

The **Central New York Branch**
of the
National League of American Pen Women presents:
Painted Sounds 2017 :
The Unveiling

May 18, 2017
Genesee Grande Hotel
Syracuse, NY

Slide Show and Event Production by Janet Fagal, Branch President



1936 Playground Rendezvous

“Where you go?” demanded Ma in her Italian accent, wiping her hands on her stained apron. Hair severely pulled tightly in a bun and eyes fixed on her fifth daughter, she positioned her body to block Lucy from slipping out the front door. Ma had a four-foot-nine frame with small nimble hands, yet knew how to assert herself as the family’s authoritarian. She oftentimes grilled Pa whenever he came home late and a little tipsy. She cross-examined him with the same demanding question:

“Where you go?”

“To the sa - looon.”

“Who took you home?”

Excerpt from
The Bean Pickers
by Karen Hempson

The Wait by Katie Turner



*Inspired by
Karen Hempson's
The Bean Pickers*

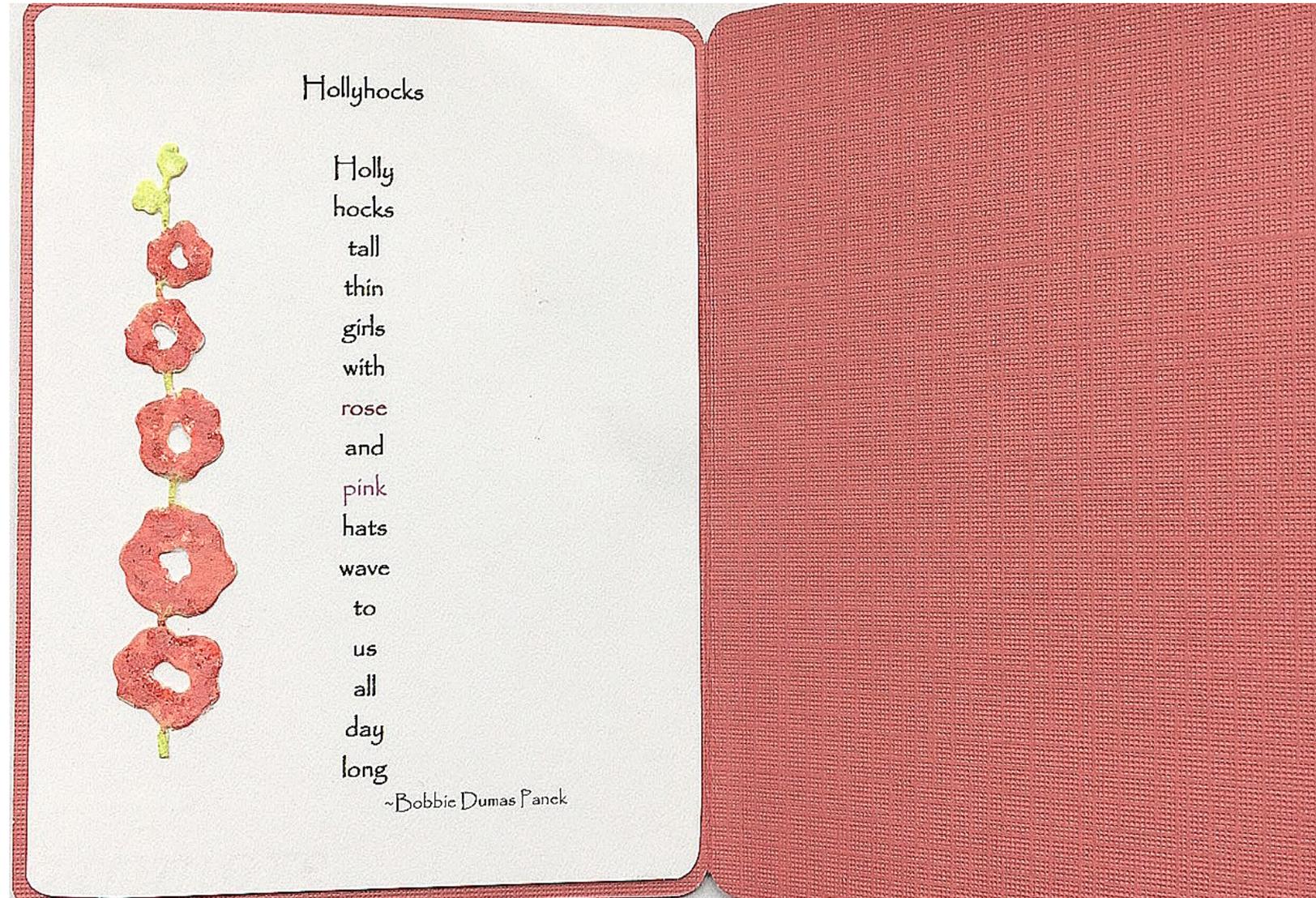
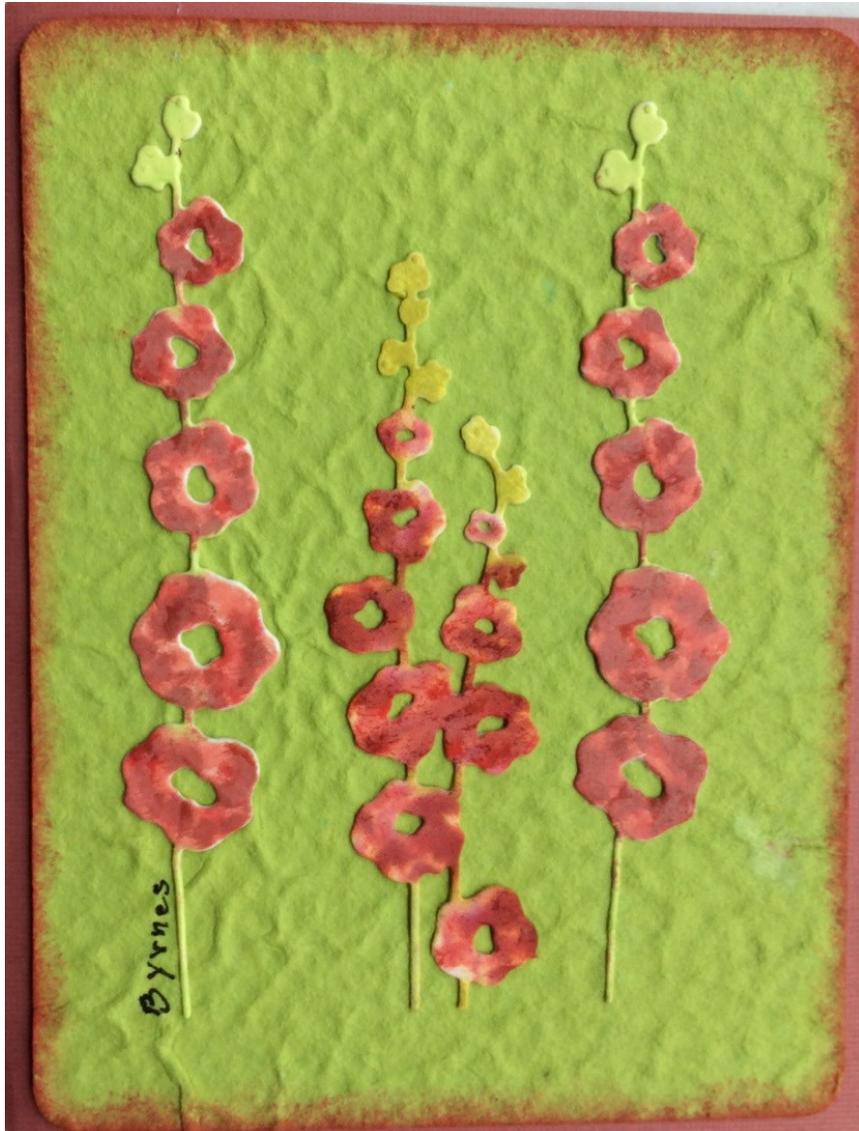
Hollyhocks by Bobbie Dumas Panek

Holly
hocks
tall
thin
girls
with
rose
and
pink
hats
wave
to
us
all
day
long

Hollyhocks Remembered by Sheila M. Byrnes

inspired by

Bobbie Dumas Panek's *Hollyhocks*



Prelude to Winter

by Rachael Z. Ikins

Coyotes ululating to half moon,
toad a fistful prayer on windowsill,
killdeers cry 'murder' in gangs,
September night wind.
Single butterfly flames out, wilding
as the year shifts down to sleep,
sinks into trees haunted
by dawn's blinking
Venus.

