

A
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SUM
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OF
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OUR
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POETIC
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PARTS

1
VOLUME
K
WEBER

**A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS:
VOLUME 1**

“This is an innovative project that is reminiscent of the surrealist ‘Exquisite Corpse.’ It encourages cooperative participation from an exciting spectrum of creatives that leads to surprising results.”

KARI FLICKINGER,

author of *Ceiling Fan* (2022, Rare Swan Press) & *The Gull and the Bell Tower* (2020, Femme Salvé Books)

DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this collection to the wonderful poet and kind human, Kari Flickinger. Kari passed away in early May of 2022.

Kari always had nice things to say about the donated words poems and collaborative projects I compiled. Her support has always been a buoy in our poetry community; her writing, music and other creative efforts so electrifying. How did she find some of the most magnificent imagery and capture an energy many of us still strive to attain in our writing? Kari was humble even in her most masterful work.

The featured quote was sent to me by Kari in 2021 when I was working on the TEAMWORDK collection. I had asked people to write a short blurb about their experiences as contributors to and readers of donated words poems. This quote just dazzles and dizzies me with a delight only Kari could spark. Kari has always been so caring and quietly probably some sort of lowkey superhero; a gentle powerhouse.

Kari donated words to 3 poems in this collection (“Get Well Soon,” “February,” and “about me”)! She also contributed more to past projects, TEAMWORDK (*voluminous, grape*) and THIS ASSEMBLY (*keening, buttercup* and she offered a challenging line for me to write into one of the pieces: *sincere conifer conflation*).

I cherish this quote and her participation over the last 4 years. She will be missed so very much!

Let’s celebrate Kari avidly!

<http://kariflickinger.com/>
<http://soundcloud.com/kari-flickinger>

Kari Flickinger Memorial Wall
<https://rareswanpress.com/kari-flickinger-memorial-wall>

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INTRO

Well... I must say it's pretty great when a collection comes together without too much overthinking when it comes to which poems will be highlighted! This collection features 19 donated words poems that were not previously published in my THIS ASSEMBLY and TEAMWORDK projects. These poems were written between April 2018 and February 2022.

Over 100 people contributed a total of 226 words to this first volume of A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS! I have been so fortunate to garner so much interest and participation in these collaborations through the years. I intend to continue doing more poems and projects of this nature or similar in the future!

Typically, the poems you are about to encounter were "one-offs" written on-the-fly with quick calls for word suggestions and short deadlines on social media and shared on Instagram and Twitter. But with the frequency at which I have left-returned-left-returned-repeat when it comes to my social media presence, I realized how many of these poems got lost along the way when my posts were deleted. Thankfully, I am fairly good at keeping notes, emailing myself things like this and holding onto documents of even just one word or idea generated from a request for others to assist me in creating these poems.

While I hope I did not lose any of these donated words poems and collaborations along the way, I was thrilled to find all of the ones I could from over a 4-year period. It is especially exciting to reconnect with many people who contributed to these poems throughout this timeline.

I do not present these poems in any particular order. I have enjoyed

looking back through these pieces, and there is so much I could say in reminiscing about all of these words and the process of building these unique poems and the genuinely warm reception I have had in response. One favorite fact and probably the most important item I'd like to share is this: "Begonias" was the very first donated words poem I recall writing with the help of a few Instagram friends during an April Poem-a-Day Challenge at the Writer's Digest site in 2018. This poem became a catalyst for really any donated words poem you will find here and in THIS ASSEMBLY and TEAMWORDK!

Thank you for reading and/or listening to this wholeheartedly satisfying compilation.

K Weber
June 2022

Begonias

Most of the petals remained
the skin of a **cherry, unswerving**
all summer. Those months

and their heat rose to humid
heights of hateful **expansion**.
The waxy leaves never wavered

but bronzed themselves
with or without **water**. Where
there is no cooling, the plant

still thrives, burning yellow
dandelion fireworks at the center;
a lesson in **perseverance**.

