

Poetry  
Should be  
fun.

AMY KITCHENER'S ANGELS WITHOUT WINGS FDN.  
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## THE DIPLOEMAT

World's most unique Literary Society

where we turn Scribblers into Scribes and Meeting the Muse is a Way of Life



2015 NATIONAL  
SENIOR POET LAUREATE  
CONTEST WINNERS  
Pages 3-4

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### Amy's Challenge:

**CHOP CHOP YOUR WAY TO LITERARY HISTORY**  
**(IMMORTALIZE THE CHINESE COUPLET!)**  
*Details on Page 4*



... FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

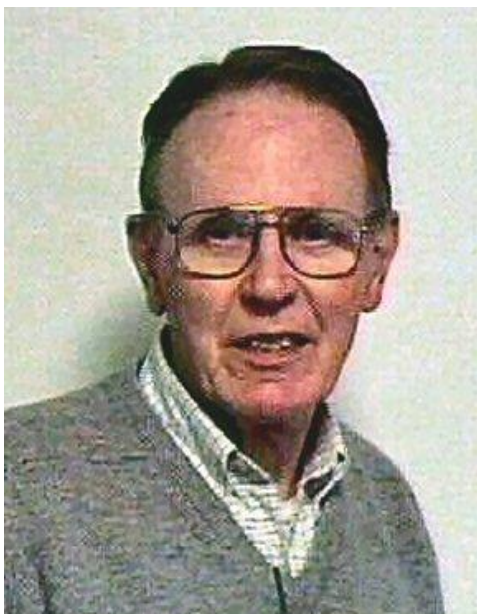
## Poetry Loses One Great Contest & Gains Another!

### Emery L. Campbell wins National Senior Poet Laureate Contest Award

News about winners of the 2015 National Annual Senior Poet Laureate Contest for American poets age 50 and older is now in from Barbara Callahan Quin, who was slightly delayed due to computer problems, and I am delighted to announce that the new—and final—SPL winner is **Emery L. Campbell**, 88, of Lawrenceville, Ga.

The \$350 prize is Emery's second National Senior Poet Laureate award, the first having been in 1999. This year's winning poem, "Meager Legacy," and his 1999 winner both appear for your reading pleasure on page 2.

Barbara's announcement about this being the last National Annual Senior Poet Laureate competition for American poets age 50 and older appears in Poets' Page on page 4.



EMERY L. CAMPBELL

Two National Honor Scroll Awards were also given:

**Sylvia R. Sampson-Haney**, 61, Stockbridge, Ga. won \$100 with her poem "Unbroken." She is the daughter of 2004 National Senior Poet Laureate Barbara Ruth Sampson.

**Betty Prisendorf**, 80, Merritt Island, Fla. won the \$100 National Native American Honor Scroll Award with "The Third Planet from the Sun."

I love inventing contests and poetic forms, challenge being to try making a new form go viral—aka literary mainstreaming. Join me in making it happen? **Chop Chop** to page 4. May the muse be with you!

~ Wanda Sue Parrott, Editor

*I first want to say a big "Thank You" to EVERY POET who entered the contest. Even if you didn't win a monetary prize, you are to be commended for taking a chance on poetry! The depth of humor, comedy, drama, or other emotion revealed in the verses of the poems was humbling to say the least, and it was an honor to read all the entries. I wish there could have been more cash prizes – you all deserved it! I respect and appreciate each and every one of you for being part of this contest. ALL entries provided an opportunity to take a peek inside your soul – whether your topic was devotion, emotion, or commotion! You may see the list of winners on the next page, and read all the winning poems on my website at <http://www.greatspiritpublishing.yolasite.com/golden-words-spl.php>*

Barbara Callahan Quin, Contest Administrator



## 2015 Golden Words

### Winners of the 23<sup>rd</sup> Annual (Final) National Senior Poet Laureate Poetry Competition

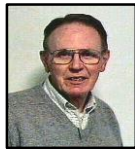
#### JUDGES' CHOICE AWARDS

There were 18 awards selected by the judges (retired SPL contest co-founders Wanda Sue Parrott and Vera-Jane Goodin Schultz, and 2015 contest administrator Barbara Callahan Quin). The top-scoring three poems won cash and certificates; the other 15, shown here in alphabetical order by poets' last names, won certificates and publication online at the contest administrator's website at

