

The ENVOY 076

The official newsletter of the CCLA

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Dear All:

Welcome CCLA members and Lit Lovers. We hope you will pass this newsletter on far and wide especially because it has news about the CCLA Art and Lit Fest and our CCLA trip. Thank you Danielle, our Envoy editor, for bringing us this newsletter.

News about the CCLA Art and Lit Fest:

Fall is almost here and we have finally finalized the events and venues for the **CCLA Art and Lit Fest**. At this last minute we had to rearrange our restaurant venue but everything is now settled. Our previous venue pulled out on us at the last minute so in a scramble I have found an even better venue at **The Oasis in Cobourg**. Our newsletter editor, Danielle, will past the full info as the last item below. Our CCLA Art and Lit Fest is being held in Cobourg, Ontario on **Saturday, October 29** at the Cobourg Public Library with evening events at The Oasis Bar and Grill. Thank you Ian at the Oasis for being able to fill in for us with such short notice. They have a great menu – drop in anytime. Ian is giving us the private room on the second floor. All is well that ends well. See you at the festival and don't forget that Patrick Connors is editing a collection of festival poetry and prose. **If you are in attendance you will be published** – see full info below.

News about the 2017 CCLA Trip:

The other news worth looking at is the [CCLA Cuba Trip 2017](#). We are in the process of finalizing the dates and prices for our annual trip to Cuba with a CCLA author delegation. Depending on the air line this will dictate which day of the week we leave on but in general our trip will be for 2 weeks sometime at the end of January – we hope you will leave that window open and join us.

We already have two feature readers / book launches organized with CCLA members, Lisa Makarchukj and Patrick Connors. Let us know if you would like us to [feature the launch of your book](#) in Cuba. We will be organizing other book launches, readings, book presentations, workshops, and daytrips.

We will be making a book donation/presentation to the University of Holguín at the inauguration of the [CCLA Canadian Literature Collection](#), hosted by Beatriz Díaz González, University of Holguín, President of the Canadian Studies Program. Bring copies of your books to be included in this new collection, read and get your picture taken for the library archive. Our CCLA goal is to build this collection over the years to be the largest collection of Canadian literature in all of Cuba. Be part of this momentous opportunity to build a permanent Canadian lit collection.

You will want to bring multiple copies of your books on this trip. There will be other opportunities to present your books to individuals and at other events.

We are planning on [staying “with the people”](#) at casa particulars (B&Bs) in two cities – Holguín and Gibara. Don’t worry we will have some writing time, beach time and daytrips to see parts of Cuba that you would never see if you were just a normal tourist staying at an all-inclusive resort. You might even find yourself sitting under a palm tree sipping on a Pina Colata.

Stay tuned for more info about the trip. We are looking forward to seeing you on a beach in Cuba soon.

Don’t forget to send your submission to Danielle for the next issue.

All the best

Prez Tai

Letter Poems To and From Cuba

A Hot One

July 13, 2016

Dear Miguel:

It’s a hot one today.
The same in Cuba I presume.
It was 23oc at 9am. Climbed
to a brow dripping 34oc.

A fire-breathing dragon chased me
to the lumberyard
to buy some wood for a shelf
that was on my honey-dew list,
a gentle nudge requested it be built,
soon or was it now, I can't remember.
It took all day but am finally finished
though one 2 X 2 short. Too hot
to drive and buy it.
This honey will do it tomorrow.
It was a two beer – non-alcoholic – job,
I stopped to change my shirt

half way through the job.
Fan is on in my coolish
basement office.
Time for a snooze
in front of the computer
and pretend to work.

With affection,
Tai

Computer Broken

July 14, 2016
Dear Brother Tai,

Hello in Canada,
Sorry that my computer is broken now,
I can answer from Jose Pedro's computer
now, everything is fine for the moment.
Finally I sold my boat and I bought
a new air conditioner in Bayamo yesterday
for my casa particular rooms.
My brother helped me to bring it to Gibara,
The bedroom is better now, for paying guests.

Have a nice night,
your brother Jorge.

