

Chaparral Updrafts

from the California Federation of Chaparral Poets, Inc.

serving California poets for over 65 years

Volumn 70 No. 3

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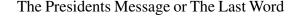
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This is my last updrafts, my swan song, my good-bye until we met again. Meeting again means at the convention in Modesto on May Day. Last messages are traditionally places and times when an outgoing president pats himself on the back for the things (he thinks) he's accomplished, gives credit where credit is due, and bemoans all the things left undone. So here goes.

First, my thanks to the executive board. The work you do is awesome. Just being willing to take the time and carefully consider the best course of action for an organization as complex as CFCP is very important business. You are <u>the</u> reason we continue to exist.

Now for some of what I think of as accomplishments. We have an up to date by-laws booklet. Lots of folks worked on this project and it was hard work. I want to name some of them: Jim Shuman, publications chair, Jeremy Shuman for his prior role as bylaws chair and parliamentarian, two positions which have vanished, Marge Voight, Dan Saucedo and Lee Collins who worked on needed revisions. My thanks to all of you who filled needed chair positions where the yeoman work is done. The sort of work that's daily and important. The role of parliamentarian has passed to the various vice-presidents. I also laid on the VPs the task of judging the various annual contests. This is the second year Dan Saucedo has judged the theme and Katharine Wilson the road Runner Up. Last years jumping ship award was selected by David Lapierre with Ursula Gibson making that selection this year. My thanks to you all, and oh yes, all selections were made without prior knowledge of the writer.

Now for some failures, mea culpas and regrets. While most job descriptions were finished two or three were missed and need at some point to be included in the next revision. We have also lost a chapter, specifically the Santa Cruz, and while we have gained some new members we have also seen the passing of some old friends who will be missed.

Now I want to go full circle. When I accepted the position of president in 2008 my very first words were in pursuit of a permanent home for the CFCP convention. In this regard I failed and failed miserably. I am leaving our new president a tougher job than it needs to be because of this failure. At the 2004 convention in Oakland the responsibility for convention business shifted from the individual chapters to the executive board with convention and program chairs appointed by the continued on page 3



FEBRUARY MONTHLY CONTEST WINNERS

on the topic of Love

FIRST PLACE
The Cherry Tree
-a villanelle-

We once kissed under the cherry tree As winter sky melted in the glade. Though blossoms wilt, remember me.

I snuck from the farm, you the city, A meeting our parents had forbade. We once kissed under the cherry tree,

Yet our flushed faces they would see When we returned from blooming shade. Though blossoms wilt, remember me.

Thus, you opened your hand, set mine free

As above us bright flowers began to fade. We once kissed under the cherry tree.

You shook your head, ignored my plea And departed from the pink cascade. Though blossoms wilt, remember me.

I often remember you when lonely; Forever with you my heart has stayed. We once kissed under the cherry tree Though blossoms wilt, remember me.

Sarah Tang Saratoga, CA

Chaparral **updrafts**

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Please send news and information items to the editor one month in advance of intended publication date. For questions involving membership, either new or renewal, please contact the treasurer.

Visit our website: http://www.ChaparralPoets.org. SECOND PLACE Hues of the Heart

My daughter wants to know why there is a diminutive blue box on the wicker jewelry bureau in her earth-tone-meticulous mother's bedroom

The marine blue bottom is roofed by a Sedona russet brown top
Yet the blue emblazons like a lighthouse beacon over a color-depleted desert of ebony night bleached cow skulls and leather skinned varmints
The polished agate candle holder her father gave me for Christmas is confined to an outdoor table for daring to have a green streak

I can't tell her it has to do with fingerprints How holding the box another man last held is the closest thing to touch that we have How the gold toe ring inside almost closes but not quite the miles that separate us How I think of his saltwater blue eyes rolling over me like waves

Instead I tell her how the aquatic hue of blue plumps up a parched landscape
How fog can combine with desert sweat
Consummate in grains of sand that polish a woman's skin until it glows in that Sedona rust
My daughter says she just wanted to know about the blue box

Ellaraine Lockie Sunnyvale, CA

Previously published in Ibbetson Street

THIRD PLACE Beyond

I remember you in thick night; Your arms reach towards sky As if aching to push past heaven. Pale lips curve to a smile; Nikes Soar while you unleash a whoop Of delight, soul laughing at gravity For that one last breath of ecstasy. Scared for your fall, I jerk awake, Rub swollen eyes to find myself Huddled in the last pew as I listen To shaken mourners whispering, We though we knew him so well.

