

a fine line

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Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa

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New Zealand Poetry Society
Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa

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a fine line staff

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Quotation of the Month

Poetry isn't a string of syllables or a certificate of your ability to use vocabulary words that haven't been uttered in centuries. It's everything and nothing; it is one of the greatest things we have because, like music and laughter and sadness, there is no need for it to be measured like a wooden plank or solved like an algebra equation. It's an entity that is both exclusive to us as humans and beyond us as humans.

—Matt Margo

Feature Article



Beloved: quick tips to writing a love poem

by Jenny Argante

Halfway through February is Valentine's Day, when enough of us hope and expect to keep the cash tills ringing as romantics and the well-trained rush out to buy some token of their love. Chocolates and flowers aren't that original, not to mention you can't always get away with a single red rose. Your darling one might want to know where the other eleven went!

So how about a romantic gesture that costs little, except for time and thought: *write your beloved a love poem*. In a few well-formed lines (free verse or rhyme), express what you truly feel — this is no time for generalities or jesting. Nor do you need to be a poetic genius, as long as you've got something to write about and the will to do it.

- First scribble down, as fast as you can, random thoughts about the object of your affections: how you met, your first kiss, when you realised it was True Love. What's so special about the two of you together? From such moments in time, begin to create a first draft.
- Use the person's name, not 'he' or 'she' or 'you'.
- Words reflecting all five senses work well — the smell of her perfume, his touch on your hand.
- Tie the moments together with a metaphor. They are flowers in a bouquet; they made the grey clouds disappear; they are links in a chain that binds you together.
- Keep it short — a 14-line sonnet is ideal, either Shakespearean (he wrote a few!) or modern and unrhymed, 10 beats to the line. When you've finished your first draft, read your poem aloud. (Privately, that is. You don't want to spoil the surprise.)
- Search for 'best words in the best order'. Use strong verbs and exact descriptions. Why not write about the flavour of her kisses, or how it thrills you that he texts you throughout the day?
- Whenever you feel there's a natural pause in the flow, mark it on the page. That's where the line breaks will go, which control how the poem is read.
- Handwritten or typed, it's good to present it on handmade paper, or mounted in a frame to be kept forever. Read it aloud to your beloved; or tie it up with a ribbon as the perfect gift. Look for a specialty store selling handcrafted paper, or check The Stationery Warehouse, which has some wonderful mottled cream paper that would work well, too.

- In our modern age, poetry doesn't have to rhyme, but if you want it to, find a rhyming dictionary in your local library or go online.
- Keep it simple. One word that fits will beat any three simply filling up space. When in doubt, take it out.
- Beginners are often told to 'write a poem twice — first with your heart, then with your brain.' Try to add rhythm — conversational or dramatic — as best suits what you're saying.

Remember, your poem doesn't need to be perfect. It just needs to be right: definitely right for your beloved, and definitely from you.

Write it with sincerity and your partner will be rapt with a proper little love poem on Valentine's Day. Here's one of my own, written at a time when love dwelt deeply in my soul and my expectations ran high.

Lying beside you
speaking of love
my tremulous warm breath
melts the sweet words
liquidly slips them into
your unresistant heart.

Easy as!

If you want to be inspired, I recommend *Dear Heart: 150 New Zealand Love Poems*, edited by Paula Green, as a good one to read (currently out of print, alas, but your local library probably has a copy on the shelf). Or for poems short and sweet, go to www.stuff.co.nz/life-style/love-sex/66188937/love-in-140-characters-poems-from-new-zealand-writers



Thank you for being an **NZPS MEMBER**

NZPS Membership renewals due by 31 March 2017.

The New Zealand Poetry Society (NZPS) was established in 1973 with the goal of advancing education by promoting, developing and supporting poets and poetry in New Zealand.

We do this through:

- *a fine line* – our quarterly magazine, which is emailed or posted to members.
- The Annual International Poetry Competition.
- The Annual New Zealand Poetry Society Anthology.
- Supporting the bi-annual New Zealand Poetry Conference.
- The New Zealand Poetry Society website and FaceBook page.

Our work is only possible thanks to the support of our members.

Visit our membership page www.poetrysociety.org.nz to renew.

Not a member?

Membership starts from \$30 a year and you can join on our website www.poetrysociety.org.nz.

From the Editor

Ivy Alvarez



A New Year always heralds change. For NZPS, this means a sparkling, updated website (wander over to poetrysociety.org.nz and see for yourself), and a move for *a fine line* magazine to a quarterly format. We are excited by these changes and the ways it can further enhance our poetry community.

Speaking of poetry community, is one of your resolutions this year to become more involved with it? Then you're in luck! NZPS is on the lookout for energetic Committee Members who can contribute their skills and knowledge towards shaping our Poetry Society. Get in touch with us at info@poetrysociety.org.nz

One NZPS member making strides is Auckland poet Maris O'Rourke, recently selected as one of 60 finalists in the international *Aesthetica* Creative Writing Award, which attracted thousands of entries worldwide. Wow!

Do you have news of a poetry collection, pamphlet or chapbook, either released in 2016 or launching this year? I would love to highlight your work in an NZPS Members' Books column. Email editor@poetrysociety.org.nz with your name, book title, publisher, month/year of its release, cover image (optional) and a quick description.

My inbox also needs your book reviews (ca. 500 words, excluding quotations), articles on writing and poetry (750 words min), and no more than 4 poems (on the theme of FOOD) from NZPS members (40 lines max) for our May edition. Writers love books, so selected work will receive book tokens. Please check guidelines on the website. Deadline 16 April 2017.

This LOVE edition of *a fine line* promises to provoke your writing, and energise your relationship with poetry, with articles from Jenny Argante, Patricia Prime and Lesley Wheeler, and poems from our members. I am especially pleased to share with you the work of our February Feature Poet, Adrienne Jansen. Her latest collection, *Keel and Drift* made the list for *NZ Herald's* Best Books of the Year for poetry. Happy reading and writing for 2017!

About Our Contributors



Jenny Argante is editor of *Freelance – Writers Helping Writers* (aged 35) and President of Tauranga Writers (50 this year). That leaves less time than she'd like for her own writing.

Barbara Bailey lives in Auckland, where she writes and paints. She writes copy for an online content service, covering topics from product descriptions to travel destinations, as well as poetry and short stories.

Courtney Rose Brown is a Wellington-based theatre practitioner. She is currently doing an MA in Scriptwriting at the IIML. She writes poetry for fun.

John Ewen is Kapiti Coast-based. His poems, short stories and non-fiction appear in NZ literary magazines, anthologies, online, and broadcast by Radio NZ.

