



NEWSLETTER

“WE TEACH WHAT WE NEED TO LEARN AND WRITE WHAT WE NEED TO KNOW.” —GLORIA STEINEM



Populus Fremontii

by Joan Gough

Cottonwood trees yellow,
Sun sitting low as perfect back light.
Florescent yellow imprints on the retina.

Cottonwood trees lose leaves and leaf stems.
Kicking through this abundance
They clatter and rasp and reveal their damp bellies.

Cottonwood trees always tempting
The climber with toe holds and fist jams,
But first branches so high for my seven years.

Cottonwoods self trim
Dropping the old and injured
Leaving cavities for flicker broods.

Cottonwood trees harvested
Make Caterpillar treads on giant trailers
Their haphazard, soft grain tougher than the straight oaks
and ashes.

Cottonwood trees fallen
Make benches, rocket ships, fairy castles
Outlasting children's dreams.

Cottonwood burned
Is only for the unknowing or desperate--
acid smell of cow piss and green wood.

Wild-haired giants in black leggings
These old friends journal in scar and loss
This wonderful unlikely journey.

From The Newsroom

Please send your dues payment to us at your earliest convenience so we may continue to provide workshops, events, contests, newsletters, and scholarships local writers have come to enjoy. One year's membership is \$18. Send to Moab Poets and Writers, P.O.Box 675, Moab, UT 84532

Thanks to judges Charlotte Hurley and Jen Jackson for evaluating our submissions for MP&W's Short Short Contest. D.Z. Nammour's winning piece can be read on the reverse side of this newsletter. Thanks also go to Monette Clark for productively serving on the MP&W Board and acting as treasurer over the past year. Your dedication and hard work are greatly appreciated!

MP&W is looking for a new treasurer/board member. Benefits of being a board member are: reduced workshop fees, free membership, and the gratification of helping writers of the Southwest. Email moabpw@yahoo.com if interested or call Marcy Hafner at 259-6197.

Call for Submissions: *Canyon Legacy*. Do you have a curiosity about the stories that make Moab what it is? Would you like to pursue those threads of interest and inform the community of all that you unearth? The Museum of Moab's *Canyon Legacy* is seeking submissions from regional writers on an ongoing basis. We are interested in your articles on the natural, cultural and prehistory of the Colorado Plateau, specifically southeastern Utah. We are open to pieces on the people, places, events and landmarks of the region – roughly within a 200-mile radius of Moab – or larger issues that have impacted the area. Pieces are usually between 1,000 and 6,000 words in length, and we appreciate any material you have to illustrate the article. For questions, queries or submissions, please contact the editor, Jen Jackson, at jacksjen@gmail.com. You may also mail disks or hard copies of your work to: *Canyon Legacy*, 118 E. Center Street, Moab, UT 84532. However, email submissions are preferred.

–The MP&W Board

Visit: www.moabpoetsandwriters.org

Submissions:

To submit a maximum 300-word prose piece or maximum 40-line poem to the Moab Poets & Writers Newsletter Editor, send an email to:

mcneild@grandschools.org

If your piece is accepted, you will be asked for a digital photo and short bio.



Moab Poets and Writers Flash Your Fiction Short Short Story Contest Winner:

Shit.

By D. Z. Nammour

Secret to runnin' dumpyards, boy, is knowin' what shit to put in which shit-pile. McGruder n' Sons accepted Midland's shit for damn near forty year, and ain't one year we ain't seen profit. So before you go talk your fancy ideas an' your slick-homo-city-boy ways, you think about that.

I'll take y'all around a little bit, show you the yard. Like I said before, y'all gotta know what shit goes in which shit-pile.

That big-ass gate y'all just come through? That there is the front.

We keep all them trees there linin' the fence so y'all city-folk don't pollute y'all's eyes.

This here's the lumber shit-pile. Tables, chairs, coffins n' shit.

Next to that is the wood shit-pile. Trees n' bushes n' grass n' orgeenic matters n' shit.

That there's some piles of metal shit. Any shit's made of metal goes here. You fuck that up, you one dumb boy. It ain't mathefuckngmatics.

After you pass the metal shit, you gonna see a bunch of piles of different shit, called The Shop. Their ain't no shop, we just call it that, so don't start lookin' for a shop, boy. Lot of shit in The Shop.

McGruder likes to keep this shit 'case he sell it. He don't.

You got a rope pile, 'Nuff rope n' wire n' cable in there to hang a snake.

You got an oil can pile, don't smoke around there.

You got a pile for latrines n' sinks n' bathtubs n' shit.

You got a bunch of piles of shit ain't worth their weight in shit, an' the only reason they's still around is cause McGruder is a crazy old bastard with shit between his ears. You follow boy?

You notice the smell getting nigh on intolerable? I know y'all already done smelt the place comin' in, but trust me boy, you ain't smelt shit 'till you smelt shit up close.

This here place is called Purgatory. This here, if you ain't figured it out, is where garbage shit goes, just plain ol' garbage shit.

Diapers full of shit, apple peals, hairballs, newspaper, pottin' soil, rottin' grass clippin', used condoms, moldy bananas, shit they ain't even come up with a name for. Found couple'a body in that shit. Gonna smell like God Almighty took a shit on you.

Y'all get used to it, more or less, but y'all ain't never gonna forget it. You gonna notice lost of birds flying around the garbage shit, so don't look up to much 'les you get shit in your face.

Here's the office. When you meet the Ol' Man, you gonna hafta yell real loud. He a mite def. Don't y'all yell too loud though or he gonna slap the shit out of you for being a snotty city boy with no respect.

He don't take no shit from no one. Nobody hear takes no shit from no one. Don't piss off a man with a dumpyard boy, he got a lot of places to hide you.

Calendar

January

8th: The MP&W Board will hold its annual planning meeting.

February

Read something by a local author.

March

26th: Open Mic. Location and details to be announced via email. If interested in being added to the MP&W listserv, please email moabpw@yahoo.com



Visit the MP&W website for more dates & details:

www.moabpoetsandwriters.org

Stay tuned to email for changes in dates and times. Contact moabpw@yahoo.com for info.

Contributors

Joan Gough
is a board member of Moab Poets & Writers and longtime resident of Moab.



D.Z. Nammour
is a half Lebanese, half Texan unpublished author who lives and writes in Moab. He enjoys the outdoors and telephone calls from talent-seeking publishers.

