

Fall 2023

E-Zine

Issue 101

ISSN 2291-4269

Royal City
Literary Arts
Society



L A S

“Wordplay at work.”

Halloween
Special Edition

Royal City
Literary Arts
Society

R C

L A S



\$35

one year membership



Jessica Lee McMillan Photography

Halloween Classics

A MURDER OF CROWS

© Candice James

**Black is this night without scent of rose
Paint spilling from an ebony jar
Slicing the sky, a murder of crows**

**A rending of ragged seams to expose
The broken edge of a shattered star
Black is this night without scent of rose**

**The dying of essence and afterglows
A drifting of sparks turning into a scar
Slicing the sky, a murder of crows**

**A charcoal mist on December snows
This dream I can't reach that's always too far
Black is this night without scent of rose**

**With fragile arrows and broken bows
In the wounded paw of a raging jaguar
Slicing the sky, a murder of crows**

**The cup ran over, shattered then froze
Stepping back into my avatar
Black is this night without scent of rose
Slicing the sky, a murder of crows**

COMES A POET DARKLY

**© Candice James, Poet Laureate Emerita
New Westminster, BC CANADA**

**In my midnight reverie comes a poet darkly,
Into my room with candlelight decorated starkly.**

**His muscled body swiftly slides beneath a satin sheet
To feed a starving hungry heart wallowing in heat.
Limbs entwine and caution to the wind is tossed.
Hearts re sign, in blood red ink, love letters never lost.
Peeking through a see through drape the moon begins to rise,
Flash dancing to sweet nothings in the poets' eyes.
They ride the velvet pinnacle of love's wanton sword,
These lovers that bought feelings neither could afford.
Glistening with sweat, and spent, the lovers fall asleep
In supernatural mists that rock them in love's deep.
The moon winks and hides in a dark sky overcast.
The lovers' ghosts vaporize into memory's past;
Into the poem they had written centuries ago,
When rivers, valleys, and mountains, were only amber glow.**

**The candlelight slowly dims with fading shadows starkly.
In my midnight reverie leaves a poet darkly.**

Fraser Cemetery 1961

© Candice James, Poet Laureate Emerita, New Westminster, BC

(For Janet Kvammen a volunteer who cleans the Cemetery gravestones)

*In a long ago era clouded with sin
blood was his highway and death his avatar.
A most feared monster, with ghoulish grin and glittering eye,
he terrorized the streets and alleys of old New Westminster town.*

**Awaking him in his damp, dank grave,
a hellish pawn dreamed new atrocities and smoked them through
the dust and detritus of his restless sleeping psyche
and the dry rot of his crumbling coffin.**

**On a dark, cold, foggy October evening, as I walked toward home in '61,
I witnessed a dark resurrection in lower Fraser Cemetery.**

**Beneath a midnight autumn moon
a smoky, fetid grave broke open spewing a rabid dog of human ilk
thirsting anew for the taste of old blood
rising in dark rings of spittle and gore
and wearing the dreaded black mask of the dead.**

**In this waking dream turned nightmare,
at the twist of a snarled red lip bent on a fresh blood to dine on ,
in the hypnotic glare of a glittering eye
I was struck paralyzed on the spot.**

**The atmosphere grew heavy as he approached me in a broken gait.
His bony finger stroked my cheek.
His sour breath crept on to my face, weakened my knees, almost made me faint.
He sniffed of my flesh and sneered,
"Not tonight little girl. You're much too young for my tastes."**

**He was gone in a flash but in a few seconds I heard a blood curdling scream.
A hapless heart would be drained of blood
at the seamy edge of horrific night
sealed with the terror of his new reign.**

**Finally able to move again, I thanked God and counted my blessings
then ran home as fast as I could,
locked the door with trembling hands
and wrapped myself up in the screaming silence ...
the only comfort I could find.**

Ghost in the Mirror, Blair Avenue 1967

© Candice James, Poet Laureate Emerita, New Westminster, BC

In front of the large antique Louis XVI mirror,
the amateur séance began with six bodies seated
around the rectangular table,
two each side, one at each end.

She sat at the far end of the table gazing into the mirror.
It seemed to become wispy and cloudy for a moment.
She thought her eyes could be adjusting to the dim candlelight,
or perhaps it was just her imagination playing tricks.

Some claimed she was a natural born medium according to her natal chart:
Moon and Neptune in conjunction rising in Libra.
Neptune and Venus in mutual reception.
Midheaven intercepted in Gemini.
Sun in Aquarius.

She felt uneasy, did not want to lead the séance.
They insisted. She acquiesced.

They held hands and closed their eyes; she paced her breathing.
She invoked the name of the spirit they wanted to appear,
the spirit of a recently deceased relative.

She felt a waft of cold slam into her neck.
She opened her eyes.
There was an iridescent pale blue circle
in the centre of the mirror.
In flash the circle extended into a thin mirror-length, vertical line
then started to extend in a thin horizontal line.

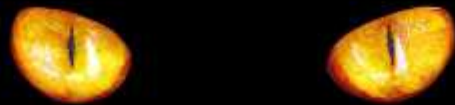
She dropped the hands she was holding.
She stood up abruptly, visibly shaken\

The séance was over
almost
before it began.

Today,
53 years later,
she can still feel that waft of cold air hit her neck
and she wonders if the end is really the end or ...
only the beginning.