Adrienne Jansen writes mainly fiction and non-fiction for adults and children, but poetry is always a magical place. *Keel and Drift* (Landing Press, 2016) is her third poetry collection.

Abby Mason is aged 13 and lives in Christchurch. Abby has previously published in *The Hawai'i Review*, *Penguin Days* (NZPS's 2016 Poetry Anthology), and the 2015 year 7-10 Blue Globe Writing Competition.

Patricia Prime writes poetry, reviews, articles and Japanese forms of poetry. She has self-published several collections of poetry and a book of collaborative tanka sequences and haibun, *Shizuka*, with French poet, Giselle Maya. Patricia co-edits *Kokako*, is reviews/interviews editor of *Haibun Today*, and a reviewer for *Atlas Poetica*, *Takahē*, *Metverse Muse* and *Poets International*.

Vaughan Rapatahana is fortunate to have books published during 2016: *Atonement* (UST Press), nominated for a Philippine National Book Award, and *Why English? Confronting the Hydra* (Multilingual Matters, UK), with Colin Wilson's never-before-published novel *Lulu* (Paupers Press, UK) out soon.

VRL Thonger is a Kerikeri poet, writer, performer, actor and musician with degrees in psychology and creative writing. Poetry in *Offshoots* 13, *Fast Fibres* 2+3, and www.writeupnorth.co.nz

Lesley Wheeler's latest collection is *Radioland*; she blogs about poetry at lesleywheeler.org. "Garden Gates" is adapted from her manuscript *Taking Poetry Personally: The Possible Worlds of Twenty-First-Century Verse*. She fondly remembers giving a workshop on rhyme to the New Zealand Poetry Society in 2011 (whose participants coined the phrase "torture rima").

Feature article

Reflections on Reviewing Poetry



by Patricia Prime

As a child growing up in England, I sent poems to family magazines which published a children's page. The winning poem each week received a small prize. Later, at grammar school, we mainly studied the English poets: Wordsworth, Tennyson, Shelley, Keats and Shakespeare. After leaving school, I worked as a secretary for a large publishing company. Later came marriage, children and a move to New Zealand, where I made a new career in early childhood teaching.

I didn't take up writing again until I attended a night class in writing and completed a year's course with Wellington Writing School. I submitted articles, poetry and the Japanese forms of haiku, tanka, haibun and *cherita* to various magazines, both in New Zealand and overseas, and contributed articles to various American and Indian journals. I published my first article in *Metro*.

The first magazine I became involved in as a reviewer

was the online Australian magazine *Stylus* (now no longer published), which specialised in haiku and short poems. In the late 90s, I became involved with the New Zealand journal *Spin* and eventually edited it with the late Bernard Gadd. By the year 2003, we had decided on a name change and called it *Kokako* and I have edited it together with the other co-editors (and reviewed haiku books for it) ever since. Our last issue was our 25th.

In many ways, I learned the kind of prose technique necessary for reviewing from reading and writing narrative-like poems, and from reading other reviewers' work. There is imagery and there are ideas, and there are stories to be found in many reviews. The rhythmic patterns of the whole book under review is important, and the rhymes. There's order and there's also a volatile quality in most interesting books.

My first reviews for *Kokako* appeared in Issue 46 (2003). In 2009, the editor, Jeffrey Woodward, asked me to be the reviews/interviews editor of the online haibun magazine *Haibun Today*. This involves selecting poets to write articles of their own or to write an essay on another poet's haibun or tanka prose, or to write a commentary on one of their own poems. I also conduct interviews with poets and write the occasional review, while other poets also contribute reviews to the journal. I was invited by Cassandra Fusco to be one of the reviewers for *Takahē* (NZ), for whom I review books of fact, fiction and poetry; *Atlas Poetica* (USA), for books relating to tanka; *Metverse Muse* (India), for traditional poetry. I also contribute reviews, poems and articles to *Writers Editors Critics* and the *International Journal on Multicultural Literature*, both Indian publications.

When you are asked to write a review of a book of poetry or prose, you will need to read the book thoroughly, perhaps making a few notes as you read and noting page numbers, et cetera, and then decide which aspects of the book you are going to identify, as well as summarising and evaluating the ideas, information or poems the author has presented the reader. Several quotations from the book under review are also desirable.

In other words, when reviewing a novel or factual work, you will be examining plot, characters, and the way the author uses language. By contrast, when reviewing a poetry book, one can look at rhyme, rhythm, spacing, language — everything the written word should offer can be analysed and evaluated.

Your stand must be based on your knowledge, such as your reading, or experience, or your familiarity with the author's previously published works. Remember that your goal should be to make a few key points about the book, not to discuss everything the author has written.

The review should be relatively short, with opinions delivered in a concise manner. You should first identify the title and author, publication details, price, and so on. The opening paragraph must catch the reader's attention. Perhaps it might be a paragraph about the author, something about the illustrations or the artwork, if there are any, possibly indicating what you like about the cover.

The factual material must be correct. Check all facts pertaining to the writer and to the book.

A full paragraph should be written on each aspect of what the book is about, with several detailed sentences that prove your point, and some quoted examples. You should be firm and assertive, and hold a strong opinion.

The review should end with a concluding paragraph that briefly restates the main ideas of the review. Remember, the reviewer is entitled to his or her own opinion of the work, whether it is positive or negative, but the opinion must be substantiated with details and examples. You might recommend that the reader buy and read the book.

The reviewer should establish a voice, a tone, and personalise the review to make it interesting. The review should be truthful.

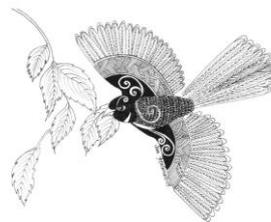
I feel it is wise to have copies of the journals to which you are going to submit a review. For unsolicited reviews, and if it is an editor or journal with which you are unfamiliar, I would suggest that you contact the editor and enquire whether they require the review and how many words it should contain.

Editors have different requirements about the format of reviews: *Takahē*, for instance, has its own guidelines for reviewers. The editor may require a certain length, have a specific date set by which to receive reviews, require the use of page numbers of the lines quoted, or have other requirements.

The benefits of poetry reviewing leads to a greater appreciation of poetry, and it may improve one's own writing or lead to new ideas. A review helps to highlight new voices or to bring to one's attention new work by established poets or writers. The poetry or literature community benefits, too, from this attention, highlighting for those readers craving new work from their favourite poets or authors, or introducing them to those poets or writers they haven't previously come across.

The advantage of a good review is manifold. It is here that we see poets/authors propelled by their imaginations as they write against the backdrop of their own lives, taking risks along the way, so that we, their readers, can partake of the ensuing sorrow, happiness, wonder and reverie. This otherness the reviewer observes, while turning the metaphorical turf over, leads to a communal enterprise between writer, reader and reviewer.