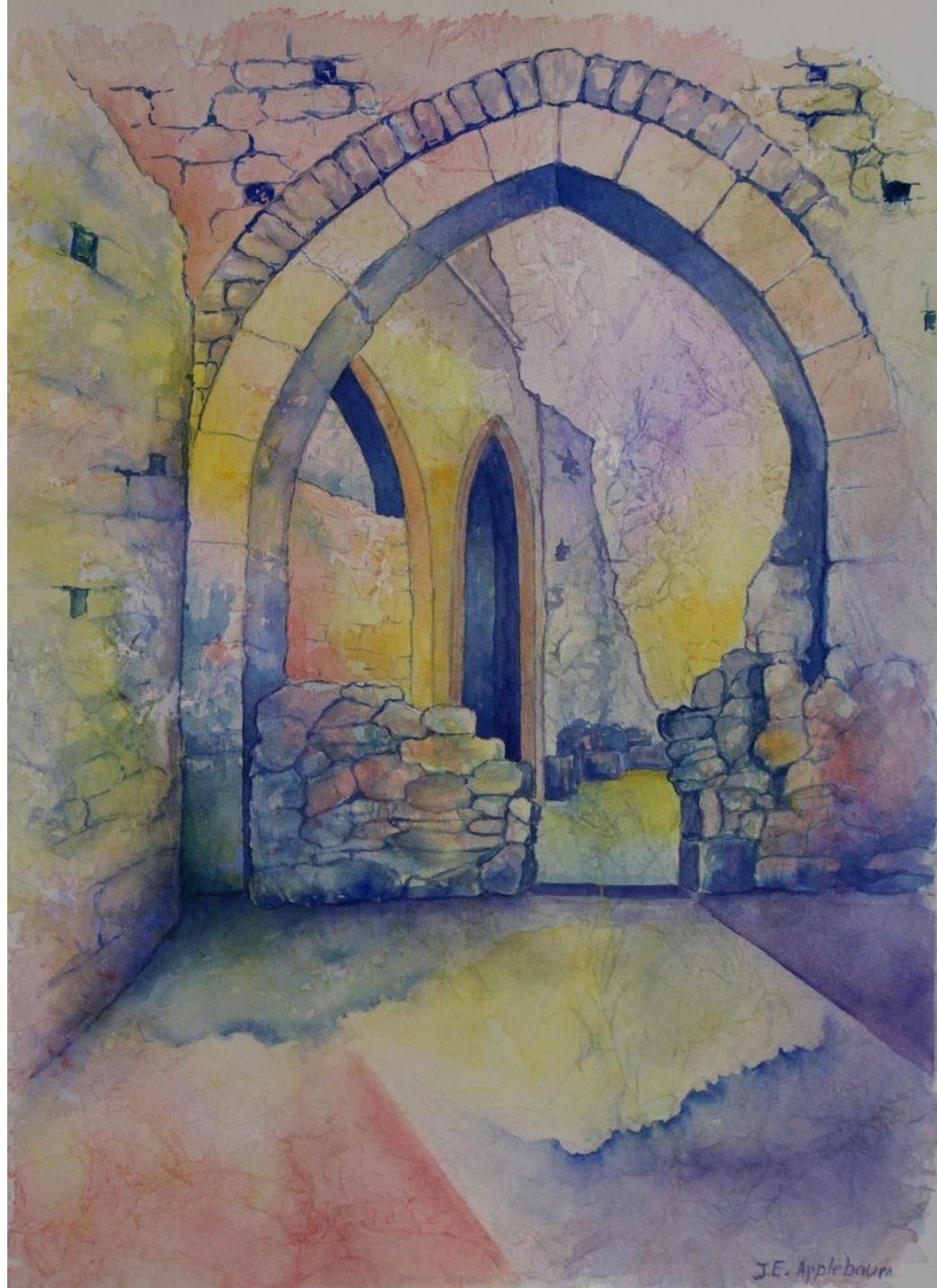
September Moon by Jeanne Dupre
inspired by
Rachael Z. Ikins' *Prelude to Winter*



Falling by Joan Applebaum
inspired by
Rachael Z. Ikins' *Prelude to Winter*



Arches and Shadows
by Joan Applebaum



[Readers may read a poem in any fashion they wish, but this poem is intended to be read from the bottom left column up to the top, over, and down the right column, in the way the eye moves up and over, and down an arch.]

