



WellSpring
CENTRE

2017 poetry DAYS

**Tuesday 4 April
and Thursday 5 October**
10am to 3pm
WellSpring Centre, Ashburton

At the University of Tamarack she had joined a sorority, and in the fall of 1931 her sophomore year looked pretty fine, stretching ahead. Perhaps she was no great, ravishing beauty, like some of the girls in that sorority house, but she was young and striking, full of surge and *je ne sais quoi*, and she had brains enough to conceal her brains. She knew all about forks and hats, and she employed the slang of the moment, and in her dry, droll voice she was likely to come out with some remark considered witty.

Boys liked her. She had some tantalizing quality that interested them. In fraternity bull sessions they tried to tag her, but their vocabularies were limited and she was subtle and unique; so they employed such phrases as she's a hot number, a mean number. One boy tried to sum her up by saying she was like a jazz trumpet along toward midnight, playing something deep blue and heartbreaking and low down, while couples in love danced and the cigarette smoke drifted; but this was a description entirely too poetic for those future vendors of legal decisions and debentures and tonallectomics.

In those days she intended that her life should follow a pattern not uncommon among girls who had joined a fashionable sorority. As a senior she would fall in love with some boy who had a good future doing one of those odd and rather dull things men do to make ten thousand a year; and there would be a house with a reception room and a son and a daughter who would attend the university and then continue the upper middle-class pattern ad infinitum. She might not have liked it, if she had tried such a life, for there were restless calls in her blood. She was one of those people things happen to, and not dull things, either; so maybe if she had made a deal for bridge tea and a two-car garage the thing wouldn't have coalesced. Anyway, she didn't; for A. H. Burgoyne abandoned the circus in Corpus Christi.

On that trip with I've to rescue the show she should have surmised what was ahead, with times wretched and his signing whopping checks; but he had always had money, and like most people she considered the *status quo* a fairly permanent arrangement. She returned

Life.

2017 poetry DAYS

*I said to the almond tree
"Speak to me of God."
The almond tree blossomed.*
(N. Kazantzakis)

Each of these days will include time for sharing poems in a group setting as well as opportunities for personal reflection and creative responses.

Changing Seasons

Tuesday 4 April

An opportunity to tune in to the rhythms of life and reflect on the different times and seasons of the heart and of the world around us.

'What Do the Tall Trees Say?' (Wendell Berry)

Thursday 5 October

Today we will share poems by Wendell Berry, Mary Oliver and others who invite us to listen to the messages and invitations arising from experiences with the natural world – especially the trees.

Facilitator: Elizabeth Lee
Time: 10am to 3pm
Cost: \$65 (full cost) / \$55 (members/concession) per day

Book securely online at
www.wellspringcentre.org.au/bookings
or call (03) 9885 0277

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