Kokako 12



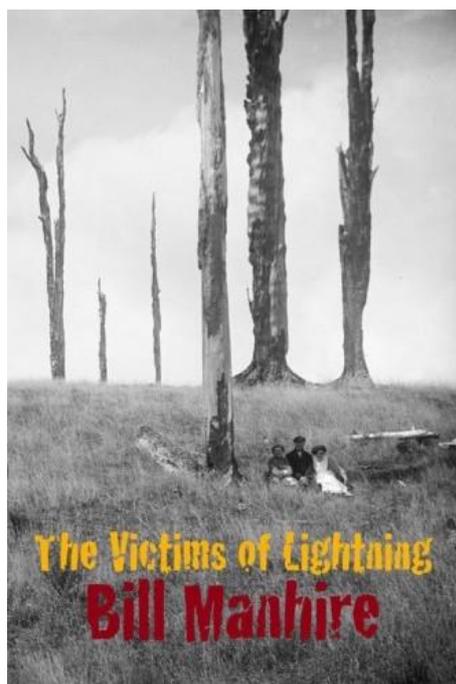
Talk Poem

Garden Gates



by Lesley Wheeler

I've been thinking about borders since my 2011 Fulbright in Wellington — political boundaries and life thresholds, but also psychological crossings, particularly the process of becoming absorbed in a literary world. A poem that seduced me over that verge, and then became emblematic of the whole uncanny experience of immersive reading, is Bill Manhire's "Garden Gate."



Readers know what it means to get lost in a book without explanations from cognitive psychologists, but for the record, the effect is known as 'literary transportation': while reading, you may transition from self-aware perusal of sentences into a deeper state of concentration, identifying with imaginary persons and visualising the virtual world. According to Victor Nell, physiological changes occur: 'alterations in muscle tension, respiration, heartbeat, electrical activity of the skin, and the like.' The predictable formulas of literary genre can assist the crossing, although surprise is helpful, too. Readers make forecasts, and then, as Suzanne Keen puts it, 'receive a dopamine reward when they detect something that has not been fully predicted.' Further, the very fact that a work *is* fiction may enable emotional responses to characters.

For *Empathy and the Novel*, Keen tested student reactions to a letter from an African orphan, compared to an African orphan's story excerpted from an Alexander McCall novel: the former struck students as a scam, but the latter moved them, because fiction is a safe space for empathy.

The psychologists and literary theorists who study these effects are interested in long prose narratives, but the phenomenon can occur when reading very brief poems, as

well. Verse — sentences broken into lines, sometimes mid-thought — would seem to press back against immersive reading. Yet perhaps the arrangement of a poem into lines is part of what frames it as an alternate world: this is a poem, not a scam, so it is safe to engage.

Manhire's "Garden Gate" may or may not depict entrancement by art, but it can certainly generate the feeling. It appears in print in the middle of his 2010 volume, *The Victims of Lightning* — a note in the back of the book describes this and other poems as emerging from a collaboration with 'composer and jazz musician Norman Meehan... mostly with the voice of Hannah Griffin in mind' (one can hear the performance on the album *Buddhist Rain*). "Garden Gate" is borderline in genre as well as depicting a site of transition.

Reading or listening to "Garden Gate" conjures for me a very specific (and nationally inappropriate) stone wall at the edge of a rutted English lane. I've visited there imaginatively while reading British fiction, because to speed immersion along, the brain repurposes props and backdrops. A fruit tree sends a blooming branch — apple? cherry? — towards the gate's metal slats, their green paint peeling. The sky is clear but it rained earlier and dew glitters in patches of moss. The resonance of rhyme and rhythm entrain me, but so does an almost mythic resonance to the poem's situation. This is where life changes. Someone stands at the edge of safe domesticity, facing the road. How will the gate swing?

Manhire's poem echoes "The Old Garden Gate," an English folk ballad collected in 1903 by Ralph Vaughan Williams and famously covered by June Tabor. In Tabor's song, the singer reveals she's been conned, that her true love has been courting another. The gate to altered consciousness in Manhire's verses similarly suggests the shift from love to bitterness, from faith to betrayal, although it conjures death and forgetfulness, too. Manhire's speaker, however, *is* the con artist. A male author writes for a female singer, so gender and voice are slippery; the speaker also behaves unpredictably, loiters ominously, exits sideways. The ballad stanzas stake out a fairy ring, magical but not quite safe.

My world-building probably doesn't much resemble Manhire's original inspiration. His garden gate, and yours, may creak on rusty hinges in radically different landscapes, creating emotional echoes unlike mine. But Manhire seems happy enough about collaborations between author and reader. He told interviewer Iain Sharpe in 1991, 'One of the functions of poetry is to ask us to imagine, and imagine actively — read these words and create a world from them.'

He went on to remark, 'I suppose what I really like is to set up a system which looks wonderfully secure when you first encounter it on the page, but within the framework there are crazy things which tip the reader off-balance.' His fully-rhymed ballad stanzas fence in the garden, but this planned and pruned territory is constantly trespassed, as it was designed to be. That's what we hope and fear when we put gates in. There will be visitors, violations.

Sven Birkerts, a proponent of the bliss of literary

immersion, says that what ‘poetry appears to lose by not extending into space, it recaptures by reaching into time... Finishing even the shortest poem, we are taken aback, startled to see what a slight grapevine it has been.’ In the literary world, hours and days pass at an unstable rate; in the real world, absorption means we lose track of the clock. Our sense of time shifts. We may bring altered perceptions back to our own lives after encountering certain characters and temporarily adopting their worldviews.

“Garden Gate” evokes a kind of fairy-tale time for me, not *back then* but *sideways*. Manhire encloses this little world by repeating the first stanza at poem’s end, but nothing is resolved — not really. To read the poem is to bide time in uncertainty.

• *Bill Manhire’s poem “Garden Gate” appears in The Victims of Lightning (Victoria University Press).*

Featured Poet



With poems from Adrienne Jansen’s Keel and Drift

Long shot

A sailing ship made from a shell casing

Perhaps it transformed itself in flight.
Perhaps when it blasted out from the barrel,
the steel eye fixed upon its target –
a soft body, a forehead, a window –
an intention changed.
The metal case split apart,
explosive streaming like dust in the air,
the case re-forming into a hull,
into sails, into a silver ship
flying silently, landing
with hardly a touch
on the sleeve of the soldier,
loading his rifle
to fire back.

Skills honed to such an edge

He rolls his own as delicately
as if the paper was gilt leaf –
teasing shreds of tobacco
along the paper, to eke out
the last of the fifty grams.
This one is particularly thin.

