

HERON TREE

EIGHT : 2021

atom banners bewilderment breath
boats climate confusion devotion
distance echoes encouragements fabric
finger floor garden grammar
heat honey incision jar
knife losses masonry mist
novice onion planet pleasure
prayers question reason ripeness
sunbeam tangle teacup trick
universe vessel violets visitors
whisper



HERON TREE

EIGHT : 2021

EDITED BY

Chris Campolo

Rebecca Resinski

This volume collects poems
published on the HERON TREE website
from January through November 2021.
herontree.com / info.herontree@gmail.com

HERON TREE : EIGHT

TABLE OF CONTENTS

There were three submission categories for this volume: poems created from public domain materials, poems created from sonnets other than Shakespeare's, and poems created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock. Poems in the first two categories are presented in Part One; poems using Comstock's handbook are presented in Part Two.

PART ONE

Source materials are indicated in brackets below; more information about source materials and their use is given after each poem.

- 8 C. E. JANECEK | Heaven to Those Who Are Asleep
 [medieval songs and chants]

- 10 COLLEEN E. KENNEDY | Sonnet
 [Elegiac Sonnets, Charlotte Smith]

- 12 SHLOKA SHANKAR | The Desert of My Love
 [Sonnets from the Portuguese, Elizabeth Barrett Browning]

- 14 DEBORAH PURDY | Try to Find a Reason
 [The ABC of Electricity, William H. Meadowcroft]

- 16 WENDY DEGROAT | New York Herald v. Daily Dispatch (Richmond, VA)
 [articles from the *New York Herald* and *Daily Dispatch*]

- 18 PAMELA WAX | The Woman Who: A Found Poem
 [book titles containing the words "a woman who" or "the woman who"]

- 21 MARK A. FISHER | I know more about death
 [*Death, the Knight, and the Lady*, H. De Vere Stacpoole]

- 23 LYNDA GENE RYMOND | Authority Based on Actual Tests
 [*Modern Priscilla Cook Book*]

- 25 SHEREE SHATSKY | Reflection
[*Jacob's Room*, Virginia Woolf]
- 27 AMY A. WHITCOMB | The Desert Inside Us: Mary Austin's California in Found Haiku
[*The Land of Little Rain*, Mary Austin]
- 29 MARY CHRISTINE DELEA | Still Life
[titles of artworks by women]
- 31 MEGAN HARTFORD | Alive
["Death, Be Not Proud," John Donne]
- 33 DEBORAH PURDY | Enough
[*Manual of the Science of Colour on the True Theory of the Colour-Sensations and the Natural System*, William Benson]
- 35 ANN WEIL | The Importance of the Screw
[*Steam Turbines*, Hubert E. Collins]
- 37 CONNOR FISHER | Tornado Watch
[*Tender Buttons*, Gertrude Stein]
- 39 SHEREE SHATSKY | the end of the world had come
[*Jacob's Room*, Virginia Woolf]
- 41 COLLEEN E. KENNEDY | You weave, and I
[works by Grace Christie, William Arthur Dunkerly, Archibald Lampman, James Stephens, Mattie Phipps Todd, Walt Whitman, Arnold Wolfensberger]
- 44 SHLOKA SHANKAR | A Trick of Thought
[Sonnet 14 in *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, Elizabeth Barrett Browning]
- 46 SARAH SARAI | I Shall Be Removed
["When the Door Closes," Pearl Curran and Patience Worth]

- 48 LOU ELLA HICKMAN | crossing
[“Crossing Brooklyn Ferry,” Walt Whitman]
- 50 ANN WEIL | Instructions for Carving by the Coroner Poet
[*The Cook and Housewife’s Manual*, Margaret Dods]
- 52 JARRETT MORAN | Deceptive Land Purchase: Ox Hide Measure
[works by C. M. Barbeau, Washington Irving, the New-York Historical Society, D. J. O’Donoghue, William Strachey, Virgil (translated by John Conington)]
- 54 BASILIKE PAPPAS | How to Become a God and Fade from Sight
[*Sonnets and Verse*, Hilaire Belloc; *Dissection of the Platana and the Frog*, J. D. F. Gilchrist and C. von Bonde; *His Lady of the Sonnets*, Robert W. Norwood]
- 56 MELISSA FREDERICK | Once More, the Moon
[translations of *Hyakunin Isshu* by Clay MacCauley and William N. Porter]
- 59 DEBORAH PURDY | Gratitude Cento
[poems by Sophie M. Almon-Hensley, William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edgar Guest, Emma Lazarus, Robert Lowell, James Whitcomb Riley, William Butler Yeats]

PART TWO

For all poems in Part Two, the source material is *How to Keep Bees*, Anna Botsford Comstock.

- 61 JENNIFER SAUNDERS | A Handbook for Happiness and Honey (An Introduction to Delight)
- 63 SUSAN KAY ANDERSON | Digression
- 65 GABRIELLA BRAND | Fidelity in a Bed of Pinks
- 67 KASHIANA SINGH | when honey is scarce
- 69 WINSTON PLOWES | HOW TO HIVE A SWARM
- 71 LAURIE KOLP | The Tree and the Flower

73	MEGAN HARTFORD A Warning
75	SUSAN KAY ANDERSON The Problem
77	LAURIE KOLP Her final days
79	AMY BEVERIDGE We Hunted the Invisible
81	MARIKO O. GORDON Nightfall
83	DIANE LEBLANC How to Keep from Keeping
85	LAURIE KOLP Why Not?
87	PAMELA HOBART CARTER Latitudes
89	MARY CROCKETT HILL [banners of red]
91	REBECCA PATRASCU How to Winter Bees
93	ABOUT THE AUTHORS

C. E. JANECEK

Heaven to Those Who Are Asleep
a collage of medieval songs and chants, 810-1300

I'm left with clouds to spread across
the width of an ocean. Night holds
intemperance without the ecstasy,
throwing ice upon the fire. Dawn is a
medicine for shivering, in the grace of
uncreated light

you are the sun, turning ice into
water into honey into sweet desire:
a spreading stream, the bright mist
of waking. Fragile mornings restore
me, when I meet your eyes,
fearless, I take your hand at sunset,
your lips a stream

freezing over. I'm left with
clouds to spread across the
width of this ocean, saying,
Heaven to those who are asleep,
heaven to those who are
asleep—

ABOUT “HEAVEN TO THOSE WHO ARE ASLEEP”

“Heaven to Those Who Are Asleep” is a collage of medieval songs and hymns:

- “I en polles amarties,” a Byzantine troparian by the 9th c. poet Kassia
- “Oidche mhath leibh,” a Scots Gaelic song
- “Laeta lux est hodierna,” an Irish sequence for the feast of St. Patrick
- “Thomas gemma Cantuariæ / Thomas cesus in Doveria,” an English motet
- “Shen khar venakhi,” a 12th c. Georgian hymn with text attributed to King Demetrius I
- “Rolandskvadet,” a Norwegian ballad
- “Drømde mig en drøm i nat,” a Nordic song
- “Dér voghormia,” an Armenian chant

About the poem and the process of composing it, C. E. Janecek writes:

“Heaven to Those Who Are Asleep” is a poem from my undergraduate thesis, *Strange Medicine*, which I wrote in 2019. I sought to revive foundational texts through cento, cut-up, and collage in order to challenge masculinist notions of single authorship and view history through a non-linear lens. Some of my poems in the collection wove modern and medieval texts, others reimagined the lives of Shakespearean characters, and others still, like “Heaven to Those Who Are Asleep,” simply came from appreciating the traditional hymns themselves. This poem wouldn’t exist without the phenomenal artistic and academic work of Utopia Early Music, founded by Prof. Christopher LeCluyse and Prof. Emily Nelson, who spend tireless hours translating hymns and folk songs from Old English, Latin, and many other languages, along with all of the musicians at Utopia bringing to life music as it might have sounded hundreds of years ago. Going to their concerts transported me to a different time and helped me approach the poetry and music of the Middle Ages from a place of curiosity and creativity.

COLLEEN E. KENNEDY

Sonnet

I delight
To stray
In woodlands wild

I wove your bluebells into
Garlands wild

And woke your echoes

I turn
My swimming eyes

Trembling light with pleasure
Nursed in dew
Dressed with humid hands

I think
That I soon may reach
Thy world

ABOUT “SONNET”

“Sonnet” was created from *Elegiac Sonnets* by Charlotte Smith (1784).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Colleen E. Kennedy writes:

Turning to several of the sonnets of the 18th century Charlotte Smith, a major influence on the Romantic poets, who composed her *Elegiac Sonnets* while in debtors’ prison with her husband and child, I was moved by her sensuous landscapes. I intertwined lines from her Sonnets II, III, IV, V, and XXIII to create the 14 lines of a sonnet—not attending to meter and rhyme—a love poem to nature.

SHLOKA SHANKAR

The Desert of My Love

I did not build the universe.
The face of the world has changed, mute and white.
My future will not copy my past.
Let me hear my heart fashion visions into speech.

The face of the world has changed, mute and white.
All is said without a word.
Let me hear my heart fashion visions into speech.
What can I give back? The desert of my love.

