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West End Poets Weekend Review

With over 300 people participating in an array of diverse forms of literary art such as music, theater, performances, workshops, and individual readings the 2007 West End Poets Weekend was a true success! Our goal within the Recreation and Parks Department is to continually expose, expand and provide a platform in which creative persons from here in NC have an opportunity to share their love of Poetry and all the forms that it can inhabit. One of the factors which set this poetry event from many others is the concentration on local NC

talent. We are very fortunate to have so many tal-



ented people in the literary world right here in our back yard. This year we had over 39 poets performing their individual

talents for all to enjoy. There was so much talent that it would not be fair to single out one particular performance. Each presenter was as unique as was their individual form of poetry. As a department, that is exactly what objective we wanted to meet—providing and promoting diversity in poetry!



West End Poets Weekend included performances by Paper Hand Puppet Intervention

New Carrboro Laureate Named

A New Jersey native, Neal McTighe has been writing poetry for some 15 years. Neal is currently a PhD candidate in Romance Languages and Literatures at UNC-CH, and this November expects to defend his dissertation on the sixteenth-century Italian philosopher and poet, Giordano Bruno. In addition to a few scholarly publications, Neal has

also contributed poems to the local online journal, _volutions Magazine. Before coming to UNC, Neal studied and lived in Italy for a combined three years. He has taught Italian at UVA, Clifton High School, and UNC-CH. He is currently writing his first novel, a work of historical fiction set in the turbulent times of seventeenth-century Naples. As

Poet Laureate, he plans to complete a collection of poems on Carrboro's history and to promote poetry in local schools. Neal dedicates this poem, (continued on page 3) "Black and White," to the Town of Carrboro, and to the memory of two of his greatest mentors, Richard Kelly and Donival Brown. (See Poem page 3)

North Carolina Haiku Society

Reading by the North
Carolina Haiku Society at
the 2007 West End Poetry
Weekend

Tuesday, October 30, 2007
by Dave Russo

Kate MacQueen, Richard Straw, Bob Moyer, Dave Russo, and Ron Bell of the North Carolina Haiku Society read from their work at the 2007 West End Poetry Weekend.

"We tried to keep things interesting by presenting a mixture of haiku and haiku-related poems," said Russo, the webmaster for the Society. "We read *haiku*, *senryu* (similar to haiku but with a focus on human foibles), *haibun* (the combination of haiku and prose), and a linked form called *rengay*."

"Most people don't know that we've had a small but

active literary haiku scene in the United States since the 1960s, at least," said Russo. "The North Carolina Haiku Society has been part of that scene for almost 30 years."

For more information about the NCHS, see their Website at nc-haiku.org.



Review of Claudio Oswald Niedworok's "Seafarers"

I first met Claudio when I went to Theater in the Park to see a show titled "Seafarers." This was quite a while back, in the old Chapel Hill News days. While the show was a huge success, it was a touch dwarfed by the man who had written and performed it. Claudio was and still is a man with sea salt in his veins. But in today's world of steel and ocean-traveling cities, Claudio's view of the sea harkens back to the days of wind and sails. To hear Claudio's language, steeped as it is in a classical *basso-profundo* describing the lure of the sea, is to hear creaking wooden masts and wind-whipped sails flapping overhead. It is to understand that the very solid wooden decking under your feet is a very fragile thing, bobbing as it does to the sea's whim in a pool

that has no edges. It is to know the slashing of waves over the rail, and the helplessness of becalmed waters. And it is to understand that the men with whom you travel will become friends, the like of which you could never know, for life; friends who have shared the dread of a red sky at morning, and the peace of the red sky at night.

We have, gracing the shore of North Carolina, the "Queen Elizabeth II," a copy of the original ship named for England's beloved queen; you can find her in Manteo. And there is a full trio of ships moored at the docks of Jamestown. We poor land-lubbers can stride the decks and wonder what it must be like to bend your back to keep these ships afloat.

But we cannot, unless truly fortunate, really know that feeling. We can come close, though. We can sit and listen to the sounds of the soul of a pirate, the heart of a sailor and the words of a dwindling number of true adventurers, whenever we can catch a performance of Claudio's "Seafarers." For me, that's just about as close as we poor sods will ever get.

As is the wont of most poets still taking air, Claudio is still writing. And as a work in progress should, "Seafarers" has changed quite a bit over the years. So I rather suspected that what I would witness at this month's "West End Poet's Weekend," held at the Carrboro Century Center, would be a "Seafarers" of a different stripe. To be truthful, yes and no.

