

## **Turning Again to the Well:**

**Poems of the Energy Necklace Project,  
Jackson Homestead, 2014**



Jackson Homestead, late nineteenth century

## Foreword

On April 6, 2014, sculptors, poets, museum staff, and other members of the community gathered for the Opening of the Energy Necklace Project at the Jackson Homestead in Newton, MA. The sculptors were there to celebrate and introduce their site-specific work on the themes of sustainability, preservation, and place. The poets had been invited to explore these same themes in language in the temporary sculpture park. Before the reception, a man greeted me who had wandered onto the property through a back gate. Drawn to the array of colors, textures, and shapes, he told me that, although, he lived just down the street, he had never before visited the Jackson Homestead. “It looked so interesting,” he said. “I had to see what it was all about.”

His response was a testament to how art can transform a landscape. When I shared this anecdote with Cindy Stone, Director of Historic Newton, and Susan Israel, Curator of the Energy Necklace Project, they both agreed. The installations had truly brought the property to life, uncovering themes inherent in the site’s history, yet hidden from public view until the sculptures drew them out.

On June 1, eleven poets read their original work aloud, weaving their voices into the visual and tactile experience of art and landscape. We have reproduced here their 25 poems in an online Poetry Walk. We hope that you enjoy these poems, which emphasize our rootedness to the earth, and the bonds that connect us to history and to each other.

—Susan Edwards Richmond, Curator, Poetry Walk at the Energy  
Necklace Project, Jackson Homestead

## Poets

Zachary Bos  
Polly Brown  
Linda Fialkoff  
Lynn Horsky  
Neil Horsky  
Terry House  
Cheryl B. Perreault  
Lila Linda Terry  
Joanne DeSimone Reynolds  
Susan Edwards Richmond  
bg Thurston

**Invitation** by Terry House

Winter's fierce course calmed,  
Gold crocus lights the dooryard –  
Come – let's celebrate!

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**The Good Witch Who Rides Milan Klic's Acquisitions of Light** by Polly Brown

With her wand she waves out iridescent spheres.  
She's wearing fireworks and sunrise,  
and the bubbles she creates hold light overflowing

from hundreds of frames Klic has fashioned  
to catch and preserve it. Sometimes she cycles  
on these rickety but serviceable wheels—or can fly,

due to her vehicle's overall elegant lightness of being—  
to scatter, to disperse light as needed.  
When survivors turn to stone with sorrow

light can guide their way from one breath to another;  
where thieves lie about our planet  
or the virtuous motives

of oil barons and bankers, light reveals their greed  
in its slime; and wherever people hold tight  
to a boat that's sure to go down—

this light will help us let go and swim.

\*\*

**Grandmother**      by Linda Fialkoff

They called you Naomi.  
We called you a slave  
to slaughter and pluck  
to the searing heat of  
kitchen and sun, fire  
of the smokehouse,  
hauling of water,  
to unceasing backbreaking  
labor of pulling, putting up,  
churning and making.  
You never complained.

You called them "The Darkies"  
We thought them free, who  
lived down by the river in  
broken down shanties with  
a dozen crammed in and  
no running water, or heat,  
trolling for crayfish.  
We wondered how;  
we wondered why.  
But when we walked by  
we heard them singing.

\*\*

**Love Is The Flower In Us** by Cheryl B. Perreault

*If we are peaceful, if we are happy, we can smile and blossom like a flower, and everyone in our family, our entire society, will benefit from our peace. —Thich Nhat Hanh*

When one seed  
of some small flower  
let us call ... the one of we  
is hurled out from the waters  
of its roiling mother sea  
the seed, afloat how it listens  
to a thousand sounds beyond,  
until eventual arrival  
into the wait of mother's arms  
saying, "here I am" to all the earth  
waiting for the songs of afterbirth  
We all hope and we sing  
*Let the blooming begin*

Oh little seed now can examine  
and take the new world wide in  
with so much of life  
that now comes spinning  
and surrounds around  
its newborn feet and stems,  
oh how the little seed  
does in earnest reach its mouth  
to mother, to cry, to sing, to coo  
hoping to receive her love  
and the longed-for tending-to  
we all hope and we sing  
*Let the blooming begin*

After many a fall and rise  
of the constant moon and sun,  
little seed's new stems so high  
while leaves stretch wide to everyone  
little seed's mass of brilliance  
makes the world pause to catch  
its waiting, baited breath  
while love pours out  
like the rain pours down  
like a wild, welcome deluge  
that brings the water to nurture another  
soon to arrive from sea of a mother

one more time  
we hope and we sing  
*Let the blooming begin*

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**Drone**            by Susan Edwards Richmond

*a sculpture by Milan Klic*

Sun riding on lacquered dew  
an insect falls with folded wings  
before the blasted Hawthorne tree.