All is said without a word.
My future will not copy my past.
What can I give back? The desert of my love.
I did not build the universe.

ABOUT “THE DESERT OF MY LOVE”

“The Desert of My Love” was created from *Sonnets from the Portuguese* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1850).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Shloka Shankar writes:

I enjoy found poetry since it opens up opportunities for playing with language and experimenting with various techniques. One such pet process of mine is the cut-up or remixing, where I freely excerpt phrases and words to form a new whole. For “The Desert of My Love,” I was excited to try out an interesting prompt I came across in the Poets & Writers weekly newsletter. The prompt suggested “translating” a sonnet into a pantoum, and when I saw that sonnets were listed as possible source texts in *Heron Tree*’s guidelines for this volume, I knew I had to give it a go. While I could have taken the cento approach by opting to use the full first lines of each of Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, I gave myself a constraint and composed this poem from only the words found in the index of first lines. I mixed and matched within the limited word bank and paid attention to context and repetition, as is common with the pantoum form.

DEBORAH PURDY

Try to Find a Reason

Every time you speak
there are several words
thousands of miles away—

Any one of these
an ordinary thread
in the language of the day.

It would not matter
if you took
a glass jar

to hold it.
The same words re-spoken
arrange themselves

in every direction—
This is the way
you will remember.

ABOUT “TRY TO FIND A REASON”

“Try to Find a Reason” was created from *The ABC of Electricity* by William H. Meadowcroft (1888, revised edition 1915).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Deborah Purdy writes:

“Try to Find a Reason” was constructed by skimming through the text of *The ABC of Electricity* and collecting words and phrases. Selections were then remixed to create meaningful context.

WENDY DEGROAT

New York Herald v. Daily Dispatch (Richmond, VA)

A REBEL IRON-CLAD DESTROYED EXPLOSION OF C. S. GUNBOAT CHATTAHOOCHEE

June 1863 June 1863

Frightful explosion	Sixteen persons killed
Terrible suffering	at Blountstown, Florida
The vessel a total loss	and the vessel sunk
Off Apalachicola, the Chattahoochee	with most disastrous results
intended to make a raid on our blockade	A few moments prior
to recapture a schooner loaded with cotton	Messrs. Hodges and Arents in the engine room
For some cause	contended whether there was water enough—
unknown	The pump was started. Disaster happened
boilers exploded	immediately
Details are full	after cold water entered the boiler
of heart-sickening scenes	(magazines and shell room within three feet).
The rebels have lost	Panic commenced. Men jumped overboard
their boasted iron-clad	It was raining and blowing very hard
—strong—	when the wounded burned sufferers were landed
four broadsides, two pivot guns	and ship hauled in—
Our blockaders will have it easier now	poor fellows lay groaning in the mud.
Chattahoochee	Although the loss
useless	of brave men and vessel
to the rebels	is much to be deplored
As she is	yet with guns ashore
harmless	The river is
to us	much safer than before

ABOUT “NEW YORK HERALD V. DAILY DISPATCH (RICHMOND, VA)”

“New York Herald v. Daily Dispatch (Richmond, VA)” was created from articles in the two newspapers named in the title.

About the poem and the process of composing it, Wendy DeGroat writes:

This poem appears in a manuscript centered on Grace Evelyn Arents, a Progressive Era educator and philanthropist who made a lasting impact on Richmond, Virginia. Grace grew up in New York and, as a teenager, resided there during the Civil War. Yet she had family on both sides of the conflict. Her sister’s fiancé served in the Union Navy, while her uncle and two of her brothers fought for the Confederacy. Her brother Frederick was killed in the explosion of the C. S. Gunboat *Chattahoochie*, the incident described in these news articles. I placed this poem early in the manuscript in a section that provides insights into the tensions swirling around and within Grace as she came of age. Juxtaposing the contrasting depictions of this event in the press helps illustrate the tensions around allegiance that tore the nation apart, tension further amplified by arranging the text in a contrapuntal form. The biggest challenge craft-wise was arranging the words excerpted from the articles in such a way that the poem retained coherence when read in all three directions, with the third tipping the scales: down the lines on the left, down the lines on the right, and across the full lines from left to right and down.

PAMELA WAX

The Woman Who: A Found Poem

The woman who lived her life backwards
who looked both ways and drank her own reflection
gave birth to her mother

She knew everything
 who fell from the sky
 who read too much and borrowed memories
 who owned the shadows and wouldn't die

She named things
measured the heavens
mapped the ocean floor
She named God and fell from grace
She thought she was a planet and watched over the world

She lost her face and made men cry
pretended to be who she was

She knew too much but could keep secrets
She breathed two worlds and stole my life

She fell in love for a week
heard color
She tried to be normal

She was the woman who spilled words all over herself
who lost her names
She couldn't remember but didn't forget

She was a woman who waited but wouldn't
She died a lot yet wouldn't die
made love to storms and slept with men
to take the war out of them

She married a cloud
walked into the sea
was swallowed by a whale
She became my mother

ABOUT “THE WOMAN WHO: A FOUND POEM”

“The Woman Who: A Found Poem” was created from book titles.

About the poem and the process of composing it, Pamela Wax writes:

“The Woman Who: A Found Poem” is compiled from book titles I gleaned when searching the internet for the words “a woman who” or “the woman who.” Most of the scores of titles were discarded, leaving me to play with and organize the final form you see here. While many words were edited out of the original titles, only the words “and” and “she” have been added.

When I wrote this poem, I did not yet fully understand that found poetry was a “thing” and wondered if it was legal and/or ethical for me to use book titles in this way. I even wondered if I could use the word “write” in regard to what I did with it—it was more like creating a collage or putting a puzzle together. So, thanks to *Heron Tree*, it has been a joy to discover the many ways that found poetry can be created and to know that there are fellow creators out there!

MARK A. FISHER

I know more about death

than those Egyptians who have been shut up
in pyramids alone with him for a thousand years
I heard Death, I felt him, he was in the garden,
an old Dutch garden, very prim, very silent,
his gray misty face was at the window
he was smiling at me such a melancholy, kind smile
although his face was strange enough
I did not feel a bit afraid,
I spoke to him and he always answered,
speaking in a dreamy sort of voice
Death seems to me such a little withered,
contemptible figure, but there never
was an angel more innocent,
no, nor more sweet
for ever jealous of Love

ABOUT “I KNOW MORE ABOUT DEATH”

“I know more about death” was created from *Death, the Knight, and the Lady* by H. De Vere Stacpoole (1897).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Mark A. Fisher writes:

I started skimming the book, and when I found phrases that seemed particularly interesting I made a note. Long before I reached the end of the book I found a theme developing. Perhaps unsurprisingly given the title, images related to death seemed to predominate. Once that became apparent, lines were gathered together, sometimes reordered from where they fell in the book and sometimes enjambed together, and the poem flowed into something that was in a sense haunting in a way different than the original book.

LYNDA GENE RYMOND

Authority Based on Actual Tests
Modern Priscilla Cook Book, 1924.

The homemaker of today requires
 and insists upon:
 Accurate measurements.
 The temperature at which the dish should be cooked.
 The length of the cooking period.

“Bad luck” caused more waste
 in the old-fashioned kitchen
 than any other one cause.

Certainty in place of guessing
 eliminates failures.
 The back of a knife will do equally well,
 but the spatula has so many other uses
 that its purchase is not
 an extravagance.

À la, au, aux—all three forms
 mean just the same thing.
 Your French grammar explains the choice
 of each for use. Example:
 Rice à la Priscilla Proving Plant
 means simply rice
 as it is served there.

The Priscilla Cook Book
 is an authority based on actual tests.
 1924 Copyright in Great Britain and the Colonies.

Great care is the price
 of a really good cup of tea.

ABOUT “AUTHORITY BASED ON ACTUAL TESTS”

“Authority Based on Actual Tests” was created from the *Modern Priscilla Cook Book* (1924).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Lynda Gene Rymond writes:

My grandmother’s battered copy of the *Modern Priscilla Cook Book* is stuffed with newspaper clippings of recipes, homemaking tips, and a column on coping with husbands suffering from war trauma. The book is a potent relic, especially given my grandmother’s early death from the combined effects of anorexia and domestic violence. For this poem, I selected the opening pages of the book, which make the case for a more scientific approach to the home kitchen in a formal, even lecturing tone. I pared away with a sharp eye, looking for lines that open a small compressed window from those times, in which women’s lives were so diminished and constrained, to our times, in which many women continue to bear intense domestic responsibility in addition to other roles.

SHEREE SHATSKY

Reflection

Is it fanciful to suppose the sky

burns steady even in the wildest night

so unnecessary, such a thing to believe

the fabric through which the light must shine,

dangerous, perhaps,

to concentrate too much.

ABOUT “REFLECTION”

“Reflection” was created from *Jacob’s Room* by Virginia Woolf (1922).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Sheree Shatsky writes:

My process for found poems involves the discovery and repurpose of words and phrases connecting with my sense of word play. As a result, the musing of night sky magic emerges from the blackout of original text as the found poem “Reflection.”