He smokes on the porch,
an amphitheatre of houses
as his spectators.
At certain times of day
their windows glint with longing.
He doesn’t notice.
He leans against the door
savouring this thrifty cigarette.
He runs his fingers through his hair,
cleanly dyed half red, half black,
then flicks his stub into the garden
with nonchalant precision.

The carpet sweeper, 1952

The travelling salesman persuaded her.
She paid by skimping on housekeeping.
She props the sweeper beside the door
and proudly shows her neighbours
how the brushes revolve and pick up fluff.
She rests her chin on the handle
and dreams of owning a carpet.

Horizon

In 600 BC, the Greek philosopher Thales
knew that you could chart an ocean course
by laying your fingers, one above the next,
to measure the space from the far horizon
to one constant star.
That mix of commonplace and mystical
– a small stack of fingers, and a star –
and you could set a course with confidence
pushing out into unknown waters.

She is lying on her back. Her eyes are closed.
Only the smallest things can now be done.
Wet her dry lips, lightly wipe her forehead,
place a hand on hers, and hold it tightly,
sing to her a hymn she’s always known.
We are laying our fingers, one above the next,
measuring a distance to a clear horizon
not receding, but steadily moving closer.
Her breath sighs out, her body shifts and settles.
The horizon, all its clarity and faintness,

its light and dark, has slipped into the room.

I lift my fingers off her hand
and lay them, flat and steady,
on the bed.

Reviews



The Lives Of Coat Hangers. Sudesh Mishra
(Otago University Press, 2016). ISBN 978-1-
927322-37-6. RRP \$25

Reviewed by Barbara Bailey

Sudesh Mishra is a contemporary Fijian-Australian poet and academic, currently Head of the School of Language, Arts and Media at University of the South Pacific, with four previously published books of poetry.

The Lives Of Coat Hangers is an unusual collection of poems. These new-collection poems seem initially to be simple, but quickly reveal a rich imagination and wit that touches on myth and metaphor. Mishra's concern in this work is with the status and nature of poetry and he injects these poems with philosophical truths shown through everyday objects.

In "The Capacious Muse", Mishra states that he will not rule anything out as a subject for a poem. The poem begins with 'The muse of poetry will not proscribe' and goes on to list all the things poetry is about – anachronisms, illogicalities, apostrophes, unusual juxtapositions, matter-of-fact statements and metaphor:

Allow unicorn and buzz-fly to be buddies in the same stanza.

Befriend anachronisms: Abishag and David joined by Viagra.

The poem "This Life" reads:

Let the gift not to write
Be the greatest of gifts;

Stand, poet, on the verge of grasping
What you shall never grasp –

This life, evening light,
Falling leaves in their fury.

It is a poem that accentuates the limitations of poetry.

Meanwhile, Mishra's "Butterfly" poem condenses the movement and noise of the butterfly, and implies that

words cannot describe it. As an exercise in onomatopoeia, the result is amusing, and shows that no more words are necessary to describe a butterfly.

Floatsy fluttery
Floatsy fluttery
Fluttery floatsy
Flutter.

"The Lives of Coat Hangers" revels in Mishra's anthropomorphic imagination. Coat hangers, he writes, are

Unable to shake off the chill in their shoulders,
They long to be held in the arms of a coat.

Then there is his poem about a Scarecrow: 'An armpit of lice and a shouldered crow.' Another notable poem is called "An Armchair". The subject is humble and, as Mishra says, 'It's what it is – an armchair / Sitting up.'

I learned to sew on my grandmother's treadle machine. Folded down, it became a desk for homework. So Mishra's "The Brass Singer" evokes, for me, many childhood memories.

Do you recall, sad ghost,
how her bare right foot kneaded
the brass treadle
of a superannuated sewing machine?

It reminds me, too, of Thomas Travisano's "An Essay on Elizabeth Bishop and Her Art". In *Geography IV*, Travisano wrote of the poet, 'The sewing machine was piled high with old *National Geographics* always, as far as I remembered it [...] occasionally they were lifted off and deposited some other place while she made herself a dress. She did beautiful sewing...'

I particularly enjoyed Mishra's collection as a celebration of the ordinary. Light-hearted and serious by turns, his humorous "gust-proof door" poem evokes the poet's island family life.

Father was a fix it man. He fixed the hinge on our
gust-proof door
when it flapped an injured wing.

My brother spun his spinning top atop a palm spread
out for alms.

Out in the yard a wind picked up and mother's pegs
rose in mutiny.

Hailed as ‘a major poetic voice in the South Pacific’, Sudesh Mishra infuses his work with an imaginative, fantastical, metaphorical and non-literal life. Such richness of imagery and wit makes *The Lives of Coat Hangers* a special treasury.

In A Slant Light, a poet’s memoir. Cilla McQueen (Otago University Press, 2016). ISBN 978-1-877578-71-7. Hardback. 134 pages. RRP \$35

Reviewed by Barbara Bailey

New Zealand South Island poet Cilla McQueen has published 14 volumes of poetry and won the New Zealand Award for Poetry three times. Her most recent publication is *Edwin’s Egg*. She has written other poetic novellas and was New Zealand’s Poet Laureate 2009–11.

In A Slant Light is a beautifully written memoir. Poems and prose record the gradual unfolding of a full and creative life from birth to McQueen’s 35th year, 1984. Personal memories are traced through school days, university, time spent with James K Baxter, who was the Burns Fellow at the time, as well as single motherhood, and marriage to Ralph Hotere.

There is delight in the portrayals of events in the poet’s life, rich as it is with layers of happenings. There is also a strong sense of a New Zealand life in this collection.

The poet was born in Birmingham, England and relocated to New Zealand as a baby, with regular trips to Australia (the birthplace of her father) and to England (her mother’s birthplace.) Her visits to England as a child made deep impressions and generated a sense of the author being different.

In this nostalgic recall of a lifetime of memories, Cilla McQueen has written an account of becoming a poet. Evidence of the beginning of this path is shown in school memories:

I like spelling and vocabulary, am annoyed when
‘fatigue’ and
‘physician’ trip me up.

Writing stories in cut-in-half exercise books,
my hand more fluent page by page,
as much for the joy of writing as for the plot,

When in early childhood she destroyed a next-door neighbour’s seedlings, she admits,

I did lean over the fence, I did
pick all those little seedlings out
of their yielding soil one by one,
because I liked the sound.