Jenna Mia - cherry
Patrick Whited - unswerving
Erin Murray - expansion
Ann-Lene Olivier - water
Carla Marchal - perseverance

saturation

before we **sour** or go **ruined** or before
we reach the **waterfront**, i **crane**
my neck to notice your **haircut**.

you decide we haven't **rekindled**
or emerged **anti-fragile**
until my eyes acknowledge the nape.

i count seconds, breath-held, taking
only cues from your **countenance**
as you assess my **intent**.

it's a **seagull's** day: flight **hurriedly**
hovers over trash cans and your hands
are **ghostly** despite the sun.

your veins' tepid **estuary** and the skin
under your skin under my skin leave
each pulse as crumb to **distract**.

our pathways are like leftovers
in argument without **witness** and you
ensnare without word or net.

no **sanctuary** at this calm, stark **rock**
as our bodies long to plunge but settle,
propped against, and not warmed upon.

we are **riparian** here at our most physical
as we are the ecology of fixed eyes
looking forward together over the river.

we never dare to swim with the fear
as panicked as a **cat** in the currents
or push with the force of a heavy door.

we need to scan for home and i know
the scrumptious selfishness
of the bliss of alone.

no **elixir** can fix the throat of the bird
singing our secrets over a pier
or within a palace.

Todd Smith - sour
Tiffany Sciacca - ruined
Connie Bacchus - waterfront
Cory Funk - crane
Julie Elder - haircut
John Homan - kindled
Richard Tines - anti-fragile
Kendall A. Bell - countenance
Matthew Little - intent
Tzynya Pinchback - seagull
Stuart Buck - hurriedly

Keef - ghostly
Kyla Houbolt - estuary
Kiley Lee - under
Bára Hladík - distract
Mathew Yates - witness
Peter H. Michaels - ensnare
Aaron Lambert - sanctuary
Lee Potts - rock
j. sleet - riparian
Rachel Tanner - cat
Amy Poague - elixir

Aquarius

The rain slowed
into a long, **maudlin slither**. Clouds
hissed, exposed their **caries**
where day's dinge and **guises** greyed
out the light. The **jade** jaw of spring
refused to open, to barely yawn. Every
mud-damp walk a crawl
through a **necropolis**
as the **clack** of wind
against wind hummed like teeth chatter.

Aquarian days beg
for more water, to let us
swim, **enthralled** in the choke of it;
to tongue **untethered** tears. There isn't
room for **longing** in spaces
filled with dread. No one noticed
the gloaming; it was
always evening.

Kim Mannix - maudlin
Marcelle Newbold - slither
Sierra Rittue - caries
Luci Virgo - guises
Karen Steiger - jade
Keef - necropolis
Paul Brookes - clack
Preston Smith - aquarian
El Taylor - enthralled
GRIX - untethered
Stephanie Benton - longing

to taste

i long for the tongue
to taste **sassafras** as the root
bark bites, **flavorful**. i'm told
it's dangerous which makes
me want to jump in
puddles of it with no **rain-**
coat; flit around bygone
days' root beer like a **humming-**
bird getting just enough,
to **dulcify** long-awaited
longing.

Elizabeth Ditty - sassafras
Dawn Watts - flavorful
Erik Fuhrer - raincoat
Tzynya Pinchback - hummingbird
Preston Smith - dulcify

The art of **humming**

Seems simple, pursed or flat-lipped
mouth, but the orchard of the throat
is a musical **magician**. The song is a sound
is a **berry** growing here; offering ripe light

as the **glow** of a **prism** in this **intricate**
space. A disco ball. We are adjacent
to whistling. There's a **paperweight**
in my gut when I hum nervous. It holds

the sheet music down while I shake. I don't
like to **waste** paper. I keep myself
from **haunting** my epiglottis with **histrionics**.
My vocal cords **ingratiates** my esophagus

in order to sing but damn that **jagged** acid
reflux and bored trachea. The **distillation**
of my spittle goes **tepid** so I **pine** for vibration
and a soft **lilac** tongue as the uvula blushes

like a teardrop when the music stops.

