Celebrate National Poetry Month with a MENU of LOCAL POETS reading from their works. Bring your dinner to the Carrboro Century Center.

**POETRY ON YOUR PLATE**

Monday, April 25  6.00-8.00pm  Century Center

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**CARRBORO DAY**

Carrboro Town Hall

**Sunday, May 1**
1:00-5:00pm
All Ages **FREE**

**You’re Invited to**

Town Hall Boardroom  **A POETRY “READING IN THE ROUND”**  2:00-4:00pm

Come celebrate poetry in an easy-going atmosphere—no podiums, no experience necessary! This is an open reading—all are welcome. Come to read your own work, come to share a poem you love by someone else, come to listen only. Leave (quietly, respectfully) whenever you wish.

Readers will read a single SHORT poem (30 lines or less) at a time before we give our attention to the next in the circle. We’ll rinse and repeat as time allows. Members of the Poets Council will do a reading on the main stage prior to bands beginning their set throughout the day.

The “Reading in the Round” is hosted by members of the Carrboro Poets Council.
Grieving, I journeyed often
to a town nearby
where my children,
were raised, seemingly yesterday.
One day I came across a black bull, alone, resting.
In the same sunny though wintry spot
according to the rising and setting of the day.

A once obvious forest trail mingled mature earth
with new buildings, the moment still rare
with this growth and overflowing birth
from where we came.

What shall I name you friend black bull?
Obscuro, obscure or obscurity?
Sometimes grazing close to the barbed wire fence,
disappearing amongst a cluster of trees,
calmly resting as any deserving
being who has completed the task at hand.

There are two in that field.
I observe
only one of you.
Could you be my mirror image
advising me in the dead of winter to imagine two?
Our time will come soon enough and we
shall become another symbol in the field of
obscure, Obscuro, or obscurity

I shall devote all remaining energy with calm
to avoid being a seasonal being.
As thee.
among the wildflowers

the wildflowers beckoned to me
blooming under warm spring sunshine
still glistening from many days of rain,
tiny bits of color sprinkled among the green,
some petals so small these aging eyes can’t make out their edges,
field madder, chickweed and bird’s eye speedwell,
growing among the grass along the curb, common weeds,
keeping their heads down low to survive lawn mowers,
ignored by most, as unnoticed as rocks in the street,

but they draw my attention, stop me in my tracks,
hold me there, tangled in their star-shaped leaves,
equal sized petals making plus signs of light blue,
held by strong stalks, turgid and tough.
holding me there until
another beauty rolls by,
past me up the hill, gliding smoothly on her rollerblades,
then back again until we catch each other’s eyes,
sparks of mutual interest flash
under the April sky,
above the stars of wildflowers.
Through my kitchen window I saw a fox, slinking across the back of the lot, near my neighbor’s metal fence – within the city of Chapel Hill! I heard, what I supposed to be, coyotes. I heard they are here.

As I thought of leaving my home of 56 years, I wondered if the scenes would be as lovely and as sweet as those I have seen and known living on the hill of Elkin Hill’s Severin Street, for there had been much to watch from my window and I was often surprised and delighted by the view.

There was the March ice storm some years ago when the branches of the giant oak and ash were encrusted with ice. When the sun came out and temperatures warmed, drops of water dripped from the trees and shards of ice fell upon the bare ground. Inspired by the sight, I wrote a poem and the last line spoke of its moisture nourishing the grasses, of being the price of new dresses to clothe spring.

The colors of the autumn were visible beyond my kitchen window, the red of the dogwood, the yellow of ash. I did not need to travel to the mountains, for a smaller version of autumn splendor was framed in the window over my kitchen sink. My view delighted me in the spring and fall, and all seasons in between. Frolicking squirrels; deer families; birds of different sizes, shapes, colors; and rabbits all play in my yard. My ten-pound white, Maltese canine, Bogey, perused the boundaries of the yard every day, while I watch to be sure his temptation did not take him beyond the sound of my voice, when walking had become difficult for me. Bogey was responsible for his own exercise program and I became a dog trainer of some degree.