Newton traffic speeds by  
when the light goes green.

Who owns these antennae  
of surveillance, technology  
searching for a new queen?

Mourning dove coo hoos  
from lightning struck limbs.

Steel wrought, it looks like  
cane, something alive, catches  
the spectrum, glint in our eyes.

Who hunches in the bunker in the Arizona desert  
bringing the blinking locust to life?

Bee buzz summer hum, lazy afternoon.  
A wasp daubs its mud palace,  
the numbing sounds of ordinary work.

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**Christmas Cookies** by Lila Linda Terry

I was not an anxious eater.  
Then my daughter moved home pregnant . . .  
with twins.  
The father to be  
babyman  
screaming with rage as there might be  
Responsibility  
to the infants, and the lover now mother.  
Love awry, the dream dasher  
Responsibility.  
so . . .  
me,  
nonny-to-be  
eats Christmas cookies, with vanilla icing  
and glittery colored sugar sprinkles  
I eat:  
Stars  
Christmas trees  
Angels.  
They all taste good.  
They momentarily numb the pain of little lives, divided up into numbers, dollars, hours  
supervised or not.  
Little lives still floating inside her.  
I prefer to eat vegetables  
and to speak of swaddling them  
with Love  
when they arrive on a summer day.

\*\*

**Class** by Susan Edwards Richmond

*Every day  
8 Children are killed  
and  
48 Children are seriously  
wounded by guns  
in America*

*—Gail Bos, The Children's Chairs Project, sculpture light by John Powell*

The sculptor shuffles under the not quite  
shade of the spreading oak,  
drill in her hand, securing the wooden  
straight-backed chairs to earth.

Blue, yellow, lime, purple, orange, white  
face inward, absent children attentive  
in empty seats. At the center of the circle,  
eight red chairs, the brightest color,

color of fire, exuberance,  
of passion, fruit, of blood.  
The other empty seats know what  
they know and will never not know it.

Sun on this April day pours  
through a tree without leaves,  
where another artist has filtered its beams,  
little lanterns on the hard-packed mud.

The architect of chairs has left her paints  
on a few empty seats, awaiting the children  
who will come with their families, fill them  
with their odd designs, their concrete prayers.

Look, they are already here  
brushes in their hands:  
spray of dots, teal on white.  
2K the Swirl.

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## Early March

by Lila Linda Terry

The New England winter is hanging on.  
our souls pounded by the inverse flame of cold  
beating our Downeast character into its roots.  
They say human beings have depth in New England.  
We live apart from the La-di-da of the West Coast,  
the sweet fried donuts of the South.  
Though sometimes we long for that taste, or the place where smiley faces rule.  
If we did not travel to 3rd world countries where we can live on a song  
amid the beautiful bougainvillea,  
this year  
we travelled to Iceland, Greenland,  
and the Northern Isles free of charge.  
We just stayed put and shoveled.  
We stoked the fire.  
We made cups of tea.  
We dreamt and slept more.  
Some people skied and ice fished.  
I made soup and became deeper friends with solitude.  
I watched my daughter grow twins.  
We prayed.  
We prayed.  
We prayed.  
There is so much to pray for in this world.  
Winter helps our prayer work.  
For that I am grateful.

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**Rap at the Jackson Homestead Lower Gate on**

*Tree Dreams* by Gail Bos

*Peeking Into Newton's Toy Chest Exhibit*, Newton Historical Society Museum

by Lynn Horsky

Bright painted  
Colors play  
Figures gesture,  
Hey, we won't pester  
But, Sister Spring,  
Step it up for a day.  
Strut it up and stay  
Sunny on the avenue  
Through the afternoon  
Come on in they say  
Planted together  
In all kinds of weather  
Taking our chances in  
Skinny bare branches  
Twisting it up from roots and trunks  
Like quirky dancing sassy punks,  
Spunk; arms and feet going in four directions  
Pruned, runed, tattooed,  
Tuned in tribal urban inflections.