Archer Bends a Bow

This symbol holding praying hands,
there again in the archetype.
stacked arches of history---
multi-foiled or leaved, transverse arch,
one found in Istanbul, once Constantinople,
One ancient and Celtic in origin,
haunch on the other side.
filling in from keystone down
camera lens leading to symmetry
a brush stroke, a pencil line,
in stone: permanence and movement;
where mind completes this paradox
rising further north to the crown,
up, up to the voussoir,
Eye following from impost to stilt,

hands no less sacred
for their pagan roots;
covert mystery already
in curve before contour
we create suggested by domes.
Progress slow, the choral strophe:
magnificent architecture through
which refugees and their assassins
flee, passing death foreshadowed.
This portal supporting bridge,
bestows a window into history
looking into our art and artifice,
natural and unnatural portico
before the crescent we create:
archer bending low

Poem by Nancy Avery Dafoe, inspired by Joan Applebaum's *Arches and Shadows*

Window Arches by Katie Turner

inspired by
Joan Applebaum's *Arches and Shadows*



abbey ruin in the rain

an ancient abbey scored by wind and rain
a bow of prisms for artistic vein
instead of Cromwell's rage the artist sees
a place of beauty, inspiration, peace
where ghosts of martyred ones cry tears of stone
like alluvial reminders of *the gone*
pale blue and violet soothes the darkest fears
and assuage the tragedy that happened here
pastels like prayers within medieval walls
restore the laughter splashed on polished halls
soft colors raise lost lilting melodies
reclaim the solace and tranquility
of hours spent in cloister garden walks
and joys of human hearts so temporal

Inspired by

Joan Applebaum's, *Arches and Shadows*

judith mcginn

Excerpt from *Secret Burial*, a short story, by Judith McGinn

That week Mama started having trouble with the baby and because she was so far along, the doctor ordered her to take it easy. Daddy hired Sister Loraine from church to help with the housework. The next evening while I was in the tobacco barn during a game of hide and seek Faye, who was It, screamed, “April, come quick! Mama’s sick!” I raced to the house to find Mama ghostly pale and so weak she couldn’t walk. Daddy wrapped her in a quilt, even though it was sweltering, and carried her to the car.

He said to Elgene, “You’re in charge. I’ll stop and get Loraine on my way home.” Seeing our worried faces, he added, “Don’t y’all worry now. Your Mama’s goin’ to be fine. She just needs some rest. I’ll be home as soon as I can. Duane, you do what Elgene says now, y’hear?” He glared at Duane till he got a promise. We were left hanging silently on the front porch like a cloud of dust behind the car as he drove away.

A few days later I was awakened by the sound of giggling from my parents’ room next door. I had often heard Daddy’s throaty laugh sliding over Mama’s silky one. A faint alarm went off in my mind. Mama was still in the hospital.

I threw back the covers and slid my feet to the floor. When I reached the door I tapped lightly and went to enter the room. To my surprise, it was locked. I knocked again. “Daddy, what’re you doin’?” I called softly, trying not to wake the others.

“Nothin’, Sugar. I’m just getting’ up. You go on back to bed now, y’hear?” Something about the sound of his voice drew me down to the keyhole. Like a moth pulled into the back draught of a fan, I had to look.