AMY A. WHITCOMB

The Desert Inside Us: Mary Austin's California in Found Haiku

In the nest
A little more breath
Than noise

Fifty-seven buzzards
One on each of
Fifty-seven fence posts

The cattle
Rolling up
Their slow eyes

The buzzards
After three hours
Had clapped their wings

Coyote trot—
The raven flaps up
And follows

ABOUT “THE DESERT INSIDE US: MARY AUSTIN’S CALIFORNIA IN FOUND HAIKU”

“The Desert Inside Us: Mary Austin’s California in Found Haiku” was created from *The Land of Little Rain* by Mary Austin (1903).

About the haiku and their composition, Amy A. Whitcomb writes:

These five haiku poems found in Mary Austin’s essay “The Scavengers,” in her book *The Land of Little Rain*, are part of a much larger project of mine to revisit canonical American environmental writings and render them easy to read and engage with by today’s standards. Ecocritic and professor Ian Marshall has made interesting work of finding haiku in the writing of Henry David Thoreau in *Walden by Haiku*, which was the inspiration for my project. My contribution, as a millennial, longstanding haiku poet, and trained scientist, is this attempt to marry the aesthetics of immediacy, brevity, and juxtaposition from haiku with environmental concerns and the many varied voices of our environmental history. So far my project includes 440 haiku from over 60 celebrated authors and is collected in a manuscript-in-progress titled *A Gentler Shovel*. It’s been fun to use a known form to discover similarities and differences in environmentalism in the US over a century.

MARY CHRISTINE DELEA

Still Life

Self-Portrait: Child in the rose garden,
girl, girl reading,
young woman knitting,
young woman seated on a sofa, resting in the studio,
the pink dress, roses.

Summer's day, after luncheon
in the dining room, clothes drying.
Two profiles: the sisters, friends—Dr. Lincoln's daughters—
Julie daydreaming, Lydia crocheting in the garden
at Marley. Red apples, red hibiscus.

Off to sea, into the blue,
a mother. The boating party,
sunset bound. The black place.
Silence. Autopsy.

Lilacs in a window.
Mother, just a whisper away.
What a human being is,
thinking about death.

What the water gave me: her husband,
wounded deer, sad man with roses—
memory, the heart.
Birch trees by the river,
Pennsylvania landscape, bird bath.
The sisters, out of body, without hope.

Self-portrait: woman with pearl necklace,
the fig mother weaning the calves,
a mother from faraway nearby.
Maternal caress, maternal kiss,
right here, at home.

ABOUT “STILL LIFE”

“Still Life” was created from the titles of artworks by women.

About the poem and the process of composing it, Mary Christine Delea writes:

I do not always write poetry based on prompts, themes, forms, or challenges, but I do enjoy it, and when I do use some kind of a prompt, the results may or may not stick to the initial catalyst or prove worth revising. The sparks that work best are the ones, of course, that I have an interest in. One of my interests is in paintings—I love art museums and looking at art online, but I have absolutely no talent myself in this area. Part of my art appreciation is in learning about women artists—there are so many throughout history who are not given the recognition they deserve.

A previous call for poetry submissions from a different journal asked for ekphrastic poems, and I had written two after finding pieces by painters I had not previously heard of (Annie Hopf and Alma Thomas). When I saw the *Heron Tree* call for found poems, my brain was already in the world of women painters; my love of doing research got me online for hours, looking at art and learning about more artists.

“Still Life” was written using some of the titles of paintings (and a few collages, 3D assemblages, and mixed media pieces) I found in my research. At first, I limited myself to art from the 1800s, but I then opened up to both earlier and later artworks. Once I compiled a list of titles—which I would happily still be doing had *Heron Tree* not had a deadline—it was clear to me that *Still Life*, with its multiple meanings, would be my starting point; so many women (and men) in the 1800s painted a still life. After that, I became—as I often do—another person whose story could be told as a mini-biography, and it could incorporate all the meanings of the title.

MEGAN HARTFORD

Alive

Be proud,
for thou art not death.
Thou rest and sleep,
but pleasure must flow.

Men of bones,
desperate men,
dwell,
and shall be no more.

Thou shalt.

ABOUT “ALIVE”

“Alive” was created from “Death, Be Not Proud” by John Donne (1633).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Megan Hartford writes:

I stepped out of my comfort zone when I chose to use John Donne’s 1633 sonnet, “Death, Be Not Proud,” as my source material for this poem. The poetry I choose to read for entertainment tends to be contemporary works by female poets. In seeking out source material for my found poetry, however, I like to choose texts that challenge me in some way, that push my creative sensibilities. In a shorter piece like this sonnet, I highlight the words that stand out to me intuitively and see how they fit together. Is there a story to be told with these words? What is their connection? Once I have identified these words, I play around with them and let the story or theme emerge organically. In creating the poem, one parameter I give myself is to keep the words in the order in which they appear in the source material. For me, having these rigid boundaries actually helps me to be more creative. In this way I’m able to cut a path through the piece that leads me to my own story.

DEBORAH PURDY

Enough

What light gives
is always divided,
scattering it more—

The blue of wood smoke
a tincture of
superficial reflection
when a sunbeam enters,

A certain idea
of opalescent stones
by candle light
in ordinary vision.

The best blues
make us see
it is enough.

ABOUT “ENOUGH”

“Enough” was created from *Manual of the Science of Colour on the True Theory of the Colour-Sensations and the Natural System* by William Benson (1871).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Deborah Purdy writes:

After choosing a book from the public domain, *Manual of the Science of Colour on the True Theory of the Colour-Sensations and the Natural System*, I skimmed through the text and compiled a selection of words and phrases. After combining them to create stanzas with meaningful context, I rearranged the stanzas into the form of the poem.

ANN WEIL

The Importance of the Screw

Foundation horizontal,
give passage for the pipes
which go to the middle
entering through the masonry.

Do not block the passage,
be as free as possible
passing the screw.
It supports the entire machine.

ABOUT “THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SCREW”

“The Importance of the Screw” was created from *Steam Turbines* by Hubert E. Collins (1909).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Ann Weil writes:

For this poem I focused on several paragraphs from the chapter entitled “The Curtis Steam Turbine in Practice.” I perused the text, making a list of words and phrases that stood out to me as linguistically interesting, open to interpretation, and prone to double meaning. I then culled the initial list down to the 8 lines you see. I am intrigued by how this piece can be interpreted in multiple ways, including erotically, especially given the original subject matter. These discoveries of language and ideas embedded in unexpected places are what draws me to found poetry—my version of panning for gold.

CONNOR FISHER

Tornado Watch

In summer there is
no other weather.

*

There is no such
thing as pale blue.

*

Straw is the only
color.

*

Southern climate is not
elastic. The sun is mixed
up with the rest of time.

*

Clouds change with the
movements of the moon.

*

There is a single climate
to question more and more.

ABOUT “TORNADO WATCH”

“Tornado Watch” was created from *Tender Buttons* by Gertrude Stein (1914).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Connor Fisher writes:

This poem is the result of multiple layers of erasure, cut-and-paste, and rewrites of passages from Gertrude Stein’s *Tender Buttons*. Initially, I went through Stein’s individual prose poems, blacked out long phrases, and lineated the sections to create erasure poems. These were, frankly, mediocre; they were clearly still in Stein’s language and did not stand well on their own. I performed further erasures, recombined lines and fragments from nonconsecutive prose poems, and generally stripped away language to create minimalist word bundles that were not as indebted to Stein. Finally, I looked for similarities and topical resonances between the bundles, and recombined them to form poems, culminating in pieces like “Tornado Watch.”

SHEREE SHATSKY

the end of the world had come

theendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendof
 heworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcomet
 heendo **Strangely enough, you could** adcometheendoftheworldhadcomethe
 endoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendofthew
 orldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadc
 ometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheen
 doftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworld
 hadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendof
 hewor **smell violets** loftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendofthew
 orldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadc
 ometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworld
 hadcometheendoftheworldhadc **a patch** loftheworldhadcometheendof
 heworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcomethee
 ndoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadc
 ometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendofthwo
 rldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheen
 doftheworldhadcometheendoftheworl **of white** eendoftheworldhadcomethee
 ndoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendofthwo
 rldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheend
 oftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcom
 etheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcor **and two** eworldhadcometheendofthe
 worldhadcometheendofthewo **of purple.** eendoftheworldhadcometheen
 doftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendofthew
 orldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhadcometheendoftheworldhad

ABOUT “THE END OF THE WORLD HAD COME”

“the end of the world had come” was created from *Jacob’s Room* by Virginia Woolf (1922).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Sheree Shatsky writes:

My process for found poems involves the discovery and repurpose of words and phrases connecting with my sense of word play. As a result, the phrase “the end of the world had come” emerged from text to title and serves to redact original text by use as a struck shadow phrase.

COLLEEN E. KENNEDY

You weave, and I

1.

You weave, and I
weave in the same way—
learning the secret

2.

Warp and woof and tangle—

gray dreams like frozen mists
weave sinews in, like ropes

this lofty thought,
an utterance,

the threads we see

3.

Two birds work together—
one inside the nest,
the other, outside—
calmly
interlacing

The bird games are beautiful

4.

Deftness,
a delight
giving the restless fingers something to do

One hand starts the journey,
the other hand
crossing
interlacing

looping

twisting

until the home is completed

5.