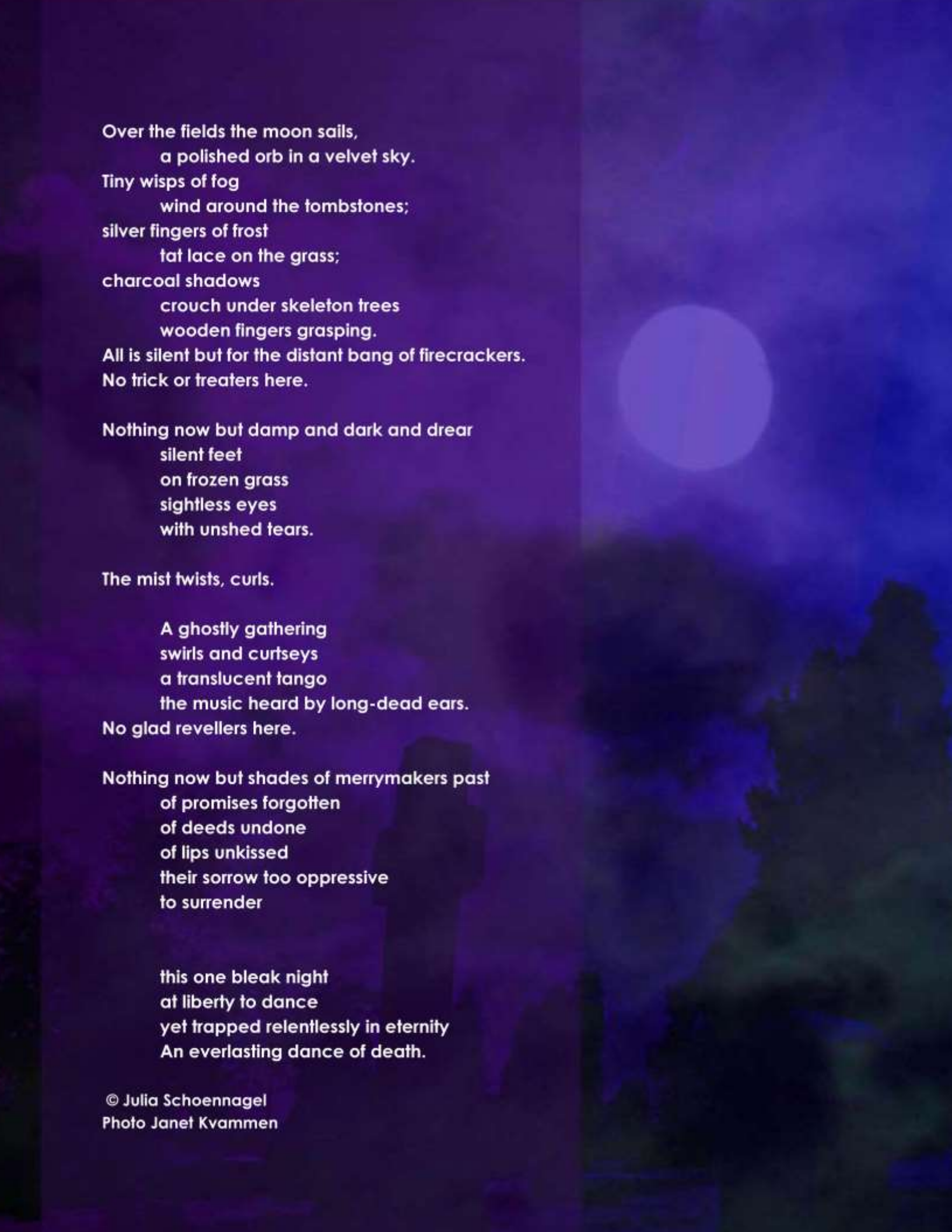
a cat's eye is
an orange pumpkin
a curved, shiny globe

a thin black candle at the amber centre
black slit gazing



seeing all
missing nothing

© Julia Schoennagel



Over the fields the moon sails,
a polished orb in a velvet sky.
Tiny wisps of fog
wind around the tombstones;
silver fingers of frost
tat lace on the grass;
charcoal shadows
crouch under skeleton trees
wooden fingers grasping.
All is silent but for the distant bang of firecrackers.
No trick or treaters here.

Nothing now but damp and dark and drear
silent feet
on frozen grass
sightless eyes
with unshed tears.

The mist twists, curls.

A ghostly gathering
swirls and curtseys
a translucent tango
the music heard by long-dead ears.
No glad revellers here.

Nothing now but shades of merrymakers past
of promises forgotten
of deeds undone
of lips unkissed
their sorrow too oppressive
to surrender

this one bleak night
at liberty to dance
yet trapped relentlessly in eternity
An everlasting dance of death.

Toxic People

~by Kathy Figueroa

Toxic people try to ruin your day
Toxic people don't like to go away
It seems there's not much you can do
To make their toxicity stop
Except, sometimes, to call a cop

Toxic people like to spread lies
And also have been known to devise
Dirty underhanded schemes
They seem happy when trashing
Someone else's dreams

Usually drugs and alcohol are involved
Which isn't to say that without those
Their problems would be solved

The original cause could be difficult to find
What came first, the alcohol
And/or drug abuse?
Or a deranged mind?

