

The Write Stuff

Long Island Writers' Guild, Inc. Newsletter

SPECIAL ISSUE/ WINTER 2007

Visit us at WWW.LIWritersGuild.org

Word From The Editor

First things first. Let me apologize for not delivering an issue of The Write Stuff for such a long time. It has been a year filled with angst, personal and health problems that I won't bore you with. I've missed many workshops, too many, and have been out of touch with the group's activities.

But I'm back.

A great deal of material that had been submitted in the past is both out of date and sorry to say, the members who were good enough to supply me with material are no longer with the group.

Therefore, somewhere in these pages are the guidelines for submission to The Write Stuff. Let's make our next issue a goody. A Spring issue, help fill the pages.

Remember our newsletter is posted on our web site, so if your work gets published in The Write Stuff, you can claim that your piece has hit the internet. (Well it sounds good.)

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who wished my family and me their thoughts and prayers in our hour of sorrow.

As always at this time let me wish you one and all:

A spooky Halloween, A good Thanksgiving. A snowy Holiday and a bold New Year.

jp

"...a good writer of prose must be part poet, always listening to what he writes"

On Writing Well by William Zinsser

THE WRITE STUFF

OBSESSION

I may have been crazy for thinking you felt
a similar sting, that sumptuous spark
as it sizzled across the concrete
like a fuse line, a live wire from my heart...to yours

I may be crazy for feeling this way
succumbing to a teenage ideal
a fairy tale infatuation of ever-after
and you don't really know me...not yet.

I'm crazy to have been so bold
as to reach out to touch your hand
across the barrier of body guards
required for your safety from...the insane.

I'm crazy with hoping you'll notice
the note I slipped in your jacket pocket
where I bare myself to you and yes,
there the Polaroid as proof of...my devotion.

Settling on my love seat, saving you
the space beside me, I wait for you
to call; my home, my cell, my e-mail
all noted on the picture meant for you...alone.

Nine o'clock, I click the remote to see you
flashing badge, tanned cheeks, those sensuous
baby blues beneath shades of wanting me
I know you do. Horatio...I'm crazy for you.

J R Turek

THE POET'S PAGE

A BOX OF CRAYONS

How are we going to color a picture together
if we are all different?

"I am white! What can I color? I know!
I will color the clouds fluffy white."

"I am red! What can I color? I know!
I will color the velvety roses."

"I am blue! What can I color? I know!
I will color the soft blue sky."

"I am pink! What can I color? I know!
I will color the little girl's dress."

"I am orange! What can I color? I know!
I will color the oranges on the tree."

"I am yellow! What can I color? I know!
I will color the daisies."

I am green! What can I color? I know!
I will color the leaves on the plants."

"What about me? I am brown. What can I color?
I know!
I will color the tree-trunk brown."

"What about me? I am black. What can I color?
I know!
I will color the sign,

The Crayon Box Works as a Team!

We are all different colors but we need each
other, don't we?

Mary Jane Viaggio

Submissions are being accepted for the SPRING/SUMMER Issue. They should have a seasonal theme (30 lines or less please) but this Editor will use any good poem, essay, bio or cartoon.

THE WRITE STUFF

WHEN WE LOSE SOMEONE

When we lose someone
Over time
Lost in pieces
Which I thought was once mine.
Lost in pieces.
My tear can't fall.
Locked in the well of my eye.
Lost in pieces
A memory is found.
A piece is lost.
A thought...a tear!
A frown.
Lost in pieces.
My heart crawls like a snail.
This expresses how I feel.
It creeps. It moves slowly.
Then to my impatience
I catch my breath...I gasp for air.
My emotions run like a Gazelle.
I am really lost!
Lost in pieces. A piece at a time!

Mary Jane Viaggio

CHRISTMAS PARADOX

I feel something missing
because Christmas is meant to be a blessing
a blessing that spells out hope, faith and charity.
Charity, the last of the three, begins at home,
home, however, in this busy season, season of love and giving,
hiving seems to be all I have time for,
for I have succumbed to all the commercial hype,
hype which excludes the very heart of Christmas.

Christmas, instead has become shopping,
shopping and wrapping, wrapping and giving,
giving to family and friends, friends and co-workers
go-workers and neighbors, neighbors and mailmen,
mailmen and... and the list goes on.