Routines – No Coffee

July 14, 2016

Dear Tai

It's a cold morning today – 20oc
6:30 am, my wife sleeps oblivious
of cold and noise and me.
I stretch my arms, feel my 50s already
but snatch myself out of bed
into routine
Ran out of coffee the yesterday of a week ago
no milk, must wrestle with the liquefier
to fix me a mango juice
bread and butter. Lucky!
I hit the stairs down with resolution
trying to erase some of my 50 years
cross the world
and plug myself into work
a heap of papers and still another heap
with names and numbers dangling relentlessly.
The office computer crackles
the screen spatters
I caress the table with a thud and curse
where the heck is the info I just typed?!

Lunch welcomes me
three-course meal – rice, soup and pudding
room-temperature drinking water
(the fountain broke today).
We resume our work,
can't find the info yet
spend two hours in this manoeuver
until the power switch-down saves me
come back tomorrow, we're economizing .
Back home my wife says she is aching
her arm hurts, can hardly move it
massage and Vaporub would do the trick
but I am already caught in the cooking ambush
survival mode.
A bit of after-dinner TV

laughter stays with me until 11 pm
“Baby Daddy” is somehow twisted into Ancient Daddy
my sleepy eyes blink and remind me I have a bed.
Tomorrow will be another day,

verbatim.

My hand,
Miguel the wingman

Raining

July 14, 2016
Dear Miguel

A clap of thunder
shook the house last night at 2
in the morning. I was sound asleep
and leapt out of my skin. The rain
was so strong.
I did not know what the noise was
– fire clawing at the house,
a jet engine blasting
outside my bedroom window.

I quickly fell back asleep and woke at 5am
to find the street was dry,
the air heavy and grey
clearing to blue in the afternoon.

I found a wet raccoon in the trap
that I had set the night
before I went to bed.
The family of bandits
has been ripping up my tomato plants
and attaching my bird feeders.
I will drive him to a forest where he can live
in peace with nature. My neighbour Brian
fed him a scrap for the ride.
I said I was going to drive my four legged son
to camp. I hope he never comes home.

Today is an office day.
It looks like it might rain all day.
A good day for pushing words.

I hope Alina's arm is better.

Hugs from Canada,
Tai

First Gay Pride Flag in the Neighbourhood

July 20, 2016
Dear Miguel:

Today I was installing
my new gay pride Canadian flag
that my gay daughter gave me
for Father's Day – at my request.
I don't expect any repercussions
from friends, neighbours
or our B&B customers
though you never know. One person,
within minutes of it being flown
called up to me on the front balcony
where it was installed and said
“what a pretty flag”. Like my sister
she might not even know
that it is a gay pride flag.

Even though Brighton
is a bit of an anti USA area
and just about everyone
that I have talked to says

they hope that Trump does not get in,
there is not really much of an anti-gay
sentiment here. We live in a bit
of a strange demographic.

A gay couple, women, no flag,
three houses to the right and
a gay couple, men, no flag,
to the left of us, though
there is a red neck across the street
that thinks all dogs, raccoons and gays
should be shot and a pro USA neighbour
otherwise a very nice guy, to the right
that thinks that Canada
should join the USA as a state
even if Trump does get in.

The late, Rob Ford, former Toronto mayor
is the closest we have ever come,
may he rest in peace, to having
a bombastic fool with any level of power.
God help the world if Trump
does become president.
Well anyway I have my gay pride flag up
and it is the first in the neighbourhood.
Thank goodness for differences.
Gracias a bondad por las diferencias

all the best
tai

TO SADNESS

Raymond French

Sadness what are you?
Where do you come from?
How do you dominate my heart?
Your breath I feel cold and gelid
As you caress my forehead.
Indifferent to all seasons,
You steal softly, silently
Through sunset breezes.
You seem to know when to slither
In between dark shadows
Like a spectre invisible,
To ambush and wreak havoc
In the gentlest way, ooze past
Any barrier, any fortress;
So when your elixir I breathe in
I hardly ever notice you are within:
Until wistfulness moves in
To rekindle my memories:
Mostly happy ones of childhood, youth,
Love and people who are no longer here.
When you sadness ambush my mind,
Your bitter sweetness always lasts a while
Before I know you have taken over my soul;
My mind you leave in disarray,
I know not what you are to this day,
Where you come from
And how you dominate my heart.

