groups are welcome. You *are* WCWF.

BEACON

Do you love meeting new people and recording their stories? The BEACON Senior Newspaper is looking for fresh voices to join their freelance writing staff. Send a cover letter and writing samples to

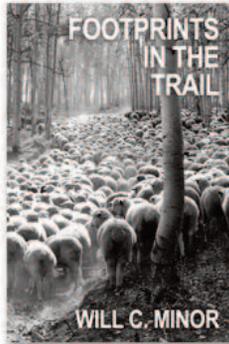
<mailto:beacon@pendantpublishing.com>

Regional Book Review

by Linda Skinner

Footprints in the Trail by Will C. Minor

Re-published by Lithic Press: 2020 Available at Lithic Bookstore in Fruita or on-line at Lithic Press.com



The black and white photo on the cover of this book, a re-issue of a title published by Will Minor in 1951, is of a herd of sheep meandering through an aspen grove. The image acts as an invitation to follow behind the sheep and take a journey with their herder and author of the book, Will Minor, through the canyons and mesa tops of the Black Ridge area west of Fruita, Colorado.

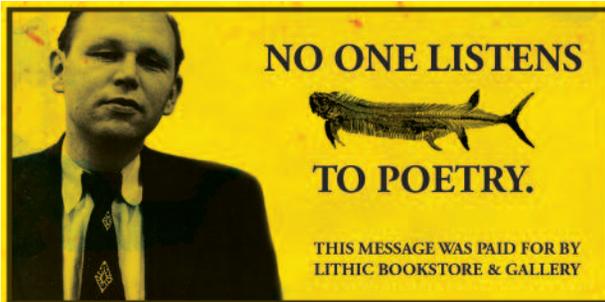
The essays are filled with intimate observations of a man who was not a trained scientist, but possessed of an innate curiosity about the wildlife surrounding him as he worked as a sheepherder between the Colorado River and Pinyon Mesa 70 years ago. He collected details of flora, insects, birds, small critters, and the big game populating the sagebrush flats and aspen groves of the high desert country with the discerning eye of a photographer and poetic prose to create a delightful read.

Minor reminds us of the power of the weather, the harshness of natural laws and the small joys of everyday life in the wild. We learn that aspen leaves are translucent, that ravens sing, and bucks fight over mushrooms to eat.

In these times of corona virus restrictions, I lead a much more solitary existence than usual, allowing me to appreciate the dialogs Minor has with himself on the pages about what he sees and thinks about as he works alone “at home” with the sheep. I have lived in this area for 50 years and reading Minor’s book makes me ponder how little and how much life has changed over those years in this microcosm that he writes about.

The area is now primarily part of the McInnis Canyons Resource area and while devoid of housing developments, it is riddled with bike and hiking trails and many more people. But the centipedes, jays, porcupines, ravens, mice, deer, bear, sagebrush, scrub oak and other life Minor describes remain. His words remind me that I can and have found them, too, when take the time to still my mind, silence my voice and electronics, and immerse myself for a while. Even if you are not from this area, the book might cause you to look more closely in whatever outdoors might be around you.

Lithic has retained the sketches from the original book by Rosemary Emerson and contains a few of Minor’s photos which adds to the artistry of the new edition. Take time out and get a real book to hold in your lap as you become part of Minor’s natural world. Your mind will thank you!



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Messages from Isolation

by Grand Valley Authors

The Mania Comes at Twilight

The air was a cold Autumn silence
and moon bore a tumult
of dissociative ambition
careening me

into eddies of trauma.
The Freudians blame my mother
that I too wax and wane.

My eyelids are a canvass
stretched across a conscious void.
The spiritual leaders of the aluminosilicate age
command my attention.
I see the collision,

(an upheaval of childhood).
I am the Earth
Forming in the cosmic womb.

I hear Moon whispering memories
before the cataclysmic severance.

Is it enough to live only
in the shadow of the sun?

By Caleb Ferganchick, Second place winner,
Mesa County Public Library 2020 Poetry contest

She Tai Chi
by Annette Ferriole

Lets be tigresses,
a slinking streak on the prowl.
Donning our stripes.
Stretching, stalking,
crouching, balking,
growing agility, strengthened to fight.

Or graceful cranes,
a balletic balancing sedge.
Expanding our wings.
Flowing, rising,
swooping, flying,
a mounting migration, rhythmic ring.