The Secret by Rachael Z. Ikins
inspired by
Judy McGinn's short story, *Secret Burial*



Deceit Destroys by Wendy Harris
inspired by
Judy McGinn's excerpt from *Secret Burial*



*Conceit of Crows on Authorship,
A Sonnet for Roland Barthes*

Nancy A. Dafoe

Pontificating crows, forgetting their wings,
hopped along a country road and related canards,
all at once, of course, so their identities were things
fused in feathers, as well as sounds of grating bards
addressing aesthetic authority of collaborative authorship,
their raucous calls sung not in dispute but unison, designed
to confront opposing rhetoricians' claims on original script
of etymological sense of authority in assertion aligned
with unlimited text, "all derivative and contextual."
Startled by a shot, these black birds suddenly took to air,
a murder of crows arguing in a "death of the author" dual
contrasted with the single note and unusual flair

of a white-throated sparrow, "ridiculous songbird"
believed her voice, in deconstructed wind, was heard.



Pontificating Crows
by Barbara Baum
inspired by
Nancy Dafoe's,
Conceit of Crows on Authorship,
A Sonnet for Roland Barthes



She Believes Her Voice

by Barbara Baum

inspired by

Nancy Dafoe's,

Conceit of Crows on Authorship,

A Sonnet for Roland Barthes

Coneflower by Sheila M. Byrnes



love of
beauty
is taste,
creation of
beauty is
art.

Field of Yellow Flowers
by Katie Turner

inspired by
Sheila M. Byrnes's *Coneflower*





Surrender
By Wendy Harris

Yellow Jackets

by Bobbie Dumas Panek

It's loud and unnerving, different. I hate yellow. Always have. With my skin color, yellow would send me to the clinic. And yellow is drenching this particular piece. Well, actually it is screaming obscenities like a pick sticking from a rapper's afro while he's standing in a raspberry patch. And I love raspberries. Well, actually, more than that, I love picking raspberries in July in hedges, with zinging heat, while wearing a thin, flannel, shirt with long sleeves to protect my arms from the thorns. The berries are jewels, and I'm with my handsome, black, boyfriend and we unfortunately stumble onto a ground hive of Yellow Jackets.

*Inspired by
Wendy Harris' Surrender*

Exoneration

by Georgia Popoff

Perhaps the bars have always been mustard, not the cell of hard brass
I once presumed; malleable, fluid. And what if I had seen the blood
walls not as sweaty red paint but berry juices

warm to the tongue? Or pomegranate? Would I be soothed
in sweet? Instead, I've trusted an awkward torture.
Blue has equaled drowning. The finite punishment of taking on water.
Until now. Blue became suddenly electric. Free. Unbound.

I've always been suspect of green;
the way it feigns lively resurrection yet always leads to distress
as the hot months wane. How, rather than flutter, leaves rattle in wind,
their evening patter empty as a stealthy chill sets in.
Come to find out, green is life and blue

the true nature of blood when it is contained within
the walls of a complex system of passageways, before its chance
encounter with oxygen, controlled pain turned inside out to breathe,
not driven by science but by the particular gold in the east after rain.

You either sense it, or you are taught the signs
of a rainbow about to inhabit the sky. It becomes
molecular. Some place prisms in strategic windows.
Color sprays through the house when happenstance is not in season.

There is hope in color, faith in harmony
with substance and light. Liberation. License to live.
Proceed and be bold.

Inspired by
Wendy Harris' Surrender

The Passing Lane

by Rachael Z. Ikins

Inspired by
Wendy Harris' *Surrender*

August night swells.
Moths bumble our hair, torn away.
We race, trailing a thousand spirals.

Slashing headlights
shock the night, pink
possibility behind my eyelids.

Laughter heimlichs our bellies.
Rolled-down window
grooves a cicatrix
into my ankles, toes
comb wind.

Your shirt soaks my fisted grip,
my hair-clip flown,
strands pasting

my neck. I sniff;
vinyl, that peppery oil
you dab at your throat.
My eyes slide sideways,
hook yours. Your hand a shadow
on the stick, moonlight's fugitive,
your silver thumb ring.
I'd know that grip anywhere.

Your teeth chap lips.
your boot taps
the clutch; you
shift.

