



Recorded Events

Virtual It's About Time Writers' Reading Series, Meeting 370

00:00:01 Peggy

It's lovely to see you all. The library has this been fabulous about supporting this program throughout the closure. The silver lining, as there have been during this closure, shutdown is that we've discovered that people who couldn't physically attend, can attend. We have gotten ourselves onto YouTube. And so unlike before, and it's a longtime dream of mine and probably Esther's, that people who weren't able to be there at the night of the event can join us later on and can still watch it. So we're getting more and more YouTube viewers and I encourage you all to visit. We've had a number of people like Roselle has read for us. Probably some other people who are here. And so it doesn't matter whether you missed April, May or June you can go back and watch them. So it is my great pleasure now to introduce Pam or Pamela Moore Dionne and she was scheduled before our lives changed. So bravo to being willing to join us and our different format. She is a poet we might hear background noises, I believe

00:01:31 Peggy

that the library will be muting you all when the reading begins. So poet, writer and visual artist Pamela Moore Dionne's work has appeared in a number of journals including Shenandoah and Pontoon. She was a Jack Straw writer and received their Artist Support Grant to record a CD of her, and you may have to correct my pronunciation of this, Sabina Spielrein Ghazal series. Dionne earned a Centrum Foundation residency and a Washington State Artist Trust Gap Grant. Her visual art has been published in journals and presented in one-woman shows. Other credits include founding and managing the online art & literature journal Literary Salt. Dionne received her MFA from Goddard College. Great pleasure to welcome you to our reading tonight, Pam, Pam Dionne.

00:02:32 Pam

Thank you, Peggy. Good evening everyone and thank you for attending this virtual reading. As one of the writers published in It's About Time Anthology, "So Dear Writer," I'd like to thank Peggy Sturdivant and Esther Helfgott for this opportunity to step away from

00:02:54 Pam

prose and read my poetry with Tamara Kaye Sellman and Lauren Davis whose work I admire. I'd also like to thank Mona and the Ballard Branch of the Seattle Public Library, for making the reading possible. Tonight's pieces come from my first chap book of poetry "Paradox and Illusion" published by Finishing Line Press. The book is running late at the printer but should be arriving soon for all of you who pre-ordered a copy. I've been getting a lot of emails from friends about that. The book is available to order via FinishingLinePress.com. It's also available of Imprint Book Store in Port Townsend, Washington. Typically my themes revolve around myth, the natural world, relationships, science and spirituality. I'll open with the only form poem I plan to read tonight because the opening line of this sestina gave the book its title. And since I'm not teaching a class on writing sestina has I'll just tell you that the form uses word repetition in a very specific pattern. You may notice that

00:04:06 Pam


the repetitions enhance the poems rhythms. Here we go. And just by way of explanation for the title Merriam-Webster defines orogeny as the process of mountain formation by the folding of the Earth's crust. "Orogeny" Paradox and illusion define this coast built by the subduction of Juan de Fuca plate. This is the birthplace of mountainous rock where magnetic reversals align themselves against the poles' forces. We struggle to define history. While we walk I analogize history as struggle - a beating against the coast of our beings. Our internal forces dragged down by sinking plates, morphs dense material fighting to align and not to align, like this rock. Walking a rhythmic heel-toe, I rock back and forth between geologic history and my own. My body aligns itself with the waves along this coast. I tried to think about tectonic plates avoid all references to internal forces. But these are not to be denied, these forces that push against what I want to know - that rock my belief leaving me

00:05:39 Pam

with an empty plate, making me face my history, our history. Unable any longer simply to coast on an ignorance of what does not align. And then I see it. There is a line beyond which we have crossed. It forces collisions and collapse. We cannot coast safely pass this rough rock. It is made of habit and history, the stuff of which we have filled our plates. This story is dark with lithograph plates that do not equally align. We have printed and orogenic history full of anticlines and stratified forces. The shifting sand stone is the rock that built our coast. We must leave the coast, trudge the uplifted plane. Where a horseshoe of rock moves solidly along the line. We must attend these forces and shape our own history.