Maybe some toxic people
Use drugs to self-medicate
Because they're so filled
With self-loathing and hate

But maybe some are like that
Because of the drugs
Which remove their social inhibitions
And turn them into thugs

Though you can try to distance yourself
And stay far from their poisonous sphere
Sometimes they turn into stalkers
And try to inspire fear

You can block them from your e-mail
But not in real life
When they fixate on you and
Try to cause turmoil and strife

Some people call them evil
Some call them mentally ill
Some say a person behaves like that
Because she or he is addicted to a pill

If I had a magic wand I'd make a wish
That their lives could be changed
And no longer be unhappy
Toxic or deranged

That they'd find self-respect, dignity
And a sense of self-worth
That they'd spread happiness
And joy, not negativity
During their time on this Earth

That they wouldn't poison
The very air that they breathe
That their inner demons
Would get up and leave

That instead of verbally vomiting
Megaloads of bile
They'd just make an effort
To be pleasant and smile

But magic wands don't exist
Only this pen
So I wish them well from a distance
And try to ignore them, again



A Light in the Sky

© Kathy Figueroa

As I stood and gazed at the nighttime sky,
A sputnik, a satellite, caught my eye.
It travelled in a slow and graceful arc;
A small and bright point of light in the dark.

Spellbound and transfixed I watched it with awe
And marvelled at the wondrous sight I saw.
It epitomized man's inventive flair,
Traversing the sky, so high in the air.

Then, as eastward, through the heavens it flew,
The roof of my house obscured it from view.
When, at last, it was hidden from my sight,
Nothing else broke the stillness of the night.

As the beauty of the sky wove its spell,
Into a dreamlike reverie I fell.
I basked in the radiance of each star,
The twinkling light from so very far.

I turned to look where the satellite passed,
Where, high over my roof, I saw it last.
Then nearly fell over from sudden fright
When, once more I spotted that satellite!

It crested the roof from the other side!
With ease, through the air, it appeared to glide
And it seemed to be coming ...straight at me!
I thought, "Yikes! How could this possibly be?!"

I was enveloped by a wave of fear,
As I stared at the strange light drawing near.
My heart raced, my mind reeled, I thought "Oh, no!
This must be some type of small U.F.O.!"

As though in a dream, no longer awake,
I pondered what sort of action to take.
But the light veered away and flew on by,
... And then I saw it was ... a firefly!

Strange Crud

© Kathy Figueroa

A lump of crud on the wall
One morning, I did see,
So I paused to have a better look
To ponder what it could be.

How, when, or from whence it came?
Such questions left me perplexed -
And its incongruous placement
Left me feeling vexed.

Was it something a sneaky, agile
Incontinent mouse had left behind?
Or a type of fungal growth
Which, on the ground, you often find?

I called my knowledgeable partner
To have a look at the strange goo
And... slowly... leaned... in... closer...
For a better view -

As he prepared to remove
This odd addition to the décor,
By deftly, with his finger,
Flicking it to the floor.

From time immemorial,
Humans have existed with critters
And survival instincts dictate
Some will give us the jitters.

Others will make us tremble,
Or even faint from fear.
There are those so abominable
That your sensibilities they sear.

Herewith, I share with others
The hard won wisdom I've accrued
Through this experience, which
Was weird and kind of rude:

If you encounter strange crud
It's best to avoid it and go on your way
...Lest it's a humungous, springing spider
Slyly curled up waiting for unsuspecting prey....





Mean Old Crones

© Kathy Figueroa

Mean, old crones
Rattle their bones
In the middle of the
Dank, dark night

A buffet of pills
Won't cure their ills
It just whets
Their appetite

With sighs and moans
Wails and groans
They crave pity
For their plight

But chortle with glee
When they can see
They've hurt someone
For sheer spite

Mean and bad
Or maybe just mad
Hate fills them
With delight

They like to lie
And get high

...Without a broom
They still take flight...



Little Red Riding Hood
© Alan Hill

That Saturday, she took the short cut
through the mall

the crooked trail in the darkening forest of
emptying stores
to grandma's candy covered condo.

She wore the cape
unravelling its river of virginity from her shoulders

kept the path between bargains
to tiptoe the edges of the promiscuous promises
of special offers.

She shifted shape
between
the timbered creases in store front glass
the canine shadow points of fluorescent teeth
sly whispers of the hairy handed guard

the security cameras
that were all the better to see her with.

Flesh and Blood

© Alan Hill

There are rats in the car again
eating wires,

compelled by my filth to search out
nuts, chips, assorted crumbs, my remains.

They move through my skin, the heart of me.
Animal lubricants of the earth,
movers of matter, sin eaters, scapegoats,
turners of the wheel of the world,
writers of the history of disease,
consumers of our flesh, waste

In the driveway, sub zero night. I set traps,

there is a blue glow in the cloud free sky.
An almost full moon that is fleshless, glows
through the open hand of the leafless apple tree.

Later, when I check, there are two dead.

I lay them out.

As is traditional with the hunt
I take photos for social media.

I look into their tiny wide eyes
victims of an all-encompassing Blitzkrieg,

examine their caked mouths, snouts,
the blood that is as red as mine,

their crushed backs, splayed legs,
the smooth ski of black fur
tapering away
into the long unsettling nakedness of their tails,
then into nothingness.



Dark Eclipse - Apocalypse

© Janet Kvammen

Light waxes and dips,
Time flexes and trips.
Soul scavenger,
Midnight passenger,

Festering Autumn moon,
Nightness comes soon.

Halloween masks the real horror,
Spirits enter through an open door.
This eve the veil wears thin,
Guard your souls, guard your kin.

Tonight each is on their own.
Take heed, never go alone.
Halloween haunts disguise and beguile,
Ghosts wander every New West mile.