"Seafarers" as a show still invokes in the listener an age and an atmosphere that not many of us ever witnessed personally; and that nebulous feeling of the sea moving under your feet is still present. But while many poems remain the same as they were set down in the original show, "Seafarers" is also new, bringing to life in rhyming couplets many a new image and many a new emotion.

Excerpt taken from a review by Alan R. Hall, nationally syndicated renowned theatre critic, and former writer for The Chapel Hill News.

To learn more about "Seafarers" and the work of Claudio, visit www.claudioarts.com.

Carrboro Poet Laureate continued

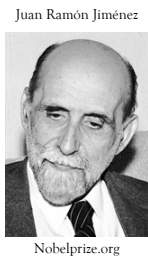
BLACK AND WHITE

"Black and White at the Melba Ray," Whooper bawled.
 "Grab your crimson gloves,
 we're off to see a picture show!"
 1924 and the buildin's gonna burn; spindles 'cross town,
 wrapped in cotton picked—marks
 woven in time-yarn 'pon a gentry's soul.

"Off to 'berta morrow morn, Jack-Be-Nimble; don't forget your
 worker gloves. The rope'sa gonna burn, burn, burn." "Youngest
 son—dear Lord—down Maple
 find me a ghost! Now, Jack-Be-Quick. She's picking flowers.
 Ma' and Pa' ain't got
 no time for clownin' 'round, so be off, child. Be off."

Strayhorn's bricks are strong. Fired up and ready;
 chimney sweeps, slaves; a bucket o'land for all
 to mill; sugar lumps and tea, Queen Bee.

"The picture starts in five, Jack; pianos tuned? Call Mrs. Watts!
 Her name we all know to call when the devil's got our soul.
 The boys are ready—Shelton, Center, Carr—doors forever open
 to love and lust. 'em whistles shan't blow; dawn's so far away."



Famous Poets Born in November and December

Paul Antschel Celan—a Jew born in Bukovina, his parents both died in concentration camps. The Holocaust greatly influenced his life and later led to his suicide.

Derek Mahon—born in Belfast, North Ireland, he published many poems and plays.

Fyodor Tyutchev—born south of Moscow, his literary career began at age 15 and was greatly influenced by both European and Russian. Classics.

Juan Ramón Jiménez—an Andalusian poet, one of his most important contributions was the idea of “pure poetry”. He received the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1956.

Emily Dickinson—an American poet, who although virtually unknown in her lifetime has become regarded along with Walt Whitman as one of two quintessential poets of the 19th century.

Su Tung-po – Born in 1036, a Chinese poet of the Sung Dynasty, he wrote very simple poems based on Buddhist philosophy. His satiric verses and opposition to official policies resulted in loss of his official status and imprisonment and exile 12 times.



Carrboro's New
 Poet Laureate
 Neal McTighe

Carolina winds and wills Chapel Hill—East End of *Us*.
 Belöved *Us*.
 Ivory's tapped tonight.

"I'm tied to Cross, Jack, I swear I bear. Summa's aching
 'pon my soul."
 "I've got me a train morrow morn; theater of dreams at the
 Melba Ray."
 Down in ashes, up like phoenix soar—from poplars, myr-
 tles, to grand ol' Oaks.

Catch a hack out west; speckled dust and 'bacco
 farmed these fields; o'glory, ghost we go!
 Can't read; can't write
 a lick, but Ice Road's anear; Fannie Mae.

Your Tops ain't Tin, your soul'sa gold.
 Alberta's said our dreams ain't old.
 But the Whooper shan't a word this night, shan't a word.
 the picture's all that's told. The picture's all
 in Black and White. The picture's all Black and White.

Neal McTighe

FEATURED POET – Mike Troy

I WISH

There is a place where poets walk
And talk the talk that poets talk.

It isn't far or hard to find-
It lives in every heart and mind.

It's near a little hardware store
That always has an open door;
And from the door it's just one hop
To a magic coffee shop.

And while we're wishing, let's just say,
Next door we'll have a French café.
Out back, a bookshop on an alley
Completes our local *Place Pigalle*.

At sidewalk tables, people natter
Of anything that doesn't matter
In a dusky limelit time
Where dogs don't bark and poems rhyme.

Feel the pleasing rhyme and rhythm
Of human living that's filled with them.
Through all seasons, in all weather,
Living is what we do together.

So grab a table, take a cup,
Pull up a chair and fill a dish;
Lift your face- the sun is up,
Close your eyes and say...I WISH.