My heart lurches; they didn't know: The you who climbed atop my car, Lungs screaming as night sped by; The you who laughed at my cries While begging me to drive faster. No, they didn't know the you who Dragged me to rooftops, pulling me Close to the edge, while you feasted On thrill. No, they didn't know The you I tried to hold onto until You tore past life's boundaries, Too quick for me to pull you back.

Kara Wang Saratoga, CA

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2009 CFCP, Inc. Monthly Contests

Except where otherwise indicated, poems are limited to 28 lines of text. All forms accepted for all categories.

JANUARY Beginnings FEBRUARY Love MARCH Nature APRIL Light, Humorous Journeys MAY **JUNE** Vacation NO CONTEST JULY

AUGUST Any subject, any style **SEPTEMBER** Harvest **OCTOBER Portraits**

NOVEMBER Holidays

DECEMBER NO CONTEST Contests are open to all poets in the United States and Canada. Each submission must be typewritten on standard size paper with the contest month in the upper right-hand corner. Send TWO COPIES of each poem with author's name and address in the upper right corneron ONE copy. Put no ifentification on the second copy. Address labels are acceptable. Multiple entries are welcome.

Only UNPUBLISHED POEMS and poems not previously awarded a monty prize are eligible. A fee of \$2.00 must accompany each poem submitted (3 for \$5.00). Send cash or make checks to CFCP, Inc. DEADLINE is the last day of the contest month. Envelope must be postmarked no later than 12 midnight of that day. Print contest month

on outside of mailing envelope.

NOTE: In any month where insufficient entries are received, those poems which were submitted will be held over and judged with the entries for the following month.

1st Prize: \$25.00 2nd Prize: \$15.00 3rd Prize:\$10.00

Poems will be returned only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Allow one month after closing date of contest before sending poems elsewhere. Winning poems will be printed in the Chaparral Updrafts newsletter

Mail contest

enteries to

CALIFORNIA FEDERATION of CHAPARRAL POETS, INC.

Cleo Griffith Monthly Contest Chair, CFCP, Inc. 4409 Diamond Court Salida, CA 95368-0632

<cleor36@vahoo.com>

YES! I definitely want to be a member of the California Federation of Chaparral Poets, Inc. for the year 2008.				
Name				
Address			_	
City	_State	_Zip		
Phone ()	Fax ()		
E-Mail				
I prefer to receive my Updrafts Newsletter by:emailUS Mail Please add \$5.00 to your check if you get your Updrafts by US Mail Your membership includes all issues of the newsletter, Updrafts, free entry in the Annual Contest, Monthly Contest information and Membership Roster every 2 years during the membership period. All memberships renew between 8/1 and 12/31 yearly. Persons joining between February 1 and July 31 will use the pro-rated formula. New memberships received between August 1 and December 31 will be extended for the following full year.				

Check the appropriate item:			
Membership Annual/Renewal	\$20.00		
New Member (2/1 to 4/30	\$15.00		
N. N. 1 (5/1-5/01	#10.00		

How to Become a Member

New Member (2/1 to 4/30	\$15.00
New Member (5/1-7/31	\$10.00
Spouse (1/2 regular member)	\$10.00, \$7.50, or \$5.00
Junior (under 21 show proof of age	\$ 3.00
Donation (specify amount)	
I am interested in joining a Char	oter in my area (name

of chapter) I already belong to Chapter

_I wish to join as a Member-at-large.

We wish to form a chapter of our own (5 or more Regular Members are required to form a new Chapter) to be called:

Members-at-Large: Clip this form and mail along with a check or money order made payable to CFCP, Inc. to: Frances Yordan, Members-at-Large Chairperson, 2575 W. San Jose Avenue, Fresno, CA 93711-2733. All others: Send this form along with a check or money order made payable to CFCP, Inc. to: CFCP Treasurer, P. O. Box 1750, Empire, CA 95319.