LAYERED CANVAS

A Brief Proposition

by Mary Gardner

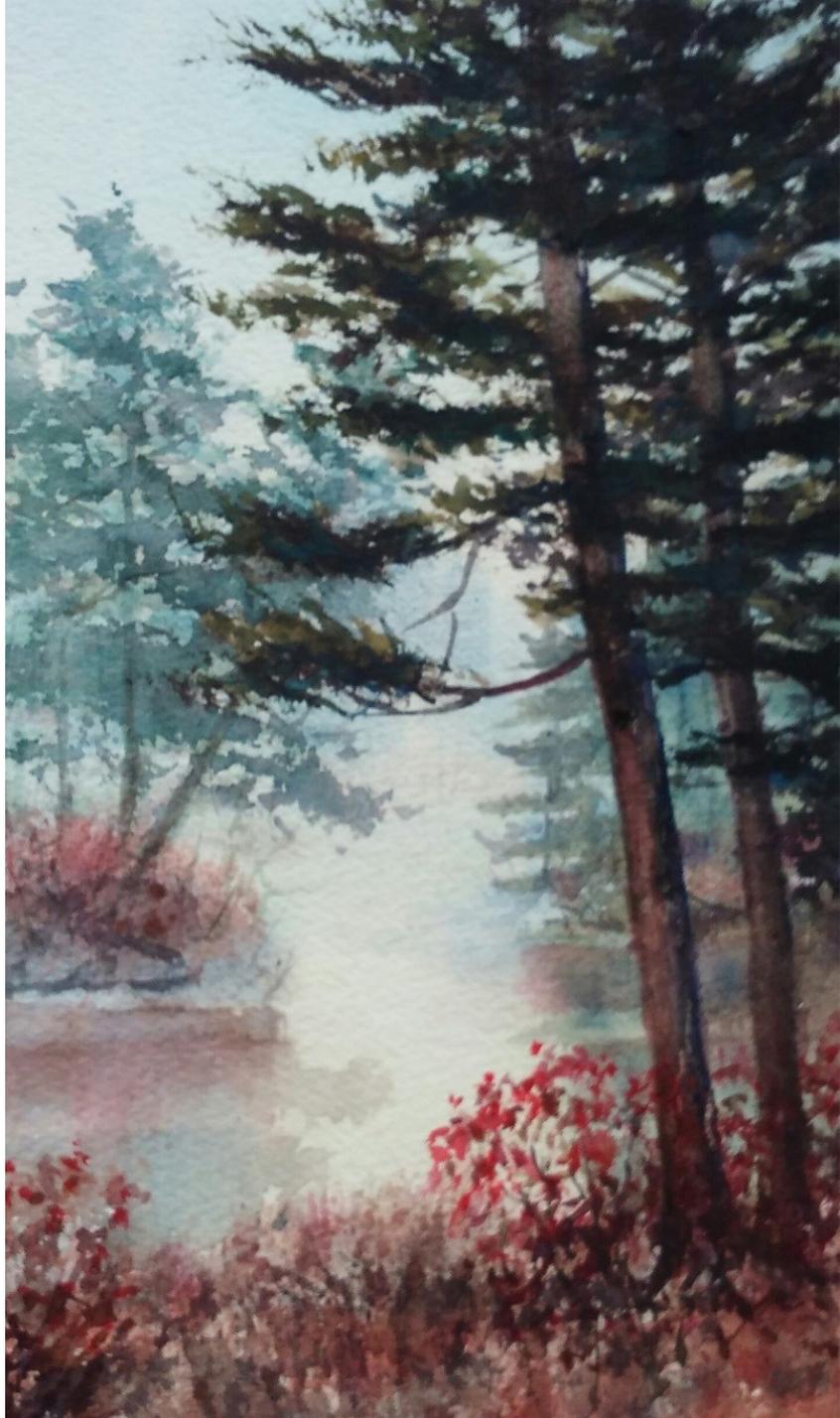
Best to leave need for order at the door
when tasks defy easy solution. Rather,

let us employ a broad brush and generous palette,
not fear multi-layered, multi-colored stabs at resolution.

Let us imagine them, embrace them, find among them
some compelling form, perhaps, an unlikely roundabout line
of trajectory to some still undefined beyond, and, in the end,
celebrate a canvas full of light and shadow, of possibilities.

Then, upon further reflection, let us take comfort
in our daring to change and our victory over self doubt.

