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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

3
VOLUME
K
WEBER

The background of the poster is a dense, abstract pattern of geometric shapes, primarily circles and triangles, in shades of purple, blue, and orange, creating a textured, organic feel.

A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS
VOLUME 3

INTRO

Well, hello again! A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOLUME 3 has a nice bundle of 21 donated words poems created in 2023 and 2024. Since the second volume was launched in 2023, a donated words poetry 5-year anniversary collection, [REUNION FRUIT SYNERGY](#), was published as well as a few-years-long compilation of autumn/Halloween poems called [SCREAMWORDK!](#) The poems in this edition include more and more collaborative pieces created with the help of many familiar contributors as well as first-timers! You may have seen most of these over the course of the past year or so through my social media pages. I like making sure that as many of these joint-effort pieces as possible end up in an accessible, free, online collection in due time! And here we are!

Now in their 6th year (and counting!), I still have such a fondness for crafting donated words poems (and more!). There is always something new to try and word-loving experiments to be performed in the construction of poems even in a loosely-based collective. As these sorts of poems have continued through the years, I still aim to include a wide variety of people. While other writers and poets tend to be the largest base of people who offer up words (and more!), I am always happy to include people I don't know (who might hear of these opportunities through social media), and continue to welcome family members, and people I have known a long time or a short while, into the fold.

I am always so pleased to find that these poems are not just novelty; I love that they can stand on their own, built in such a distinctive, team-effort sort of way!

K Weber
June 2024

2024

May this new year be given
to you, **freely**, as the wing-
soared ease of birds. May it be
received as cleanly-breathed
and serene as frightless flight.

Tom Snarsky - freely

The following series of 7 poems consist of a total of 44 donated words from a variety of contributors! I randomly selected how many words/which words would appear in each poem. I utilized <https://www.random.org/lists/> to help in making these choices.

“Science says” features 10 of the 44 words. It’s as simple (and as challenging!) as that!

“Last night” incorporates 8 of the contributed words that all start with the same letter: **S**!

“don’t hold your breath” contains only 2 donated words; one is the first word of the poem and one is the last! This piece was also sent out as a submission to a literary magazine - just to give it a try. It didn’t find a home in any publication... but it has a forever home right here!!!

“Repose, I suppose” has 6 donated words woven into a poem I wrote in a poetic form I had not tried previously. The “Magic 9” is a poem of 9 lines in the rhyme scheme ABACADABA (magic... abracadabra... get it?) with no rules regarding syllables or meter. You can find more about this wondrous form at <https://www.writersdigest.com/write-better-poetry/magic-9-poetic-forms!>

“Carousel” showcases 7 donated words and I chose one to be the title!

In “Healing in the Time of My Own Time,” I placed 1 of the 4 donated words into each stanza. I also added 4 words contained in each of the contributor names! This twist happened unexpectedly... and is another reason why I enjoy trying new things when it comes to collaborative poetry!

“Good Intention” showcases the 7 remaining donated words. I tried to give this poem a community-focused bent. I was going through some changes at the time wherein I was seeking community. AND the donated words poems always create a sort of low-pressure community that is so important to me!

Science says

Velocity sleeps in
a **chamomile** haze
upon its **deceleration**.

Such a physic **delectation**
as the rest rests. **Mitochondria**
might move us, breathe us, deeply, at
the pace of panic. The moon turns
crescent sometimes as soon as it dances an orbit.
There's a **penchant** for flirting with whole earth &
shunning the sun. **Assimilation** swallows
as it takes in all nutrients. Its stomach
rumbles, **loquacious**. Where's
a nature we can safely eyeball
or summit? Drink with-
out **litigation**?