00:06:54 Pam

Thank you for all of that. This next poem needs a little explanation of the phenomenon being described. Ocean phosphorescence commonly seen at night is caused by the bioluminescence of certain plankton. "Pleiades" This blue peacock night, thumbnail sketch of moon. Pleiades at three o'clock. White roar of waves. Skim milk puddles reflect light on wet sand. Shorebirds blustering, forage shallows, small feather winds. Venus setting, Orion bold. The dandelion puff of a distant



cluster just visible as haze. We are all sisters here tonight, strutting over wet scrim salts, marking miniature phosphorus galaxies. Tap-dancing them into being. We leap, land our feet, strike sparks and Ursa Major is born. We pirouette like comets, free spiraling through atmospheres we create and interrupt leaving shallow footprints in our wake.

00:08:17 Pam

"Moab" I'm looking at Jeff Eisenbrey - he said he keeps doing, giving me silent claps. It is fun.

"Moab." Rain on red rock, darkening stone. Cliffs rise bleeding from the earth. Vascular pockets clot against paler paradox and Mancos deposits. Crossing the Colorado, we travel time beyond measure. Double rainbows burn against shale blue sky. Moab mist, gilt-edged clouds, glimpse of turquoise keyholes sunset, terracotta towers. Mormons tried to settle this place of salt and sand and magic in the name of Joseph Smith. The mission paled against polytheism, and Mother Earth's red arms. Three Mormons died. The youths remained unconverted. Today, like Moses viewing the land of honey, of milk and honey from afar. I stand in a stormy sunset. Entrada Sandstone glows in sudden sunlight, a burning bush risen from the ashes in apostle form. I watch in silence as the sun's flame softens into twilight. After the setting -silver evening. After the rain - puddles on sandstone. Air fresh with wet and the scent of juniper berries,

00:09:57 Pam

crushed underfoot. By dawn raven has stolen fire. He carries it glinting on obsidian obsidian feathers, blue black mirror, reflecting sun.


00:10:14 Pam

"Hummingbird" Percussive wings song throb of muscle and sinew. Sweet tooth and playing the air a cinnabar dash rises like fury. Strokes the weathered [indiscernible] of Lamb's Ear. To paint cayenne and emerald across a simple sky. Dragon's blood shimmers and morphs along prison cells. Catching light queue and shade as changeable as flight. Tiny tyranny feeder in the garden whose tongue is a black snake urging Eve with sugared words to taste the apple's blossom. The pomegranate seed to open the world with the nectar of knowing all that the gods have hidden.

00:11:11 Pam

"In the Garden" Lean close, whisper sibilant consonants, sweet vowels. Dust them against my ears like monarch wings. Sigh out your rumors in crimson creases on red poppies. Say that perfection is bound within a flawless ripe tomato, a lovely woman. Words like mosquitoes nip along the synapses, the lick of salt and sunlight. Hummingbirds pirouette with b-bomb, fragrance flutters roundabout. Flowery exhalations. This is the perfect moment my first language filling me with heat and blood. Go outside. Your moment when it finds you alone without defense will bring you to your knees.

00:12:14 Pam



"Singularity" We are outsiders, shut indoors, together. It's as though we're the degenerate equations mathematician stumble into without recourse. We see ourselves as singularities. Odd horizon events, mere quirks and foibles, unconnected to anything or anyone. I stutter up against you, you against me. Here we are, caught on a gravitational edge where the metric could explode into Infinity. While we try to fix components so they come out right. You're drunken mother, my father mother brother, neither of us ever learn to feel safe in the company of others. We expect quantum shocks. and chaos, it's what we know. Still I dream gravitational pulls that digress in space and time. New degrees of freedom where effect decreases at close range.

00:13:31 Pam

"Gulls Drop Like Rags" Gulls drop like rags, through rain falling in rivers. The bay chews and gnashes each bird as it settles into the slate chop of a storm. Two eagles - one a first-year juvenile batter their way through sky more solid than air is meant to be. The adolescent out of control moves her wings as though a stroke is possible against 50 mile an hour gusts. She plummets 30 feet toward the waters toothy surface. A flash of white head and tail the larger adult glides close. Almost too close. At the last minute both blast upward on outstretched wings. Vertical held steady against a crazy current of opportunity, of chance.