Inspired by
Wendy Harris's *Surrender*



Misty Pond
by Jeanne Dupre

Misty Pond

At dawn I tiptoe past sleeping children, paddle from camp into mist, soft as a feathery wing. No sky nor earth, the only sound the stir and riff and drip. Adrift in the quiet, drenched in solitude. This is the only peace before the reach and demands of the boys, waking to surprise the silent house with tinkling notes of young voices. Later, perhaps we'll swim to the island, pick blueberries for pie until our fingers and lips turn a guilty shade of blue. Maybe we'll camp out, far from artificial light, build a fire, and sleep under the stars. The sound of a loon's haunting cry falls around me like rain and I shiver.

Downy mist hovers
like a mother covering
a shivering child

judith mcginn

*Inspired by
Jeanne Dupre's Misty Pond*

Innocence
by Barbara Baum



How Did I Do on My Test, Mommy? Can I Get an iPad Now?

by Janet Fagal

A fixed gaze of wonder,
wanting to know.
The new child stares and learns,
stares and learns.
And watches.
Trusts as only an innocent can.

Later peers skyward.
Notices blue and leaves,
birdsong and squirrel chatter,
airplanes on their downward path,
low enough to wave a tiny hello.
Sits in silent reflection,
so young , so new.

Older now, hikes near a stream,
foot taps the cooling water.
Inhales the world in stillness,
its peace, now perfect to her eyes.
Its natural state all simple rhythms,
unsullied by the ardor of adults;
their imperfect passions and conflicts,
the day's requirements,
sustenance.

Soon screens and devices, ubiquitous partners,
steal time and contact
with what is natural.
What awaits needs strength and knowledge,
learning what matters,
some relationship to the outdoors.
The freedom to explore.

In childhood, precious time exists
for many, though not for all.
Time to create, to sing,
learn history and story,
to paint and write,
run and play and dance.
Freedom to pick flowers and dig in dirt, just because.

A finger raised in question, "that?"
Over and over, wanting to know.
The answers, simple and not, lie ahead.
The child asks.
What will we answer?

Inspired by
Barbara Baum's *Innocence*

Winter Skaters
by Joan Stier



Victorian Woman

A cinquain

by Karen Hempson

Dutiful Submissive

Skating Laughing Feigning

Never reaching self-fulfillment in

her restricted world

Futility



*Inspired by
by Joan Stier's
Winter Skaters*

Layered Lives

by Mary Gardner

*Frozen in time,
caps, hats, scarves and pleated skirts
await the artist's brush*

Ice would not be ice if there were no ice below,
layer on layer, thin, silent but for settling cracks
and cold steel blades gliding, darting, executing
graceful pivots into small crystalline sprays,
leaving new stories on yesterday's tales.

*In our world, too –
layered lives, new ice over old
hiding yesterdays*

*Inspired by
Joan Stier's Winter Skaters*

Preservative
by Katie Turner





*Inspired by
Katie Turner 's Preservative*

The Innermost Sea

Between sea and shore, an ethereal salt mist
becomes perceptible, water ascending, rocks
breaking boundaries and drifting
into the chimerical;
poet's tongue tasting salt in paint brush stroke;
age and ageless transfused through this permeation,
brown, red blot, white, green intensity beneath blue,
form out of abstraction
almost in the way we imagine first creation:
suggestion is all the mind needs to call
up engagement of land and waterscape,
not a point, not a line,
an experience
between divisions,
the salt on our skin perplexed
about origins, returning to the sea;
rocks on the shore and in our resolve.

We are water
tossing about wildly.

My Neighbor's Garden
by Marilyn Forth



An Excerpt from H.D. Hummingbird, A Poet in the Trees

by Nancy Avery Dafoe

H.D. Hummingbird is a little poet in the trees. Less than three inches long from the tip of her tail to the tip of her beak, H.D. is one of the smallest birds. She is about as long as a human mother's index finger. She is named for the American poet H.D. Doolittle, whose full name was Hilda Doolittle. H.D. Hummingbird's name was just H.D., not Hilda. She loved her name and flowers. Flowers in her neighbor's garden made her want to create poetry. Poetry is like music, she thought.

All quick motion and sudden stops, H.D. perched on a pine branch after sipping nectar from the flowers in the garden next door to her nest. The woman who lived in the house and tended the garden was named Marilyn.

