



GHS

Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'

From the Editor's Desk

26 July 2003

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Since graduating GHS, I got married to a New Zealander and moved to England for about two years, living in Ashford, Middlesex, and traveled a fair bit in Europe. We then moved to Sydney, Australia where we lived for four years, and where I had two of my three sons, and had the good fortune to travel to both the Far East and see a fair bit of the South Pacific region. We moved back to the states, and settling (again for four years) in Aberdeen, Washington (near Hoquiam, WA –you know the home of “Grunge Music” –Nirvana and Kirk Cobain!) -- had my third son, and last child there! Yes, they all play music--but not Grunge--at least not now !! Then it was on to Saratoga Springs, New York, via a short stop in Harwinton, Connecticut. I lived in Saratoga Springs for eighteen years. Gosh, reading this over, I'm tired! What was it they used to say about people who worked for IBM -- I've Been Moved!



I separated from my husband after the children were grownthey (the children) are disbursed everywhere from L.A. to D.C. to Albany, NY, while I moved to Hampton, Virginia in 1994 where I live now - gorgeous place about twenty-seven miles south of Williamsburg, Virginia, six minutes from the Chesapeake Bay, and twenty-five minutes from Virginia Beach, and the ocean, and I live on the Hampton River. After growing up in Greenwich (Pemberwick really), having beaches close is like “coming home.”



I still do secretarial work to pay my mortgage, bills and put food on the table, although it's not cool anymore to say “secretary,” so to use the “new millennium” word, I do administrative work! I went to college finally while my children were growing up (one of those “old students”), taking courses one and two at a time at Skidmore College's University Without Walls Program. I moved here before my final project was done, so still have six credits for my BA. I studied 16/17th Century English History, and while in the program at Skidmore was fortunate to get into the ISISE Summer Program, which allowed me to attend classes at Oxford University in England (stayed at St. Anne's College) for six weeks.

I am a published poet and writer, working on my first book collection. I write under Nancy Powell. My most recent work can be found in Vol. 25 #1,

2003 issue of *Kalliope*, and the 2000-2002 issue of *BlackWater Review*, and a short article in 2002 *Pen Women* magazine. I have a piece coming out in a journal being published for a military celebration day by Bryant & Stratton College here in Chesapeake at the end of this month. I am the poetry editor for a magazine called *Virginia Adversaria*, (www.Freshlit.com), which is being turned into an on-line journal this year. I'm pretty involved with the writing scene here, which is very active and supportive.





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Poet's Corner

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I would ask that no one pass my work on elsew here, but am happy to have these two previously published poems included in the new sletter. "Home Again Stranger," was first published in the 1998 edition of BlueLine, and "How Far is Ordinary," first appeared in the 2000-2002 issue of BlackWater Review .

Home Again Stranger

Bodies move moth like
in morning air.
Images skirt my face,

erases the night glare and
wear a hair shirt,
as honeysuckle scents

of Saratoga Springs sing
in the streams of my dreams.
Summer notes float on a stage,

w here fireflies light ballerina sunsets,
wed to Cinnamon apple Falls.
Tree walls change clothes,

robe themselves in candy colors
that parches throats dry before they die,
to drop maple syrup thick beside the pond.

As wood smoke hot dogs grill,
ice sliced laughter skates and waits,
wrapped like an old gray scarf

around the corner of the house.

How Far is Ordinary

Ordinary is a \$2.00 toll
across the York River
on days when the words retreat,

eat themselves before sunset,
when my memory fades
into the shadow of fawns

on the battlefield, dancing,
where I shiver in my coat,
so sure the day will warm

that when my eyes see the stars,
they close, closer to the road
inside someone else's car.

And Ordinary is just that far.
It is beside the road in a small house
that serves me soup from an old bowl,

spooning it into the hollow spots,
filling up the holes, dotting the i's
and crossing the t's,

when the stars allow it,
and the \$2.00 toll
has been paid.