She discovered the expressive joy of writing through diary-keeping but relies on memory to enrich her poetry. As she remarks in *In A Slant Light*, ‘Snaps, tableaux – can’t be sure about the authenticity of memory, / but by my lights it’s all I have to go on.’ Literal and metaphorical images in her freeform poems rely on McQueen’s memory, with vivid descriptions of land, sea, air, native trees and birdsong.

I am a few years older than Cilla McQueen and though our families were quite different, there are parallels in this writing that are exact: sea-side sandwiches, porcelain inkwells, sewing lessons, paper patterns and stitching dresses on a Singer sewing machine, jazz records and jazz clubs. Highlighted incidents evoke memories and make this writing easily accessible.

Mum lies on a tartan rug
guarding the thermos and sandwiches,
ham and tomato
...
Chain, double-chain, satin, feather, daisy,

In needlework we learn stitches required
to work a sampler,

For the church social I make my first dress to a
simplicity pattern, in
crisp dark poplin with red roses, cut out on the
dining-room floor
and sewn on the Singer.

We listen Oscar Peterson, Joe Pass,
Charlie Byrd, Milt Jackson, Django Reinhardt,

At Art College in England in the late 50s, I believed
that the way we all dressed was individual, very special
and unique but here is McQueen, in New Zealand,
donning the same beatnik-style gear.

black sloppy-joe, pale lipstick,
a rope of beads, mini-skirts, black tights, boots.

McQueen’s university life was liberating, the initial
years fraught, and with her involvement in Drama Society
productions taking a lot of her time. It was at university
she lost her virginity. She became pregnant, then married.
The marriage was short-lived.

Her description of the Drama Society’s Green Room
also evoked memories of my own ventures into college
theatre productions:

In the Green room at Allen Hall, into an echoing

oubliette
between stone walls, empty beer bottles drop with
glassy crash,
Beside the window, the chaise longue where many
students kiss.
Relationships arise among the cast, endure or fade
when the season's over.

It is also at university that McQueen meets James K Baxter, who gives her a newly-written poem, a statuette and a silver medal of the Virgin Mary. She became involved in conservation protests, one of which centred on opposing the building of a Bluff aluminium smelter.

Meeting and marrying the artist Ralph Hotere generated a pivotal change in her life. Through her time with Hotere, she found her voice as a poet. Of Hotere's painting, she writes, 'In the shadowy hallway hang three paintings that seem completely black.'

'When the light slants in from the front door I see that the matt canvas is textured with words in thicker paint, black on black...'

Absorbed by Hotere's work, she becomes distracted from her own creative path. Of her time with Hotere, she writes:

Layer on layer of Ralph's works
cloak me.

Were I to lift them gently away with tweezers
in all their dark seductive textures,
might I find myself in my spare time
doing what, apart from appreciating, facilitating?
Sewing, cooking, knitting, spinning, reading

The slant on McQueen's life is engaging. She *dared* to write at a time when women poets were in hiding. The memories of her life make absorbing reading.

Some of us eat the seeds. Morgan Bach
(VUP, 2015). ISBN 9780864739872. RRP
\$25. Paperback. 92 pages.

Reviewed by Vaughan Rapatahana

I read this first collection by Wellington poet Morgan Bach several times, with considerable interest. My overall reaction each time I read through the 92 pages was mixed.

I will adumbrate my concerns first, then turn to the many positive aspects of the collection.

- The book has too many poems and too many poems that – for me, at least – don't work. Indeed some – a minority – come across as somewhat

banal. "When I think of beginnings" is one such, as is "Woke in them". "The plot flaw" attempts to fly but never takes off. There was a need for culling, well before any collection was compiled.

- In places there are just too many words: that is there is a sort of endemic wordiness throughout. The titular poem is one such garrulous example, as are the loquacious prose pieces, which sail very near Eliot's 'quiet and meaningless'. It is as if there has been a deliberate veneer of lexis applied to almost every poem here and, in some cases, the veneer is several coats thick, in a sort of compulsive logodaedaly where the poet as a person becomes several steps removed. Bach's poems work best where she dons an economical *potae*.
- Some images are not quite 'there', so to speak. I got lost in the jejune jungle a few times. As just one exercise, try following the following:

In that time we ate only the darkest snow,
and felled lights, brittle paintings. Burnished
in the sitting rooms of our children,
that ovarian rhythm a prayer to the morning pills
and blackening of teacups. It was suspicious.
("Cold", p.39)

And what about this silliness:

We want to be
a bandage until
we are, then we want
to be the wound.
("Raw ginger", pp.91-92)

...& 'Your skin, a Viking raft to take me / into the cold ocean of the year' ("Mutt", p.73).

Nicholas Reid, in a recent *Landfall Review Online* (November, 2015), has also touched well on the failed fellatio strokes of

...the tequila shots

sat thick and used, sticky with fingerprints
and citrus like the unwashed morning
tongues on a cock.
("Even to my face", p.85)

...which Reid categorises as 'some of the worst lines I have ever read', although an earlier image from this poem, 'you make me feel dyslexic,' is a killer.

The collection required a stricter editing and I think

that Bach's final acknowledgement to her friend-editor is rather too hyperbolic here: "I owe you about six million beers for this". Rather the reverse: Ashleigh Young owes you a few stiff shots.

Now for the good stuff. Bach has copious ability to craft fine poems and lines and images: she is a poet of promising potential, as well displayed throughout the tripartite sectors here presented, which fall into general categories of The Past; Travels; Relationships. Indeed her best poem in the book, succinct and not overblown, is "Postcards" (p.47), which I here reproduce in full:

There are never the right postcards.
The first thing I saw in Mexico
as we halted in traffic funnelling to the centre
was a boy gripping his cloth and wiper
by the taxi window, wanting
the work of washing for a dollar
and wearing a T-shirt saying *I am*
the American Dream.

No pretentiousness here, but a plethora of pertinence, especially after Trump's triumph. Here also the poet is more the centrifugal force, merely an alert outsider-observer. Bach is at her brightest when she is the 'sole dissenter' ("Study in eyes", pp.27-28); the 'lonely child' ("When I think of beginnings", p.34) looking in and on. Interestingly enough, here she doesn't localise her topoi much: Aotearoa New Zealand is a bit of a side issue throughout, with scant glimpses of *earthquaked* Christchurch and capital city Wellington; while Tokyo, Central America, Wales et al tend to ride more roughshod over her range.