Kim Mannix - humming
Jessie Lynn McMains - magician
Adrienne Merritt - berry
Casper Alixander - glow
Kristin DeMarco Wagner - prism
Aggie B. Lemm - intricate
Ezekiel L. Cork - paperweight
Paul Brookes - waste
Tiffany Sciacca - haunting
Richard Weiser - histrionic
Kallisto Gaia Press - ingratiates
Julie Rea - jagged
j. sleet - distillation
Ingrid Calderon-Collins - tepid
Keef - pine(s)
Shaindel Beers - lilac

Computing

A technical **angel**, the manager's over-time dream, a **glimmer** of automation, an automaton so sleepless, dissolve

this marriage to solve problems; assure quality and track spread-

sheets and know the **Waterfall** Method while brain throbs **palpable** through tireless meetings, weekends.

Corporate bathroom has no slur **etched** in its wall but maybe

it should. Slept in car at the **park** past lunch, bled papercuts, red wisp like a single strand

of candy **floss**, keyboard covered in clot, in droplet, clabber. Unwell

but **tenacious**, unscrewed the **finial** from bedroom rod and ripped the curtains down. No bedtime

just friends in my bed. 60-80 hours of work a week, then in limbo

or **limerence** during the rest. Always always always awake from start to finish; unmedicated aurora.

Jeannie Prinsen - angel
Stephanie Benton - glimmer
Cara Waterfall - waterfall
Anne Walters - palpable
Adrienne Johnston - etched
Connie Bacchus - park
Jenna Mia - floss
Norb Aikin - tenacious
Michael Dickel - finial
Memoir Mixtapes - limerence

Reflexive

Oh, in my **ubiquitous**
decubitus, an anxious
tremor in my stomach

becomes the **lightning**
of my **gullet**. A **tide**
of worry hurries my heart.

I just want rest but wrest
comes instead as my
insides pull, a bit **tectonic**,

between moments
of **colic** and soothing
simplicity. The earth

in me won't let me sleep;
it's weather has come
to **confiscate** my hours.

It pulls off a **heist**
where the rare, shiny
object gone, abject,

missing, is **access**
to my own healing
time.

Dawn Watts - ubiquitous
Russell Carisse - decubitus
Leah Callen - lightning
Sierra Rittue - gullet
Lee Potts - tide
Kelly Gray - tectonic
Aleah Dye - colic
Preston Smith - confiscate
Vic Nogay - heist
Joe Liston - access

Mid-Staccato, Held Breath

The lilt of music can **articulate** the timbre of **ochre**, a note just beyond **pastel**. In green **arpeggio: olive, celadon**, and **shamrock** follow each other around in the fullness of spring trees and eaves and the sigh of envy. **Adagio** lingers as a **petrichor**; lightly covering up what's ahead and possibly **fetid**. Fingers pluck at song then **steady**. It's an unspoken, **uneven dalliance** between the sound of a sun's morning kiss in the color of **limoncello** and the **oneness** of **violets** being crushed under the quiet boot of violence.

Julie Elder - articulate
Emma Bolden - ochre
Samantha Lamph/Len - pastel
Kyla Houbolt - arpeggio
Emily Costa - olive
Z.M. Wise - celadon
M.M. Carrigan - shamrock
Connie Bacchus - adagio
Tom Gumbert - petrichor
Clint Ladd - fetid
Kiley Lee - steady
Cory Funk - uneven
Alina Stefanescu - dalliance
Elizabeth Ditty - limoncello
Emily J Helen - oneness
Jenna Mia - violets

At 9

A face with wider **eye-**
lashes snaps a wink. At 9, too

old for a friend kept invisible
and out of pocket. At 9, too

young to **dress** like that in the **cellar**
or at the big blue mailbox. At 9, too

scarred from **dragging** crabapples
towards fights at the fence. At 9, too

tired for bed; want to be teen and free,
clandestine first kiss. At 9, too

much summer on a face. A **sanguine** sun
hunkers down in a field, like kids at 9, too

filled with energy, creating their **syzygy**
but hiding from the night. At 9, too

many voices yell them inside; they take
their bodies slowly home. At 9, too

much unexpressed, just **litter** the street
with ice cream truck remnants. At 9, too

far from 19.