We know not what the use, nor the aim,

But we know the work,

a most fascinating kind of work

ABOUT “YOU WEAVE, AND I”

“You weave, and I” was created from:

Embroidery and Tapestry Weaving, Grace Christie (1906)

“Weavers All,” William Arthur Dunkerley publishing as John Oxenham (1913)

“The Weaver,” Archibald Lampman (1888)

“The Weavers,” James Stephens (1918)

Hand-Loom Weaving: A Manual for School and Home, Mattie Phipps Todd (1914)

“Weave In, Weave In, My Hardy Life,” Walt Whitman (1855)

Theory of Silk Weaving, Arnold Wolfensberger (1921)

About the poem and the process of composing it, Colleen E. Kennedy writes:

Weaving begins with secured vertical warp-threads held in place upon the loom with the weft threads running over, behind, and through. For this poem, I interwove several (mostly female-authored) treatises about the craft of weaving with poems about weaving composed by men to create a new tapestry, thinking of the Classical figures associated with weaving—Athena, Arachne, Penelope, Philomela, the Fates—who use the loom to weave their stories, their narratives.

SHLOKA SHANKAR

A Trick of Thought

a trick of thought

unwrought wrought,

forget to
lose

—
eternity

ABOUT “A TRICK OF THOUGHT”

“A Trick of Thought” was created from Sonnet 14 in *Sonnets from the Portuguese* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1850).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Shloka Shankar writes:

As a poet who frequently dabbles in Japanese short-forms of verse, such as haiku, haiga, and haibun, I use the same principle of link and shift in my erasures. By this I mean, the erased poem must link back to the source text, while simultaneously emerging as a new poem with a shift in perspective. I would like to believe that I have achieved this in “A Trick of Thought,” erased from Sonnet 14 of *Sonnets from the Portuguese* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

SARAH SARAI

I Shall Be Removed

A listless finger nudges me
into the grave

a finger on
the hand of love
goes *nudge*
nudge
and I'm under dirt

winds hark the ominous land
the script blown
page- by- page
the book of me
same-sun sung away

ABOUT “I SHALL BE REMOVED”

“I Shall Be Removed” was created from “When the Door Closes,” a poem transcribed by Pearl Curran in the early 20th century while communicating with the spirit of Patience Worth.

About the poem and the process of composing it, Sarah Sarai writes:

I hung each word of “When the Door Closes” on a clothesline while a strong breeze blew. When the breeze died, I gathered and assembled my poem, “I Shall Be Removed.” I worked with two women, both of whom are long dead. Pearl Curran was born in 1883 in the United States; Patience Worth in 1649 in Great Britain. Their manner of collaboration was superior to my partnership with them, given that I had no psychic or spiritual contact with either. Curran’s periods of “psychic discernment” began in 1913 and continued into 1937. Using a Ouija board and other psychic paraphernalia, she downloaded, or channeled, Worth’s poems. Curran became well-known, had her own news cycle. In the book *Radical Spirits*, which I read in the 1990s, Ann Braude wrote about the Spiritualist movement of 1800s America. One of Braude’s accomplishments was to convincingly establish that female Spiritualists channeled intelligent healthcare for pregnant women. A sly way to disseminate information, given patriarchal aversion to our intelligence. I suggest that Curran made use of her time with Worth to communicate insight into power imbalances, plus the usual stuff of poetry—flora, fauna, emotion. Incidentally, when I read *Heron Tree*’s call for work from the public domain, I one-two hopped on *The Public Domain Review* and one-two fell into “Ghostwriter and Ghost: The Strange Case of Pearl Curran and Patience Worth,” an essay by Ed Simon. It includes photos and methodologies and is worth a look, my one-two connection further evidence of the majesty of synchronicity.

LOU ELLA HICKMAN

crossing

see there are
ferry boats
that cross to my shore
clouds are more
you suppose

ABOUT “CROSSING”

“crossing” was created from “Crossing Brooklyn Ferry” by Walt Whitman (1856).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Lou Ella Hickman writes:

I chose the poem “Crossing Brooklyn Ferry” by Walt Whitman, which I found in *Leaves of Grass*. I employed a word count technique which I have developed for writing found poems. I chose the number five, which means I count for every five words and then list the fifth word on a separate page. I did this for the entire first stanza. Then using that list I pieced together this poem.

ANN WEIL

Instructions for Carving by the Coroner Poet

The breeding of man
Dexterous and graceful
Plain joints and cold things
The bitter back
The jelly parts about the head
This deep trench
Forty mortal gashes
Stuffed in the flap
Through the pope's eye
Into the hollow
The sanguinary spectacle
Going round it with the knife
Tongue cannot be too delicately cut

ABOUT “INSTRUCTIONS FOR CARVING BY THE CORONER POET”

“Instructions for Carving by the Coroner Poet” was created from *The Cook and Housewife’s Manual* by Margaret Dods (1826).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Ann Weil writes:

For this poem I focused on several paragraphs from the chapter entitled “Instructions for Carving.” I perused the text, making a list of words and phrases that stood out to me as linguistically interesting and rich in imagery. From this list of 63 phrases, I noticed a theme within a theme begin to develop. I continued to erase until I reached the final 14 lines, keeping them in the order they appeared in the original text. The end result is an erasure poem, although my process is less erasure and more “gathering.” I find that this approach allows me to work with lengthy texts without becoming overwhelmed. I liken it to walking through a field of flowers and gathering just the more extraordinary blossoms to take with me into the world.

JARRETT MORAN

Deceptive Land Purchase: Ox Hide Measure

Familiarity daily increasing between them and the whites
 The latter now proposed to stay with them
 Asking for only so much land as the hide of a bullock would cover
 Which hide was forward and spread on the ground before them
 Whereupon the whites took a knife and cut it up to a rope
 Not thicker than the finger of a little child

There brought them soil, such space of ground
 As one bull's hide could compass round

The true version is, that Oloffte Van Kortlandt bargained
 For just so much land as a man could cover with his nether garments
 The Manhatesen, whose ideas of a man's nether garments
 Never expanded beyond the dimensions of a breech clout
 Beheld this bulbous-bottomed burgher peeled like an onion
 And breeches after breeches spread forth over the land

A colony is therefore denominated, because they should be Coloni
 The Tillers of the Earth, and Stewards of fertilitie

The Delewares replied to the Wyandot that it could not be helped
 He could not refuse him just the size of a cow's hide of land
 The Wyandot, having learnt how the stranger had cut the hide
 Spoke in these terms, "So it is, and so shall it always be!
 The white fellow shall always undermine the Indian
 Until he has taken away from him his last thing."

As you think so much about the bird, if I make him whole and sound
 Will you give to me the taste of land the gander will fly round?

ABOUT “DECEPTIVE LAND PURCHASE: OX HIDE MEASURE”

“Deceptive Land Purchase: Ox Hide Measure” was created from:

New-York Historical Society Collections (1841)

Aeneid, Virgil, translated by John Conington (1866)

Knickerbocker’s History of New York, Washington Irving (1809)

“True Reportory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates Knight,” William Strachey,
in *Purchas His Pilgrimes*, Samuel Purchas (1625)

Huran and Wyandot Mythology, C. M. Barbeau (1915)

Humor of Ireland, D. J. O’Donoghue (1894)

About the poem and the process of composing it, Jarrett Moran writes:

For years, I collected examples of stories about settlers cheating Indigenous people with a particular trick, a story widespread and common enough to have been given a label by folklorists, “K185.1, Deceptive Land Purchase: Ox Hide Measure.” The stories go something like this: Strangers arrive, usually on a boat, and ask for only as much land as can be covered with the hide of an ox, so that they can rest and repair their ship. Having reached an agreement, they then cut the hide into a tiny strip and encircle enough land to found a colony. Dido was said to have founded Carthage in this way, and these stories were also told in many of the places where European traders and settlers founded colonies, in South Africa, Southeast Asia, and North America. The deceptive land purchase stories, with their layered voices and unruly recursiveness, resisted any particular project that I tried to build around them, until one day, some of them fell together into this poem.

BASILIKE PAPPÀ

How to Become a God and Fade from Sight

First day: Pin the moon on its back, binding still its spell. Cut through the skin with scissors and find out how, in deep darkness, you forget what you have known.

Second day: Make an incision to the right side of dreams. Carefully detach the memory of music. Lean at the wall in dull content, not caring what the world's deep voices meant.

Third day: Remove desire from the heart. Trace back the steps into the misty hollow and note that it is formed by the union of nothingness and longing.

Fourth day: Trace the systemic arches of the end and the beginning. Run backwards, empty of lingerings, empty of farewells.

Fifth day: Detach the wondrous blue from the ever-whispering seas. Find how a shattered miracle no more shall resume its ancient sway.

Sixth day: Remove the sun from the crystal dome of summer skies. Open the cavity widely, and make a sketch showing abundant thorns on the upper jaw.

Seventh day (Revision.): Revise the second, third and fourth days' work, paying particular attention to a beauty nevermore yours to behold.