00:14:34 Pam

"What Ulysses Knew"

00:14:38 Pam

Phosphor ghost dances, Discovery Bay in late August. Wavelets rise ribbon by a fire of siren songs. Pulled from the house, I walk the beach. I'm a Pisces wary of water. The weight of it grasping at swimmers legs. Tonight liquid ungulates, glows - lit from inside out. Set free from the mast of my fears. I listen open eared, open armed, eager. Drawn to sand, we're drawn to sand where footprints spark and shimmer, star dusted. I lean into the sighing breeze. Listen from mermaid voices. I have forgotten what Ulysses knew about beauty. And this is my final poem. I wanted to end the reading with a little lighter approach and this is a poem that might make you smile. "Coitus" Two leopard slugs mate in midair, dangle from a strand of conjoined mucus - a transparent shimmering rope. They spread tiny flightless wing flaps, spiral round and round each other, both are male and female capable. Each extends an organ. They entwine in milky translucence from a bill flower, form a bellflower, and trade sperm. It is

00:16:25 Pam

an incredibly long sex scene - just the right amount of slow and easy. The small creatures are viscous with their own juices, almost literally. Thank you.

00:16:43 Peggy

In case anybody ever wondered how important the title of a poem is - that answers the question. [Laughter] Thank you so much for the lovely reading. Okay. I have been in speaker view, but I'm going to go to gallery view in case anybody would like to waive at me. Just in case they would like to be part of the open mic. Just let me know and I'm going to grid view is anybody waving? Nobody is waving. Oh, I'm so glad you're able to join us, Karen Levine, my most stalwart attendee, neighbor and sometimes replacement MC. Thank you so much. Okay. We will, we shall move on now to Tamara Kaye Sellman who as I mentioned I had the honor of meeting in-person at Centrum. I see we have a Centrum here tonight, also learning that it was an original save by Vintage Washington and Preservation Network of Washington. She'll be also, she is part of our anthology and I'm promoting this tonight with free delivery \$12 through - deliver all throughout King County and points beyond for the anthology of writer's craft. What do we call it? It's - it's an About

00:18:20 Peggy

Time Brighter Reading series anthologies with early practices. And it's whatever stage you are in your writing process or your submitting process. It's helpful too so. Tamara is a healthcare journalist and creative writer who lives in north Kitsap County. Her hybrid collection, Intention Tremor, will be published by Moon Path Press in late 2020. And, it led me to kind of subtitle this reading that it is a reading with intention. So welcome Tamara.

00:19:01 Tamara

Thank you so much. It's so nice to be here. Thanks for inviting me, Peggy. Thank, I really want to say thank you to Pamela, Pam. I'm not your mother. Pam Dionne because listening to your poems really, Sometimes you find, went through someone's poems, that you discover that you're walking the same Earth with them and I feel like I'm walking the same roads with you. So that was really lovely. So I'm really appreciative of what you'd read tonight. So let me find my file. I just lost it can't go without it. Here it is. Okay. Okay, and then thanks for everyone that

00:19:42 Tamara

showed up. It's so nice to see such a nice audience and I see some people here that I know, so thanks for coming. And thanks for, hi! Thanks for anyone who wants to be in the open mic. Come on, you can do it. It'll be fun. So also thanks to the public library, Seattle Public Library, Ballard Branch for hosting this event. I appreciate it. Okay, so I'm going to be reading from my forthcoming hybrid collection "Intention Tremor," but first I wanted to which that looks like this right now because I just got my cover finished, and that's just a cough, but it's not coming up to the end of the year, but I'm going to read from it tonight. It's the first time. So you guys heard it here first. Before I do that I wanted to show that I have this book that I have been published in, also and thank you Esther for allowing me the wonderful opportunity. And I wrote that essay, or did that presentation to in 2007. So that was like 13 years ago. I'm just going to read a really, really short piece - just the very beginning

00:20:50 Tamara

of it because there's sections, and so I'm just going to read you the intro. And then if you like what you're hearing and you feel like you are part of the paradigm I'm talking about in this, then you should go buy this book and read it, and read all the other good stuff that's in there too. Because there's 30 years of experience covered in this, and it's really great book. So the title of the piece the presentation that they collected in this anthology is called, "The Independent Candidate - or How to Have an Accomplished Writer's Life without an MFA."

00:21:22 Attendee

Oh, that was you.