Propagate vines?
and climbing
perpetuate the

Jacob Charles - chamomile
Sierra Rittue - deceleration
Patrick Dorsey - delectation
Kendall A. Bell - mitochondria
Linda Crate - crescent
Tiffany M Storrs - penchant
David L O'Nan - assimilation
Luci Virgo - loquacious
Jenna Mia - litigation
Annie Finch - perpetuate

Last night

The harbors swayed **swiftly** against barges,
houseboats and pontoons. People and their

ports nestled as sunset **settled** in **surfeit**
of orange; a hot mirage on the dock. Day

sailed into **surcease**, but evening's beach
coolly warmed feet. Toes slid into the **spoils**

of abandoned **sandcastles**. Slick silica
slippers. We watched as summer's **sienna**

sister surfaced.

Cassie Coletta - swiftly
Deborah J. Shore - settled
Ivor Daniel - surfeit
Yolanda Estes - surcease
Jared Conti - spoils
Kyla Houbolt - sandcastles
Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - sienna
Roanna Fernandes - sister

don't hold your breath

cherish

the churn
of paper's work

store worries
behind
any auricle

let the curtains
wear
pheromones

donate
tiredest
bones

stick
nonsense
to non-stick

line life's junk-
drawer
with stink

withstand
high wind
by standing

bite into
fruit
at the bruise

but do not break
a flowstone, flower, floweret
most **delicate**

Repose, I Suppose

It has been at least a **fortnight**
since the good sleep slept
in my bed. With **flourish**: right
side just right, pillow-propred;
revival of deep dreams soothing, light,
centripetal pull into the **fantastical**
foam of memory. For now, no delight
as nightscape's sweats have kept
me **philistine** toward my unrested plight!

Gavin - fortnight

Jon Bottorff - flourish

Karen Pierce Gonzalez - revival

Letitia Jiju - centripetal

Chris Griffith - fantastical

Clint Ladd - philistine

Norb Aikin - cherish
Rhona Greene - delicate

Carousel

Some moments are vehement
as **amethyst**,

pulsing
and
pouring
light. They go
wrapping
around
hearts; dotting
the eyes
of fingers. That's the color
of what **rizz** is.

Some moments we razzle or we razz.

Then there are the stagnant

driftwood

times
that

loaf lazily...
drafty
sighs
in a beige land-
scape's steady cape.

Sit
with breath tight

and then
let it all go;

extrapolate the ballast of ten thousand worries.

Juliette Sebock - carousel

Lesley Curwen - amethyst

Millie Hudson - rizz

Tiffany Sciacca - driftwood

Jen Feroze - loaf

Sara Matson - extrapolate

Elizabeth Fletcher - ballast

_____ is called a _____

Healing in the Time of My Own Time

Alone in the mind's
isle, I cannot decide
whether to slay
the **dragon** of dark
thoughts, or let it warm
me by its harrowing fire.

My brain craves what
my small intestine
deems and needs
to become **alkaline**.
In the ward of memories,
I want harmony, too.

Here, an impressive web
with **lacrimogenic**
dewdrops bejewels
a thin thread of geometric
splendor and the symmetry
of a spider's pause.

Right now I feel so far
from myself, but I will be
returning to the semblance
of a sender soon; in the form
of an **incandescent** glow
of therapy lamps.

JW Summerisle - dragon
Christian Ward - alkaline
Jeff Weber - lacrimogenic
Melinda Farrar - incandescent

Good Intention

In that syncretic ilk there
is **tendency**; soft **blizzard**
leanings nearing me, you. As
with **token** and totem, standing
among holds strong in high
or low winds or whipping rains.
Friends are not **flotsam**. Some
people are like a sturdy place, **yclept**
“home,” where lightest hugs hold
ferocity. No one needs to call you
“baby,” “lobster,” or even “my sweet,
swimming **tardigrade**” to show you
worth or make you feel the looming weft.