ABOUT “HOW TO BECOME A GOD AND FADE FROM SIGHT”

“How to Become a God and Fade from Sight” was created from *Sonnets and Verse* by Hilaire Belloc (1923), *Dissection of the Platana and the Frog* by J. D. F. Gilchrist and C. von Bonde (1919), and *His Lady of the Sonnets* by Robert W. Norwood (1915).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Basilike Pappa writes:

If writing a poem is a challenge, writing a found poem can be more so. There is this moment when you read somewhere a line that seems to have been waiting for you to find it and do something new with it. But even though that first line can be a perfect starting point, it doesn’t guarantee an end. A found poem may remain unfinished until you come across the second line that explains your choice to you, giving your creation a clear direction.

When I divided a sheet of paper into two columns and started writing down lines from *His Lady of the Sonnets* by Robert W. Norwood and *Sonnets and Verse* by Hilaire Belloc, I had no idea my poem was going to be about how to become a detached god in seven days. As I like bringing together incompatible texts, I thought the practicalities of science might make an interesting remix with the lyricism of the sonnets. In *Dissection of the Platana and the Frog* I found a zoology class study plan that gave my poem its theme and structure. After creating a first draft, I went through Norwood and Belloc again, replacing some of the lines and words I had originally chosen, making sure there is coherence and that the poem evolves with each step. Finally I remixed a title from my source texts, and “How to Become a God and Fade from Sight” was complete.

MELISSA FREDERICK

Once More, the Moon

1.

Mother Moon approaches
the sea's waiting plain
to whisper so sweet a song

the everlasting gods themselves
shall measure out prayers on silk

2.

I see the rising moon
and long
to be

disordered
tangled pitiless
fierce

immediate as water

3.

Come out, see

moon and tide,
waste and wandering,

all sorts of men
who come and go
fitting thousands into things—

(For a short while, stay)

4.

A moon's white can see
night growing late
this sad, sad autumn
years and/or death
my sleeve on snow

5.

Autumn river
shining sky
short grass
dawn's moon

you say, go beyond

ABOUT “ONCE MORE, THE MOON”

“Once More, the Moon” was created from English translations of *Hyakunin Isshu* by Clay MacCauley (1899) and William N. Porter (1909).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Melissa Frederick writes:

I love Japanese poetic forms, and I especially love how modern poets have experimented with the traditional rules of Japanese poetry we’ve all been taught (the 5-7-5 haiku, for example). Completely by chance, I discovered *Hyakunin Isshu*, a famous 13th century collection of 100 tanka from 100 poets writing as early as the 9th century. The pieces in the anthology present interior landscapes suffused with natural imagery and rich in the allusions and double meanings the Japanese language allows for. During later explorations, I discovered two English translations of *Hyakunin Isshu* from the turn of the 20th century (*A Hundred Verses from Old Japan* by William N. Porter, and *Single Songs of a Hundred Poets* by Clay MacCauley). These earlier collections, which include bombastic Victorian reconstructions as well as direct translations from the Japanese, introduced new linguistic filters and word combinations through which to read the tanka.

In my own work, I formed word banks from the language I found in the Porter and MacCauley editions and drew on those banks for the text of my poems. I decided to stick to the usual five-line structure but allowed myself to explore new ways of shaping meaning within those five lines. Most importantly, I couldn’t get away from the image of the moon that appears in the *Hyakunin Isshu* so prominently. In the original poems, the moon is character, emotion, chronology, and memory. The moon is one of the stars of the show, and so I made it the center of mine.

DEBORAH PURDY

Gratitude Cento

There is a hush, and words and thoughts are still—
A power is on the earth and in the air
self-kindled every atom glows.

Unlike writing, life never finishes
yet life is not a vision nor a prayer.

Let us be thankful—not only because
all things hang like a drop of dew,
we've come for a time to be just what we are.

ABOUT “GRATITUDE CENTO”

“Gratitude Cento” was created from:

“Gratitude,” Sophie M. Almon-Hensley (1866-1946)

“Midsummer—A Sonnet,” William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878)

“Nature,” Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

“History,” Robert Lowell (1917-1977)

“Work,” Emma Lazarus (1849-1887)

“Thanksgiving,” James Whitcomb Riley (1849-1916)

“Gratitude to the Unknown Instructors,” William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

“Thanksgiving,” Edgar Guest (1881-1959)

About the poem and the process of composing it, Deborah Purdy writes:

Using public-domain-poetry.com as a source, I first chose poets and compiled lines from a few of their poems. I then selected lines (one from each poet) that seemed to work well together and used those to piece together the stanzas of the poem.

A Handbook for Happiness and Honey (An Introduction to Delight)

For the sake of delight, honey.
For the sake of desire, nectar.
The silent longing of early spring:
a veil heated with a mad desire for
the honey-weighted air. At the height
of the honey season, ornamented
with silken roses, the perfume of
love knows her own mind. Thrust
forth, floating in her finest silk,
she takes her first flight at her own
sweet will, shining like drops
of sparkling gold. Nectar, flowers,
honey, delight. Love, indulge us.
Joy, receive us. Shaken, surprised
by amber sweetness and the honey-
flow of desire ripening in the heat of
a slow, steady fire. Pleasure
with no formalities. Wild love
filled with honey.

ABOUT “A HANDBOOK FOR HAPPINESS AND HONEY (AN INTRODUCTION TO DELIGHT)”

“A Handbook for Happiness and Honey (An Introduction to Delight)” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Jennifer Saunders writes:

In the introductory paragraph of *How to Keep Bees*, Anna Botsford Comstock writes, “This book has been prepared especially to meet the needs of the beginner in bee-keeping. It is not intended to be a complete treatise for the professional apiarist, but rather a handbook for those who would keep bees for happiness and honey, and incidentally for money.” My poet’s brain—which works faster than I do—instantly formed the phrase “A Handbook for Happiness and Honey,” and the rest of the erasure poem was driven by that title. I was obsessed with the idea of crafting a purely sensual poem from Comstock’s practical and restrained guide; I read the guide from start to finish, pulling out the lush language, and can only be grateful that Comstock was such a fine writer and produced a guide that is both useful and written with attention and care. The rich language was there; I just stitched it together.

SUSAN KAY ANDERSON

Digression

I am a professional beginner
extending my happiness
into the field.

Its wide path
is a volume of no discussion
no experience.

I tread bewilderment
with small feet
and call it us.

ABOUT “DIGRESSION”

“Digression” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Susan Kay Anderson writes:

These are words and phrases I found in the Preface of the handbook. Here are some of my thoughts as I read, variously, in *How To Keep Bees*, a book so complex and technical that reading it caused me to dream and lose track of time and place:

- I am looking for a way into this material. It flirts so much that I find I cannot flirt back and become bashful with the material in *How To Keep Bees*.
- Bees parallel our human civilizations and also transcend them. This handbook attempts to be demure but is wild and unruly.
- Working with *How To Keep Bees* makes me feel more alive.
- This handbook is a sacred text. No wonder my Onkel Hans and Tante Hedel spoke so reverently about the bees he kept in their apple orchard in Germany.

I had to pull myself back from the text and look for what was beside the point of bees and bee keeping because it became overwhelming, kind of like when bees swarm. This got me thinking about a dear friend who died somewhat suddenly after being sick a long time with cancer and about illness during the time of this pandemic. Since I thought I was fairly comfortable with found material because of my first book of poems, *Mezzanine*, which also uses found material, I thought this project would feel the same. The feeling isn't the same at all. It is almost as if the material found me or was grabbing my attention in a way that mimics its topic: “keeping” or *holding* onto, and “bees” or *being*, being alive.

GABRIELLA BRAND

Fidelity in a Bed of Pinks

The facts revealed by science are always
beautiful.

The bee, in some mysterious way,
has been persuaded to work
on one kind of blossom at a time.

Repeatedly we have watched
a bee in a bed of pinks.
Though clover and other blossoms were near by,
she passed methodically from pink to pink,
and naught tempted her to fickleness.

Each species has developed
its own special device for securing
services more interesting
than the unraveling of secrets.

Even the novice may do this by asking
three questions.
Where is your nectar?
Where is your pollen?
Where is the path?

There are so many flowers
and some are mere weeds.

ABOUT “FIDELITY IN A BED OF PINKS”

“Fidelity in a Bed of Pinks” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Gabriella Brand writes:

I absolutely fell in love with the style of *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock. Her writing is a delightful mixture of quaint and tender observations of the natural world interspersed with practical instructions. The juxtaposition of these two modes creates, I think, an inherent yin-yang, feminine-masculine duality. On the one hand, Comstock almost encourages us to anthropomorphize the bee—to imagine the creature with a will, a love life, a determined attitude. On the other hand, she treats the bee as an impersonal mechanism and reduces it to a set of behaviors. I thought this inherent tension could be developed poetically. I read each section of the book over several times aloud, learning quite a bit about bees in the process. Then I put her work down and let her lyrical turns of phrase resonate in my mind. An embryonic piece began to form. I ripped words from Comstock and kept rearranging them until the poem finally emerged.