Dark shadows eclipse,
The touch of red ruby lips.

Kiss of magic,
Terror fantastic.

This poet's verse -
A treat to curse.

Janet Kvammen
Photography

THE AWAKENING
© Janet Kvammen

**ghost hand holds my pen.
shivers of words
materialize on paper.**

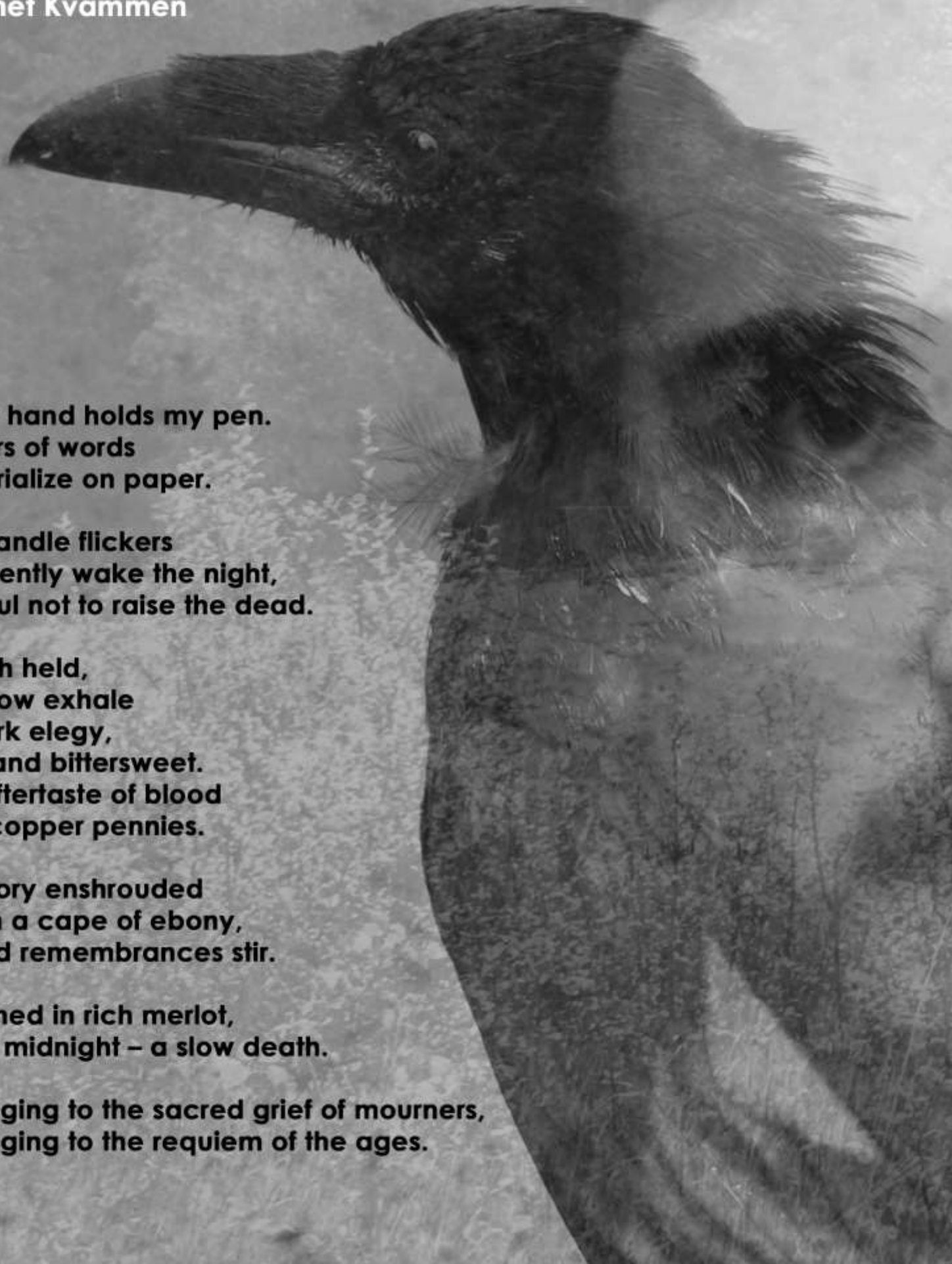
**the candle flickers
as I gently wake the night,
careful not to raise the dead.**

**breath held,
the slow exhale
of dark elegy,
sour and bittersweet.
the aftertaste of blood
and copper pennies.**

**memory enshrouded
within a cape of ebony,
buried remembrances stir.**

**drowned in rich merlot,
each midnight – a slow death.**

**Belonging to the sacred grief of mourners,
Belonging to the requiem of the ages.**



Goblins and Ghouls; Warlocks and Cats

© Deborah L. Kelly

It is coming up that time of year
when the dead arise to spread their fear.
With haunting howls and scary scenes,
the desolate souls and rabid beings.

Those long gone, who would rise again
to spread hell's fire and pain.
Coming apart, and dripping with stench,
if you smelled them coming,
guaranteed you would wretch.


Goblins and ghouls, warlocks and cats,
witches and dead things, broomsticks and bats.
High in the sky, witch flies past the moon,
cackling and laughing as she speeds up her broom.

She tries to keep up with the high flying bats;
trailing her: hornets and spiders and gnats.
She gives them protection for favours they trade,
helping her cast spells, and infesting each grave.