Ashley Elizabeth - tendency
Spangle McQueen - blizzard

Kiley Lee - token

Misty Hudson - flotsam

Tom Snarsky - yclept

Preston Smith - ferocity

Marianne Baretsky Peterson - tardigrade

*It is always exciting when people participate in my
collaborations for the first time! The next 4 poems make use of
17 words from new contributors!*

Sound Advice

Step into
what's **aerious**: cool
breeze looming, soft
swipes as a **gyre**. Find
the **volupté** in a day
with both hands.

Step away from
what's dubious: **quell**
even the quietest
doubt. If it shouts,
squash the **sibilance**
with a swoosh.

jab

the end hits
like a **slobber-knocker**.

a woozy dance
tiptoes then quick-

quick-slows; a blood-
rush of *wow* and *i*

wonder. it stuns, it's
staggering. you're stung

and there's no
mercy. the **anticipation**

of fresh words, clean
sheets won't lull

an ill or fix this bloody
thing. all you can do:

start the book over.

Levi L. Winters - aerious
Rebecca Shapiro - gyre
Jan Stinchcomb - volupté
JZ - quell
Davi Gray - sibilance

Harry Lushey - slobber-knocker
Syreeta Muir - mercy
Samantha Terrell - anticipation

Anthesis/Antithesis

At **cinnamon** dusk, I **gravitate** toward flowers as they feign sleep. Drowsy blooms lightly wrinkle yet **astonish** at starry centers. My eyelids and eyes know this drifting; the dark blanket of evening covering color. I also flirt with **morning glory**, wink at iris as she shyly shows her bluest pleats in wide open afternoon.

Achi Mishra - cinnamon
Nicole Friend - gravitate
Jason O'Toole - astonish
Autumn Newman - morning glory

Breach

I am feeling **oviparous**, sitting on this egg of worry. I am waiting for a panicked egg-tooth to crack the shell. I don't want the hatchling to emerge, **accurate** with nervous birth. I am craving **solace** and a smooth, brittle armor that holds in all my sticky parts: the pink **gizzard** skin, the early eye like a cataract.

Now I am feeling **anachronistic**, needing to eat chicken nuggets while I watch someone else invent the wheel.

Jennifer Custer - oviparous
Cheryl Pappas - accurate
Daniel Cyran - solace
Damon Thomas - gizzard
Heather Harrison - anachronistic

The next 7 poems include past and new words from 25 long-time contributors! Some of these participants have been sending me words (and more!) to put into poems since the early days circa 2018 & 2019! Quite a few of these individuals have collaborative pieces in the majority of the donated words projects the last 6 years! For these poems, I tried out a variety of randomizing tools to select some additional features of these poems. To select which word donors would be in each poem (and for other general items that required randomization) I used <https://miniwebtool.com/random-picker/>!

The first 3 poems feature a past or new word by each of the 25 contributors

“Hightail” includes 10 donated words and has the following theme: Out of Time. This theme was selected by browsing through theme possibilities using the Theme Generator at <https://thestoryshack.com/tools/theme-generator/>.

The poem “decrescendo/crescendo/decrescendo” is a concrete poem wherein the shape of the poem adds to the text of the poem in a visual way. 7 donated words mingle among other textual and typographical aspects. More about this form at https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Concrete_poetry.

“Reality checks and off-balances” is teeming with alliteration. The 8 donated words in this poem inspired the playing with repetitive sounds!

The next 4 of these 7 poems feature the past or new word from each of the 25 contributors that was not in the previously-described 3 poems

I got the title for “The Broken Heat” from a random title generator (<https://www.ruggenberg.nl/titels.html>)! I like how it visually and instinctively looked like “The Broken Heart” but wasn’t. I actually found two titles I really liked (I used the other within the poem: *wild cloud*). Six very excellent donated words punctuate this poem so very nicely.

“Pop of color” is a curtal sonnet with 10 donated words! Something drew me to this form years ago but I wanted to play around with it again! Instead of trying to explain this form myself... here’s a fantastic resource with all the details: <https://www.writersdigest.com/write-better-poetry/curtal-sonnet-poetic-form>!