KASHIANA SINGH

when honey is scarce

encouragements
stirred until the sugar
is entirely dissolved

ABOUT “WHEN HONEY IS SCARCE”

“when honey is scarce” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Kashiana Singh writes:

After choosing *How to Keep Bees*, I navigated the chapters and narrowed down a few I wanted to read in more detail. Then I read these chapters and as I was doing so, I isolated a few words and phrases that I thought would weave into a poem, keeping in mind a gathering process like the bees themselves. I developed a few different stanzas and poems. Then I started the reduction process to take away words and make the poem speak for itself. It was very rewarding to see what emerged. Finally, I landed at the haiku which I thought synthesized the essence of the process, the words, and created both a new form and a new meaning.

WINSTON PLOWES

HOW TO HIVE A SWARM

“ . ” ,
 . ,
 .
 , - ,
 - .
 ,
 , .
 “ ” .
 -
 .
 ,
 a
 ; ,
 ,
 - .
 ,
 pandemonium
 . . ,
 and
 ,
 ;
 , ,
 ,
 of flying bees and a consequent settling. confusion

ABOUT “HOW TO HIVE A SWARM”

“HOW TO HIVE A SWARM” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Winston Plowes writes:

Words have been digitally whited out from a section of Chapter 6 of Anna Botsford Comstock’s book, “The Swarming of Bees,” section 3, “How to Hive a Swarm,” pages 66-67. I am often attracted by the shapes and patterns that words, letters and punctuation make on the page and here by leaving only the punctuation for the vast part of the page hope to capture the movement of the swarm and maybe use the marks that normally make us pause or stop to energise the remaining text. I had this concept in mind before finding an appropriate passage in the book.

LAURIE KOLP

The Tree and the Flower

the silent longing of flowers
startles the lilac tree

depleting from its power
the silent longing of flowers

as the trunk absorbs the hours
all sensible reason it frees

the silent longing of flowers
startling lilac trees

ABOUT “THE TREE AND THE FLOWER”

“The Tree and the Flower” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Laurie Kolp writes:

The triolet poetry form is one of my favorites, so I challenged myself to write one with selected words and phrases I gathered. In my search for something great, I fell in love with “the silent longing of flowers.” After that, everything just fell into place as it always seems to do when I am writing found poetry.

MEGAN HARTFORD

A Warning

Honey, those with full depth
are strong and good.
Some ripen slowly.
Those of ample ripeness
are left standing.

However, the stingy man
just eyes longingly,
swarming and pilfering.

Be careful, honey.

ABOUT “A WARNING”

“A Warning” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Megan Hartford writes:

I chose Chapter 10 of *How to Keep Bees* at random. Once I dive into a text to create a found poem, one parameter I give myself is to keep the words in the order in which they appear in the source material. I begin, naturally, at the beginning of the piece, scanning through to find words and phrases that stand out to me and pairing them with other words or phrases that flow together to begin to form a story or theme. In this particular piece, I knew that I wanted to take the word “honey” and use it as a way to address the reader, and from there, gradually, the story emerged as I moved through the source material, gathering bits and pieces until the poem/story felt complete. To me, it feels like thrift shopping: scavenging through crowded racks to find the hidden gems into which I can breathe new life.

SUSAN KAY ANDERSON

The Problem

How to keep
from keeping
a few difficult
problems
to solve
while carrying on a vocation

I mean avocation
I mean the swarm

is a most inconsistent
place
too heavy
to handle well.

So
surprises
increase
naturally.

We could be an ordinary story
told in books. A teacup
would hold it. A little
each day.

ABOUT “THE PROBLEM”

“The Problem” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Susan Kay Anderson writes:

It can be intimidating to write about bees, honey, butterflies, and flowers right now because they seem to be everywhere in writing, and what can be said as we find ourselves on the verge of extinction along with bees? For this poem, I scanned the chapter “How to Keep from Keeping Too Many Bees” for a story underlying what is explicit. I first read the whole book but came back to this chapter because I thought it was interesting that too many or too much of what you have or keep can be a problem. I picked out words and phrases which spoke to me, erasing the rest of the text in my mind as I went. I wanted to use this fantastic book for the found poetry project suggested by *Heron Tree* in the fall of 2020. I saw Sarah Ann Winn’s poem “Nature, Chrome Painted” (published by *Heron Tree* in October 2016) and was inspired. *How to Keep Bees* is so practical, but its language is so distracting that it is hard to understand. It is a foreign language of a century ago, a strange, fancy world where every single thing seems to matter and must be taken into account. I thought about this and was knocked over by the immense responsibility of beekeeping and also by the immense love and art it takes to get this food, which needs no processing by us to be consumed (just as milk is). Maybe this is why writing about bees and honey and butterflies is so popular right now. What is simple or a simple fact about life on this planet as a human connects so directly to bees, of course, and to this handbook.

LAURIE KOLP

Her final days

zincing thoughts of lost
years, battled hands
extending to Heaven.
Worried hands encircle
visitors convinced that death climbs
up and down walls, climbing
trees that
skin gnarled hands
ready to
question why, hands in
pockets
out of pockets, hands
numb from too
many collective minds, foggy
lungs growing breathless, thoughts
kept secret in
joyless minds. The hands become
instruments tickling heavy
hearts as passing hours
gather like leaves. An October frost kills
fickle minds finally free of worry,
eating with closed lips
dark debris placed inside
curtained rooms where minds
brush away wrinkles and lungs
are no longer blackened.

ABOUT “HER FINAL DAYS”

“Her final days” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Laurie Kolp writes:

I created a phrase bank as I read through *How to Keep Bees*. I played around with the phrases and alphabetized them. I love to write abecedarians, so my goal was to create one that was not about bees. I pasted the source into a Word document so that I could search for certain words I needed. After careful consideration, a theme emerged. I love how this process helped me out of a writing slump, as found poetry always does.

AMY BEVERIDGE

We Hunted the Invisible

Our equipment was diluted glass
containing pieces of empty, pieces
of distance and air. We gave attention
to the eyes, blue as the sky, young
eyes, little eyes, always waiting.

ABOUT “WE HUNTED THE INVISIBLE”

“We Hunted the Invisible” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Amy Beveridge writes:

Using hard copies of the first few chapters of *How to Keep Bees*, I lightly scanned the pages and underlined vivid words and phrases while trying not to be distracted by, and actually read, the surprisingly lyrical writing of a practical handbook on bee-keeping in order to hold onto a sense of the poems I might create with my own sensibility. It is as if there is a pattern—a poem—hidden at a different level than the original text, and I must look at the text’s periphery or slightly blur my vision in order to make out this other texture. Once I chose the raw materials of the words, I composed the poem in a Word document, adding punctuation and arranging the words and phrases into lines that reflect breath and meaning.

MARIKO O. GORDON

Nightfall

At nightfall
black deeds
are susceptible
to small encouragements.

ABOUT “NIGHTFALL”

“Nightfall” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Mariko O. Gordon writes:

Anna Botsford Comstock was a remarkable person. Born in 1864, she was a pioneering educator in nature science and a prolific writer and illustrator. Her *Handbook of Nature Study* (in its 24th edition) is still in print, 91 years after her death. *How to Keep Bees* was written “for those who would keep bees for happiness, honey, and incidentally for money.” This poem is from Chapter 12, “Feeding Bees.”

Comstock’s prose wafts like a late summer breeze through this technical DIY manual for amateur apiarists. Deconstructing her work felt almost sacrilegious. I read through the text and circled words or fragments that resonated with me. I transcribed the words but kept their order, sifting through to find those that best fit together and still captured her spirit. Once I found words that when bound together could cast a spell, I went back to the text to find any small but crucial words needed to connect the syntax dots.

DIANE LEBLANC

How to Keep from Keeping

Caring was an embarrassment.
The less we wanted, the more
determined we were to secure
the garden once occupied
without loneliness and longing.

We did not mourn. Our feelings
were salved by clipping wings,
securing a stay-at-home body,
giving room to the would-be,
extracting honey from starved hives.

Winter losses brushed the old
upon the threshold of the new.
We practiced when to divide
and decrease, furnished enough
with done, a wish without before.

ABOUT “HOW TO KEEP FROM KEEPING”

“How to Keep from Keeping” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Diane LeBlanc writes:

This poem is an extraction of words and phrases in the order and form they appear in Chapter 7: “How to Keep from Keeping Too Many Bees.” Extraction interests me because it reveals themes or stories not explicit in the text but accessible through the language. To begin, I printed the chapter and highlighted interesting phrases. I then read the emerging redaction out loud again and again, cutting and reinserting language as tensions between less and more, old and new, emerged. When I committed to writing in complete sentences, I faced the additional challenge of finding verbs in correct tenses, articles, and other words the poem needed for clarity. My goal was to blend my voice with Comstock’s voice for a truly collaborative poem. I discovered that I read this handbook through the lens of the current global pandemic, thinking about the complex social orders of a hive as both home and place of work.

LAURIE KOLP

Why Not?

Winter hangs in the air
like an unsettled question
I pour into your ear,
nightfall a heavy weight
of warm hands I need.

ABOUT “WHY NOT?”

“Why Not?” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Laurie Kolp writes:

As always, the words seemed to come together. I started my process by creating word banks based on rhyme, assonance, consonance, etc. I then grouped specific words together and played around with them until they created this poem.

PAMELA HOBART CARTER

Latitudes

In northern latitudes we think we know cold dampness,
frost, and chill. It is safer to winter if honey is good
and enough. If honey be given.