Cookie Hiponia - eyelashes
Emrys Olivier - dress
Elizabeth Ditty - cellar
Peter H. Michaels - scarred
Cory Funk - drag
Erik Leonard - clandestine
Lisa Lerma Weber - sanguine
QA Poetry - syzygy
Natalie Layne Baker - litter

Get Well Soon

The purple **pachyderm** of truth is in the room again but no one will say. A **spectrum** of **spiraling** emotions and the rare **phantom** of **exuberant** days edge at the **confluence** of another **omicron** existence. The body has

become wanted and unwanted, as a **leftover** debating its own spoil; a **placeholder**, like the aching spine is a bookmark inside an afternoon spent feeling spent. We have never felt so much, so **chthonic**. We won't soon **forget** how aware we

are of the dirt under our feet as we hover hell. There's a **chasm** separating fact from feral.

This nightmare ends with a **diaphanous** dream with the ease and **balm** of a **butterfly** landing.

For now, even a single, slight symptom whirrs and blurs, hurts: figurative **Hurricanrana** outside

the confines of a literal wrestling ring. We **wrinkle** the sheets on our beds with sore backs

and lungs while the small, **malding**

masses rail and remain unmasked and yet everyone is tragic as a woeful **thespian**. We try to turn down the **volume** on a stumbling parade of idiocy but crave everyone's healing. None of us wants to make eye contact with what was seen

in the **cards**. We are all just passing through, breath by breath, with light; electric as we can, like a **diode**.

Kyla Houbolt - pachyderm
Joe Liston - spectrum
Emily Bayron - spiraling
Natalie Kocsis - phantom
Norb Aikin - exuberant
V. B. Borjen - confluence
Melinda Farrar - omicron
Kiley Lee - leftover
Tom Snarsky - placeholder
Barton Smock - chthonic
Cory Funk - forget

Lisa Lerma Weber - chasm
Emma Bolden - diaphanous
Jenna Mia - balm
Merril Smith - butterfly
Josh Olsen- Hurricanrana
Catherine Garbinsky - wrinkle
Kate Banta - malding
Samantha Lamph/Len - thespian
Kari Flickinger - volume
Matthew Little - cards
Aleah Dye - diode

Another poem that ends with a big sigh

Too much time for the possibility
of **profundity** and idled hands
is me. Every **opportunity still** feels
nice as a decent lunch but no one

tells me after that I have spinach
between my teeth; my whole
mouth like busted **sushi**. I am
intricate as a mown lawn, where

my secrets yawn in the open, and I
fear another night of several **febrile**
dreams. At my most **garrulous**
I am told to be quiet, so I **persist**

as contents under a colorful rug.
I can only **postulate** I'm wrong
and ten thumbs; nothing else
serendipitous since 1995.

Megha Sood - profundity
Matthew Little - opportunity
Devin Hamilton - still
@lendreni - sushi
Sage Ravenwood - intricate
Richard Tines - febrile
Ankh Spice - garrulous
Elephants Never - persist
Marisa Silva-Dunbar - postulate
Tianna G. Hansen - serendipitous

winded

my own weather is the least
salubrious, it is slobbery. it
is coughing. it is

sloppy: chewing gum-
shoe theories at one turn
and one **cuticle** at the next

while **misty**-eyed. inside of me
are **swirling** days of ego's
bliss and times i can't hold

myself down with the heft
of **rock** as my story tears
apart and goes away.

i am leaving this town,
metaphorically, forever,
again.