00:21:25 Tamara

Yes. That was me. Okay, so troublemaker that I am. Okay. So this was from February 8th 2007. Many of today's undiscovered writers feel a tremendous pressure to earn an MFA, Master of Fine Arts, in creative writing in order to give legitimacy to their writing careers. I'm here to discuss the possibility that this is a manufactured notion about the contemporary writing life. In fact, you do not need an MFA to succeed. Period. I used

00:21:58 Tamara

to struggle with the possibility of attending grad school to the point that in 1994. I actually registered for the MFA at Columbia in Chicago. A couple weeks later I bowed out after learning I was pregnant. I realized the three-hour round-trip commute, the added homework, and the schedule were not things I could integrate into my new life as a mother. After that, I continued to really consider the possibility but found myself saying no every time because I didn't have the money or I didn't have the time. The first few times I said, no, I felt envious of those who did have the money and the time. So does that sound familiar to anybody? I bet it does, and I rebelled against the whole notion after my writing took a left hand turn and I was no longer writing traditional work that was particularly welcome, maybe a grad school environment. At least at that time, I think things have changed quite a bit. So it was in my late 30s that I realized, I was doing - to a certain degree -no pun intended,

00:23:01 Tamara

the things I thought I would only be able to do with an MFA. I was already doing them. So this is not an impeachment of the MFA programs. If I have the time and the money I certainly would enter a program. I love school. I love the collegiate landscape, the homework, the learning - maybe not so much right now because I kind of want to go to those classes. I'm a nerd. So maybe when I'm retired, maybe I'll go get my MFA just because it'll be so much fun. But for now like so many of you I just simply can't. Instead, I'm here to question the notion that MFAs are the only pathway to successful creative writing careers. I will debunk myths about writing programs, provide you with evidence that writers can succeed without advanced degrees, and then offer you tactics for replicating the MFA experience for yourself. And I'm going to leave you there. So you want to read the rest you want to

get the rest of the story as Paul Harvey said, if you know who Paul Harvey is, you should pick up this book. Okay back to "Intention

00:24:05 Tamara

Tremor" Alright. I am so excited to be reading from this collection. It's a hybrid - so there's poems there's flash nonfiction. I don't know what else to call it some essays, some very formal poetry as well as free verse. Oops, hold on. Okay, there we go. And that's why it's called a hybrid collection. But that's the way I am as a writer too, I write every form. I'm a journalist by trade. I actually write nonfiction for a living. So I just write whatever the story or the thing needs to be, however the form calls and presents itself. So this hybrid collection that I've written charts my life in the five years following my multiple sclerosis diagnosis in 2013. Multiple sclerosis is an autoimmune condition in which the immune system attacks brain tissue leaving behind damage that's known as lesions and a multitude of disabilities depending upon where those lesions are. For me the damaged areas have impacted my ability to read, believe it or not, and cause symptoms ranging from permanent ear

00:25:19 Tamara

ringing which is happening right now, physical sensations called paresthesia, balance and coordinating problems with both my arms and my legs. Some pretty disabling fatigue, at times painful muscle spasms and speech problems. Hopefully, I won't have too many of those tonight. MS is currently without a cure and scientists still don't really know what causes it. They have some good ideas, but until they know the root cause you really can't cure it. So. The proceeds from my book will go to the Accelerated Cure Project and now they are using a unique approach to accelerate funding for MS research to cure MS, and to enable people like me, affected by MS, so that we can best so we can live our best lives. So they've also been very supportive of literary efforts. There are other anthologies of people with MS, their writings and they help support those too. So that's, they're special, you know fondness for me. So so I'm going to start with the title piece. It's a prose poem that I wrote after one particularly

00:26:29 Tamara

long business trip. It was about three years after my diagnosis, and I think I was - it actually wasn't a business trip, I was coming back from taking my daughter to college in New York. So it was exhausting and so many ways. OK. "Intention Tremor."

00:26:52 Tamara

The gate agent at LaGuardia informs me of storm-related flight cancellations, gives me a false lashed stink eye, as I take my new boarding pass. Fingers quaking uncontrollably. "It's not that bad," the gate agent's eyes roll. Listen, I want to tell her if my flight had been early if I was already home and not completely exhausted my hands would still be doing this. It's a muscle puzzle my brain can't solve. My hands hang forgotten at my side until I reach for a cup of coffee, brace myself against a chair rail or lift my fingers to push curls from my brow. There it is the intention tremor. At least my hands twang

painlessly, like bass guitar strings pulled too tight, but for the weakness of my wrists all the dropped coffee cups I might not even mind it. But in the plane aisle, I can't convince the flight attendant that I need assistance raising my carry-on to stow above my seat. My hands relentless jitterbug makes grasping even the lightest thing an illusion. "I'm sorry, we can't help you." The flight

00:28:20 Tamara

attendant tells me through sour pink lemonade lipstick. "We can only help those who are actually disabled."