Yet we have the counter to her spook-filled attacks,
we carry cloves of garlic and poisonous packs
to place on her path where feet must step ...
she knows not what coming –
thinks she's immune to death.


But karma has caught her and her kin in the web;
they must return to dark lands of the dead.
For only one night does the darkness animate,
for everything dead must not stay too late.

If they are caught in the sun's morning rays
they shall burst into flame and return to the grave,
never again to howl the night ...
they are done, they are done, they have gone;
what a sight!!



Hallowe'en House
© Jenny Ihaksi

**As the fog rolls in, spoiling this October night
Spider webs wave in the cool evening light
This house is possessed by cries from its past
An old lady lived here, some say, mad to the last
In the crawl space live demons that rattle the floors
Sliding and crawling up papery walls
On Hallowe'en night we'll be in for a treat
As we watch and we listen, unable to sleep
Will we hear the old lady, or perhaps see her ghost?
The end of this story may scare you the most
Next Hallowe'en if we live through this night
Our cries from the crawl space will arrest you in fright!**



Rainy Night of Magic in the Era of E.T.

© Jessica Lee McMillan

Staring through the cellophane window
Big Bird's face is plastic and hopeful,
a yellow beacon in the fumbling back seat,
transforming me
through rainy night of magic in the era of E.T.
--the imperfect virtue of 1980s,
enrobed in polyethylene--
With mask already ripped,
still enough to fetch bounty
of Reece's Pieces, engendering
the colours of harvest
and ancient ritual deep
I emerge in firecracker mist ,
--the smell of excitement,
a lit match--
fashioning the enduring rite
of Hallowe'en, all possibility
twine material and spirit
to haunt in new identities
for sweets
beckoning mischief
by dressing off-key
The mask was swapped
for mom bobs and absurd frocks
but this polyester punk
commits to patterns brash
— albeit more tastefully matched —
to tilt the day askew
for child in tow
to taste abundant expression
on her foggy route to liminal mystery
like every day were Hallowe'en

First Lessons in Magic

© Jessica Lee McMillan

Our magical season begins
when a child first learns
the thrill of steel against
the heft of hollow giant
to wake the jack-o'-lantern
whose ancient reign
is summer's death
made ghostly lamp

Marker lines free spectre's trace
and knifepoint springs beads
and slick slide of wet strings
releasing aroma of vegetal cool
like birth of new air indoors

We pan for seeds to brine
and slip into sea of a silver bowl
to roast fodder for little demons
who craft illuminated diversions

And delight in carved edges
shrivelling grimly for Samhain
in the toasty breeze of singed lid
while creatures of the night
masquerade in harvest's last breath
for saccharine gifts shining
an aura of flicker and smoke

We carve to invoke
our wish to standing on that line
in the ether of Hallowe'en night,
both ghost and shell
of corporeal life
in spirit of orange glow,
a refuge for wandering souls