Treasurers Message:

We currently have \$12,436.14 in CFCP funds. We have pre-paid most of the hotel expenses so things are looking good for this years convention. We will have speakers to pay for and we are expecting a poets and writers grant to help with those expenses. We have received thirty-six registerations so far for the convention. Remember the deadline is quickly approaching for making your hotel reservations and for getting in your registeration at the lower rate. We are very excited about this years convention and the theme of Hope. We are combining poetry and medicine with our featured speaker John Fox from the Institute of Poetic Medicine. You can check out Mr. Fox at www.poeticmedicine.com and read all about him. We are offering free continuing education units to doctors, nurses, and some of the behaviorial sciences such as LCSW's and MFT's. In addition we will have our usual teacher units but they are not free. We are partnering with Memorial Hospital to offer these units and we appreciate their involvement.

Also, this year we will elect new officers. You will not want to miss the chance to vote on the new slate of officers. Both Ed and I have enjoyed our tenure as President and Treasurer and we look forward to being able to take the time to write more poetry. Holding an office in our organization can be a rewarding experience and we urge our younger members to think about starting a chapter when they move on to college and getting involved in running the organization. Remember the California Federation of Chaparral Poets, Inc. is one of the oldest poetry organizations in the United States. This year we celebrate our 70th anniversary. How many organizations do you know of that have been around that long?

You can now go to the website - www.chaparralpoets.org and view the winners of the adult contest. Congratulations to all who had a winning poem. To those who did not this year, there is always next year. Submit again, you never know.

That's about all of my news for this month. Hope to see you May 1,2,3 in Modesto at the Doubletree Hotel.

Roberta Bearden



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Presidents Message continued from page 1

president. If you have never organized the convention, it's a huge job with hundreds of details; details that could be made much easier by having a permanent location where things are known to us and we are known to our host city. Fresno it seemed to me was ideal, with back to back 2005-2006 conventions. After that, we once again broke loose our moorings and began to float from Fresno to Ontario to Modesto and next year back to Ontario. Those of you who continue to insist on such movement need to understand it is very difficult, making the job of President and the various chairs cumbersome and unwieldy. So I leave with my failures and this admonishment. Find a home for CFCP before our migrant behavior requires us to leave too much along-side the road on the way to the promise land.

Lastly there is a glimmer of hope. It's the non-profit tax status acquired by the organization prior to my becoming involved in a leadership role. What that tax status means to those of you in a current leadership role: executive board, special chairs or committee work. The money you spend on behalf of the CFCP becomes a tax deductable donation to the organization. Those expenses include meals, lodging, phone calls, paper and transportation. In other words your documented "donation" can be used to off-set actual costs. Make use of this tax status, you will earn it.

Aloha

from Ed and Roberta

We're just too old people holding hands and eating apples. We keep our minds sharp figuring out the puzzles on Wheel of Fortune. We walk for exercise. But when the exercise is over, and Wheel has spun, we're just two old people holding hands and eating apples.

Good luck and good writing.

MARCH MONTHLY CONTEST WINNERS on the topic of Nature

FIRST PLACE

Song for Spring-Year-Olds

Oh, sun! Be my diamond Wind! Treble my tune I'm a flickering kite I'm a circus balloon Oh, to breath in – and

in —

To be taut with the gale Then to waft down the sky on the old sheep-cloud trail!

> Selma Calnan Bishop, CA

SECOND PLACE

Time Bomb

Winter's incursion has us pinned down, clinging to fireside.

Peering out of our foxhole

we see the bare fig shuddering, the birch bending, head to ground, surviving by obeisance.

Flashes light the scene,

downpour sheets our view.

Intelligence reaches us daily in waterproof bags and by triple Doppler.

Weighing the news, we plan our counter attack.

At first light we suit up.

Hauling full sack and trowels

we assault the solid, frigid earth, ripping it open to receive a carefully measured bit of magic, then, in each hole we conceal a handful of spring.

Evelyn Stecher Lincoln, CA

THIRD PLACE

Tuolumne Thunderstorm

We're all ten years old When Old Man Tuolumne Storm Strolls through the campground. He's that fat uncle Who spits when he speaks,

Cracks his knuckles,

Slaps thighs like hams and

Shouts

When you don't expect it.

He flexes arms, Bulgy as fish bellies

And white

With blue-black tattoos. His cloud-fingers poke

The sky's ribs

Too hard for it to tickle.

Besides, he's the only one laughing,

Laughing loud, At his own jokes.

Feet shifting

Like we must pee

In the next five seconds

Or die.

All of us ten-year-olds

Smile

At his lightning tricks.

Though we're more than just glad

He'll be gone

After dinner.

Robert Walton King City, CA