THE DREAM AND THE GLORY

Raymond French

The ground upon which I walk
Is alien to me and the century I lived in
Too young with a different mentality.
I've paced this ground as if there was a mist
From my waist down and I couldn't see my feet,
Nor where each step fell and what lied beneath.
I've continuously thought I was in a nightmare,
That eventually it would all come to an end
With a sudden waking to a fanfare of reality;
My eyes would behold verity as I imagined it to be.
Only half of my spirit and body are here
The rest of my being is beyond, aloof and alert,
Into another time warp where ignorance was bliss
And children still believed in fairy tales.

I've walked this earth thinking I could make a change
But I was deceived, I tripped over one delusion after another;
Humans were not humane, animals proved more faithful,
Love was make belief, all castles in the air;
Lovers came and went without any remorse
And I was left out grieving in the cold,
To contemplate where I had gone wrong;
Until I believed humans were not for heaven.
It was a time I realized 'the end' came all too often
And in real life no one lives happily ever after.
Everything I've seen reminds me of something that is gone,
Vanished into an abyss we try not to speak about:
Humans design their own dreams and glory
But when they succumb to the angel of death,
Where are their dreams then, where is the glory?

WHEN DEATH CAME TO VISIT

Raymond French

I was asleep or half awake
when death came to visit
creeping down the wall,
caped with hollow eyes and hallowed face,
ready to swoop down with scythe ready to behead
those whose time on earth was done.
It searched carefully avoiding lights,
sunset was long gone and the light
was only in the warning red bulb,
a blinking eye on my chemo drip machine.
My thrombosed vein was blocked again
turning this into an endless night:
with each breath, life oozed slowly out
into the room wreaking of surgical spirit;
the half deflated chemo bag
hung over my head like a suspended sentence,
my weakness was a contrast
to the gale force winds outside.
I could only lay in fear
close my eyes and turn my face away:
each drop was like a knife tearing into my vein
the doctors came to search in vain,
blood flowed in abundance on lifeless bed sheets
and from the eyes on the picture of Christ the Redeemer.

descends
garden soil
toil.
transcends

blends

turmoil.

recoil
strength.

and die,

on earth,

like us,

of birth

fuss.

Malta

**The Dandelion Seed
(Petrarchan Sonnet)**

This single parachuted seed
softly swiftly in the parched
to flower, live, die, join the earthly
This single parachuted seed

all meaning of existence. Freshly

into a coloured world full of

It defies all odds, makes the mind
from its amazing and resilient

It will grow this spring then live

leaving just seed no other trace

proof of ever having been. Just

that live and live until our demise.
Within this seed there is no pain

at death, it simply dries without a

Copyright Raymond Fenech

*In the beginning was the Word ...
John 1:1(The King James Version)*

THE WORD

K.V Skene

as clear as a glass
smashed in the kitchen,
a just-let-out-of-class
kindergarten; listen to it,

listen to that furry purr
on your lap, the whine
of your overcharged child, the mutter
of next-to-rush-hour traffic,
the drip,
drip,
drip

of gutters – listen
to it, listen to it utter,
syllable by syllable, the word
no one has ever heard
spoken

(listen to it, listen to it)

unbroken. Listen to it
hiss, kiss the lie
off my tongue, whisper
its thousand-and-one histories
through a whrump of feathered wing
and that hard heart-thump
beneath the rib. Listen to it.

Listen to it thrum the rough throat
of the slouching beast, drum
out its foot-fall ...

listentoit. Listen to it.

Listen
to
it
come.

WORDS IN MY HEAD

K.V Skene

drop half a brain away,
too mundane

to be recorded/written
down Migraine

twitches its hung-over tail,
howls a blindside threat –

too far out
to cope without a cigarette.