Art like the Cubists' breakaway  
Way back in the early day  
Cracking classic semiotic codes  
like jokes, okay  
Themes of dressy Watteau woodland scenes  
Filling walls in fancy French salons and  
Silky satin lace boudoirs,  
Say your *au revoirs*.  
Even a picnic with Manet and mates  
would be tame,  
Lame; when you see them cut the rug to pieces  
Shaking leaves like tambourines  
Listen to our merrymaking,  
Memories of photosynthesis.

Put your right foot in  
Turn it all about  
Don't pout.  
Take yourself aside  
That's enough, now let's go inside.

Behave, be serious.  
Curious, like old fashioned boys.  
A room's chock filled with all kinds of toys.  
Train tracks puzzles dominos,  
Maps to tell you where to go  
Big old picture books  
Ones from a great great grannie's attic nooks.  
You can learn by playing.  
Take your hand in mine.  
Just saying,  
I read the sign.

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**Dreams of Trees** by bg Thurston

Trees of autumn dream of spring  
before the long night of winter.  
But summer trees never dream—  
they bask in sun and pungent air.  
At dusk they sigh, surrounded  
by the serenade of nesting birds.  
They shine under percolating stars  
and cradle the moon in their branches.  
They are church – from seed to steeple,  
piercing the grace of morning,  
wreathed in their halos of fire.

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## **Three Sculptures** by Zachary Bos

### *I. Jeanne Williamson*

She pinned a cloth upon a fence  
and called it a universal  
bandage for the world's injuries.

What kindness she has. How immense  
and unflagging her ambition  
to help us is. I wonder how

often the dressing needs changing.  
When she's out of cotton, what then?  
Tears her shirt into strips, I bet.

Or weaves fresh gauze from any old  
floss or fiber she finds at hand.  
Penelope would understand.

### *II. Linda Hoffman & Margot Stage*

They knotted sisal and nylon  
and jute and hemp and so on, then  
hung the worried cordage in skeins

dangling off a branch twelve feet up.  
They shamble in the wind like the  
ends of a vagrant's unshaved beard

who's been abroad ten years and wants  
only to get home. All those knots  
I bet are meant to trap and hold

ill will and envy until rain  
and wind and seasons of light can  
break them down into harmlessness.

*III. Milan Klic*

What's the use of a bird or a  
bicycle built from reclaimed steel,  
and light-catching foil, and gobs

of amber resin wastefully  
poured like a golden corrosion  
over their airy armature?

Ask him who makes things unextinct.  
Ask the artist, who saw some use  
in saddling a bicycle

like Dimetrodon with a sail,  
who made a bird, like Brontornis,  
stately and unassailable.

\*\*

**How to Save the World** by Terry House

Only the outlandish act will do.  
That clean white cloth your mother starched?  
Lop it off in rounded intervals,  
And stamp its scalloped edge  
In designs as intricate as the newsprint  
Smudging your prickled finger tips.

Know urgency, know a tempest brews:  
Reel in your inky washing from the line,  
Hoe deep, true rows  
While there's still time;  
And when the rain arrives and freezes,  
Defy all reason.  
That handiwork of yours?  
An improvised bandage now,  
Though quite unlike the ones  
The Baptist ladies' sewing circle rolled.  
Use it to wrap the gash  
Where the wind-lashed branch once grew.

Stop circling the wagons;  
Try bales of timothy or  
Dead toddlers' empty chairs instead.  
Think *Principle* not *Self-protection*.

Since you've already plowed up  
That lovely, ornamental lawn,  
Plant vegetables there and eat them.  
Lead a procession.  
Harbor fugitives from injustice  
And invite them to dine by candle light  
At your table until dawn.

Before you go to bed, check again  
The progress of that wounded tree.  
Note how the prosthetic bark appears –  
So like lichen or fish scales or  
The chain mail hide of an armadillo,  
The impenetrable plates of a pangolin.

How do you save the world?  
You breathe, you think, you move.  
You do what you can -  
Only this outlandish act will do.

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**Turning** by Polly Brown

*Forest Fall*

Hung from a tree, a hundred knotted kite tails  
or *quipus*, story strings. Wind sifts  
and reads them, lets them fall.  
To look up is to climb something falling:  
Jack with his beanstalk turned into a river.

