



NEWSY NOTE FROM CAROL DEE

(Don't discard old poems. Revise and recycle! Carol Dee did, and see what happened? Editor)

Even though Pat (husband) is getting better, the better he does, the less time I have . . .

I am digging out some of my old stuff because I don't have time to write anything new, and it has paid off for me. June, July, and August were very good to me

I had two poems and a second place, then published in *Light of the Stars* out of Texas... two poems published in *The Poetry Explosion* . . . two poems published in *Pennessence*. . . two poems published in *The Sylvan*. . . all out of Pennsylvania, , , ,

I got an article and a poem about my mom's death, published in a book called *Hope after Grief*, and it can be purchased online. I won a contest at the Sonnet of the Month online site, and it is published there, got a real nice plaque with my poem on it as a prize.

Then, another sonnet about AIR, placed at the 2012 Writers---Editors Network International Writing Competition. I got a poem published, and it is online, at the *Oklahoma Review*. I won second place at *The Bruised Peach*, and it is published online; got a gift card from Amazon.com.

I won 2012 White Buffalo Peace Pipe Award at the annual NATIVE AMERICAN POET LAUREATE CONTEST, and three poems published in this book.

I won Honor Scroll Award at the SPL Contest and that poem is published in *Golden Words*. . . I won second place at the Oklahoma contest in July, and my three usual Honorable Mentions at their contest in August. I will take them as well.

I got a poem published in the *San Antonio Poetry Fair* anthology. . . was so thrilled and honored. I got ten haikus published in the New Mexico *Small Canyon Anthology*. , , and nine poems published in *Poet's Forum*.

I feel blessed beyond measure, as writing keeps me sane with Pat's issues. Even though Pat is getting better, the better he does, the less time I have unless I stay up late at night, and sometimes that catches up with me also. . .thank you all for being my poetry pals and for all your prayers, kindness, and love.

***Carol Dee Meeks,
Tulsa, Oklahoma***

HURRICANE SANDY JUST HAD TOO MUCH TO SAY Prose Poem

Hurricane Sandy came on her way, and reaped death and destruction that will last many a day. She took a huge bite of the New Jersey Shore, and made sure it will never be as it was before. From Atlantic City north past Asbury Park, she left many inhabitants destitute and in the dark.

Not satisfied with what she did to the shore, she moved inland bent on destruction that will last forever more. She hit many an inland city, hamlet, and town, as if seeking revenge so her name could ever live in renown. She knocked out power grids, and one could hear sounds, as poles and transformers came crashing down.

She ripped down many a roof and uprooted thousands of trees , as if to say, "I can darn well do as I please." She caused many a life to be turned around, and life as many people knew it will never again be found.

She caused rivers and streams to flow over their bounds, and rampaged on as if there were no one else around. When the tide went out and one looked to see, things were no longer in their place as they used to be.

Homes, boats, cars, and trucks were stacked up as never before; it's as if Sandy had decided to go to war. Neighborhoods were devastated and were lost in a blink; it happened so fast those in power had no time to think.

Utility companies, social services, hospitals, nursing homes and schools were brought to their knees, many people asked Sandy, "Why did you do this to me?"

Governor Christy made a tour and to his dismay , nothing he could do or say seemed to save the day. He was taken in by Sandy's shock and awe, and had to order the State Police and National Guard to enforce the law. Even the President came to encourage one and all, but after seeing all the destruction even he was visually appalled.

Most lost everything with nothing to spare, it was quite obvious that this monster named Sandy just didn't care. She affected everyone, the rich and the poor, the old lame, and sick even those who could endure.

Not satisfied letting things be, she had to add some icing to prolong the misery. She ushered in a Northeastern Storm without a second thought , adding sixty mile an hour winds, some rain, and sleet and topped it off with a snow storm that was in places over two feet.

Rebuilding will be done as it usually is, but how does one replace memories , hopes ,and dreams that should have forever lived? We should pray for the unfortunate particularly those poor souls who have died, however, if I could talk to God I would ask him the following questions: Why? Why? Why?

***Paul Lavelle
Old Bridge, New Jersey***