Wordplay clever-tricks are rife also, as in the poet's near homophonic interplays with words such as 'tinder' and 'tender' (from "Performance", pp.64-71), and 'cordate' and 'cordite' ("Hardest", p.90), as well as the internal rhyme sunk into "Mutt" (p.73.) More, Bach *does* also wield some mighty imagery in places. As here:

Tension builds in me like a low front
coming in, my barometer head
temples condensing with pressure.
("Season edge", pp.40-41)

&

into a sauna of exhaust and J-pop
("Performance")

&

innocent as a snack

&

The truth was a plethora
of girls. He'd be in the next
before the last was dry.
("Young", pp.79-80)

&

How a map grows in your
mind in thread. The eyes sewing
corners up to tighten the world
around you.
("What I think about when they are shooting laser
beams into my skin", p.89)

Bach is never afraid to get down and dirty about her seemingly interminable broken and snapped relationships with unnamed and sometimes *headless men* (p.49), including her several reminiscences regarding her father (as in "His binding land" and "The Valleys"), although her fixation with her own past does sometimes veer near the volute (as in "In Pictures"). Some fine patches portray the man-disease in her series of anonymous 'him' and 'he' verses, with:

The kiwifruit chutney, two years
after you've gone, proving
what can be preserved.
("Defrosting the fridge", p.83)

&

I don't want to leave the dark cacophony,
the bursting forest, the clotted scent of the land
and go back to the two of us, just fire ants stinging
every time we try to touch.
("When we unfurled", pp.50-52)

...being two such exemplars of her mild misandry.

I don't really have too much else to add. I sincerely wish Morgan Bach the best in her future poems but want to get across my own feeling about poetry: that there is an abiding requirement to be less cerebral and more visceral, less convolute and more concise. And maybe just a bit more vocal about the local.

I believe that when this poet discovers her authentic voice without striving to cover too wide an octave range – as she has in this initial collection – she will be a poetic power, *he manu māori ki he reo reka*. It's time to focus, to hone, to choose. She does in a sense say this, after all:

I Told You I Love You and You Didn't Say It Back

I hold my passports in my hands
and try to weigh them.
The young country, easily swayed
The old, unknown country...
("Why don't you choose", pp.77-78)

Members' poems



the man in the bed is saying goodbye

last spring days spent in my bed	<i>I sit on the windowsill saffron yellow petals</i>
--	--

they sit with me their tears keep coming	<i>the man he's lucky my family are gone</i>
--	--

I see the wilted daffodil turn brown	<i>the man watches me he closes his eyes</i>
--	--

Kaiteriteri Beach

Strands of wilted seaweed have been cast
above the tideline for days now.
The gulls that came in flocks not long ago,
are absent,
their feathers swept away with the current.

Grey clouds one after the other,
memories of the scorching sun.

The wind whistles over shivering waves,
white-capping them.

Ice-cream stands are replaced
with hot chip and fast food carts,
most of them haven't made a dollar.

The passersby
pull their coats tighter,
wonder if summer will come again.

—Abby Mason

In fear
your body is still
panic lives in your eyes
you blink with pressure
trying to squeeze out thoughts
through tear ducts
your words swim within a world of blue
and the creases in your brow
dent them inside you further

Fingers jerk in half moons
trying to shape currents
that sentences can fall into
guided by the wind of your exhale
waves meet their height
then calm

You Broke Up with Me through Text

When you take this hand
I expect you to grip onto it
my fingers shouldn't fall through

—Courtney Rose Brown

I Didn't Give Her Anything

a kyrielle

When we first met she let me know
that one day soon she would go.
To stop us getting close that spring
I didn't give her anything.

As time went on it seemed that she
had now begun to care for me.
I thought it would be just a fling
I didn't give her anything.

No flowers, no gifts of fancy soap
nothing that would give her hope
no words of love, no sparkling ring
I didn't give her anything.

But when she left she took my heart

(for me it was the costliest part)
And everything else that made me sing
She didn't leave me anything.

—John Ewen

How to end a cold snap

If you don't listen at the time, time, time
at the turning time
when you begin
to love in time

one note, one tooth, one flower

if you don't see the one, one, one
the only seeing one
seeing and believing
one by one

one song, one face, one day

if you don't learn to turn, turn, turn
about face with grace
turn and face
this morning's face

and another, and another, and the next

then keep calm, calm, calm
take off your heart
put on your face
make morning wait

and when you fool me too
we're finished, finished, finished.

—VRL Thonger

Opportunities



Wergle Flomp Humor Poetry Contest (no fee)

Now in its 16th year, this contest seeks today's best humor poems. No fee to enter. Submit published or unpublished work. \$2,250 in prizes.

More information available here:
winningwriters.com/our-contests/wergle-flomp-humor-poetry-contest-free

York Literature Festival / York Mix Poetry Competition 2017

The prestigious competition, now in its fifth year, has become a major national literary event, with more than 1,800 poems submitted last year for the £500 first prize.

The closing date is February 28, 2017. More information on the website:
www.yorkmix.com/competition/yorks-poetry-competition-is-back-with-a-new-judge-and-500-top-prize

Third Annual Best Hooked on Haiku™ Contest

Enter your haiku in the Third Annual Best Hooked on Haiku™ Contest — details at www.hookedonhaiku.net

Prole, Poetry and Prose

Prole, Poetry and Prose is open to submissions of fiction, creative non-fiction and poetry. Our submission guidelines are here: prolebooks.co.uk/submissions.html

We are also taking entries for our prose writing competition, The Prolitzer Prize. We have a £300 prize fund and the excellent Angela Readman is our judge this year. Full details are here: prolebooks.co.uk/prose-competition.html

Prole was recently voted best Literary Magazine 2016 at the Saboteur Awards.

Brief

Brief is an independent print journal, founded in 1995. It appears biannually and publishes poetry, prose, essays... and things that are difficult to categorise. We are always looking for interesting, experimental, adventurous, or challenging new writing, from both established and emerging writers.

Mimicry

Now open for submissions.

Check out the YouTube video:
www.youtube.com/watch?v=xjCBVeU_fIY for more information.

The Bridport Prize

Poems: 42 lines maximum, no minimum. All entries submitted can be on any subject, and written in any style or form.

The deadline date for entries is 12 midnight (UK time) on Wednesday 31st May 2017 (postal entries postmarked 31st May but received later will be accepted).

Visit www.bridportprize.org.uk/content/competition-rules for more info.

The Poetry Kit Spring Competition 2017

This year's competition is for poetry on any subject.

There are no style or length restrictions but it should be stressed that a short poem is just as likely to be selected as a longer one.

1st prize is £100. The top ten poems will be published in a special edition of *Caught in the Net* (CITN).

Visit poetrykit.org/comp-spring.htm for more info.

The Ruskin Poetry Prize 2017 | Closing Date: 17-Apr-17

Judges: Dr Alipio de Franca and Dr Patrick Davidson Roberts

The 3 winners will be published in POEM magazine.

Can be up to 40 lines on any subject.

£5 per poem and £3 for subsequent entries.