00:28:31 Tamara

When you hear that enough times you like to believe you become desensitized to it. The involuntary fidget in my upper thigh joins in the dance then choreographed to the rattle of leg muscles, which can't help but spasm in such tight, inflexible quarters. Experience warns me if I reach up I will surely lose balance and coordination. Simmer down I silently command my postural tick laughing at that impossibility. If I could only sit down instead, I'll probably fall down. What I recall more vividly than my insensitive hosts, however is the traveler in the cross aisle seat, faceless and not particularly gallant or chivalrous, a man more interested in a smartphone, who assists me without a word. A man who doesn't need to see doctor's note.

00:29:35 Tamara

So it's almost impossible to know when my MS began. My doctor and I trace my symptom clusters, which they kind of come in clusters back to childhood. I'm one of the lucky ones with a milder case -if you can call it that - and slower progression, which is definitely true. I was not diagnosed until age 47 which makes mine a much better prognosis than most and which explains a lot of these mysterious health concerns I've had across the span of my life. Here is a description in a prose poem of what I believe is my first MS symptom. It's called "girdle-band sensation" by doctors, but among my peers, it's known as, sarcastically I must say, "the hug." Also for those who are unaware, the term pleurisy, pleurisy used at the end of the poem is refers to an old-school reference to lung infection, which I didn't have at that time, but it's it just comes up. So okay, August 1975. It first happened when she was a month shy of 10, a curly brown ribbon of a girl, who played softball fished for [indiscernible], read books

00:30:52 Tamara

in her cool walkout basement on hot summer days, rode her bike in endless circles. A girl without a stitch of fat, a lean muscular thing, flush with the energy that radiated from the ever curious coals of her brain. A perpetual motion kind of girl. But an obedient girl, who rarely asked for attention, who rarely complained of anything except for going to bed at a decent hour. That day she would pick blackberries in the orchards across the street with one of the many best friends named Michelle she would have throughout her life. She laced her shoes, tucked her hand-me-down Wrangler cut-offs into place, grabbed the Tupperware bowl and stood. There. Large grips stiff and unrelenting pinched

her around the ribcage. She likened them to the curved claws of a 1960s TV show robot. Her fingers fumble the bowl, banged in its hollow plastic voice across the wood parquet floor. Instinctively she stood even straighter than before tried to breathe those intercostal efforts abandoned as the cinching grew severe. Her

00:32:06 Tamara

breaths came shallow, followed by stars in her eyes. Her grandmother sidled in from the kitchen, "Raise your arms! Raise your arms!" The girl tried to but the pain seized fresh her rib cage spasming. Her brown eyes pooled with involuntary tears. She dropped to the floor, a cat on all fours, writhing in the grips of an invisible vice. As quickly as it had stormed her body, the seizure released. She heaved young lungs refreshing, tears dropping like rain to dot the squares of yellowed wood around her star-shaped hands. Her mother walked in then concern in her eyes. "Just a touch a pleurisy," her grandmother said.

00:33:06 Tamara


Yeah, they didn't know much about MS back then. And that's what that was 1975.

00:33:12 Tamara

It was not till much later that they were actually, you know, confirming a diagnosis - like a formalized diagnosis. So they didn't even bother to look you know for that in a young person. So this next piece spotlights one of the unpleasant realities of living with a chronic illness hidden, inside one central nervous system. It's the old MRI. I get my next one next week. I used to have to do them twice yearly. Now. I'm down to one so I'm very happy and I hope it comes back clear. Cross my fingers, and this is a little bit about what that feels like. The nth half-yearly MRI. Radiology Techs wrap my feet in shapeless [indiscernible] with rubber skids, swaddle me neck to toe in thin cotton blankets. - the hospital's sarcophagus, insert an IV for the contrast session, shroud my eyes with a folded washcloth, crown me with earphones playing barely perceived music to prevent hearing damage. Please no more damage. The exposed top of my head will be sliced by invisible magnetic forces into pictures. MRI was