Yes, it was difficult to leave the warmth and comfort of that home and the display of Nature and creatures it gave me. To relinquish the enjoyment my view provided and the anticipation of new things to appreciate; surprises any day might bring me living there was a sacrifice. I gave them up to become a resident at Carol Woods Retirement Community in 2016. After Thanksgiving of 2016, Bogey and I came to our apartment, 2109, for a few days, before we left for an extended vacation over the Christmas holiday at Hatteras with our family and his sister, Mojo, an 85 pound black Labrador retriever, belonging to my youngest son, Clifford.

Bogey and I began a new chapter to our lives when we returned, to enjoy all the people and their canine companions in our new residence. Our adjustment to our new place was easy and our social life, other dogs and caring people, more than compensated us. Bogey finished his loving mission on September 22, 2017 and I will not, I never could, replace him. Nor does my window here provide so sweet a view. But, I have my memories of Bogey and views through my kitchen window.
I could talk about night,
about creatures that devised
life out of repetition,
about insects in the garden,
about me.

I could think about those sounds
that shift the quiet moments of night,
like a gust of wind,
movement in the darkness,
moonlight through a cloud.

Even shadows come alive—
server to ward off humans.
But its best to just stand still—
the silence is loud enough.

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The Rut

It’s a broken social scene
Of scrambled eggs and mayo;

The new clique arriving at lunch
On Sunday morning before the sermons begin.

Recalling the heretics and their drinks
Living like there was no yesterday

To lose to nostalgia and edited memories.
The silent prayers are the power naps

Blessing you before the return to the work cubicle
Where your soul imbibes the caffeine

To be awake when death comes by to laugh
Again.

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Standing Still

I could talk about night,
about creatures that devised
life out of repetition,
about insects in the garden,
about me.

I could think about those sounds
that shift the quiet moments of night,
like a gust of wind,
movement in the darkness,
moonlight through a cloud.
Even shadows come alive—
serve to ward off humans.
But its best to just stand still—
the silence is loud enough.
Requiem
(Ode to a Pumpkin on November 1)

Where is your grimace, your toothy spite.
Your sedentary, sawtooth smile now?
Where is that once-upon-a-doorstep lantern laugh.
Your seedless, empty, hollow smile?

How lucky are we, that when our world is winter.
We are put to peaceful rest, faces hidden
from peering eyes of the curious and the macabre
and the cruel judgement of the multitudes
who clumsily stumble about the earth above us.

But you—you sit alone, abandoned, cast into the forest.
Where a sickly-sweet carpet of reds and yellows.
Lap at your chin like cool, damp fire.
Where is your knowing grin, when

The briars claw at your cheeks.
And the spiders dance behind your eyes?
Embers
dwindle within
this open fire.
less flare now.
extinguish, enriching the soil
first tilled centuries ago
by others
fulfilling a dream
with a sense of hope,
of wonder from earnest toil,

Life begins again as
recent opportunities enabled
this barren soil to bear
fruit, avoiding all foil.
A dream became reality as
they nourished, rebuilding
this land
of wonder from earnest toil

Carol Woods Nightlife

Three o’clock and time for that walk
Across the floor to my bathroom door
I reach for crutch and set off alarm
Head for ringing telephone,
Hurriedly I blurt:
“Yes, I’m okay!” ...
“I don’t know how. Tell me!”
“Don’t hang up. Be sure I do it!”

“Okay, it’s reset. Thank you!”
Oh, what a comfort that is -
Someone is awake, listening!

Sybil Austin Skakle
Hamlet:

What a piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals—and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?

Quintessence of dust

What a piece of work is a man depraved in reason, finite in capabilities, in form insane, and unpredictable, in action a killer angel, in apprehension how like a demon- This paragon of animals, and yet, to me, this quintessence of dust-
I Would Ask You Out

If I had a job
If I wasn’t such a slob
If my mother didn’t mix up my socks so much that I can never find a pair
  so I just do a mix-match job.
If I had a drivers license and a car.
If they’d let me in the local bar
(I had an incident there I don’t want to talk about-I went too far)
If I had some righteous clothes
I could compete with all your beaus
I have moxy and verve but not a lot of nerve
And there are my good parts that nobody knows
Oh, might we go for coffee?
Probably not a drink.
Not a good idea in my condition says my shrink
But will you think about it? Wait-
This conversation’s only in my head
Still, if the conditions were perfect
And I could ditch this fear and dread . . .
I’d run the board and dive into the pool of you
No matter what my mother said
Rainbow Falls

Life is like a waterfall,
it begins as a creek
bubbling over moss-covered rocks,
catching tadpoles in a Mason jar.