We never winter without thirty pounds of honey.
We have given honey. In winter it is necessary
that honey pass through the city, a devotion of honey.

In preparing for winter we protect, in every diameter,
the spaces between dried leaves. Many words
are said for this method of wintering.

It is a guard against extremes and sudden changes—
warm, fine, a cushion. Like covering with boughs
of evergreen. Our losses arrested. Our scantlings in place.

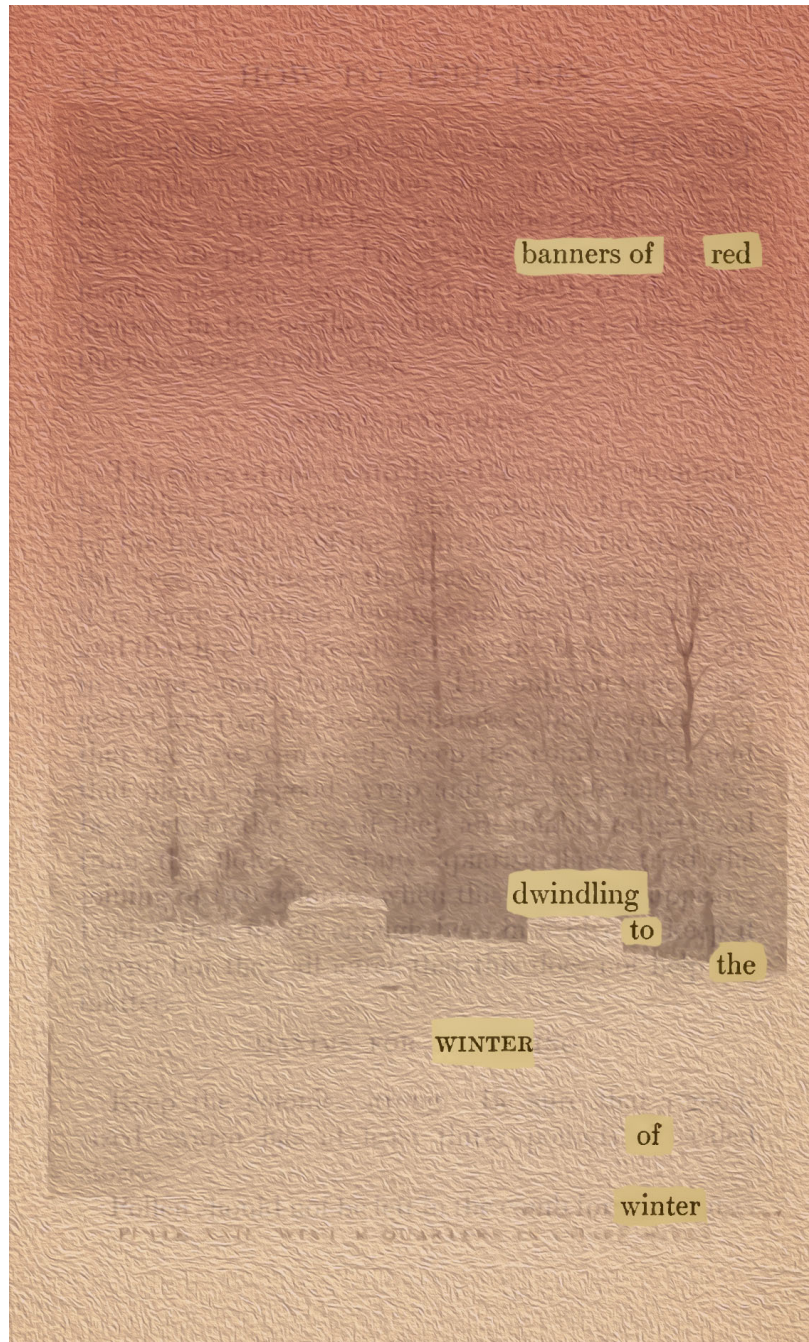
ABOUT “LATITUDES”

“Latitudes” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Pamela Hobart Carter writes:

I love erasures. Often I make them as I read a book in my lap, handwriting words I extract, but this I erased on my computer by copying the passage into a file and deleting words as I read along, always keeping language in the order of the original text, except for the title, which is plucked from the first line of the poem. I chose line breaks, punctuation, and capitalizations of my own. I really wanted to include “scantlings,” such a quirky word, but had no idea what it meant and had to look it up. Sometimes I try to make a poem of very different content from what I am reading. Here I decided I wanted an abundance of honey. Honey would be central.

MARY CROCKETT HILL



ABOUT [BANNERS OF RED]

[banners of red] was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the piece and the process of making it, Mary Crockett Hill writes:

I was quite taken with the illustrations in the old beekeeping manual that served as source material for my poem. In this image, for example, I was interested in the way, if you squint, the beehives look a bit like gravestones. I wanted to press into the idea of how the book's illustrations connected with hidden texts on the facing page. For this poem, I created what I consider a "strict" digital erasure, which is to say the words of the poem are revealed exactly as they appear on the page. I then layered that poem with the image from the facing page and made some slight digital manipulations to add a bit of color and texture.

REBECCA PATRASCU

How to Winter Bees

do not put too many bees in a cellar

in the northern latitudes

there are so many
unhappy vicissitudes

one must needs be a true prophet as well as good beekeeper

in a climate like that it is hardly safe

to keep the colonies strong
it is hardly safe
before the last of April or the first of May
to take the hives from the cellar

wait
the willow the alder the soft maples are in blossom

wait
the glowing banners of the red blossoms give signal

wait
keep the cellar dark and the air sweet

several times during the winter
sweep the dead bees off the floor

ABOUT “HOW TO WINTER BEES”

“How to Winter Bees” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905).

About the poem and the process of composing it, Rebecca Patrascu writes:

I have been a beekeeper for several years, so I was especially excited to have *How to Keep Bees* as source material. Chapter 13 (“How to Winter Bees”) describes a much harsher climate than that of Northern California, but I wrote this poem not long after I’d buttoned up my own hives for winter. All of the words come directly from Comstock’s text, which is full of surprisingly evocative phrases; I wanted to use so much of her language at first that my early drafts were quite long. Eventually, I distilled those down, changed word order slightly, and introduced repetition to build the mood of the poem and allow it to hint at something beyond the original subject matter.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

SUSAN KAY ANDERSON is the author of *Mezzanine* (Finishing Line Press 2019) and *Please Plant This Book Coast To Coast* (Finishing Line Press 2021). Her work has appeared in *Anti-Heroine Chic*, *Gnashing Teeth Publishing*, *Sleet Magazine*, *Cathexis Northwest Press*, *Voice Lux Journal*, and elsewhere. She serves as a poetry reader for *Quarterly West* and *Lily Poetry Review*. She lives in Sutherlin, Oregon, and can be found online at pw.org/directory/writers/susan_kay_anderson.

AMY BEVERIDGE lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Her work also has appeared in *bosque*, as well as previously in *Heron Tree*.

GABRIELLA BRAND lives in New Haven, Connecticut, and can be found online at gabriellabrand.net. Her work has appeared in *3Elements Literary Review*, *Aromatica Poetica*, *Room*, *The Comstock Review*, *Mom Egg Review*, and elsewhere. She is the founder of the Praying Mantis Salon for literary readings and a writing presenter at the University of Connecticut's Osher Lifelong Learning Institute.

PAMELA HOBART CARTER is the author of *Her Imaginary Museum* (Kelsay Books 2020) and *Held Together with Tape and Glue* (Finishing Line Press 2021). Her work has appeared in *Barrow Street*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *Chaos*, *The Seattle Star*, and *The Chrysanthemum 2020 Literary Anthology*. She lives in Seattle, Washington, and can be found online at playwrightpam.wordpress.com. Her website contains a section entitled "Make a Poem at Home: 11 Poetry Lessons for COVID Times," based on her work with young people over the years.

WENDY DEGROAT is the author of *Beautiful Machinery* (Headmistress Press 2016) and the co-editor, with Arlyn Miller, of *Poems from the Wellspring* (Poetic License Press 2019). Her work has appeared in *the museum of americana*, *Cider Press Review*, *Commonplace*, *Rust + Moth*, and elsewhere. She teaches workshops that invite writers to find creative sparks in archival material and curates poetryriver.org, a resource site for documentary poetry. She lives in Richmond, Virginia.

MARY CHRISTINE DELEA is the author of *Ordinary Days in Ordinary Places* (Pudding House Publications 2000), *The Skeleton Holding Up the Sky* (Main Street Rag 2006), and *Did I Mention There's Gambling and Body Parts?* (dancing girl press 2012). Her work has appeared in *The Hollins Critic*, *Remington Review*, *Broad River Review*, *The Comstock Review*, *Mid-American Review*, and elsewhere. She lives in Oregon, where she has served as a Poet-in-the-Schools in rural middle schools. She can be found online at mchristinedelea.com.

CONNOR FISHER is the author of *The Hinge* (Epigraph Chapbook 2018) and *Speculative Geography* (forthcoming from Greying Ghost Press) and a co-author of *Echo: A Collection of Eco poetic Works* (University of Georgia Ideas for Creative Exploration 2020). His work has appeared in *Dream Pop Journal*, *Tammy*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Oxidant/Engine*, *Posit*, and elsewhere. He lives in Athens, Georgia, and can be found online at connor-fisher.com.