In “the emergency room,” 3 randomly-generated words complement 3 words provided by word donors of many years! I used a Random Word Generator to find those 3 additional words (*decay, survival, robot*). This tool can be accessed at <https://randomwordgenerator.com/>

There are 6 donated words in “fever dream in terrible semi-franglais.” Also making an appearance in this poem is a color randomly selected using Random Color Generator (<https://randomwordgenerator.com/color.php>): orange!

Hightail

This brisk walk is **crisp** and banter
makes us breathless. There is

synchronicity in our steps as we
approach the steepest **magnitude**

of undisclosed ends. No time to **play**
hopscotch. Can't or won't stop. Don't

stop. Don't look back now. You'll dizzy
on your own threadbare edges; **vertigo-**

going-gone. I **scout** the future and hope
for at least one more **chiaroscuro**

of an evening's golden hour. But we
leave these sidewalks in their fading,

chalk-dusted standstill. I cannot go back
to my old **mending** places and sew

a story back to a clean, decorative
finish. We keep **kinetic** as the clock

has **coerced** us to move, move, move
and stop for no scuff or scuffle.

Patrick Dorsey - crisp

Melinda Farrar - synchronicity
from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Ashley Elizabeth - magnitude
from THIS ASSEMBLY

Kiley Lee - play

Natalie Kocsis - vertigo
from THIS ASSEMBLY

Misty Hudson - scout

Douglas Menagh - chiaroscuro

Kyla Houbolt - mending

Millie Hudson - kinetic
from TEAMWORDK

Joe Liston - coerced
from THIS ASSEMBLY

decrescendo/crescendo/decrescendo

convalesce
on cloud-

wing.

cull

the calls

from the **cosmos**

that keep **humming**

their rings so **freely**, and shout
back at them with **illustrious** church chimes, wind-
pipes, bells. go quiet, no louder
than a swallow's

breath as you

solemnly

sway,

stay,

hide.

Mathew Yates - convalesce

Tiffany Sciacca - cull

Elodie Barnes - cosmos

from TEAMWORDK

Kim Mannix - humming

from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Tom Snarsky - freely

*from (oops! i lost this word at some point
but gave it a fitting home in the poem that
opens this collection: "2024")*

Elizabeth Ditty - illustrious

Aggie B. Lemm - solemnly

from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Reality checks and off-balances

Who's **tenacious** and **tremulous**

at the same tinny time? That's me. Maybe not. Those two are totally tantamount. This trek is a mountain of tracks and teeth.

Can we clinch **catharsis**? I'm catching cathexis toward cats I don't know and arthritis has captured my body's ruptured-cantaloupe curvature. Cool.

The vastitude of my vessel leaves only spare vestiges of light at night. My drape of **vespertine** vestments hang shadows from an eerie, vertical vehicle.

Queue the wail of **wicked** whining and loss of willpower: no potion or portion of powder will power-down this wilting. Where's my wolf?

My **mummified** mouth makes no murmur. I'm mumbling as I mull over muffled memos, manifestos. I manage only "mmmmmmmm."

A rainbow is a grand **gradient**. Eyes on grainy, hazed sky; each ray greets my defeated face. Meet me with great gravitas and/or ravenous, glad laughter.

I've spun into spiral. I'm lower than

a pearly earthworm. I'm **perturbed** by perky poems. Alas, tears and turmoil take toll, take hold. No one's perfect.

Norb Aikin - tenacious

from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Merril Smith - tremulous

Jenna Mia - catharsis

Marisa Silva-Dunbar - vespertine

from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Preston Smith - wicked

from TEAMWORDK

Patrick Whited - mummified

from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

V. B. Borjen - gradient

Sierra Rittue - perturbed

The Broken Heat

Once reedy and taut
like **osier**, I miss the cradle
of its woven, warm basket.

The fresh linen and the bread.
The simple table candled
by **seraphic** egg-light.