Kyla Houbolt - salubrious
Jessica Drake-Thomas - cuticle
Misty Hudson - misty
Jenna Mia - swirling
Millie Hudson - rock

What we consider when the land is full

We **discourage** all of this
acrid trash but aim to recycle
as though garbage
was **medicine**: the healing
flower of reuse versus
a chorus of crap
left dangling from the backs'
Ides of the **porcine**. Reclamation
yields **verdant** possibilities
below an interconnected
and **celestial** perfection. To
discard flawlessly and leave
the rotten to sour in bag
or bin is **inexorable**; rebuild
and **dissuade** banana peels
from tripping us. Take that
ripe fruit skin and make us vegetarian
pelts to resell on Etsy. In our **lucid**
attempts at reduction, even mind-
fullness is converted
to tchotchke, to coin purse. This
tangent is only tangentially
about waste paper or glass
soda bottle; sopped cereal
might not one day become butter-
fly.

Kiley Lee - discourage
Sierra Rittue - acrid
Roanna Fernandes - medicine
Kyla Houbolt - porcine
Takako Tokuoka - verdant
Kri - celestial
Laura Lee - inexorable
Melissa Ragsly - dissuade
Kris Lindbeck - lucid
Matthew M. C. Smith - tangent

Souvenir

Remember those **lurid** days
of being a walking **calamity**?
Stumbling? The stomach almost
always filled with an **amalgam**
of amaretto sours and regret?
Feeling limitless enough to make
enormous mistakes but also heavy
and **chartreuse** with nausea?

Remember the vivid ways
of becoming a success story.
Thriving. The mouth not yet
mummified. No smiling with eyes
just to **commission** a kiss. Before
the skin no longer flinches
itself, **elastic**, back to the bone
when pinched.

Clint Ladd - lurid
Kyla Houbolt - calamity
Melinda Farrar - amalgam
Preston Smith - chartreuse
Patrick Whited - mummified
Joe Liston - commission
Robert Lee Brewer - elastic

Sundown, Ohio: Summer 20xx

The **begonia** basket swings
in the steamy breeze. Waxy
petals prove **succulent**
against this evening heat.
This is the root of all our Julys.

When do these summers turn
full **conflagration**? Daylight's
cherry skin can't cool its
new blister. If we take turns
on **stilts** in the **decadent** dark

can we loosen a season's
stochastic temper? Climb its
paperwork to the preamble
and **revise**? It's too dark to pursue
this the **pugnacious** way. After

the figurative **typhoon** leaves
a faint **pulse**, we pray for a **swan**
or **ethereal, subaqueous** angels
to float and wriggle past and put
wet washcloths on our foreheads.

But at night even a **lorikeet** would
be monochrome or the sooted
shadow of itself. Suffering. In
vespertine dreams we wish
for a **felicitous** flash of rain.

We once **mingled** and relaxed
below paddle fans. Now the midnight
milk will **curdle** as cheap paper
towels **cram** themselves into tank
tops and beneath armpits.

Our bodies long to go out late,
move in circles; how grains
are **threshed**. Midwestern humidity's
not Southern but still **dazzling**
with conversation and above-

ground kisses. It's so hot I gave up
being **promiscuous**. The moon gets
ecstatic, is always **prescient**, but can't
keep me from **solemnly** swearing
in the backyard as I sweat.

Anticipation for harsh winter
howls sharply into the smudge
of a charcoal horizon. Let's go
to **Applebee's** for appetizers and air
conditioning before they close.

Tiffany Sciacca- begonia
Anna Press - succulent
Keef - conflagration
Hannah Grieco - stilts
Denise Nichole - decadent
Brendan Best - stochastic
Alexis Diano Sikorski - temper
Cory Funk - revise
Madeleine Corley - pugnacious
CoolRanch4Lyfe - typhoon
Kim Mannix - pulse
Heather C. Sweeney - swan
Lisa Lerma Weber - ethereal
Jessie Lynn McMains- subaqueous

Kyla Houbolt - lorikeet
Marisa Silva-Dunbar - vespertine
Richard Weiser - felicitous
Peter H. Michaels - mingled
Rachel Warren - curdle
Sara Barnard - cram
Todd Dillard- threshed
Julie Weiss - dazzling
Emery Pearson - promiscuous
Andrew Shattuck McBride - ecstatic
Natalie Layne Baker - prescient
Aggie B. Lemm - solemnly
Adrian Ernesto Cepeda - anticipation
Cecilia Savala - Applebee's