Midway life spills
into a river and floats
on an inner tube
to your uncertain journey.

Wild roses perfume the air,
trout leap on the waves
and white-tailed deer
seek the still waters.

Life turns as a color wheel
carousing across the forest,
rides the rapids plunging
over the Rainbow Falls.

On a Warm Day in November

Autumn often teases,
In brief coquette-ish kisses
Of sumptuous summer sunlight,
Softly draped upon the cheeks and lips.

Casual with her promises,
She bats her eyes about the barren branches,
And stirs in whirls the grass.

And leaves,
Turning her back and waltzing on her way,
With not so much as a goodbye,
But for a chilling glance over her cold shoulder.
Shelling southern field peas
What a porch meditation
Each tight leathery jacket
Only a fingernail can separate
This is a spiritual ritual for me
Necessary, nourishing, tending
I call in my bold grandmothers
Singing, tasting the atmosphere
Opening a line to the ancestors

Crowders-purple hulls-cowpeas- “African peas”

Opening a line to the ancestors
Singing, tasting the atmosphere
I call in my bold grandmothers
Necessary, nourishing, tending

This is a spiritual ritual for me
Only a fingernail can separate
Each tight leathery jacket
What a porch meditation
Shelling southern field peas
early
no, late
pregnancy
God, I hope not
test
they always have made me nervous
even on much less important matters

have to wait
until bladder’s full
but even when it is
don’t want to do it
don’t want to know
till I’m about to burst
then do it fast
before I can even think
Now simply wait
the pleasant package says
but simple for who?
that’s what I’d like to know

never felt a longer
3 minutes
ever
in my life
red numbers tell me
enough time has passed
the sign is clear
and so is one window
I failed the test
though in this case
that’s supposed to be good
so how come
I feel
so very empty?
Parade of Tulips

Wide-eyed people flocked
to hundreds of tulips
bursting forth as kaleidoscopes
at Young Harris College.

The students set up tripods
beside a rock chapel,
took photographs of friends;
the parade of flowers

marched with lemon, cherry,
tangerine, grape, and strawberry
banners to the chorus
of robins hip-hopping

over the verdant grass.
I savored the flavors
of the tulips as they whispered
peace to my troubled soul.
Launched by the Academy of American Poets in April 1996, National Poetry Month reminds the public that poets have an integral role to play in our culture and that poetry matters. Over the years, it has become the largest literary celebration in the world, with tens of millions of readers, students, K–12 teachers, librarians, booksellers, publishers, families, and, of course, poets, marking poetry’s important place in our lives.

Encourage students in grades 5-12 to participate in the 2022 Dear Poet project. Sign up for Poem-a-Day and enjoy a free daily poem in your inbox. Follow the thousands of National Poetry Month celebrations taking place and follow the Academy of American Poets on Twitter @POETSorg.

For more info: https://www.poets.org/national-poetry-month/home

Every April, on Poem in Your Pocket Day, people celebrate by selecting a poem, carrying it with them, and sharing it with others throughout the day at schools, bookstores, libraries, parks, workplaces, and on social media using the hashtag #pocketpoem. Join us in celebrating Poem in Your Pocket Day this year!
12th Annual NAZIM HIKMET POETRY FESTIVAL

Sunday, March 27 1:00-6:00pm
Page-Walker Arts & History Center
Cary, NC

Honoring Greek Poet Federico Constantine P. Cavafy

Nâzım Hikmet Poetry Festival is an annual celebration of poetry bringing together poets, scholars, and poetry fans in the humanistic spirit of the internationally renowned poet Nâzım Hikmet Ran.

For more info: http://www.nazimhikmetpoetryfestival.org/

Poems by Robert Frost

Tuesdays, April 19 & 26 10:00am–12:00pm
$40, includes a copy of the book shipped to your home
Flyleaf Books (next to Flying Burrito and Foster's Market)
752 Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd (Historic Airport Rd), Chapel Hill
Register online or call 919.962.1544

Featuring George Lensing, Mann Family Distinguished Professor of English Emeritus.
The only writer in history to have been awarded four Pulitzer Prizes and commonly regarded as America's greatest poet. Robert Frost was the most emblazoned American of poets, a forthright advocate of both the art and craft of verse who was recognized and cherished as few other...