*Umbilical*

After the loss, she unpacks her mother's clothes;  
adds some of her own to cut in strips, braid  
and rebraid—a long rag rope. White-blue-  
green, the fibers mix like blood in a birth cord,  
and she recovers herself.

*Reaching Hand*

He likes the way clay feels,  
but casts in concrete (so they'll last)  
these roundels: small ponds where a hand emerges,  
a snake curls; a bird's splayed-out wings reveal  
evolution repurposing fingers.

*Tempest Tossed*

The old slave boats turned  
their owners gold. Here the sail is black rubber  
ruffled like kelp; the keel's a rusty beam.  
We haul toward the flagpole, a ruined tree, any shore  
where our cargo might claim safe harbor.

*Collaboration*

Along the fence, something like driftwood,  
remains of vines long gone—  
the iron grid so embedded in wood,  
wood so tightly clasping iron  
it cannot be cut out.

*Procession*

This plow will never open a field again;  
nobody will risk a life to these wheels;  
but field hands' bones remember; bend and gather  
a harvest of rust, iron pulled from the earth  
and aging, aging back.

*with thanks to all the sculptors for the Energy Necklace Project  
at the Jackson Homestead*

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## Water

by Cheryl B. Perreault

All this water  
that we have around us  
like an orb of quiet offering  
from the universal womb  
of an ever-expectant mother.  
All these vast, patient puddles and ponds  
and cool, clear pacing ripples  
of pooled glacial waiting lakes  
and the rhythmic rock  
and pound and pave  
of the mighty ocean waves  
and the rain that falls down  
from the clouds that  
hover above the ground  
as the solitary drip-drops  
seem to nearly stop mid-air  
before landing on the ground  
or before falling on even  
the smallest open hand  
like deliverance.

How they fall even on the small, quiet boy  
waiting in the dry and distant land  
with bare feet and outstretched hands  
to beg for water from the foreigners  
who smile, yet do not understand  
why he begs for water instead of money  
until the day of eventual rain comes again  
and falls down upon him.  
How then the boy shouts out “amen”  
as the tiny drops descend  
upon him and once again offers up  
his outstretched hands  
and simply stands there smiling in  
all this water.

\*\*

**Ordinary Pine**      by Joanne DeSimone Reynolds

What happened?

That is to say, what happened  
to us? Or between us? What  
will become of us now?

True, you were older.  
Suffered the deluge.  
Cast a shadow more borrowed than your own.