Let my mind
shift out of touch/taste/sight –

too far in for comfort,
too far right.

WORDS

K.V. Skene

for a wise
woman
to pin on a phone line,
(Just a fax
ma'am.) hang,
letter by letter,
out a dry dialogue day. Words

for a writing
woman,
after dropping an end line,
(A slip of syntax
ma'am?) fit
syllable to syllable
by rote on a hard-to-say day. Words

for a workaday
woman,
before righting a wrong line,
(Much too abstract
ma'am.) send
mind over metaphor,
write through a hard-labour day. Words

for a woman's
woman
cross-cutting a heart-line.
(Matter of fact
ma'am!) Snip,
measure by measure,
out a spellbound-to-tell day.

*All sin tends to be addictive, and the terminal point of addiction
is what is called damnation.* *W.H. Auden*

ALL WORDS ARE WHITE NOISE

K.V Skene

Once I learn to lie I never stop –
nevermind matter-of-fact parents,
siblings, classmates, teachers ...

My stories silt up slowly, sequentially,
so seriously decanted
no one wonders ...

at night,

in the bed beside my sister's bed,
I plot – how

can I make this sound new? Sound true?
What do I say happened next? Who
will I tell it to? Downstairs

voices drone on and on – deliberately
deft.
And dumb.

AFTERTHOUGHT

Miguel Ángel Olivé Iglesias

we strolled down the street
I lost all sense of noise and people around us
so focused on your words
so into this dream come true
of you being mine, me being yours
after years of waiting and longing

you made my day
a lingering promise to make my lifetime
as we laughed and I locked my eyes in your eyes
to feel peace and pleasure
settle in my brain
finally decode the meaning of my existence
that was made of whys and faux-pas
before you

we waltzed down the street
the air was unpolluted, people were my friends
tomorrow was no more a dark speck
I could not control

I have become a better replica of me
in finding you I admit
I found myself
and found the means to walk the crowded streets
still beside you –

I hope you're fine
I wish you nothing but the best

it is a pity though
you found yourself in someone else's eyes.

THRILL (Arrival)

Miguel Ángel Olivé Iglesias

You rolled in like the ocean
a constant breaking of waves
trickling

down
my
skin.

It all started with your eyes

then came the wind in your hair

the invasion of your lips,

two waves drenching my body.

You rushed in like the ocean,

a shipwrecked me

finally drifting towards you

for a swim in your waters

for the thrill in your waves.

10th Annual CCLA Art and Lit Fest 2016

www.CanadaCubaLiteraryAlliance.org
FREE and open to the public

Cobourg Public Library
200 Ontario Street, Cobourg, ON
905-372-9271

The Oasis Bar & Grill – (second floor)
31 King Street East
Cobourg, Ontario
(905) 372-6634

Saturday, October 29, 2016

Events:

9:30am – set up

10 am to 10:15 – intro and reading by prez Tai

10:15 to 12:15 pm – Readings and Speakers, starting with MC, **Patrick Connors**, followed by:
Honey Novick, Bruce Kauffman, Mark Clement, Misha Khan (10 min),
Lisa Makarchuk, Joan Sutcliffe, Bradley McIlwain.
(Reading order to be determined later.)

12:15pm to 1 pm – Meet and Greet - Brown Bag Lunch Break

(Bring your own sandwich so you can hang out and have chat with fellow authors.)

1:00 to 2:30 pm – Readings and Speakers MC Tai – **John B. Lee, Keith Inman, Shane Joseph,**
Eugene Cornacchia, Jennifer Footman
(Reading order to be determined later.)

3:00 to 4:55 pm – Workshops *(divide into 3 groups – see fees below)*

5:30 pm – 6:30pm – Meet and Greet Dinner at **The Oasis Bar & Grill**

6:30pm to 8:30pm – Round Robin Open Mic Readings at **The Oasis Bar & Grill**

Book Table:

Bring your own books for; display, sell, autograph. *(no fee / tables provided)*

Workshops:

(see workshop info below)

John B. Lee – Poetry

Kimberley E. Grove – Memoir Writing

Bruce Kauffman – Intuitive Writing Workshop

Workshop Fee - \$20 paid in advance OR \$30 paid on October 29, at event.