Visit estore.roehampton.ac.uk/product-catalogue/english-creative-writing/poetry to enter.

Federation of Writers Scotland Vernal Equinox Competition 2017 | Closing Date: 26-Mar-17

Details: any number of poems, no more than 40 lines each. 1st prize £100, 2nd prize £25, 3rd prize £10

There is no theme this year. Open entry.

Entry Fee: £3 per poem, £3 per flash fiction piece, £5 per short story.

Contact: For full rules, go to federationofwritersscotland.wordpress.com/2017/01/03/vernal-equinox-competition-deadline-mar-26th/ or email acclarke6@bopenworld.com

The Jane Reichhold International Prize

Part of the fifteenth annual ukiaHaiku festival

Deadline Friday March 17, 2017.

Visit ukiahaiku.org/ to find out more.

Straid Collection Awards: 2017

Templar Poetry invites submissions of new and unpublished full collection manuscripts of poetry for consideration in the 2017 Straid Collection Awards

Closing date: 21st March 2017

Visit templarpoetry.com/products/straid-collection-award to find out more.

Poets Meet Politics 2017 International Open Poetry Competition

Deadline: 7 Apr 2017

First prize: €500. Judge: Cherry Smyth

Visit hungryhillwriting.org/competition.html

Regular events around New Zealand



Auckland

Poetry Live Auckland: Book yourself in to read at Poetry Live, at the Thirsty Dog, 469 Karangahape Rd, Auckland City. Tuesdays, 8 pm. Guest poets, guest musician & open mike. Contact: MCs Dietrich, Rachael, Penny, Tim or Michelle by email: poetrylive@gmail.com, putting the MC's name in the subject line.

306 Open Mike Night: Standing invitation every Wednesday night, 8–11 pm, 306 Bar & Bistro, 306 Onehunga Mall. Poets, Musos, Singers, Poets, Comedians, other performers. The main focus is the acoustic guitar players & singer / songwriters, but all performers welcome. There is a small in-house PA System with 2 microphones. Other than that, musicians should bring their own gear. Free entry.

Open Mic Night Waiatarua: 7–10pm every 2nd Wednesday. Free entry. Elevation Café, 473 Scenic Drive. Poets, singer/songwriters, comedians – original performers encouraged, solos, duos & small ensembles only (sorry, no drum kits). PA, mics, stands & percussion supplied, 3 items (max 15 mins) per performer. Performers prize draw. To pre-book a spot, E: fionamcewen@clear.net.nz or enter on the night. For more info or restaurant bookings, call Elevation (09) 814 1919 and email info@elevationcafe.co.nz

Inside.Out Open Mic for Writers (est. 2012): Open mic readings and performances with guest musicians, once every month. All writers welcome to share fiction, poetry, non-fiction, performance poetry etc or come as audience, meet other writers & get updates on what's on. Five-word-challenge with three book prizes. 7–10 pm, One2One Café, 121 Ponsonby Rd, Auckland. Email for more info: anitaarlov@hotmail.co.nz

Titirangi Poet's Sessions are held at Titirangi Library, 500 Titirangi South Road, between 2 pm and 4 pm on the second Saturday of every month. More info, email: piers@wwandd.co.nz

Orewa Writing Group: an informal writing group of three active writers looking for more writers to join in our group in Orewa NZ. We meet on the first Monday of each month. Email ricpacifica@yahoo.co.nz.

Christchurch

Airing Cupboard Women's Poets meet at 10 am, every 2 weeks at South Christchurch Library, 66 Colombo Street Street. Ring Judith Walsh ph. 03 342 9881 or Barbara Strang ph. 03 376 4486.

The Canterbury Poet's Collective Spring Season: Wednesdays at 6.30 pm, CPIT Students Association (CPSA) Hall, 5 Madras Street. Canterbury Poets Collective (CPC) presents open mic and guest readers. Audience votes for the Best Open Mic Poet. The programme will be posted when it is available.

Keep up-to-date with all the latest opportunities on the NZPS website (www.poetrysociety.org.nz) and FaceBook www.facebook.com/NewZealandPoetrySociety

We are also on Instagram: @nzpoetrysociety and Twitter: @NZPS

Catalyst Poetry Open Mic: First Wednesday of the month, The Twisted Hop, 616 Ferry Rd, Woolston, Christchurch.

Beat Street Sessions, Christchurch: Third Thursday of the month at Beat St Cafe, corner of Barbados & Armagh Sts. 6 pm for music and open mic sign-up; 7 pm for guest poets. Entry: \$5 if you can.

Poetry For Pudding: Meets from 12-1.30pm on the second Friday of the month, at University Bookshop, Ilam. This is a relaxed supportive environment where poets of all levels are welcome. Bring a favourite poem – yours, or another's – to share.

Selwyn Writer's Salon: First Tuesday of the Month, upstairs at The Laboratory, 7 pm to 9 pm. Free Admission – all welcome.

Small White Teapot: Meets regularly at 7 pm on the third Tuesday of the month, for about a couple of hours to hear, discuss and critique the haiku. We do not stick to the 5-7-5 format of the Japanese language style of three line haiku, as some thinking is that if Basho, the master haiku writer had spoken and written in the English language, he would have used the syllabic format which has developed. The same guidelines apply: environment, season, nature, the moment, imagery, etc. usually in three lines. Sundry cost of \$3. Venue: Avebury House, Eveleyn Couzins Ave, Richmond. The SWTHG will be pleased to welcome you.

The Catalyst poetry open mic. Tuesdays at 8 pm. Wunderbar, Lyttelton. BYO poetry, creative writing — all welcome.

Coromandel

Thames Poets Circle, co-hosted by Greg Brimblecombe and Jill Steadman Read, meets on the fourth Thursday of every month at 7 pm. Venue: SpeakEasy, 740 Pollen Street, Thames. For more information please contact Greg on 07 868 9947 or greg.brimblecombe@gmail.com and jills1@xtra.co.nz.

Cromwell

Cromwell Writers meet on the last Tuesday of the month in the homes of members on a shared basis. Contact Tom Llandreth on 03 4451352.