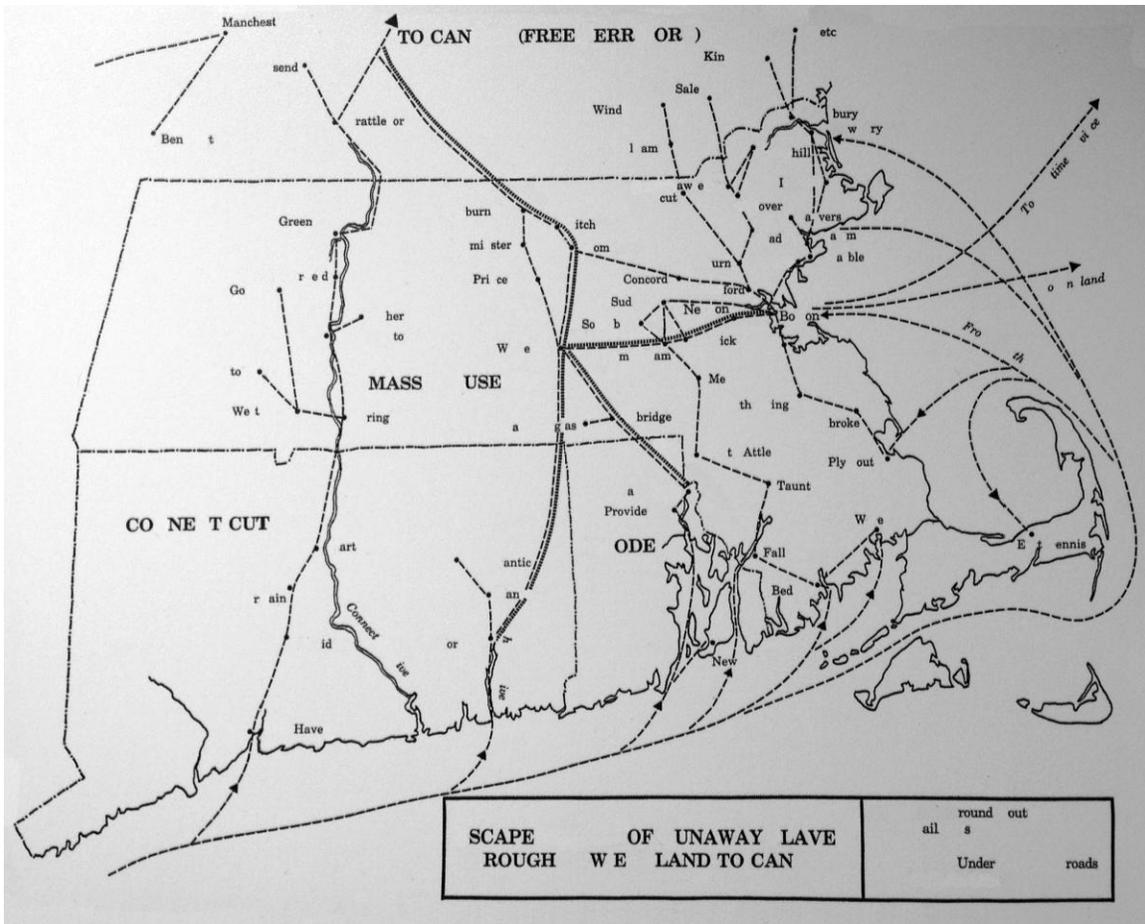
I came shortly after.  
Not so much a part as a go between –  
a link. I remember the way you reached out  
to the youngest – your great hands – how well they played!

Facing away from you now, I long to see you.

Both of you.

Such a hole in each of us.

\*\*



by Neil Horsky

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**Comfort** by bg Thurston

No matter how old,  
we become orphans  
when our mothers die.  
We wail and rend  
our clothing into shreds.

In the hope of healing,  
we braid ourselves  
into an umbilical rope  
reaching for Heaven.

Then we imagine  
our mothers' faces  
searching for us,  
seeing the vivid colors  
woven out of love.

Our souls recognize  
what our eyes cannot.  
That tether that binds us—  
the knots at either end.

\*\*

**Lockybirds** by Lila Linda Terry

Yes there are two! a boy and a girl.  
they are swimming, spiraling near one another  
in separate balloons.  
One heart is a lot for a person.  
First time Mama has three right now.  
Waterbirds, their tiny hearts 158 beats per minute  
Haven Grace and  
Theo.  
They are not panting, they are relaxed inside her.  
With little hearts beating like the sparrows  
at the winter feeder  
when the world is white.

I am free when I swim in summer.  
I feel as if I am in the blue sky.  
I wonder if they feel the same?  
all worries non-existent  
hands wafting through sparkling water  
eyes seeing white clouds moving  
I am  
in it,  
with it,  
paddling away. . .

God is guiding us  
Sure as the sun's rays  
follow me across the pond.  
Days continue  
the pond that is her, will shrink.  
We will hold the lockybirds in our arms soon, one green summer day  
the warmth of our love  
will set them free  
into new Earth lives.

\*\*

**Spring Returns** by Lynn Horsky

*after The Procession by Linda Hoffman and Gabrielle White*

Spring wheels forth from winter's grasp  
Dreams of fields in sunlit breezes  
Forgets the cold and dark untimely freezes

Ceremoniously, she guides her maidens  
Upward on her sacred path  
Cracks through shells fire and ice have ground  
Emerges not unscathed  
More determined for life again

Hearts be hers in this hard labor  
Full force of will entailed  
Backs to work pick axe and shovel  
Hands to plow hot sweat on brow  
Kneeling before her as a planter

Her flute in air calls seeds to swell  
Row by row her vision multiplies  
Showers release her tears of gratitude  
Awarding multitudes divinity's food anew  
Anointed, fresh, imbued