<http://www.greatspiritpublishing.yolasite.com/golden-words-spl.php>

**Noble F. Collins**, 80, Payson, AZ, "Ashes of Old Fires"  
**John W. Crawford**, 79, Arkadelphia, AR, "Spring Green Boy"  
**Erv Dworkin**, 63, Plainville, CT, "Swan Song"  
**Dena R. Gorrell**, 83, Edmond, OK, "The Heart Remembers"  
**Henry Greenfield**, 75, Cutler Bay, FL, "Senescent Love Poem"  
**Jewell Johnson**, 82, Ftn. Hills, AZ, "Tree by the Side of the Road"  
**Ellaraine Lockie**, 70, Sunnyvale, CA, "Jew as Noun"  
**Bernard Mann**, 82, Austin, TX, "We Stumbled to the Singing Sea"

**Lynn Veach Sadler**, 75, Pittsboro, NC, "Still Life: Men and Birds"  
**Marian Kaplun Shapiro**, 76, Lexington, MA, "Fishing in Winter"  
**Charles Southerland**, 60, Viola, AR, "Far Off, There's Lightning"  
**Christine Strevinsky**, 83, Shepherdsville, KY, "The Widows"  
**Nick Sweet**, 66, Shepherd, TX, "My Father's Woodpile"  
**Vincent J. Tomeo**, 68, Flushing, NY, "Auschwitz, Birkenau, 2003"  
**Robert Walton**, 68, King City, CA, "Sacajawea Traverses Yosemite"



### EMERY L. CAMPBELL

#### 2015 National Senior Poet Laureate



Emery L. Campbell, 88, two-time winner of the National Senior Poet Laureate (SPL) Award, was born in Monroe, WI. A naval aviator from 1945-1949, he later earned a BA in French from University of Wisconsin, Fluent in Spanish and French, he used both languages during his 26-year career with ITT Rayonier, Inc. while living in France, England and Argentina. An internationally published poet, Emery has two books of poetry and publication in countless anthologies and other periodicals. He has two sons, Lucas and Julian (Julian died in Feb. 2015, after a yearlong struggle with acute lymphoblastic leukemia). Emery and his wife of 57 years, Hettie, live in Lawrenceville, GA, near Atlanta. Here are both of Emery's National SPL winners.

#### 2015 SPL \$350 Award Winner MEAGER LEGACY

I don't remember much of Dad, there's little I can tell.  
 Confined to bed his final year, he died when I was ten.  
 I often lie awake at night, thoughts drifting back to dwell  
 on memories that linger, to recapture them again.

I bear his name; I wrote it with a Jr. at the start.  
 I used to try to emulate the flourish he employed  
 but never learned to master Father's signatory art.  
 This early failure may have marked me – shades of Sigmund Freud!

Whenever stocks got low he'd send me off to buy his "smokes" –  
 unfiltered Lucky Strikes – he lit up twenty every day.  
 In that far time the laws were lax; they'd sell to little folks,  
 nor did they warn that cigarettes don't lengthen life's ballet.

On Saturdays if I'd been good he'd slip me fifteen cents;  
 a double feature, Looney Toons, and news would take two-thirds.  
 Next stop, Old Fashioned Ice Cream Store; disdaining the expense,  
 I'd exit with a two-scoop cone. Perfection had no words!

He'd read the Sunday funnies to my sister, Joyce, and me;  
 the ape-man Tarzan, Katzenjammer Kids were favorite strips.  
 I still can smell the corn he popped, a fragrant potpourri,  
 we wolfed it warm, its melted butter greasing greedy lips.

My Dad had never prospered, left no nest egg when he died,  
 no life insurance contract, and my mom did not re-wed.  
 Thank God for FDR, whose Mother's pension saved our hide,  
 and when I got a little older I helped buy the bread.

I wish I'd had a father's love and guidance as I grew;  
 Instead, I've but these scattered bits, a fading residue.  
 Dad's lain long years, now next to Mom, their grave a modest shrine.  
 I wonder how his life, if longer, would have altered mine.

#### 1999 SPL Award Winner WALDEN FAREWELL

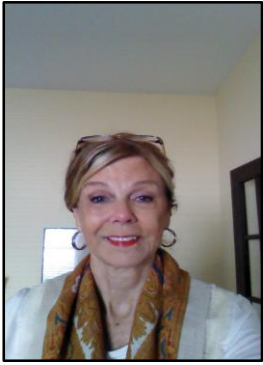
In youthful minds the raft we'd set afloat  
 no longer seemed just logs secured with twine;  
 our sneakers sloshing full, we'd launched a boat  
 on which we planned to tame the foaming brine.  
 We poled the craft through cattails, reeds, and slime,  
 quite blind to risks, though none of us could swim.  
 Adventure ruled, ignoring sweat and grime,  
 our cup of life welled bounteous to the brim.  
 But such idyllic joys soon ceased to be;  
 the city drained the pond to make a dump.  
 Marauding trucks spilled garbage where a tree,  
 pale green, grew tall—now nothing but a stump.  
 When "progress" meets perfection and they clash,  
 To wager on the latter would be rash.