For more information: https://humanities.unc.edu/event/poems-by-robert-frost/2022-04-19/

POETRY ON YOUR PLATE

A MENU of LOCAL POETS reading from their works. There will be time for discussion and questions. Enjoy your water, wine, coffee & dessert as you feast on poetry!

Monday, April 25 2022
6:00pm - 8:00pm
Century Center

2022 Featured Poets will be announced closer to the date
Please note that the following events are subject to change due to the current public health situation. Please check ahead of time to see if the event is still being held.

Recurring Events:

Carrboro Recreation, Parks & Cultural Resources Department Presents:
Poet’s Open Mic Night (ZOOM) First Tuesday of Each Month listed, 7:00-8:00pm
Join Carrboro Recreation, Parks & Cultural Resources Department the first Tuesday of each month listed for this great event! This is a night where poets can engage with others and share the power and diversity of poetry. The event is staged to provide a venue for people to celebrate, to share, and to encourage the writing, reading and listening to poetry. See page 20 for listings.

Mar 1, 7:00pm ZOOM
https://townofcarrboro.zoom.us/j/88315612248?pwd=UGxHRTg0bDBhckJyRjRmN09ZN1Z1Zz09
Passcode: 019787

Apr 5, 7:00pm ZOOM
https://townofcarrboro.zoom.us/j/85249569760?pwd=L3doQ3VKdTRHL2dyK29GdEtMN1RjUT09
Passcode: 211570

Free the Mic Second & Fourth Monday of Each Month, 7:00-10:00pm
Lucky Tree
3801 Hillsborough St., Suite 137, Raleigh
For people who are not afraid to believe in themselves, for people who are thinking of believing in themselves, and also for people who like supporting people who believe in themselves. Just bring good energy & support for local artists. Artists and spectators welcome!!! We ask that you respect the space & audience! Sign up: by email or by Instagram message.
For more info: http://www.luckytreeraleigh.com/

City Soul Café Open Mic WILL BE BACK SOON Second Wednesday of each month, 8:00pm
STAY TUNED! $7 (No cash accepted at the door) 21 & over
Open to #poets, #singers, #lyricists, #comedians and #performers. DJ Supreme will be spinning. Your hosts Krystal Da Muse and Church Da Poet will be guiding you through the night. The team will be there to help provide the best experience possible.

*Masks are required *Temperature check at the door
*Seating is socially distanced *Mics will be cleaned between performances
The City Soul Cafe Team will be taking all the necessary precautions.
For more info and to purchase tickets: https://citysoulcafe.splashthat.com/
More Recurring Events:

Passionate Poets

Second Wednesday of Each Month, 7:00-8:30pm
Unity Center of Peace
8800 Seawell School Rd., Chapel Hill

$10 suggested donation
Passionate Poets invites all to this evening of creative expressions where performers are encouraged to share their gifts of music, poetry, dance or comedy. Performance times will be 3-5 minutes each depending on the number of participants. A piano is available if required. Arrive early at 6:30pm to sign up. MC: Vanessa Vendola.

For more info, contact Vanessa Vendola at 919-810-3548.

Friday Noon Poets

Fridays, 12:30-1:30pm
Amity United Methodist Church
Corner of Estes Dr. & Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd. (Historic Airport Road)
Chapel Hill

Informal meetings every Friday. Read original poem or prose or a selection written by someone else. Writings should be no longer than 1½ pages. Free parking, side entrance. All are welcome!

For details, call Dave Manning at 919-462-3695.

Tongue & Groove Open Mic Redux

Second Sunday of Each Month, 7:00pm
VAE Raleigh
410 Glenwood Ave South #170, Raleigh

This is an open mic hosted by Anna Weaver, Sarah Egan Warren, and Andrew Warren. We welcome poetry, music, storytelling and the occasional interpretive dance. Anything but comedy (which is not say you can't be funny). List open at 7:00. Show at 7:30. 7-minute slots.