\*\*

**Having Chickens** by Cheryl B. Perreault

For some strange reason, these days I am preoccupied by the thought of chickens.  
I think I'd like the luxury of having a few in a little heated barn that I could build  
in my backyard to let them roost and roam about throughout the day at home.  
How good life would be if I could collect even a handful of eggs  
for an occasional omelet to make on the weekends.  
Mother tells me that she hated chickens.  
This is possibly because there were perhaps two thousand chickens at a time  
in the wire fence coop of her childhood mind.  
"Too many filthy chickens." Mother says, shaking her head.  
According to Mother, chickens were everywhere clucking,  
kvetching and pecking at her ankles and hands,

stinking up the yard so that she'd have to wear big mud boots when she'd go out to clean the chicken house or gather up the eggs to sell to the hungry neighbors who begged for them to get by in the post-Depression times. It was her father who was the one to re-stock the feed and every morning he would also be the one to check for any overnight chicken casualties.

Mother says there were always a few prolonged or tragic deaths in the coop. He'd take care of that too. And then her father would leave the chickens for his other day-job at the rubber shoe company so that he could perhaps bring home bread enough to eat with all their eggs as well as the occasional unfortunate sacrificial chicken served up on the dinner plate. Mother confesses now she would try not to remember the names that she would give the chickens when she saw them there on the dinner table. You know, ordinary chicken names like Theodora, Gertrude, Hester and Carol. "But who cares about their names anyway," says Mother "...they were just a bunch of dirty, old birds."

However, when you get Mother in a corner, she just might admit that those chickens really got them through all those days on the farm in the post-Depression times when people didn't have choices of things like eggs at the store, like whether to get the jumbo or standard size, brown or white, organic or hormone-free or home free on the range.

Back in those days, people just had chickens, usually just the one kind that pecked at seed that was within their limited range of mobility.

Mother has confessed on more than one occasion, usually after she has had a glass of wine, that these same chickens had an inexplicable, nearly mystical gift of sometimes making a momentum of clucking sounds in such holy-seeming unison, as if they were a bona fide church-ordained spiritual choir singing each other necessary offerings of sacred songs about the divinity of life, sometimes when it seemed that they had nothing else to live for.

"Perhaps," she tells me in a near-whisper, "they were songs of their survival."

And so now, Mother has me thinking that ... who knows, maybe if all of our ancestors and neighbors were standing still long enough outside, perhaps they were witness to those chickens passing on their legacy of survival songs and just maybe those songs are resonating somewhere inside of all us descendants of those people back in time having chickens. And if we continue to listen carefully out in the world, perhaps we can still hear those chicken songs teaching us about survival. In fact, I don't know if it is just my imagination since we are talking so much about chickens but I swear that I just now heard Gertrude inviting me to join her in song about life ... with a "call and response" opportunity.

\*\*

**Procession**

by bg Thurston

I was holding down a convulsing ewe,  
when my friend said People need to know  
that farming isn't a Norman Rockwell painting.

No one understands why I want to live here  
in the middle of nowhere, at the end of the line.  
Sometimes I cannot remember myself.

My great-grandfather, Charles Bartholomew Lorenz,  
was a dairy farmer in Waterford, Pennsylvania.  
My other ancestors raised sheep and crops.

Farming comes with its own stark language:  
ring-womb, wool-break, star-gazing, milk fever.  
One learns to pay attention to nature's signs.

Life and death entwine here every single day  
and all I am certain of is that I am not in control  
of what survives and what will escape my grasp.

But each day, I try, pray, cry and stay patient.  
Sometimes I even remember the reason I am  
rooted so deeply to this earth—to raise up

these living, breathing beings. The ewe recovers  
and her twin lambs gambol around her.  
Crocuses bloom in places I did not plant them.

A silent hand stretches up from the soil  
and offers comfort of the kin I never met,  
yet knowing this is the only place I belong.

\*\*

**Would That We Might** by Joanne DeSimone Reynolds

The day-sky is dimming, dimming he said, the sun  
is losing gold.

With alloyed reeds, with great delicacy he fashions  
a vehicle:

toothpicky, rickshaw-wheeled. A prairie-lost  
contraption of wheat gone to seed. System

unto itself  
in jeopardy of collapse. He attaches

a sail to it that all might be saved.  
A web of resin. A stung amber spun from fingers

like spinnerets. He inserts a matrix of rectangles.  
Open-ended as outlet boxes.

Input-output rooms particles speed through, glitter-splattering,  
that they might breed sparks

like Mary's womb.