MARK A. FISHER is the author of *drifter* (2015), *hour of lead* (San Gabriel Valley Poetry 2017), and *rain and other fairy tales* (Four Feathers Press 2020). His work has appeared in *A Sharp Piece of Awesome*, *Altadena Poetry Review*, *Young Ravens Literary Review*, *Silver Blade*, *Southern Indiana Review*, and elsewhere. He lives in Tehachapi, California.

MELISSA FREDERICK is the author of *She* (Finishing Line Press 2008). Her work has appeared in *Crab Orchard Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Oxford Poetry*, *Muse/A Journal*, *Blanket Sea Magazine*, and elsewhere. She lives in suburban Philadelphia.

MARIKO O. GORDON serves on the board of the Asian American Writer's Workshop, which publishes *The Margins*. She lives in Durham, North Carolina.

MEGAN HARTFORD lives in Manhattan, Kansas, and can be found online at liminal-space.org. Her work has also appeared in *The Sun*.

LOU ELLA HICKMAN is the author of *she: robed and wordless* (Press 53 2015). Her work has appeared in *The New Verse News*, *Commonweal*, *Emmanuel*, *U.S. Catholic*, *Sojourners*, and elsewhere. She lives in Corpus Christi, Texas.

MARY CROCKETT HILL is the author of *A Theory of Everything* (Autumn House Press 2009), and—as Mary Crockett—of *How She Died, How I Lived* (Little, Brown Books for Young Readers 2018), and *Dream Boy* (Sourcebooks 2014), co-authored with Madelyn Rosenberg. Her work has appeared in *The Paris Review*, *Boston Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Poetry Daily*, *American Poetry: The Next Generation*, and elsewhere. She serves as the editor of *Roanoke Review*. She lives in southwestern Virginia and can be found online at marycrockett.com.

C. E. JANECEK can be found online at carolynjanacek.wixsite.com/writer. Janacek is an assistant managing editor at *Colorado Review* and a junior editor at *F(r)iction*. Janacek's work has appeared in *Permafrost*, *The Florida Review*, *Peach Mag*, *Timeworn*, *Lammergeier*, and elsewhere.

COLLEEN E. KENNEDY teaches courses focused on the poetics of Shakespearean drama. Her work has appeared in *Shakespeare & Beyond*, *The Recipes Project: Food, Magic, Art, Science, and Medicine*, *Appositions: Studies in Renaissance/Early Modern Literature & Culture*, and elsewhere. She lives in Washington, D.C., and can be found online at colleen-kennedy.com.

LAURIE KOLP is the author of *Upon the Blue Couch* (Winter Goose Publishing 2014) and *Hello, It's Your Mother* (Finishing Line Press 2015). Her work has appeared in *BlueHouse Journal*, *SWWIM*, *Stirring*, *Whale Road Review*, *Indefinite Space*, and elsewhere. Her poetry outreach activities include offering workshops on found poetry and organizing poetry events for elementary school students. She lives in southeast Texas and can be found online at lauriekolp.com.

DIANE LEBLANC is the author of *Sudden Geography* (Finishing Line Press 2014), *This Space for Message* (Seven Kitchens Press 2017), and *The Feast Delayed* (Terrapin Books 2021). Her work has appeared in *The Briar Cliff Review*, *Cimarron Review*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Sweet*, and elsewhere. She lives in Northfield, Minnesota, where she teaches local poetry classes, mentors writers of all ages, and has served as a judge for the Northfield Annual Sidewalk Poetry Contest. She can be found online at dianeblancwriter.com.

JARRETT MORAN lives in Brooklyn, New York, and can be found online at jarrettmoran.com.

BASILIKE PAPPA lives in Greece. Her work has appeared in *Surreal Poetics*, *Bones*, *11 Mag Berlin*, *Dodging the Rain*, *Timeless Tales*, and elsewhere.

REBECCA PATRASCU is the author of *Before Noon* (Finishing Line Press 2014). Her work has appeared in *Pidgeonholes*, *Bracken*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Colorado Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, and elsewhere. She lives in Sonoma County, California, and can be found online at rebeccapatrascu.com.

WINSTON PLOWES is the author of *Telephones*, *Love Hearts & Jellyfish* (Electric Press 2016) and *First of All, You Wrote My Name* (forthcoming from Stairwell Books). He co-authored *Tales from the Tachograph* with Gaia Holmes (Calder Valley Poetry 2017). His work has appeared in *Lahar Berlin*, *Shaking the Sheets Magazine*, *Dreich*, *Paper Nations*, *Poetry Wivenhoe*, and elsewhere. His community poetry activities include tutoring for the Over 50s Creative Writing Group at the Square Chapel Centre for the Arts and Calderdale Industrial Museum, serving as a poet in residence for primary schools in Elland, West Yorkshire, and sharing his Spoke~n~Word Random Poetry Generating Bicycle at the Glastonbury Festival for the Performing Arts. He lives in Calderdale, UK, and can be found online at winstonplowes.co.uk.

DEBORAH PURDY is the author of *Two Moons* (rinky dink press 2020), *Mermaids in the Basement* (dancing girl press 2021), and *Conjuring an Epiphany* (Finishing Line Press 2022). Her work has appeared in *The Blue Nib*, *The Wild Word*, *Mom Egg Review*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Moving Images: Poetry Inspired by Film*, and elsewhere. She lives in the Philadelphia area.

LYNDA GENE RYMOND is the author of *The Village of Basketeers* (Houghton Mifflin 2005) and *Oscar and the Mooncats* (Houghton Mifflin 2007). She is the founder of Words Come Easy, a weekly drop-in writing workshop. She lives in Quakertown, Pennsylvania, and can be found online at goblinfarm.net.

SARAH SARAI is the author of *The Future is Happy* (BlazeVOX [books] 2009), *Geographies of Soul and Taffeta* (Indolent Books 2016), and *That Strapless Bra in Heaven* (Kelsay Books 2019). Her work has appeared in *The Southampton Review*, *Sinister Wisdom*, *Pine Hills Review*, *DMQ Review*, *Mollyhouse*, and elsewhere. She lives in New York City and can be found online at facebook.com/farstargirl/.

JENNIFER SAUNDERS is the author of *Self-Portrait with Housewife* (Tebot Bach 2019). Her work has appeared in *Cotton Xenomorph*, *Ninth Letter*, *Grist*, *The Georgia Review*, *Whale Road Review*, and elsewhere. She is currently co-editing, with Rachel Neve-Midbar, a multi-genre volume of writing about menstruation. She lives in German-speaking Switzerland and can be found online at jennifer-saunders.com.

SHLOKA SHANKAR is the founder and editor-in-chief of the journal *Sonic Boom* and its imprint, Yavanika Press. She edited *The 2020 Poetry Marathon Anthology* (Authors Publish Press 2020) and *What I Hear When Not Listening* (Yavanika Press 2020), and with Kala Ramesh and Sanjukta Asopa she co-edited *naad anunaad: an anthology of world haiku* (Vishwakarma Publications 2016). She is the author of *Points of Arrival* (Origami Poems Project 2021), and her work has appeared in *Rigorous*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *Vox Viola Literary Magazine*, *Brittle Star*, *FERAL*, and elsewhere. She lives in Bangalore, India, and can be found online at shlokashankar.com.

SHEREE SHATSKY lives in Florida and can be found online at shereeshatsky.com. Her work has appeared in *Accidents of Light* and *Earth Hymn* (KYSO Flash anthologies 2018 and 2019), *Strange Encounters* (Wordrunner eChapbooks 2015), *Potato Soup Journal*, *Saw Palm*, and elsewhere.

KASHIANA SINGH is the author of *Shelling Peanuts and Stringing Words* (The Impish Lass Publishing House 2018) and *Crushed Anthills* (Yavanika Press 2020). Her work has appeared in *Alien Buddha Press*, *Poets Reading the News*, *Remington Review*, *Rattle, Ink Sweat & Tears*, and elsewhere. She is a managing editor for *Poets Reading the News*. She lives in Chicago, Illinois, and can be found online at kashiana.wordpress.com.

PAMELA WAX is the author of *Walking the Labyrinth* (Main Street Rag 2022). Her work has appeared in *Pensive* and *Spread the Word: A Pandemic Open Mic Anthology*, *Green Ink Poetry*, *CCAR Journal*, *Paterson Literary Review*, and elsewhere. Pamela also facilitates spiritual poetry workshops. She lives in the Bronx, New York, and North Adams, Massachusetts.

ANN WEIL lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and can be found online at annweilpoetry.com. Her work has appeared in *Halfway Down the Stairs*, *Clementine Unbound*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *What Next?*, and *The Voices Project*.

AMY A. WHITCOMB lives in northern California and can be found online at amyawhitcomb.com. Her work has appeared in *Modern Haiku*, *Poet Lore*, *Baltimore Review*, *New South*, *Terrain.org*, and elsewhere. She serves as a volunteer reader for *Spoon River Poetry Review*.