Phantom

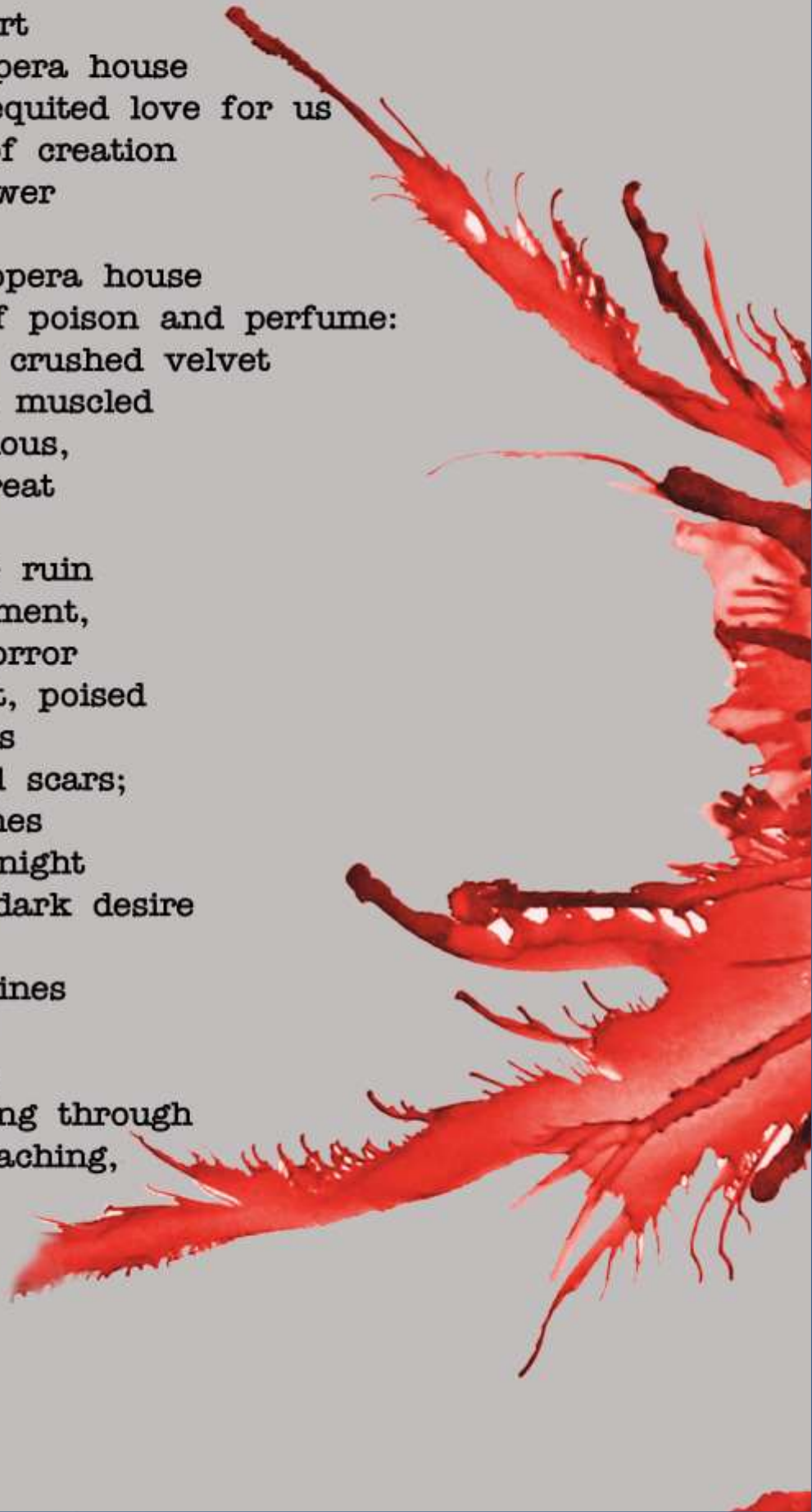
© Jessica Lee McMillan


The reach of high art
is a lofty, sinking opera house
and the muse's unrequited love for us
pulls us to rafters of creation
then back to the sewer

The cursed blessed opera house
is cinematography of poison and perfume:
satin caped swoons, crushed velvet
curtain, thick ropes, muscled
voices on high, tenuous,
starlit chandelier threat

In its shadow is the ruin
of dark hollow basement,
crumbling spot of horror
'neath the lavish set, poised
her cherubim dimples
belie his acid-gnarled scars;
white rim orbit frames
his eye on opening night
and he delivers on dark desire

No golden age outshines
the crime of its art
—the caving of eras
and heartache running through
—half-formed and reaching,
then onto the next
unreachable muse





The Wolfman

© Jessica Lee McMillan

The Wolfman summoned love at my window
and he kissed me under the tree

How inconvenient that we fell in love
when he became the moon's changeling.

He was bit by the lonewolf Bela
to succeed the desperado lonely beast

And doomed to lunar interruptions
when wolfsbane blooms

Harry Larry goes for the jugular,
even though his heart is true.

He is my moonlight monster
and I'm pregnant with the dark,

He's my dark fascination
and I wear his transforming lovemark.

My raving lycanthrope escapes
to garden of stone and cross

In mist and spoils of blood,
hunted by men and dogs

Who aim to cut chaos from beast,
he flees and with the Wolfman I ride

Into the moonset, into love,
into the madness of night.

Janet Kvammen



THE NIGHT VISITORS

© W. Ruth Kozak

It's almost Halloween, that time of year when ghosts, goblins and spooks roam the earth. In ancient times, the Greeks celebrated this day with rites to Hekate, Goddess of the Underworld, and sacrificed a black dog. The Celts celebrated it as Samhain, a time when the dark spirits roam the earth. They had rituals around an open fire, told stories, and threw white stones into the fires – one representing each person in the group – and when the fire burned down, if one of those stones was gone, that person would die. In modern times, we celebrate it as a fun time, with costumes and jack-o-lanterns in our windows and children collecting 'trick or treats' in the neighbourhood. But are there *really* ghosts and goblins out there to spook us?

As a child I was convinced of the existence of ghosts. My playmates used to tease me. One playmate pointed out some white berries on a bush and told me they were 'ghost eggs'. I believed her! We sometimes played in a decrepit abandoned barn that had a dirt cellar. I was convinced it was haunted!

I didn't believe in the kinds of ghosts that hide in your closet or under your bed. To me, they were real 'spirits' who haunted dark hallways and abandoned buildings. But do they really exist?

One night, when I was about fourteen years old, I recall waking suddenly from a deep sleep. There, standing beside my bed were

two men: one a short Asian man and the other a tall, thin man wearing an overcoat and fedora hat. At first I wondered if they were thieves who had broken into our house, but I was too afraid to cry out to my parents downstairs. I just laid there without moving and the men stood smiling down at me. To this day I don't know how long this scenario went on. Eventually I must have fallen asleep again. But I have never forgotten this encounter. It troubled me, but I too scared to tell my parents because I simply didn't know if these men were real or some half-waking vision I'd had. I wondered if they could have been the spirits of men who may have at one time lived in the house. Who were they?

Some time ago I read about this kind of phenomena. I can't recall what it was called, but evidently these "spirits" often appear as a kind of reassurance. These men were certainly not menacing me, even though I was frightened. And to this day I can remember what they looked like, smiling down at me.

I have had 'ghostly' encounters since then as well. My mother died at the age of 53 and I recall that the day I was preparing to attend her funeral I was sitting at the dresser looking into the mirror fixing my hair. And there was my mother standing behind me, smiling. "*You look lovely, dear!*" she said. Then she disappeared. I've felt her presence many times in my life and my father, also. I frequently find myself talking to him, as if he is near by.

And another encounter I had was after my dear Chilean friend Anibal Munoz died of cancer. I was walking along Commercial Drive near where he used to live, and suddenly I felt him beside me. He didn't speak, but he took my arm as we walked along together.