On Christmas day,I will happily give away gifts,
gifts that I have struggled over,
over decisions of what to buy, how to wrap it, but I doubt,
doubt that I will have accomplished what I wanted.
I wanted this Christmas to be different, different from the others
others that didn't account for the soaring spirit,
spirit that comes from sharing with those that truly need,
need coats and food and even some toys for the children.

Children write letters to Santa, some truly poignant ones,
ones that the Post Office is willing to give to the public,
the public, meaning everyone,
everyone or anyone who wants to make a difference.
A difference is what I want to make,
make by taking my grandchildren shopping,
shopping for people they don't even know
knowing that Christmas will be better,
better for others, and better for us.

Joan Marg

HAIKU

The death of children
Fight for the right to bear arms
Trees and flowers weep.

Joe Dlhopsky

HAIKU

Made in USA
Cluster bombs fall from the sky
Bright red flowers bloom.

Joe Dlhopsky

THE WRITE STUFF

BLIZZARD WATCH & COUNTING

Feel it in my bones
two days away
and counting
checking its progress
as the ache climbs
from my ankles
to my nose
wrists sting, fingers sing
out loud and clear
we'll get snow by
morning dear
knees grumble
back bends, haunches humble
shoulders shrink from extra
load—shovel's ready
back's unsteady
tea and storm brewing
trouble for my Sunday morning plans

Beverly E. Kotch

TRAPPED

The winter walls
Are closing in
A torture chamber
Of the mind

I want to reach out
Push them back
Strip the shelves
Wipe off the walls

Clear the closets
Of their accumulations
Exorcise the air
Of household evils

Throw wide the windows
Welcome
The lilac scented
Breath of spring

Ellen Lawrence

PARK BENCH

Some describe my existence as lonely and inanimate,
Incapable of expression beyond utility,
Ideal relief for father, son and ball between throws,
Rain, shine, sleet or snow.

Others converse freely in solitude,
With me, nature's audience in attendance,
Greeted with a varnished face, sans paint,
All are welcomed, sinner and saint.

Two of my regular guests begin my day,
Contentious each when at their best.
Having shared a *Friendly's* breakfast,
Not to be outdone, debate is put to the test.

I love it so when I have a chance to show,
My love for humanity; enter a heavy heart.
Young dreams mix with autumn wind,
In sadness she leaves my arms, my only part.

Here comes a seasoned warrior, alone as usual,
Bag clutched under his arm, his daily ration.
History once shared with others, now his own.
Names blurred by time, sacrificed for a nation.

Their love borders an delirious, embracing unabashedly,
She has visited me before; I am sure.
The wounds of past romance healed, starting anew,
What became of the heavy heart? *Ado*

To those who prefer to boast, I offer a toast:
Whether friend, foe, embellished or understated,
I have met more than most.

If I could talk.

If I could talk.

Ron Scott

THE WRITE STUFF

LONG ISLAND WRITERS' GUILD, Inc.

Guidelines for *The Write Stuff*.

BIO:

250-300 words or less. Be informative; be clever, and especially creative. The Bio should contain some semblance of truth (but not necessary) .

ESSAY:

250-300 words or less, could be seasonal, Editor prefers something humorous or really profound (avoid sexual, political or slanderous content)

POEMS:

Keep length to 30 lines or less. Prefer seasonal poems, but will use any good poem. (Avoid same content as in Essay).

BRAG BOARD:

Any announcements, members receiving awards, winning contests, publication (You get the idea)

MISC.:

Anything you feel might be of interest to our members. A cool web site, a good sale, a new book or an old book you've read (A short review would be nice).

Send all material to:

The Write Stuff

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20 Orchid Rd.

Levittown, NY 11756

Or

tellopan@yahoo.com

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THE WRITE STUFF

FIELD TRIP

Our very first LIWG workshop, held at Governors Island, in the heart of New York harbor was a delight. In addition to balmy breezes, the ride on the Staten Island Ferry provided us with a panoramic view of lower Manhattan, Ellis Island, the Brooklyn Bridge, Jersey, and the welcoming beacon of the Statue of Liberty. The spectacular views were a perfect backdrop to our day on the island.

The Park Rangers, who guided us on historically insightful tours, were informative, personable and talented, as we discovered when they read us their varied works.

Lunch of grilled frankfurters and lemonade, waterside, tasted delicious in the company of congenial friends with whom we shared the day.

In Liggett Hall, on Colonels Row, an artfully arranged platter of cheese, crackers, fruit, and a selection of assorted beverages, kept us smiling and sated.