Dunedin

Live Poetry With The Octagon Poetry Collective: We meet monthly (most months) in the Dog With Two Tails Cafe and Bar in Moray Place, a few doors up from the Rialto Cinema, at 8 pm, on the second-last Tuesday of the month. For specific details, check out our Facebook page: Octagon Collective/Dog with Two Tails Poetry Readings. To contact us, email octagoncollective@gmail.com and cc: cmccurdie@xtra.co.nz

Golden Bay

Golden Bay Live Poet's Society has a monthly Performance Night at the famous Mussel Inn Bush Café at Onekaka. (For dates, go to Mussel Inn.) Visiting poets

are most welcome. For news of meetings, contact convenor Mark Raffills at mark@drycrust.com or 03 544 4975 ext. 210

Greymouth

Word Of Mouth meets every month on the last Wednesday, 7.30–9pm at the Left Bank Art Gallery, 1 Tainui Street. A friendly, enthusiastic gathering of poets and poetry fans. All welcome. Contact Greg O'Connell W: (03) 768 5597 H: (03) 768 5222 M: (027) 759 0531 E: greg@gregoconnell.com

Hamilton

POET'S ALIVE meet on the last Friday of the month from 7–9pm. For more information, contact Celia Hope at poetsalivenz@gmail.com

Hawke's Bay

Hawke's Bay Live Poetry Society meets at 8 pm on the second Monday of each month (except January) at the Hastings Community Arts Centre, 106 Russell Street, Hastings. Contact Bill Sutton on 06 844 4196 or email suttb70@gmail.com.

Kapiti

Poet's To The People meets at Hightide Cafe, 44 Marine Parade, Paraparaumu Beach, 4–6pm, on the last Sunday of the month, February to November, except October. Guest poet each month. Open mic at 4 pm. Snacks and beverages are available. Entry price of \$5 covers the poet's koha and general expenses. Contact Michael Keith mickeith@ihug.co.nz

Marlborough

Poetry Corner: An informal group for lovers of poetry; meets between 6pm and 8.30pm on the first Monday of each month, at various locations. Readers, writers, listeners and performers are all welcome. Come and go as you please during the allotted time. For more information, please contact June Bowen at 03 577 9035.

Nelson

Nelson Live Poet's Society meets on the fourth Monday of every month at The Free House, 95 Collingwood Street; 6 pm for a 6.30 pm start. Open mic. Contact marybell@ts.co.nz

Picton

Picton Poets: (founded by Ernest Berry in 1994) meet on the third Wednesday of each month at 10.30 am at the Picton Library. Poets share their own original poetry and comment in an encouraging way. New members and visitors to Marlborough are welcome.

Palmerston North

Stand Up Poetry: Open mic poetry evening and special guest poet. First Wednesday of the month, 7–9 pm, Sound & Vision Zone, Level 1, Central Library. Organiser: Helen Lehdorf. For more information on

this and other happenings, contact (06) 351 4100; email: promotions@pncc.govt.nz; website www.citylibrary.pncc.govt.nz/

Contact person at the library is Jenny Veller.

Porirua

Poetry and Music At The Metro. First Sunday of every month, 3–6pm at the Metropolitan Restaurant and Bar, 7 Lydney Place, Porirua City Centre (opp. Railway Station, behind Bus stop). **Programme:** 3–5 pm, Open mic for any performance poetry, song, instrumental, original or covers, dance etc, any genre – traditional or contemporary, pop, rock, folk, rap, whatever. 5–6 pm, features, invited guest artist – poet, musician, singer, band, soloist or combination. Come along and put your name on the blackboard and have a go, or just listen and enjoy. Koha collection taken for guest artist. Food and drink available from bar. We are always looking for guest artists, whether musos, poets, dancers, or any other type of performers. For more information, contact Phil O'Connell (04)237-9902; mobile 027 786 5542; email philjoconnell@gmail.com if you are interested and available.

Rotorua

rotorua mad poets meet every Wednesday night at the Rotorua Public Library at 6 pm. All poets and general public welcome to attend. Light refreshments available afterwards. 7.30–9.30 pm.

Taupo

Live Poets: A friendly group of Taupo poets and writers who meet for informal readings at 5.15 pm on the last Wednesday of each month at the Taupo Museum. These are open to all, and readings of original poems and those by favourite authors are encouraged. Email Geni for more information: genirayjohnston@gmail.com

Tauranga

Tauranga Writers: A self-help group established over 40 years ago. We get together monthly to exchange experience and expertise, discuss tactics and techniques and to share work in progress for constructive criticism. We meet on the first Thursday of the month at 7 pm, at The Alzheimer's Society House, 116, 13th Avenue, Tauranga. Contact Jenny Argante on 07 578 5757 and 022 053 48 68, or email jenny.argante@gmail.com

All genres and new members always welcome. Enquirers

may request a complimentary copy of *Update*, our monthly newsletter, to find out what we're all about.

Timaru

For poetry events, or to contact Timaru or South Canterbury poets, contact Karalyn Joyce at karalynjoyce@xtra.co.nz / ph. 03 6147858.

Wairarapa

Wairarapa Word meets on the first Sunday of the month, 3–5 pm, at Almo Books, High St, Carterton. All welcome: poets, novelists, lyricists, story-tellers, more. We read aloud our original work and the work of others. Free entry. Cash bar.

Wanaka

Poetic Justice Wanaka: Wanaka poets meet sporadically for open mic nights and workshops. They have a growing programme of national and international performers. See the website for meeting dates and times.

Wellington

Poetry In Motion happens on the first Wednesday of the month at Meow, in Edward St. It is an inclusive event that aims to raise the profile of poetry and spoken word as a fun, engaging art form and challenge people's notions of what poetry is. This is a forum for sharing ideas, laughter, tears and views on life with a community of people who love words and performance in a lively bar atmosphere. No open mic as such, but people can book a 'Stage' slot during the first half of the show and read/perform for 5–6 minutes.

POETRY AT THE FRINGE: 4–6 pm on the 3rd Sunday of every month at the The Fringe Bar, Allen St. Featuring an open mic, Guest Poet and a musical interlude. For information, contact Neil Furby, ballroompoetrycafe@gmail.com

Whakatane

LIVE POETS meet at 7.30 pm on the third Monday of the month, in the home of a member. Contact: Margaret Wilson at 07 3072308 (you can leave a message).

Whangarei

ONEONESIX, 116 Bank Street Whangarei, 5–8 pm, third Thursday of the month.

Contact pietn@outlook.com

The 2017 KAPITI WRITERS' RETREAT

3-5 March 2017 Kapiti Coast, New Zealand

Immerse yourself in writing and conversation this summer. There's something for everyone, whether you're new to writing, an established writer, or somewhere in-between. The Kapiti Writers' Retreat is a two-day gathering for writers that encompasses intensive morning workshops, lively afternoon panels and discussions led by six established New Zealand and international writers: Helen Lehndorf, Hera Lindsay Bird, Jordan Hartt, Nalini Singh, Queenie Rikihana-Hyland, and Vivienne Plumb.

You'll find space and time to write, relax and engage with topics critical to your work.

Find out more at <http://www.kahini.org/the-2017-kapiti-writers-retreat>

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