We're silken threads,
together a circle of chi.
Weaving our strands.
Pulling, turning,
shifting, learning,
mending our bodies, our foremost decree.

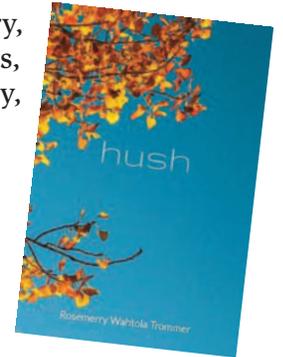
Tied to the moon,
we draw down the heavens.
Rooting to ground.
Reaching, dreaming,
planting, gleaning,
Embracing each other, sensing our worth.

Accomplishments

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer is familiar to WCWF as a teacher, reader, performer and friend. Her most recent collection, *Hush*, won the Halcyon Prize, which seeks out quality poetry, literature of human ecology, eco-poetry, nature-poetry, spiritual rather than religious, works based in our humanity, conscious, mindful, deep.

Rosemerry lives in Placerville, Colorado, on the banks of the San Miguel River. She served as San Miguel County's first poet laureate and as Western Slope Poet Laureate. She teaches poetry for addiction recovery programs, hospice, mindfulness retreats, scientists, women's retreats, teachers and private students. She believes in the power of practice and has been writing a poem a day since 2006.

She has 12 collections of poetry, and her work has appeared in O Magazine and on A Prairie Home Companion. Her book *Naked for Tea* was a finalist for the Able Music Book Award. She is the co-host of Emerging Form, a podcast on creative process, and co-founder of Secret Agents of Change, a group devoted to surreptitious acts of kindness. More at wordwoman.com



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SARS-Covid-2 CORONAVIRUS

*You won't remember.
We met only briefly
on a distant shore,
Back in 2003.
You cancelled our trip to China.
We remember.
Watching, waiting,
slowing stagnating.*

*You've evolved!
More clever, stronger, and
passionate than before.
We, our own worst enemies,
Unprepared, naïve, blinded
by ignorance and arrogance,
stammering, stumbling,*

*Die alone;
No family; no funerals.
Will anyone remember?*

*We too must evolve.
Now we have your DNA -
testing, tracking, treating.
With tactical dispersion,
We will advance to rid you
of your crown!*

By Mary Ann Janson
April 30, 2020

Messages from Isolation

by Grand Valley Authors

American Dreams

by Melinda Rice

I had a white nightmare,
a frustration dream, sleep
paralysis and I can't run away.

Someone will save me.
They always do. I wake up
exhausted, but relieved,

strangled by the sheets – around
my feet, my legs, but never
around my neck. No one

would allow that
to happen to me. No one
would ignore my plight even

in a nightmare, but I share it
with my friends. "I had
a nightmare. It was awful.

I woke up, but still
I couldn't move. It's a sleep
disorder. I couldn't

move." I read an article
in the paper, a black man, hands up,
running away. I heard

a reporter on the radio,
recording of a black man
pleading, "I can't breathe."

I saw a video, a black man
handcuffed, subdued, like a fish
caught, pinned and gasping,

a blue knee, callous
and grinding, six blue legs
watching and no one

saves him. A black man
kind of nightmare, awake
right up to the very end.

An American dream
disorder in black and blue,
bruised, paralyzed, dead.



We have some excellent poets in the
Grand Valley and we love to show-
case them in this time of isolation.
Please submit your poetry to:

virg@leafmedia.com

worst case

by Virginia Jensen

when the electricity went off
the sound of the ventilator stopped.

panting for breath must feel
like drowning in air, desperate
lungs fighting as they must do,
their duty, and the heart
having fought for 70 years
knows no other way than to pump.

the eyes of the dying
see a different world
than the living see -
a different sun, a different sky,
full of portents and omens.
not enough moisture to shed a tear,
old eyes fill with rheum.
and close - will they open
on the other side?

the brain can die before the body
and it must be grace to the one
passing not to have to think about
what is happening.

we could not stand
too close to the bed.
we did not know what to do
with the body.
the funeral homes and crematoria
had lost their staff and bodies
lay piled against the doors
some wrapped in plastic, some in
make-shift coffins,
with flowers. So

we left him on the bed and
closed the door. I tried to mark
the time of passing but
I had lost track of the day
or even the hour.

grief is love
bloody and
peeled to the bone
-V. Jensen