

Indiana Poet

Poetry Society of Indiana's Seasonal Newsletter

Winter 2021/2022

From the PSI Board

We hope you are all staying safe and warm this winter. It's that time of year when everyone's busy with the holidays, family, and work, but we hope you'll check out our website for highlights from our 2021 Fall Rendezvous, which was held over Halloween weekend *via* Zoom.

Our <u>PSI YouTube channel</u> has public videos of selected presentations and segments from 2021's Fall Rendezvous.

You can also check out our list of the 2021 <u>PSI</u> <u>Annual Poetry Contest</u> winners! Didn't win any category awards this time around? Consider submitting your PSI contest poems to <u>NSFPS</u> <u>Annual Contest 2022!</u>

The sixth volume of our annual publication, *Ink* to *Paper*, is now available on <u>Amazon!</u>



Thanks to PSI Poet Member Jenny Kalahar for putting together the book for us again this year. Jenny was recently awarded Honorary member status in PSI for all the work she's done for our organization over the years.

Congratulations, Jenny!

Premier Poet's Corner

The PSI Members-Only *Indiana Poet* Poetry Contest in each of our newsletters is hosted by Premier Poet Sarah E. Morin.



Congrats to Alys Caviness-Gober, winner of our last members-only contest! Alys is a member of Psi and the local poetry group, Noble Poets. The contest theme was *beverages*, and here's Alys' winning poem:

I Thirst

I thirst sometimes
for the insouciant G&Ts
of long-ago summers ~
when day or night
I floated,
as if to exotic scenes
courtesy of brand names
like Bombay Sapphire,
Boodles British,
and green-bottled Tanqueray;
I still taste the echoes.

I thirst sometimes
for the peppery delights
of a Bloody Mary ~
day or night when
original V8 and gin
(never cared for vodka)
filled a tall glass
propping up an even taller
drunken and crunchable
stalk of celery.

I thirst sometimes

for the velvet salvation of a Kahlúa & Cream ~ day or night as the ice cubes clinked and the buttery liquid warmed my blood and let my two left feet dance like Ginger Rogers with fluid abandon and grace.

I thirst sometimes in this hoary time of age and medications, and how my dryness yearns in this desert called *life* for the intoxicating days and nights of my youth.

Congrats again to Alys!

Watch for the next PSI Members-Only *Indiana Poet* Poetry Contest winner! The next contest theme for our member poets is: *Interacting with computer technology - the good, the bad, or the funny*

Form: Any Line limit: 40

Deadline: February 15, 2022

Prizes: 1st Prize (\$9), 2nd Prize (\$6), 3rd Prize

(\$3), and 3 HMs.

Winning poems may be published on the PSI website (<u>Premier Poet page</u>), & PSI's <u>public</u>

Facebook page.

Info about PSI-Affiliated Local Poetry Groups:

https://www.poetrysocietyofindiana.org/indiana-local-poetry-groups.html

JOIN PSI TODAY!

We'd love for YOU to become one of our family of PSI members!

Not a poet but want to support PSI? That would be AWESOME! Find out how you can support PSI here.

Upcoming PSI Events

First Tuesdays Membership Meetings

Location: *your comfy chair!* We gather in Zoom on the First Tuesday of each month, at 7:30PM.

Meetings include a little social time, a short presentation from one of our members on a poetry-related topic, and Round Robin. Join in the fun! Paid **PSI Members** receive an email with Zoom Meeting info every month.

2022 PSI Spring Fling Convention: both PSI members and non-members are welcome at our annual PSI Spring Fling Convention! More info in the next PSI *Indiana Poet* Newsletter.

In Memoriam:



Our sincere condolences to the families of these PSI Members who passed away in 2021:

Kenneth Simpson (March)
Georganna Tresslar (August)
Marlene Million's husband Tom (September)
Gail Brant (September)
Robert Ummel (November)

Communication tools:

- PSI website
- Public Calendar
- PSI YouTube
- public Facebook page
- Twitter
- Instagram
- Zoom
- Mailchimp (secure bulk emailing)

Quote of the Season

In the middle of winter I at last discovered that there was in me an invincible summer.

– Albert Camus, *L'été*