Radical Acceptance

Leave enough room for what you cannot realize. **Purge** each assumption. Accept facts. Keep the raged **sparks** and high, hoarse yelps to a livable minimum. Don't be **worn** down by your own boundaries but use them, everyday if you must, to keep even the most lovable **odd-ball** at an arm-and-a-half's length. No one will change at your whim; mind-reading should be upheld, analogous to thoughtless crime. You can still wish them well. You can reside in the crisp cluck or secret **hovel** of your very own heart. You can make the hum-drum and mostly awful somewhat bearable, maybe **exquisite**.

Kim Mannix - purge
Jen Oaks - sparks
Cory Funk - worn
Kyla Houbolt - oddball
Mathew Yates - hovel
Jose Hernandez Diaz - exquisite

Here We Go

Another day ticks a mark on the wall or a click from the old clock and here we go noise-making our own **irrelevance** until **independent**. We are both reticent and revved-up: we want the **elusive** page in a bound book. There is an urge to know the found smell of our ink on a sturdy shelf.

How do we **bamboozle** or wow the editors, ourselves, with words caught in our own stuck throats? Tapping the send button, left wondering “Did I **recycle** ideas from someone else’s poem? My own?” Staying in ache, awake, at night as if a publication is a **bodacious** monolith prepared to eat dreams. We might envision it licking a spoon of frozen **custard**, gingerly, as we attempt to defrost our most abundant and writhing writing fears. We brace ourselves in wait.

Scanning the **specificity** of set guidelines, once and twice or twenty times more, we are wide-eyed, sleepless all day. We have learned and withstood, but often left boldly misunderstanding, the **oddity** of **profundity**.

Luci Virgo - irrelevance
Matthew Little - independent
Jeffrey Yamaguchi - elusive
Sarah Huels - bamboozle
Heather C. Sweeney - recycle
Carol Parris Krauss - bodacious
Josh Olsen - custard
Mark Antony Owen - specificity
Ashley Elizabeth - oddity
Megha Sood - profundity

February

In this **blizzard** exists a grey
pain the **branches** feel when frozen
snow blows limb to limb
and sticks. The **umbra** of any-

thing left breathing outside
the **Nor'easter** is cold but so
smooth. When sun wakes across
the white, a thrum of sparkle, almost

a dancer's fabric in **diamanté**,
shimmies across shards of below-
zero winter. A sense of **sentient**
sentiment throws the season

open. Even under all of this
opaque milk-glass, life resumes
as a disco ball marvels to music;
makes each thing slowly wave

hands in the frosted air. And winter,
once again, has **redeemed** itself.

Natalie Kocsis - blizzard
Kari Flickinger - branches
Tzynya Pinchback - snow
V. B. Borjen - umbra
Merril Smith - Nor'easter
Marisa Silva-Dunbar - diamanté
Matthew M. C. Smith - sentient
Ariel - redeemed

about me

on a dead **woodpecker** day, i deeply inhaled **lilacs** until i tasted them. i **besmirched** my ugliest coworker. i felt the empty **pocket** of day and the **freedom** of night: a chain and two locks fastening my spinster door.

i have never watched **pistachio** become spumoni and **melt** an afternoon. but i have dangled my spoon, **languid**, over a bare bowl in hurried wait with **splendid** want.

i have felt touch-starved by someone easy with his **haphophobia** and was hungry for years. in my **somnolent** eye-twitching i evaded dreams unless they recurred on a sunny campus without underwear or teeth.

i have long-anticipated **papyrus** bringing me the good news that i will be writing this in a slim notebook someday, and convert it by way of the **synchronicity** of electricity.

i am **echinacea** and **antivenom**; the balm and salve to your horrible sleep patterns.

i am the **rutted** path that makes your ankles weak.