**2015 SPL \$100  
NATIVE AMERICAN  
HONOR SCROLL  
AWARD**

**BETTY PRIENDORF**  
Merritt Island, FL

**THE THIRD PLANET FROM THE SUN by Betty Prisendorf**

*My tears fall like drops of rain;  
I hear my voice  
in the depths of the forest  
but no answering voice comes back to me.*  
~ Chief Joseph  
Leader of the Nez Perce Indians



Indians canoed serene waters;  
cared for the trees, hoed the land,  
smoked the peace pipe, lived in harmony  
with nature. Before we came – waving  
our flag, our hubris, our *Eminent Domain*.

Now, like the Cherokees, we walk  
a “trail of tears.” We have been  
up-rooted from the land, *our land* – our  
heels dragging on this barren path to nowhere.

Our “Eminent Domain” now empty domain,  
we are starving; thirsty for Mother Nature’s milk,  
the past, the simpler lives of the Native Americans.

Oil gushes our beaches; white gulls, pelicans, now  
black, slippery, grounded – dead baby dolphins  
wash ashore, shrimp with oil bellies float –  
Trees, precious old growth where squirrels nested,  
buffalo rested, now chopped, shipped –  
All to grow back someday, they say.  
Underneath it all – a thick layer of greed.  
*Oh Chief Joseph, we do not hear your voice in the forest.*  
*We are displaced, our priorities misplaced,*  
*your ancient wisdom buried like hearts at Wounded Knee.*

The voice we hear is the media, the constant excitement –  
The latest frenzy – brought to us all channels,  
a baby down a well – Wisconsin, the Heart Land –  
The anchor, a catch in his voice, struggles through static  
to hear their man on the spot. There is some hope, he says.  
We cry with relief when she is pulled up, blinking  
into the lights, dirty and bewildered – *like us,*  
*tears in our eyes, reaching for our mother,*  
*on the once beautiful Third Planet from the Sun.*

Betty Prisendorf, 80,  
2012 Florida Senior Poet  
Laureate, is a retired nurse  
and playwright..

**UNBROKEN by Sylvia R. Sampson-Haney**

“Look at you! You’re like me!” she said  
as she held hand out flat, revealing  
a partial amputation of middle finger.  
“Yeah,” I answered, “sandwiched  
between a TV and concrete floor.  
The fingers lost.”  
“My mom got mine in a car door.”  
We laughed at how we both try to  
conceal damage with the other hand.  
We shared the likeness.  
But we were different.  
She had cancer, I did not.  
She sat across from me asking for help,  
I was the one offering information

What in this world offered me this seat?  
Why this position? Why this time?  
I had problems; I had troubles too,  
but in this instant, here I sat as aide.  
Conscious of how quickly roles change,  
guaranteed of nothing,  
innately concerned,  
unequivocally caring.

Black hand reached out in thanks,  
grasped by white hand in appreciation,  
both afflicted and flawed but not  
incapacitated . . .so much alike.

**2015 SPL \$100  
HONOR SCROLL  
AWARD**

**SYLVIA R.  
SAMPSON-HANEY**  
Stockbridge, GA



Sylvia R. Sampson-Haney, 61, was 2008 Georgia Senior Poet Laureate. She is a women’s public health case manager. Her mother Barbara Ruth Sampson (left) was 2004 National SPL winner. Part of Barbara Ruth Sampson’s 2004 SPL poem is reprinted. here.

**RETURN IN THE SPRING by Barbara Ruth Sampson, 90  
2004 National Senior Poet Laureate**

(Excerpt)

... You are here in this eden  
that prohibits raucous, man-made noises  
within its sacred solitude,  
and comes your voice to my depth of yearning  
a luminescence of all past glory.

The cadence of your robust laughter,  
profound and sincere, makes me smile,  
my heart to sing.  
So good there is nothing to intrude,  
here in the mountains of spring.  
With you.