Another ghostly encounter that I experienced was on a trip to Long Beach, Vancouver Island. My friend Susan and I were on the beach at Florenzia Bay one night sitting by a beach fire. I felt a presence near me and looked up to see a young man standing beside the log where I was sitting. He was dressed in a tweed jacket and jeans or dark pants. He didn't speak, just stood there as if waiting to be

invited to join us. I turned away to speak to my friend and when I looked back he had disappeared. I thought it was the spirit of one of the hippies who used to frequent that beach. I was very curious about this visitation and decided to do some research about Florenzia Bay. I discovered that in the early 1800's there had been a shipwreck off the shore near there and many people, mostly British passengers, had died. I thought of this unusual visitation by the young man and I wondered if he was one of those people. I have never forgotten that sighting and thought about it when I visited Florenzia Bay again recently.

These ghostly 'sightings', feeling their presence and *knowing* they are there, are real. And I'm sure other people experience them as well. Perhaps they are there to reassure and comfort us. Ghostly sightings at Halloween might be scary. These other visitations by spirits of those gone before us are definitely not!



Candice James,

“A Murder of Crows”, “Wordplay at work” October 2016, Issue #38

Candice James,

“Comes a Poet Darkly”, “Wordplay at work” October 2018, #Issue 57

Candice James,

“Ghost in the Mirror Blair Avenue 1967”, and “Fraser Cemetery 1961”,

“Wordplay at work” October 2020, Issue #77

Julia Schoennagel,

“Cat’s Eye”, “Wordplay at work” October 2021, Issue #86

Julia Schoennagel,

“A Halloween Poem”, “Wordplay at work” October 2017, Issue #48

Kathy Figueroa,

“Toxic People”, “Wordplay at work” October 2017, Issue #48

Kathy Figueroa,

“A Light In The Sky”, “Wordplay at work” October 2015, Issue #28

(First published on August 1, 2013, in The Bancroft Times newspaper)

Kathy Figueroa,

“Strange Crud”, “Wordplay at work” October 2018, Issue #57

Kathy Figueroa,

“Mean Old Crones”, “Wordplay at work” October 2015, Issue #28

(First published on October 8, 2015, in The Bancroft Times newspaper)

Alan Hill,

“Little Red Riding Hood”, “Wordplay at work” October 2016, Issue #38

Alan Hill,

“Flesh and Blood”, “Wordplay at work” January 2021, Issue #80

Janet Kvammen,

“Dark Eclipse – Apocalypse”, “Wordplay at work” October 2017, Issue #48

Janet Kvammen ,

“The Awakening”, “Wordplay at work” October 2018, Issue #57

Deborah L. Kelly, “Goblins and Ghouls; Warlocks and Cats”,

“Wordplay at work” October 2018, Issue #57

Jenny Ihaksi,

“Halloween House”, “Wordplay at work” October 2020, Issue #77

Jessica Lee McMillan,

“Rainy Night of Magic in the Era of E.T.”,

“Wordplay at work” October 2020, Issue #77

Jessica Lee McMillan,

“First Lessons in Magic”, “Wordplay at work” October 2021, Issue #86

Jessica Lee McMillan,

“The Wolfman”, “Wordplay at work” October 2022, Issue #94

Jessica Lee McMillan,

“Phantom”, “Wordplay at work” October 2022, Issue #94

W. Ruth Kozak,

“Night Visitors”, “Wordplay at work” October 2020, Issue #77

poetic justice

POETRY NEW WEST

Poetic Justice Online Edition
Host Lesley Hebert
Date: Sunday November 5, 2023
Time: 3:00 to 5:00 pm (Pacific)

Featuring
Joyce Goodwin
Sylvia Taylor

Open Mic sign up starts at 2:50pm

Find more info on Poetic Justice Facebook Group:
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/poeticjusticepnw>

Contact secretary@rclas.com to receive the zoom link

Royal City
Literary Arts
Society



NEW WESTMINSTER



Sylvia Taylor



Joyce Goodwin

Poetic Justice Online Edition
with Host Lesley Hebert
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<https://www.facebook.com/groups/poeticjusticepnw>
To receive zoom link Email secretary@rclas.com



Writer and artist **Joyce Goodwin** immigrated from Ireland in 1989. A retired government social worker, she is an award winning writer, whose work is included in numerous anthologies. Her words are embedded in a glass wall at the Lynn Valley library. Co-founder of the NSWA literary salon "Dare To Be Heard", Joyce has been an active member of several literary organizations for many years, as executive, trustee, reviewer and judge. Currently writing a childhood memoir, her poetry book "Fragments: A Poetry Mosaic" was published in 2021. Joyce paints and exhibits with the NSAG and several other painting groups.



Literary Dullah to some, Hired Pen to others, **Sylvia Taylor** helps bring what needs to be said into the world. With over 400 pieces of prose, poetry and articles in print, she has edit-coached over 130 manuscripts from inspiration to publication. Sylvia teaches writing & publishing courses to all ages and judges writing competitions, including the BC Book Prizes and the Surrey Library Young Adult Writing Contest since 2004. Her marine-themed non-fiction books, *The Fisher Queen* (nominated for a BC Book Prize) and *Beckoned by the Sea* (BC bestseller) were released by Heritage House.

Embracing the Non-Linear:

Mapping Toward Your Poem

Creating the structure for a poem is often intuitive, which can feel difficult to steer. But writing from left to right, top to bottom can also feel confining.