We shared some memories of 9/11 and excerpts from our soon-to-be released anthology *FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET*.

I have a happy feeling that this event will be repeated in the future and hopefully many more folks will come out for this satisfying venture.

Marge McDowell (LIWG Events)

Does Santa Claus Exist

At six years old I saw him, and believed. There he was, Santa Claus, in a red suit and white beard. My sister, Anne, two years older, told me that he does not exist. I did not believe her.

My father always told the truth, and he set the record straight. There is not one Santa Claus for the whole world.

He told me, "We are all Santa Claus to each other. Me and Mom, and even your sister play Santa Claus to each other."

I remember being pleased about the explanation. It gave me a warm feeling.

Now, when the controversy about whether children should be told the myth or the truth, I remember my father's solution. The truth can be nicer than a pleasant myth.

Dorothea Weckbecker

THE WRITE STUFF

7/19 & 9/6 JONES BEACH

A trip to Jones Beach
is always fun
So we went on two nights
and not just one
We nibbled and noshed
while the members read
The stories were great
and the time just fled
We are a gala group
love the sand, sea and shore
Here's hoping we'll all
hang together
For many years more.

Marge McDowell

Chris Mills

The only way Editor was able to get this issue out! JP

BRAG BOARD:

Members bragging in October '07 include those receiving notice and checks from Poetry Magazine/Radiant Press:
Diane Barker, Honorable Mention
Ron Scott, First Place
Beverly Kotch, Best poem overall

Our winners at the annual *Princess of the Lake Poetry Contest* include:
Joan Marg, Honorable Mention
Debbie Knapp, Honorable mention
Maria M0onobianco, Honorable Mention
Paula Camacho, Forth Place
Judy Turek, Third Place
Beverly E. Kotch, First Place

Editor's note:
There were more winners in other competitions, but the information has not crossed my desk.

LIWG Authors' Published Works:

Writing Crime New York Style

Joseph L. Giacalone

Samsara Moon

Stephen H. Post

Hidden Between Branches

Paula Camacho

Flowers of Hope

Victoria Hertig

Anton's Place

Doris T. Bush

Crank It Up

Clive Young

Cyberjihad

Robert Lanzone

Of Their Own Accord

Gary Dolan

They Come and They Go

J R Turek

Between Ashes and Flames

Maria Manobianco

The Short Lives of Giants

Paula Camacho

November's Diary

Paula Csorba Camacho

WOW!

THE WRITE STUFF

HIBERNATION

as I sit myself outside
to watch the earth
ready itself for restoration
I feel my own pulse slow
calm my heart in anticipation
of a winter's worth of
hibernation
feel the air go still
watch the squirrels bury nuts
hear geese honk directions
smell the residue
of burnt offerings
taste winter's chill

Beverly E. Kotch

HAIKU REMEMBRANCE

I remember love
How it was in the morning
And at close of day

I remember love
All the rainy afternoons
And sun dappled dawns

I remember love spring and
Summer memories
Red leaves and snow too

I remember love
All the words that were spoken
Do *you* remember?

Marg McDowell

LEFTOVERS

FORMATION SYNAPSE IN THE CORE

As though I were there, I imagine how
your heart grew like a carnival balloon
your excitement at the tale, journeying
as though you were there to wade across the
Rio Grande with the old Mexican man
who crawled down the shaft of an abandoned
mine to find chunks of fluorite. No black light
for these shards of earth to fluoresce beneath
just border goods soaking in sun rays, spread
across a blanket, Tom, waiting for you.

You chose a large formation of purple
you place at the base of a special spruce;
standing at your shrine, you retell the tale
in shaded September sun. I can see
him, see you, see the fluorite wink at me,
pleased to be out of the darkness of its
birth canal; worshiped by you, by me, by
the old Mexican who released it to
bask in reverence, in spruce dappled sun,
shrined in the Pine Barrens of Manorville.

J R Turek

10 syllable, 10 line stanzas

Mickey Spillane, those of us who remember
who he was, considered himself a *writer* as
opposed to an *author*, defining a *writer* as
someone whose books sell...
Newsday/Obituaries

OOPS: In our column listing "Author's
Published Works" we failed to mention our
prolific author **Albert J. Manachino** with still
another novel to add to an ever-increasing list.
His latest, "***The Box Hunters***". Sorry Al.

Some two thousand years ago, Aristotle proposed that every fictional plot should
have a beginning, middle and an end.