**THANK YOU**, to the Judges and EVERYONE, for being part of this national poetry event. Over the years, the SPL contest has created a lot of memories and opportunities for expression by poets who were ready, willing, and able to show what they are made of. This is the final contest in the SPL series. I encourage you to keep writing poetry and sharing your Poet’s Spirit! **BCQ**



## THE POETS' PAGE



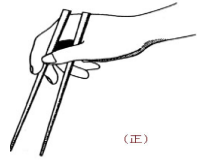
This message from 2012 National Senior Poet Laureate Award winner John W. "Doc" Crawford – a winner of an Honor Scroll in this year's contest – sent this e-mail, which we are reprinting verbatim so his many friends in the world of poetry can see it. You may send e-mail love and encouragement to him at [jwcraw@cablelynx.org](mailto:jwcraw@cablelynx.org)

**SAD NEWS:** Some of you may have already heard the bad news that Kathryn and I got this weekend about our son Jeff, whom we have always supported (even when he goofed) and have always been proud of for his many achievements, especially in the medical and safety field. If you know Jeff, you know that he is very intelligent and apt at whatever he does, always a perfectionist in his goal. He graduated in 1981 from Arkadelphia High School, attended HSU, and then joined the Marines. He returned to work at Hot Springs and then re-entered HSU, later graduating from the State University of New York, at Albany in political science. During his high school years he was an outstanding scout, achieving Eagle status and at HSU organized a chapter of Order of the Arrow. His study at Garland County Community College (now National Park College) garnered him state and national diplomas in paramedic work, which he later enjoyed for 10 years, before getting into safety work in the oil and gas industry. We all grieve to learn of his terminal cancer and continue to pray for a miracle. We hope you will join us in your thoughts and prayers, and keep his dear wife Shelly especially in mind that God gives her strength and spirit necessary to cope. Best wishes to all. Doc

**GOOD NEWS:** Carole Dee Meeks, former New Mexico SPL, is cancer-free after successful breast cancer treatment.



## Amy's Meeting the Muse Challenge: CHOP CHOP A NEW POETIC FORM TO LIFE REINTRODUCING THE "CHINESE COUPLET" CONTEST



In 2005, my friend Ann Parker and I were playing around with a favorite salutation she uses: *Chop chop*. My muse Amy Kitchener appeared, inspiring me to create a three-line poetic form called the Chinese Couplet. "A couplet is two rhyming lines," I said. Amy and Ann both replied, "Chop chop." I got the idea: *two lines rhyme, with a third line using the words chop chop anywhere in the poem*. It can be line 1, 2 or 3. Since chop chop is only two words, the other two lines must also be two rhyming words each. To sustain chop chop cadence, they must be single-syllable words. Complicating this arrangement of six words into three lines is the caveat from the muse: The three lines must tell a story, the reader's imagination filling in for descriptive words and action phrases that are missing.

The three-line Chinese Couplet should be a complete piece of work, line 1 being the Opening that introduces the problem; line 2 is the Middle drama; line 3 the Ending solves it. Impossible? Nah!! The challenge was introduced to the Springfield Writers Guild, Sleuths, Ink and Missouri Poets & Friends in my then-hometown of Springfield, Mo. Wow! Spectacular!!! We went public with the first Chinese Couplet contest via this newsletter. I invented the actual format and Ann Parker served as the contest's Chop Chop judge—and then the form was lost and forgotten—until Amy reappeared last month with an order: *Get the Chop Chop format into circulation and immortalize the Chinese Couplet!* "Yes, Muse," I said, then asked Ann's opinion. She said "Chop chop," which means yes. So, care to join us?

### HOW TO WRITE A CHINESE COUPLET

The challenge is to write a three-line, six-word poem that implies a storylet or playlet in three acts summarized here:

*Line 1—Introduces a problem or challenge*

*Line 2—drama/action taken to solve it*

*Line 3—resolution/solution to problem*

Format includes one free-floating line (chop chop) that must appear in the poem and be relevant; the other two lines must be comprised to two single-syllable-word internally rhyming lines.

No titles or punctuation allowed. Use of capitals is optional.

### CHINESE COUPLET EXAMPLES (WINNERS FROM FIRST CONTEST IN 2005)

Knife wife chop chop me free	Jerry-Mac Johnston Springfield, MO
chop chop raw slaw cheap heap	Yvonne Nunn Hermleigh, TX
chop chop wake snake jump stump	Bertha Johnson Sweetwater, TX
chop chop ate mate great plate	Terry D. Smith Fair Grove, MO
long song chop chop terse verse	Frieda Risvold Seattle, WA

### CHOP CHOP CONTEST RULES

**Deadline:** 11/15/15      **Entry Fee:** \$5/page

**AWARDS :** ½ TOTAL ENTRY FEES  
divided equally at Judges' discretion

### WINNERS ANNOUNCED IN DECEMBER

Make check to Wanda Sue Parrott  
Enclose #10 Self-addressed stamped envelope  
and send with entries to:  
**Wanda's Chop Chop Contest**  
Box 1821, Monterey, CA 93942

Fill one side of a page with between 1 and 10 Chinese Couplets. There is no limit to # of poems or pages you can enter for \$5/page. Place name & contact info in upper right corner of each page. Send **ONLY** one copy per page.  
**No e-mail submissions.**