Tzynya Pinchback - woodpecker
Natalie Kocsis - lilacs
Stephanie Benton - besmirched
Kari Flickinger - pocket
Amanda McLeod - freedom
Cassie Coletta - pistachio
Kyla Houbolt - melt
Clint Ladd - languid
Dawn Vincent - splendid
Bradley Wright - haphophobia
Preston Smith - somnolent
Sierra Rittue - papyrus
Melinda Farrar - synchronicity
GRIX - echinacea
Jenna Mia - antivenom
Tiffany Sciacca - rutted

THANK YOU

A gigantic thank you to the over 100 people who donated words over the years to help me go on a unique journey in creating these poems! It's always fun to see what words people select and hand over to me with care. Putting these poems together is no easy feat! The process of writing poems utilizing words that are often vastly disparate and weaving them into cohesive pieces of writing is one I truly treasure. The end results are always such a momentous thrill.

Thank you to all who have encouraged me to continue writing collaborative poems! I also get so much inspiration from those who experiment with their writing and projects and incorporate prompts and/or include others.

Thank you for reading and/or listening to A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOLUME 1! Always joyful to have so many participants and readers and your interest!

As I said in THIS ASSEMBLY and TEAMWORDK:

It never gets old when people say they can't wait to see how I crafted a poem containing their word selection. One word can change a day, a mood, the world.

THANK YOU SO MUCH AGAIN!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



K Weber is an Ohio poet. A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOLUME 1 is her 7th online, free, self-published chapbook + audiobook project.

K's poetry has been handled with care by *Roi Fainéant, Fevers of the Mind, the minison project, Black Bough Poetry, Writer's Digest, Theta Wave* & more! Her photography has appeared in literary magazines such as *Barren Magazine* and *Nightingale & Sparrow*. Her book reviews have appeared in *Empty Mirror*.

K received her BA in Creative Writing (with an emphasis in poetry) from Miami University in 1999. She also earned minors in French and Computer Information Systems.

More of her publishing credits and access to all of her online book projects can be found at: <http://kweberandherwords.wordpress.com>

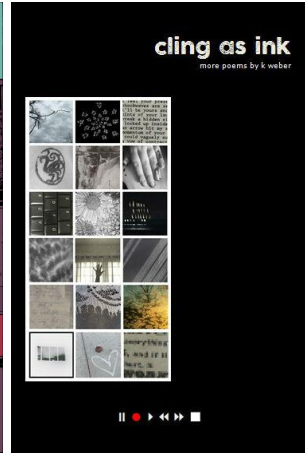
OTHER BOOK PROJECTS BY K WEBER



2021



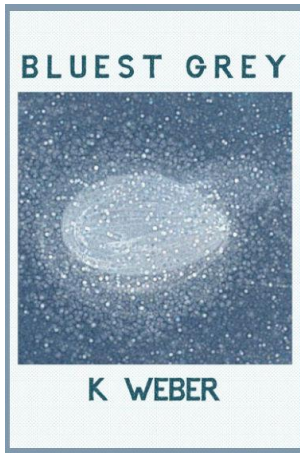
2019



2018



2014



2012



2003

***click on the book cover images to access these free, online poetry book projects and more about them. you can also go to <http://kweberandherwords.wordpress.com> to access these books in PDF and/or audio versions

MORE PROJECTS BY K WEBER

I intend to keep writing donated words poems as much as possible and see where these collaborations continue to take us! I haven't been as active in some of my other projects recently but they are always there when I am ready to resume adding to them!

i like so much music

i write poems and creative nonfiction using all of the song titles from albums, CDs & cassettes in my personal collection as well as digital playlists

<http://ilikesomuchmusic.wordpress.com> &

<http://instagram.com/ilikesomuchmusic>

song recommendations

i had many writings about songs i really enjoy published at *Memoir Mixtapes* from 2018-2021

<http://medium.com/@kweberandherwords>

a 5K

i would sometimes record myself reading 5 of my original poems in one take

<http://kweberanda5k.wordpress.com>

dot art

i make weird art with dots

<http://kweberandherdots.wordpress.com>

These projects and more can also be found at:

<http://kweberandherwords.wordpress.com/about-k-weber>

SPECIAL NOTES

AUDIOBOOK

The audiobook version of A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOLUME 1 is available at:

*SoundCloud - soundcloud.com/kweberandherwords/asoopp1

*Download direct MP3 file - tinyurl.com/asoopp1

The audiobook was primarily created on my iPhone 7S. Hokusai 2 and Twisted Wave are my core audio editing apps.

