

INDIAN LAKE WRITERS' GROUP

Monthly Newsletter

April, 2012

Donna Bradley

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Spring is in the air, a season of wide variations. Our written responses this month offered a wide variation of thoughts to ponder. Suggested topics covered Memories of Things in the Past, and Tell Tale Signs.

Lorraine started us out with a delightful spring poem, then she questioned the qualities of her devious mind in Ode to My Mind. Peppi shared her last month's piece on energy. Entitled Wood, she revealed the circular and repetitive chores and benefits of wood in our lives in Indian Lake. Her Tell Tale Signs provided a retrospective on her life as someone who always was the youngest among her peers, and recently has realized that she too has not escaped the aging process.

Nancy delves into the synchronism in her reading life. The struggle she experienced reading an historical nonfiction tome about the Peabody sisters in the late 1800s coincided with a delightful find in an antique store. She discovered and purchased a book published in 1895, Under the Old Elms. The two books both related to the same area where Nancy grew up, a coincidence in itself, and the delightful antique book encouraged Nancy to plow through the Peabody sisters highly researched book.

Mary Lou shared with us her list of Things of the Past. This list reveals how our lives have changed. From records to MP3s, ironing to using dryers, land lines to cell phones (not quite yet in Indian Lake), black and white TVs to flat screens, etc. The list is endless!

She also reminded us to follow her astrological experiment. When the New Moon arrives, one should make a wish, write it down, say it out loud, and keep it a secret. Maybe your wish will come true.

Donna used the topic of Tell Tale Signs in two pieces. One poem began with "Hot sweaty stillness" and progressed to "Storm's here". Her second piece was the result of having tree men take down about twenty trees outside her window. The following day, as the animals and birds explored their new territory, Donna reflected that they had not experienced any tell tale signs. She ended her piece expressing the fact that sometimes in life there are no tell tale signs.

Jim shared with us the story of his father's journey in life. His father was a heavy smoker, and hard worker; a successful businessman who worked in several industries and was also a fine musician. The piece, entitled Tell Tale Signs revealed the slow progression of alzhimers and the eventual early death of his dad.

Jim's Odd piece, Heart Failure, had Sean Duncan living a long life, and dying suddenly of a massive heart attack in his nineties. "Not a bad way to go," was Odd's response.

**Our next meeting: Wednesday, April 16 1:30 in the library

**Assignment: Transformation or any other idea you may have.

Lorraine wrote Ode to my Mind. In this poem, Paul Neruda celebrates an ordinary item such as his socks in his Ode.

Ode to My Socks

Maru Mori brought me
a pair
of socks
knitted with her own
shephard's hands,
two socks soft
as rabbits
I slipped
my feet into them
as if
into
jewel cases
woven
with threads of
dusk
and sheep's wool.

Audacious socks,
my feet became
two woolen
fish,
two long sharks
of lapis blue
shot
with a golden thread,
two mammoth blackbirds,
two cannons,
thus honored
were
my
feet
by
these
celestial
socks.