(All participants in the workshops will be published in the CCLA Art and Lit Fest Anthology. See attached info.)

Pay for Workshops in Advance:

Pay by cheque to: Canada Cuba Literary Alliance.

Mail cheque to: CCLA ART and Lit Fest Workshop, 109 Bayshore Road, Brighton, Ontario, K0K 1H0

10th Annual CCLA Art and Lit Fest Anthology:

Editor – Patrick Connors – patrickjt.connors@gmail.com

See attached info about the anthology or email Patrick for full info.

3 Workshop Descriptions:

If you are looking for one of the below books you can cut and paste the url for books into your browser OR type the title and isbn.

1 – Prose Workshop:

“Writing Memoirs” by Kimberley Sherman Grove: It’s not just celebrities who have life lessons to share. Sometimes it’s the simplest story that teaches the most. Join creative writer Kim Grove to learn the basics, how to get started telling your story, how to create an impressive outline and how to make it interesting for the reader. This workshop is open to all backgrounds and writing levels.

Books by Kim:

- ***The Pillersdorf Saga*** – ISBN – 978-1-897475-72-0 – https://www.amazon.ca/Pillersdorf-Saga-Kimberley-Publisher-Paperback/dp/B00SQDGZ7A/ref=sr_1_fkmr0_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1467736522&sr=8-1-fkmr0&keywords=the+pillersdorf+saga++kim+grove
- ***Family Ties*** – ISBN – 978-1-927725-17-7 – https://www.amazon.ca/Family-Ties-Memories-Poems-Good/dp/1927725178/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1467736826&sr=8-1&keywords=9781927725177
- ***Stories Inked*** – ISBN – 978-1-897475-56-0 – https://www.amazon.ca/Stories-Inked-Kimberley-Elizabeth-Sherman/dp/189747556X/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1467736965&sr=8-1&keywords=9781897475560

2 – Poetry Workshop:

“Dragging a Tree through your life ...” from the general to the particular moving to the centre of the poem **by John B. Lee.** I’ll be using several of my own poems to illuminate the eventual intention of the exercise: "One Leaf in the Breath of the World", "The Half-Way Tree", "Talk of Trees", "Holm Oak Holly Oak Holy Oak" and perhaps even a few others ... and why Joyce Kilmer's poem "I think that I shall never see / a poem lovely as a tree" is gawd awful and will not do! *John B. Lee*

Books by John:

- ***Island on the Wind-Breathed Edge of the Sea*** – ISBN – 978-1897475195 – https://www.amazon.ca/Island-Wind-Breathed-Edge-Sea-John/dp/1897475195/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1467817565&sr=8-1&keywords=island+on+the+wind-breathed+edge+of+the+sea
- ***In the Muddy Shoes of Morning*** – ISBN – 978-1897475645 – https://www.amazon.ca/Muddy-Shoes-Morning-John-Lee/dp/1897475640/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1467817840&sr=8-1&keywords=in+the+muddy+shoes+of+morning+john+b.+lee
- ***Window Fishing: The Night We Caught Beatlemania – 3rd Edition*** – ISBN – 978-1-927725-41-2 https://www.amazon.ca/Window-Fishing-Night-Caught-Beatlemania/dp/1927725410/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1467818210&sr=8-1&keywords=9781927725412
- ***In This We Hear The Light*** – ISBN – 978-1897475966 – https://www.amazon.ca/This-We-Hear-Light/dp/1897475969/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1468096861&sr=8-1&keywords=in+this+we+hear+the+light

3 – Poetry / Prose Workshop:

“Intuitive Writing Workshop” by Bruce Kauffman incorporates a somewhat novel approach to writing in any genre, particularly poetry. The workshop defines itself heavily as one that equally emphasizes finding a “place” as it does then the writing in it. This workshop was created 5 years ago based on his then nearly 45 years’ experience in writing. He has facilitated the workshop over 35 times and drawn in both poetry and prose writers, songwriters, playwrights, and even visual artists.

