

AFTERWORD

When I first rolled into South Campus at Salem State, I had no idea how much of my life would change because of the one-week Seminar. That week I met life-long friends—best friends & poetry partners-in-crime—and walked streets that would become poetry arteries in my life. I also met J.D. Scrimgeour, whose guidance has taught me more about being a poet than I could expect from a single, mortal human being.

I don't want to make this a list of my accomplishments, but rather a thank you to all the seminar attendees over the years. They are dedicated, practicing poets who: fill rooms so that poetry has an audience; volunteer for the Massachusetts Poetry Festival in roles with great responsibility; show up to support each other artistically & in the spirit of friendship; create new avenues to explore poetry & other art forms.

They publish books. They belly-dance. They practice law. They teach. They all carry a conspiratorial vision of poetry that J.D. conjures with every project he undertakes. This is no mean feat, for many writers I know talk of the brutality of their fellow writer in workshop. Or in the publishing house. Or in the community.

Not at the Salem Poetry Seminar, a community that I hope Shari & I have honored with our little curation here. I should thank Shari, too, for she has been a constant in my poetry career, guiding me & trusting my words when I wasn't sure I could write what she challenged me to write. She exemplifies the legacy of the seminar: a network of poets who help each other as they better themselves.

This is for my poetry heart in Salem—these words my friends share. I believe in these fellows of mine & they are one of the few hopes I trust.

Thanks.

Joey Gould