\*\*

**Oasis** by Susan Edwards Richmond

*Jackson Homestead, circa 1830*

From out of the trees comes  
a knock at the door  
hailing light,  
a sturdy farmstead fenced around,  
bulwark against a demon night.

\*\*

**Tikkum Olam**

by Lynn Horsky

*after Solar Shards by John Powell*

Heal the breach, repair the world.  
Connect the broken shards of light.  
Earthbound spirits rise,  
Duty calls with little time.

While we walk to hear the artists talk,  
A prophetic voice begins a descant  
Mourning for our home on earth  
Ruptured by greed.

There is no reparation that can be made  
Our planet is truly broken,  
Our planet is really dying.

*Civilization, our species, perversely flawed, all other beings prey.*

Woe, I see mushroom clouds rise like keyholes to extinction.  
Atoms bombard television sets in small New England villages,  
in India, China, Korea, Pakistan, in Russia, and the Middle East  
I travel cross the globe in split seconds watching  
Armageddon's battles and fragmented continents sink.

Another voice will hope  
for a little leaven.  
Physician heal thyself.  
Here is a remnant to seal the great divide  
Hanging lanterns in the tree  
Festive solar collectors swing  
Saving rainbow prisms light for dark  
Every night a holiday of mending.

\*\*

**Elm, Jackson Homestead** by Joanne DeSimone Reynolds

*for Ellen*

Diviner. When the farmer dug a well, he dug,  
here. One house. Two. And on – a homestead  
keeping up with the canopy  
lit from within like a carnival.  
A Gothic-arched cathedral of green.

*Ulmus Americana* – Main Street loved it. Just ask  
Olmstead. His *allee* along the park at Fifth Avenue –  
each tree branching upward and out as if attracted  
to its opposite, a clasping of hands – forms an arch  
as if to usher out the bride and groom. It still stands there, a century on.

But a tree can fall in the ring –  
one-two punch, fungus-plied beetle –  
the whole of it hollowed out. And worse.

So we turn again to the well, draw  
upon memory, upon words. A grace. A preservation.

*Note:*

Inspired by a drawing of the old house by Ellen Jackson (1825-1902) in 1894.  
Having never seen the house, she drew it as described by her father, William.  
It depicts a well under an elm tree beside the earlier salt box house.

Inspired, also, by the work of the following sculptors:

Milan Klic: *Acquisitions of Light*

John Powell: *Solar Shards*

Peter Kronberg: *Reaching Hands*

Peter Lipsitt and Susan Israel: *Tempest Tossed, 2013*

Linda Hoffman: *Ordinary Pine*

## About the Poets

**Zachary Bos** is director of the Pen & Anvil Press, and has had work published most recently in *Battersea Review*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, and *Spare Change*.

**Polly Brown** is a member of Every Other Thursday <https://sites.google.com/site/everyotherthursdaypoetry/home>, and writes about progressive education at [ayeartothinkitover.com](http://ayeartothinkitover.com). She has two chapbooks, *Blue Heron Stone*, and *Each Thing Torn From Any of Us*, and a full-length manuscript perpetually in the works.

**Linda Fialkoff** is a life coach and psychotherapist who lives in Massachusetts and Vermont. She enjoys writing poetry to connect to the earth, and to people, both living and those who have died.

**Lynn Horsky** owns a graphic arts production management company, and is a mixed media artist, food blogger, and participant in spoken word events. She lives in Boxborough, MA.

**Neil Horsky's** Found Poetry imbues poignant historical texts with critical contemporary meanings through the selective reduction and artistic alteration of the source material.

**Terry House** is a middle school English Language Arts teacher and a member of the Robert Creeley Foundation. She lives in Westford, MA.

**Cheryl Perreault** is founder and host of Wake up and Smell the Poetry at HCAM-TV in Hopkinton, co-created and facilitates The Women's Art Forum, and is host and creator of the Meet Your Neighbor tv program. She also offers workshops and group sessions for creative writing and life review story-sharing.

**Joanne DeSimone Reynolds'** chapbook *Comes a Blossom* has just been published by Main Street Rag.

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**bg Thurston's** second book, *Nightwalking*, was released in 2011 by Haleys. She lives on a farm in Warwick, Massachusetts, and teaches poetry workshops year-round, except in March when she is busy with lambing season.