Books by Bruce:

- ***The Texture of Days, in Ash and Leaf*** – ISBN – 978-1897475867 – https://www.amazon.ca/Texture-Days-Ash-Leaf/dp/1897475861/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1467818776&sr=8-1&keywords=the+texture+of+days%2C+in+ash+and+leaf
- ***A Seed Within*** – ISBN – 978-1-897475-86-7 – https://www.amazon.ca/Seed-Within-Bruce-Kauffman/dp/1897475993/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1467821580&sr=8-1&keywords=A+seed+within+bruce+kauffman
- ***Crossing Borders*** – ISBN – 978-1-927725-32-0 – https://www.amazon.ca/Crossing-Borders-Bruce-Kauffman/dp/1927725321/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1468089927&sr=8-1&keywords=Crossing+Borders+%E2%80%93+ISBN+%E2%80%93+978-1-927725-32-0

CCLA Art and Lit Fest 2016 10th Anniversary Anthology

We are pleased to announce that there will be a CCLA Art and Lit Fest Anthology published after the festival. Below you will find 5 different submissions info as well as deadline info. Our Editor, **Patrick Connors** will be collecting poetry and prose for this anthology.

Contact the Editor:

Patrick Connors – patrickjt.connors@gmail.com

Anthology Submission Information

1 – Word Prompt Poem or Micro Prose Submissions:

Write a word prompt poem or micro prose. Use a minimum of 15 of the 20 words listed below. Cuba theme submissions are appreciated but not required. *See below for submission size. You do not have to participate or attend the CCLA Art and Lit Fest to submit.*

Use 15 of these 20 words - boat, train, river, sea, ocean, green, blue, red, white, clouds, rain, sun, wind, gale, sougning, rough, perfume, consternation, peace, love.

2 – Cuba Theme Submissions:

Send a Cuba theme poem or prose to the editor for the Cuba chapter. This Cuba theme work must be about Cuba, your desire to go to Cuba, that you live in Cuba, what you like about Cuba, about the people of Cuba, about the landscape of Cuba, etc, etc. *See the submission size info below. You do not have to participate or attend the CCLA Art and Lit Fest to submit.*

3 – Poetry and Memoir workshop Submissions:

This CCLA Art and Lit Fest Anthology will include work from the poetry and memoir workshops that will take place on October 29, 2016, in Cobourg. *See the, CCLA Art and Lit Fest 2016 invitation info for workshop details. See the submission size info below.*

4 – Open Mic Submissions:

There will be an open mic reading at the lit fest were you can read your work. We look forward to your participation. All work read at the open mic can be sent to the editor for the CCLA Art and Lit Fest Anthology. *See the submission size info below.*

5 – Readers and Participant Submissions:

Each of the readers and participants of the festival are invited to submit work for the anthology. *See the submission size info below.*

Submission Size:

- Make your **Poem maximum** 40 lines long including title and spaces between stanzas. Each line max 50 characters and spaces long.
- Make your **Prose and Micro Proses maximum** 350 words long.

English:

All submissions will be in English only.

Eligibility:

For CCLA members only **OR** for anyone that attends the CCLA Art and Lit Fest 2016.

Published:

The Editor will make all final selections. Accepted work will be published in the CCLA festival anthology.

Title and Publication Date:

Our editor, Patrick Connors, will announce the title closer to the publication date after all work is submitted and reviewed. Publication date TBA.

Deadline:

November 20, 2016.

Bio:

Please include a 40 word bio with your submission. Please edit your own bio and make sure it is not longer than 40 words.

Send To:

Send your questions, submission and bio by email to Editor, Patrick Connors
patrickjt.connors@gmail.com

Author Discount:

The CCLA Art and Lit Fest anthology is a **CCLA fundraiser**; no free copies will be given away. Authors will receive a 50% discount for books purchased. Or 60% discount for 10 copies or more. Shipping and taxes will be added.