00:34:34 Tamara

first years. I'm sorry. MRI was first used seven years after my first MS hug. To investigate the brains of other people, lesion activity. Those inaugural scans took 5 hours - mine, today will take 90 minutes. After the Techs retreat to a control deck behind heavy glass. I am interred into the narrow tube. Asked to lay motionless while drums bang strange patterns that I find oddly rhythmic enough to fall asleep to. Magnetic resonance is now familiar territory, removing my need for a Lorazepam refill. This is not death. 45 minutes pass, a perfect stillness superimposed over the spasm kink in my back. After they draw me from my high-tech tomb, unravel one edge of my mummy's wrap near the thigh, prick the IV to start contrast dye drip. Send me back for a second harvest, contrast session, the burn in the veins. It is so hot in there. Finally they extract me from the tube the IV pulled out the rafts lifted. Sitting



exposed in the cold dark room. My senses reassert themselves. Cells expand - breathe, jump, squall like

00:36:02 Tamara

newborn babies clearing their lungs. I can't wait. Still can't wait at age 52 to get up, and walk away from these compassionate, if anonymous keepers, to leave the hospital's familiar maze, hike the dirty city streets downhill to my ferry ride home to new normal because at least on this rainy, spring day. I can. Thank you so much for listening. I'm so glad to be here.

00:36:34 Peggy

It went so fast. [Laughter] Thank you. I'm so glad, I know that we were, you were supposed to do an anthology reading, I believe, way back in March. And knew that it wasn't safe. And so I'm so glad that we can have you all together with us tonight safely. All right, make another Open Mic call. Kevin J. O'Connor was here [indiscernible].

00:37:09 Esther

Peggy, can you hear me?

00:37:09 Peggy

Yes, I can hear you.

00:37:10 Esther

Oh, I had you mute it. I'll read something.

00:37:13 Peggy

Okay, great.

00:37:14 Esther

You want me to now? Is that a good time?

00:37:16 Peggy


It's great time go for it.

00:37:18 Esther

Okay. Let me get my book.

00:37:25 Peggy

[Laughter] We get to see everybody's bookshelves. Very nice. I don't know if you heard me before many, but I'm really making a big appeal. You know, what you heard back about meeting in November or December - fingers crossed.



00:37:44 Esther

Okay, I'll read a few from "Listening to Mozart Poems of Alzheimer's" From "Listening to Mozart." It was published by Cavemen Press a few years ago. Poems of Alzheimer's.

00:38:04 Esther

My love who is gone away, came in a dream last night. He forgot to waken me. These are mostly Haiku and Concha. When I awoke this morning, I thought your funeral was today. It was three years ago.

00:38:25 Esther

It took you eight years to die. All that time I waited for you to get better. Why didn't you? At Thornton Creek, I saw a cormorant sunning on a rock. I looked for you, you weren't there.

00:38:43 Esther

Standing at our kitchen window. We could see Mount Rainier. Now new houses block our view. I don't know what the mountain feels, but we like watching it change. Clouds came. Seasons went. Okay. I'll stop there. Thank you.

00:39:05 Peggy


Thank you, Esther. It brings back memories for me of actually being at Abe's funeral. So I think that often it was incredibly moving.

00:39:20 Peggy

Very nice. I actually just have to show off. I have a pandemic love poem behind me, in the form of a quilt that was made for me by some of my Cancer Lifeline Writers. And it was the idea was evidently conceived by someone who, the quilt was completed in the last, well, in the last days of her life and this was her work along with another Cancer Lifeline Writer and including many of my other writers. Unbeknownst to me, they were making it over the course of the months before [indiscernible] death. And so it is something I look on every day and find great joy in and there has been no greater gift to me during the pandemic. The presentation they had planned was not able to take place. So there is there is so much beauty, in that has absolutely been shown, was shared tonight. So last chance for anyone who wants to have a go at closing out, but otherwise, this is the chance now for us to unmute and congregate as we normally would before the librarians kind of get us out. So thank you all for coming. I realized

00:40:54 Peggy

I didn't have the names, but we have four readers from the Jack Straw 2020 Series. It's become somewhat of a tradition to host the Jack Straw Writers here at our event, and we will welcome them and then I'll be working on the lineup for the rest of the year. And, I'm just delighted that we basically



we're able to have Pam and her regularly scheduled appearance, and then bringing to us other Kitsap writers. Tamara and Lauren. And so thank you all and you know, big pitch - isn't this beautiful? We couldn't decide on the cover and then we realized we had this incredible local artist Danny who used to come and do open mic and sometimes he'd drum, and sometimes he'd sing, sometimes he'd show us artwork. And so it was one of those things that like we suddenly realize that the answer to the cover was literally in front of us. So it's a beautiful book. So thank you all and feel free to chit chat.