In this two-hour workshop, we will create a non-linear space to structure a poem around a central image/idea that leads us more readily into a confident first draft, helps us clarify metaphor, and holds space for the overlapping associations that makes poetry so rich.

Materials: please bring your favourite pen/pencils and sketchbook or notebook. If you enjoy using highlighters and drawing tools, bring those too!



FREE ARTS TO GO
Workshop

No Registration
Required



with
**Jessica Lee
McMillan**

Located at
#IheartNewWest
Community Art Space
Unit 103 - 78 10th Street,
Columbia Square plaza, New Westminster

AN AFTERNOON WITH AUTHORS
Featuring *TELLERS OF TALES* and *POETIC JUSTICE*
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 2023, 1:00 PM TO 5:00 PM



TELLERS OF TALES 1:00 pm



Winona Kent, Jerena Tobiasen, Ruth Kozak and Una Bruhns



POETIC JUSTICE 3:00 pm



Herb Bryce and Franci Louann



Come and enjoy the readings!

Open mic opportunities

No admission charge – everyone welcome

Music, including songs by **Catherine Booth**

Door prizes - must be present to win
Nibbles

Book market (gift ideas) – listen and
shop at the same time!



Where?

I ♥ New Westminster
Community Art Space
Unit 103 - 78 10th Street
Columbia Square Plaza
New Westminster

Poetic Justice Special Edition

Date: Sunday Nov 26, 2023

Time: 3:00pm to 4:30pm

Host Alan Hill

Featuring Poets:

Franci Louann

H.W. Bryce

Open Mic sign-up starts at 2:45 pm

LOCATION:

I Heart New West

Community Art Space

Unit 103 - 78 10th Street

Columbia Square Plaza, New Westminster



Franci Louann was born Frances Louann Workman in Stratford, ON. She has poems in a Dorothy Livesay anthology in the Vancouver Public Library. Lipstick Press published her *Beach Cardiology* in 2010. Her poems appeared in many collections. Both her poetry and her volunteer work have been awarded. Ekstasis Editions published Franci's *Argentina, poesia* in 2020 and *Argentina Two, Uruguay Too, Cuba Tambien* in 2021. In 2023, also from Ekstasis, we now have *Portugal Calling, poemoirs*. These travel poems include some translations. These collections were complete before Franci's diagnosis of cancer in 2021. Finishing the books since then has been challenging.



H.W. Bryce is former journalist, book editor, teacher, courier, traveller. His poetry appears in anthologies in Canada, the US, Bolivia, India. In magazines: *Ekphrastic Review*, *Newworld Review*, *the Spanish Azahar* and other international publications. He was a judge for the Rabindranath Tagore Award International English Poetry Competition. He is author of "Ann, A Tribute" and "Chasing a Butterfly" which saved him from depression. Bryce is a member of the Federation of BC Writers and Royal City Literary Arts Society. He is a 2022 Writers International Network Distinguished Poet Award recipient. His newest publication is *SEEDS OF POETRY*.

"AN AFTERNOON WITH AUTHORS"

Featuring TELLERS OF TALES and POETIC JUSTICE

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 2023, from 1:00 PM TO 5:00 PM

Come for the whole afternoon or drop in as you like, free to attend

10th Annual
Fred Cogswell Award
For Excellence in Poetry



Announcing Our Winners
in December.

Keep an eye on our website & social media!

**Follow us for event news—
Instagram @royalcitylit
Facebook Group:
Royal City Literary Arts Society**

RCLAS Members Open Call for Submissions

IMPORTANT Submit documents **WITH YOUR NAME** and Title on the WORD DOC file

Email janetkvammen@rclas.com Janet Kvammen, RCLAS President/Editor

Call For Submissions

Suggested Themes Deadline January 5

---WINTER---

---Poetry of Place

--- Ekphrastic ---

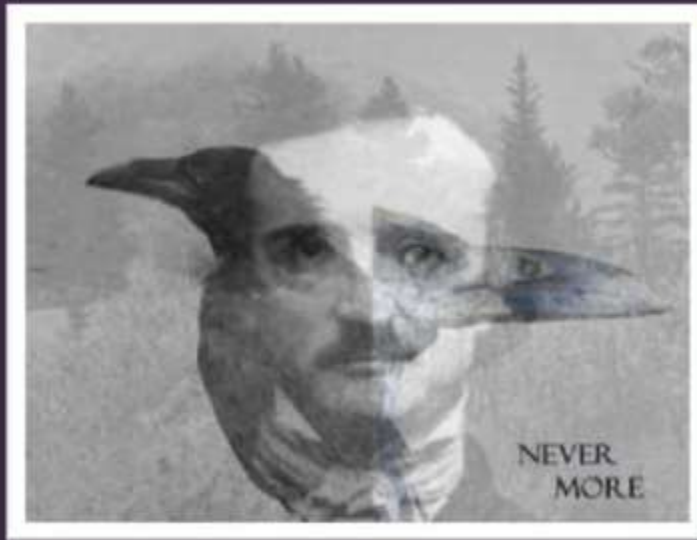
HAIKU Special Feature (maximum of 5)

Deadline Jan 20, 2022

No theme required to submit.

Poetry, Short Stories, Book excerpts, articles & lyrics are all welcome
for submission to future issues of *Wordplay at work*.





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- City of New Westminster
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See upcoming events at
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Royal City
Literary Arts
Society



ISSUE 101 Fall 2023 Wordplay at work ISSN 2291- 4269

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