For event updates and to get/stay in touch: http://tongueandgroove-openmic.com
Prompt Writing Class with Nancy Peacock

Second Sunday of Each Month, 2:30pm-4:30pm

Flyleaf Books (next to Flying Burrito and Foster's Market)
752 Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd (Historic Airport Rd), Chapel Hill
www.flyleafbooks.com/event/free-prompt-writing-class-nancy-peacock-25

Registration required - please contact Nancy Peacock at nancystoryflow@gmail.com to register for this event.

ZOOM only.

Serious writing begins with playful writing. Please join this unique ongoing group of supportive adult writers and play your way into the possibilities of the written word. Based on the work of Natalie Goldberg (Writing Down the Bones) we set a timer for fifteen minutes and write using prompts as our launch pads. This class is free. Limited to 20 participants.
Poetry Websites

http://www.ncPoetrySociety.org
Home of The North Carolina Poetry Society, an all-volunteer organization especially for poets and friends of poetry. There are approx. 370 members.

http://www.poets.org
Award-winning website of the Academy of American Poets. Find thousands of poems as well as hundreds of poet biographies, essays, interviews, and poetry recordings. Also available are resources such as the National Poetry Map, a national events calendar, and poetry lesson plans for teachers.

http://www.ncwriters.org/
Home of the North Carolina Writers’ Network. The Network strives to lead, promote, educate, and—most importantly—connect writers, at all levels of skill and experience, from across the state and beyond.

http://www.poemhunter.com
Poetry Search Engine with thousands of poems and poets.

http://poems.com
“Poetry Daily” is an anthology of contemporary poetry. Each day, we bring you a new poem from new books, magazines, and journals.

http://livingpoetry.net
Fascinated by the power of poetry, members of Living Poetry are dedicated to keeping the pulse of poetry alive in the North Carolina Triangle area.

https://www.meetup.com/find/?keywords=poetry
Join a Poetry Meet-Up in your area.

http://griffinpoetry.com/
Bill Griffin created this website to showcase vivid poetic imagery, from established as well as emerging poets. He hopes you’ll read a line that reaches out and grabs you by the throat – the image that is so vivid, novel, sensual, emotionally imperative - so satisfying you find yourself saying, Damn, I wish I’d written that!

http://theoriginalvangoghsearanthology.com
Seeking submissions of poetry, short stories, and art. Submission guidelines are on the site.

https://writenaked.net/
Here you will find vignettes from the freelance writing life, behind-the-pen scoop on articles, tips for working with editors, overviews of conferences, interviews with publishers, guest bloggers in the publishing industry, and a few miscellaneous blogs with a writerly twist.

www.maurahigh.com
Maura High will be posting poems (recorded and on the page), photos, comments, information about her work as an editor, and anything else that seems from time to time interesting and relevant.
By Request:  
Poetry Revealed Presents  
**OPEN MIC NIGHTS!**  
*Events tentative due to COVID.*

**Poet’s Open Mic Night - ZOOM**

Join Carrboro Recreation, Parks & Cultural Resources Department on the first Tuesday of each month listed. This is a night where poets can engage with others and share the power and diversity of poetry. This program will provide the opportunity for people to celebrate, to share, and to encourage the writing, reading, and listening of poetry. For information on this program, please call (919) 918-7372.  
**Pre-registration is required.**

**Dates Held:**
- March 1
- April 5
- March 1
- May 3

**Time:** 7:00-8:00pm

Carrboro Recreation, Parks & Cultural Resources Dept.  
100 N Greensboro St, Carrboro, NC 27510  
919-918-7364  
carrbororec.org

Created and Issued by the  
Carrboro Recreation, Parks & Cultural Resources Department

For the newsletter, we welcome:
- Poetry News
- Upcoming Poetry Events
- Articles
- Contest Information
- Festival and Event Recaps
- ...and of course, Poetry

Please email your information to Karen Kessler at KKessler@carrboronc.gov

Information about the  
2022 West End Poetry Festival  
can be found closer to the event at:  
www.westendpoetryfestival.org

The Town of Carrboro does not endorse the views and opinions expressed in this newsletter. The Town of Carrboro does not assume responsibility for the accuracy, completeness, or usefulness of any information enclosed.