Roxana L. Cazan has been an Assistant Professor of English at Saint Francis University in Pennsylvania, where she teaches world and postcolonial literature and creative writing. She is a translator of Romanian. Her translation of Matei Vișniec’s “Teeth” was nominated for a Pushcart Prize by Reunion, at UT Dallas. Her poems have been featured in Cold Creek Review, The Healing Muse, Adanna Literary Journal, Watershed Review, Allegro Poetry, the Peeking Cat Anthology, The Portland Review, Harpur Palate and others. Her full-length poetry book, The Accident of Birth, has just been published by Main Street Rag in 2017. Dr. Cazan’s scholarly work focuses on ethnic and postcolonial literature and women’s studies and has appeared in Neophilologus, Women’s Studies Quarterly, Comparative Literature Studies, Studies in American Jewish Literature, American Journal of Undergraduate Research, and Demeter Press. A chapter is forthcoming in Remembering Kahina: Women, Representation and Resistance in Post-Independence North Africa, Routledge.

Three years ago, I planted a peach tree. The first spring, my dear little tree bloomed hundreds of sweet, pink blossoms waiting to be pollinated. A few weeks later, baby green peaches made their debut, covered in fuzz and ready for the big, wide world. My family and I were ecstatic. A few weeks after that, they began to fall off, so sour and premature that even the squirrels wouldn’t touch them.

Spring number two rolls around and the blossoms are straight out of a fairytale. The flowers buzzed with bees and I knew in my heart this was going to be the year I was going to get harvest delicious,
President’s Message
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homegrown peaches. Then an unseasonal freeze slithered into the forecast. The weather from the news is always doom and gloom…it’s never as bad as they say it will be. Maybe it’d skip over us? But it didn’t. The blooms turned black and fell to the ground.

Year three, the redbuds are blooming, the Asian magnolia has already leafed out and my peach tree is magnificent again. I don’t hold my breath, not even when the blossoms fall away to reveal many dozens of hard, baby peaches. A handful of months later the fruit is blushing with ripeness. I get pretty excited. I’m going to get to harvest these peaches.

The peaches ripen on the counter for a couple days until the kitchen smells like summer. It’s finally time. The fruits are small and dripping with sweet nectar. Each disappointing year is suddenly worth a single bite of perfect fruit. Life may not always grant us fruits as quickly as we desire, but when we do finally get a bite, we will have learned to savor the sweetness.

Happy Writing and Dearest Wishes

Member News

Roxana Cazan’s poem “Chernobyl” will be read in Ken Hada’s Episode 37.

Maria Veres was the keynote speaker at the All-Day Workshop, Poetry Society of Oklahoma on July 13.

The list of Oklahoma City Writers members whose poems have been accepted for publication in the Speak Your Mind, the 2019 Woody Anthology (The anthology is available through Village Books Press, 517 Barela Lane, Santa Fe, NM 87505.)

Kathleen Listman – “Cultural Appropriation”
Roxana Cazan – “On Returning Home from Canada”
Sandra Soli – “Seventh Decade: Speaking My Mind About a Few Things; Why Sometimes I Do Not Speak My Mind”
Terri Lynn Cummings – “Resilient”
Vivian Finlay Nida – “Safe at School”

Sandy Soli has a poem in the Walt Whitman 200th anniversary anthology published in New York. She read poems at the Woody Guthrie Festival. She has poems forthcoming in WordPeace and The Enigmatist. Nimrod journal selected a flash fiction, “Warlords,” for The Tulsa Voice, published July 3. This story won OCWI’s flash category and was Crème de la Crème winner judged by Gordon Greene.

Opportunities for Writers

Writer Con August 30 – September 1 at the Skirvin Hilton in downtown Oklahoma Cit. For conference information and registration details, go to writercon.org
Roxana’s second poetry collection, *The Accident of Birth* (2017) explores the idea that existence is, in many ways, random. Being born in a certain country can be a matter of luck, and some individuals have the privilege of relocation. For a few years now, the Syrian refugee crisis has provoked us all to reconsider what it means to have the privilege of living in a certain country in the West. What is less discussed in popular and mass culture, however, is that, often, relocation also entails a series of abandonments, of difficult sacrifices, perhaps of a more sentimental nature, a disconnectedness from all that is familiar.

Available at the Mainstreet Rag online book store.
Oklahoma City Writers, Inc. meets in St. Luke’s Methodist Church at NW 15th and Harvey, Oklahoma City. Enter through the north door by the handicap parking and go to Room 130. Coffee at 9:45 Meeting at 10:00.

Send your news to inezbowman@cox.net

Not that we are nosey, we just want to know what you are writing, where and when it’s published, sold, if it won a prize, etc.

“When your story is ready for rewrite, cut it to the bone. Get rid of every ounce of excess fat. This is going to hurt; revising a story down to the bare essentials is always a little like murdering children, but it must be done.”

— Stephen King
"No tears in the writer, no tears in the reader. No surprise in the writer, no surprise in the reader."

--Robert Frost