Photograph by John Ripley

MIKE TROY
was named Hillsborough (N.C.) first poet laureate last spring. Troy grew up in Durham (NC) and lived in Chapel Hill for many years. Now, a Hillsborough resident, his poetry has been described as "pointed, yet deceptively simple with a soothing cadence, like the poems mothes read to their children". He credits the poetry of Vachel Lindsay, an itinerant poet from Spring-

field, Illinois, with helping him be brave enough to write his deepest thoughts using rhyming verse. Contrary to others perception if a poem rhymes- Troy believes that "our thirsty hearts" yearn from the comfort of rhyme. (*Chapel Hill Magazine July/August 2007*)

Fast Facts on Mike Troy

- Owner of Chapel Hill's bar He's Not Here
- Commonly hands out booklets of his latest poetry
- Duke University Graduate
- Former lawyer
- Began writing poetry when he met his wife, Laura Middlebrooks, at age 49
- Will serve as Hillsborough's Poet Laureate for the next two years

HISTORY OF THE LIMERICK – Article by Jordan McCollum

The History of the Limerick

A limerick is a five-line poem with a set form. The rhyme scheme is AABBA. The third and fourth lines (the 'B' lines) are shorter than the rest of the lines.

Traditionally, limericks tend toward the bawdy and the tawdry. However, early in the life of the form, limericks were as benign as other forms of poetry. For example, you'll probably recognize this 1774 limerick:

Hickory Dickory Dock
A mouse ran up the clock
The clock struck one
And down he run
Hickory Dickory Dock.

Limericks began to gain their widespread popularity in the mid-to-late eighteenth-hundreds with the publication of Edward Lear's *Book of Nonsense* in 1845 and 1872. His verses centered on nonsensical themes and often utilized wordplay. Although they were usually printed in 3 or 4 lines to accommodate illustrations, many of his verses use the limerick rhythm and rhyme scheme we recognize today:

There was an old person whose habits
Induced him to feed upon rabbits
When he'd eaten eighteen he turned perfectly green
Upon which he relinquished those habits

The word limerick first came into use at the end of the nineteenth century.

The Oxford English Dictionary describes the etymology of the term:

Said to be from a custom at convivial parties, according to which each member sang an extemporized 'nonsense-verse', which was followed by a chorus containing the words 'Will you come up to Limerick?'

Whether you believe that story, or prefer your limericks clean or bawdy, saying and singing limericks is has become a fun past time for many.

From BellaOnline's Poetry

Poetry Live!

Brought to you by the Carrboro Recreation and Parks Department

- **Junior Open Mic Century Center, Carrboro**
- **Poets Open Mic Open Eye Café, Carrboro**

For these and other events contact:

Carrboro Recreation & Parks Department

919-918-7364.

Or visit:

www.townofcarrboro.org/rp



Teen poets at all levels, come share your poems with other teens and gain writing tips from award-winning poet Shirlette Ammons.

November 14, and December 5 from 6:00pm-7:30pm.

Ages 13 & up. Free!

Registration required. Limited Space!

This event provides a venue for people to celebrate, share, encourage, write, read, and listen to poetry.

November 6, and December 4 (the first Tuesday of each month) from 7:00 - 9:00pm.

All Ages. Free!

Round About

<p>Literary Open Mic McIntyre's Book Store at Ferrington</p> <p>Every first Thursday night at 7:00pm monthly.</p> <p>Ferrington Village in Pittsboro.</p> <p>For more info call 919-542-3030. Sign up upon arrival.</p>	<p>Friday Noon Poets Amity United Methodist Church, Chapel Hill</p> <p>On the corner of Estes and Martin Luther King Jr. Rd. (aka Airport Rd.) .</p> <p>Contact David Manning for more info at 919-462-3695, or dbtm@mindspring.com.</p>	<p>Poetry Open Mic Jacksons Java, Charlotte</p> <p>8640 University City Blvd. Every month on the Second Thursday at 8:00 PM.</p> <p>For more information, contact Jonathan K. Rice</p> <p>Iodineopencut@aol.com</p>	<p>Poetry Alive Taste Full Beans Coffeehouse, Hickory</p> <p>Meets the second Tuesday monthly 7-8:00pm.</p> <p>Located at 29 2nd St. NW Hickory, NC. Featuring pre-planned published poets.</p> <p>For more information call 828-325-0108 or contact Scott Owens, 828-234-4266.</p>
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- What do you expect in a festival?
- We welcome any comments or suggestions for future programs, articles in the newsletter, or the West End Poets Weekend.
- Do you know of anyone that would like to receive this newsletter?

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www.townofcarrboro.org
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