Marilyn's flowers made H.D. want to sing a poem. *Oh Rose, Oh Wind, Oh Garden*, she began. The rose, the wind, and the flower garden were all things she knew and loved, so that is what she sang. She made strange and wonderful poems.

Since hummingbirds only live about five years in a big and rather dangerous world for small birds, H.D. knew she had better start experiencing life and creating poems quickly. She wanted to know the flowers better, feel the wind as she flew, and even understand the dangers around her.

She was very fond of flowers, both for their beauty and their nectar, especially those flowers in Marilyn's garden. The garden was many colors in sunlight. The trees, shrubs, and flowers offered shade where H.D. could rest after darting about the Azaleas, Coral Bells, and red Hibiscus.

When the sun was out from behind the clouds, H.D. was also many colors like the flowers in the garden. Her body was green with shiny, metallic dots of brilliance. Her wings were dark green with black feathers that were also very shiny. Her pretty head had feathers that were black and dark green. Her throat was white with a tiny black feather tucked inside the white ones. Her outer tail feathers had little white tips at each end.

Marilyn's Garden



H.D. was busy every day, drinking sweet nectar, eating tiny insects, and singing poetry. It was hard to make a poem, she thought. First, she considered words that rhymed with her favorite flower Hibiscus. After not coming up with any words that rhymed with Hibiscus, she decided to change the flower in her poem to rose. She discovered the word rose had lots of choices of words that rhymed with it. The words rhyming with rose that she chose were: nose, garden hose, glows, flows, grows, blows, and patios. Not all of the words fit her poem, but she was happy because she finished her short poem.

Oh, *rose* that *glows*
when Marilyn plants a *rose*
comes out with her garden *hose*
to water your red beauty's *nose*.

H.D. soon found herself thinking about building a nest and becoming a mother bird. This would be a lot of hard work, and she had to move quickly. She always flew quickly, so that part was not difficult. What did she need to make a nest?

Snatching the webbing from a spider, H.D. gathered dandelion down, moss, and lichen to bring to a tree in a corner of the garden. The spider's silk was a perfect choice to glue the other materials. H.D., being a smart little bird, knew which branch was too light to support the weight of a cat but just right to hold her nest. Back and forth she flew to build her nest that was the size of a walnut shell.

When the nest was ready, she adjusted her feathers, then laid two perfect, pea-sized eggs in the tiny cup. She was very tired, so she fell asleep for a little while. Then she was hungry, but she didn't want to leave her eggs. Maybe I can fly to a flower and return quickly, she thought. She sipped sweet nectar and zipped back to her nest.



Urban Edge, oil on linen,
48 x 48" by Linda Bigness
At Nan Miller Gallery
Rochester, NY through

Finding Where I Belong

by Janet Fagal

Memories of summer trips spill,
blending with now, and poetry.
We watched farms, some barns glistening,
newly painted, buffed, beckoning.

Others, more tattered. Peeling paint
bled red streams of tears empty with loss.
Weedy paths reached toward broken steps.
Could this be a good location?

Citygirl's eyes peer at sale signs,
imagining pure loneliness,
friends missing, cows mooing, chickens.
Topsy-turvy thoughts cascading.

Parents musing a better life,
returning to earth, simpler ways.
Citygirl sees nothing but dirt,
endings, quietness, misery.

There, on a hillside, something calls.
Gleaming yellow barnhouse sits, waits.
Whispers softly. *Follow your path,
return when ready. I am here.*

Citygirl sees only limits,
her mind seeks the familiar.
Curious, her heart turns, watches,
golden barn, on a hill. Waiting.

Inspired by
Linda Bigness's *Urban Edge*
Oil on Linen 48 X 48

Nan Miller Gallery
Rochester, New York

Untangling Dark

by Mary Gardner

Darkness

denies distraction,

unsettles comfort and certainty

until,

staring into the coal blackness of it,

light returns, creeps

to familiar things -

lamp, stair post, greens and winterberries,

a shuttered window's white sill

gleaming

invitation to the night world

where the calendered moon reshapes

itself to whole.

And here, settled

in an afghaned chair, I sense

the slow untangling of worrisome things.



Evening's Embrace
by Joan Applebaum

inspired by
Mary Gardner's
Untangling Dark