Found sounds and vocals are captured using either my iPhone voice memos or through my Blue Yeti microphone via my laptop (and some free, online recording tools that help in a pinch!).

For my creation of the original musical soundscapes I developed for this project, I utilized a few different iPhone apps: Animoog, NLog MIDI Synth, Moog Filtatron, and KORG's iKaossilator. Found sounds and bits from my past audio output (a few KORG Volcas, an Alesis Ion, and glockenspiel... some strums of guitar) are much-disguised and filtered with wild abandon in this audio compared to their appearance in the audiobook for TEAMWORDK and my other books as well. All the noise-making possibilities converge to add extra-special ambiance to the poems I read aloud.

The audiobook components of all of my book projects are so significant to me and I hope you find them to be a unique, additional way to experience my poetry collections!

You can listen to all of my book projects on SoundCloud at: <http://soundcloud.com/kweberandherwords>
Download the MP3s for each of my book projects from <http://kweberandherwords.wordpress.com>

PDF VERSION OF THIS BOOK

Google Docs was used to design the book layout. My new-to-me, budget-friendly, refurbished Google Chromebook hosted my adventures in getting this layout into its PDF-ready state. I used the reliable Georgia font throughout the body of this collection. I produced the cover art for A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOLUME 1 using the online version of PIXLR.

GENERAL NOTE

Some minor edits were made to a few of the poems in this book since I wrote the originals. Also, if you are curious where the SCREAMWORDK donated words poems are... they will return as we approach Halloween 2022 with some new poems in the mix (and a more permanent home!).

OTHER INFO/CONTACT DETAILS

Want to connect online? That would be nice! My social media information is as follows:

- Instagram: <http://instagram.com/midwesternskirt>
- Twitter: <http://twitter.com/midwesternskirt>

You can also send me a message through the email form on my website: <https://kweberandherwords.wordpress.com/contact/>

A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOLUME 1 is one of several writing projects I have put together since 2018 that involves collaboration with many others! Hundreds of words have been gifted to me by hundreds of people to include in so many poems.

When I was working on TEAMWORDK in 2021, I asked if anyone would like to put together feedback in the form of a short quote or blurb about their participation in and readership of donated words poems. I received an abundance of responses!

You can read all of these generous quotes in this supplementary document:

<https://tinyurl.com/donatedquotes>

This will remain a “living document” to which I will continue to add write-ups about our collaborative poetry projects!

If you would like to share your experiences and thoughts on these poetry projects, you can connect with me through email and social media under the [SPECIAL NOTES](#) section!

An abundance of gratitude to all who have provided me with lovely words and perspective!

Looking for an interesting interview subject? I would love the opportunity to discuss the donated words poetry projects with you!

There is so much to dive into when it comes to these vast and longstanding poetry collaborations in which I work together with a plethora of people and such a blissful array of carefully-furnished words!

Want to write a review of any of my donated words projects (THIS ASSEMBLY, TEAMWORDK and/or A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOLUME 1)? This would be such a welcome addition to the ways in which the donated words poem projects impact others.

If you need someone to fill an open slot at your online poetry event (or in-person if you are local), I wouldn't mind being asked! It's been awhile!

You can always contact me if you would like to send along a word or other suggestion for future collaborative poems! Follow me on Instagram and/or Twitter (username: midwesternskirt) for future calls for word contributions or DM me!

I am excited to continue a tradition of partnering with others in poetry!