A **chortle** that ruddied cheeks
before won't **melt** this snap
of cold rising from the ice.

A wild cloud covers the body's
best chances at summoning
summer's empathetic clutch.

I purse my eyes, **ponder**
any possibility of soothing. Run
in place while bone thaws.

I **fixate** in hopes to radiate. I
tote sorrow as I withstand
the breathy kiss of deep-freeze

until it's a hot mouth.

Aggie B. Lemm - osier

Marisa Silva-Dunbar - seraphic

Natalie Kocsis - chortle

Kyla Houbolt - melt
from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Patrick Dorsey - ponder
from THIS ASSEMBLY

Kim Mannix - fixate

Pop of color

Begonia red, the angry burn of sun
sears **umbra** into cool, bright hyacinth.
Salacious blues peer under clouds, are bound
to auburn **cellar** secrets. Anyone
can shout, gray-green, through life's pure **labyrinth**
as vivid fire, **livid**, lilac's found
a way to golden. Bring the party, **rizz!**
Machined, cool music plays as silver synth-
esizers decay **caries**, pitch-black sound.
A matrimony, electronic frizz:
surge, pound.

Tiffany Sciacca - begonia
from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

V. B. Borjen - umbra
from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Norb Aiken - salacious

Elizabeth Ditty - cellar
from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Misty Hudson - labyrinth
from THIS ASSEMBLY

Elodie Barnes - livid

Millie Hudson - rizz
*from "Carousel" in this collection/
preferred to use this word again!*

Joe Liston - machined

Sierra Rittue - caries
from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Preston Smith - matrimony

the emergency room

ruminating slip-wise and befallen:
we feel so **benighted** when we want
to be morninged. instead, we'll decay

with day as it spoils, grey and hazel
until dead waste and wait; leads
to the weight of whatever surrounds

pinhole stars. the moon's survival
remains high. the **cetacean** evening
slips by as oil's slick river. howling

foul and sneering our teeth: *we want*
a piece of peace. but our cries fall
to the non-eared robot we once thought

a god, a tall tree, a loving eye.

Douglas Menagh - benighted
from THIS ASSEMBLY

Melinda Farrar - cetacean

Ashley Elizabeth - peace

fever dream in terrible semi-franglais

a **witness**
to a cleaned-up
mess

malgré
the **disembodied**
orange **basilisk**

of dreams
gone **steady**

as a riot
of snakes
and their
fanging

sans **anti-**
venom

&
the sick
is a bad

grey/
mal gris

pour
long-
temps
in tepid
temps
et rain-
forest sweat

depuis
winter,
mon dieu!

Mathew Yates - witness
from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Tom Snarsky - malgré

Merril Smith - disembodied
from SCREAMWORDK

Patrick Whited - basilisk

Kiley Lee - steady
from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

Jenna Mia - antivenom
from A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1

*I have something a little different to share in this next poem. “The Nightmare” is a poem that resulted from a collaboration between myself and **Shreya Datta**. We were paired together for some collaboratively-based writing, didn’t know one another prior to this, and knew nothing of each other’s writing styles. It was really exciting to brainstorm via many emails over the course of about a month. We didn’t have one clear intent going into this poem other than just playing around with words and bouncing ideas off of one another and finding inspiration in the way our words connected. I love puzzles, and the process of gathering our words into a cohesive form we thought best-suited our poem was refreshing. We definitely went through a lot of trial and error, drafts, constructive editing and several attempts to put our ideas into different forms. Ultimately we settled on the form you see here. We wanted to add a little bit of meter to this poem, too!*

Our poem was not a good fit for our originally-intended lit mag submission. We decided to prominently display it here! I am so grateful to Shreya for working on this poem with me!

Even as someone who collaborates fairly often, new collaborations continue to be exciting, teach me new things and I get to know other people in the process! This one just came together pretty organically! I am so glad we both signed up for a collaborative experience when we did!

The Nightmare

a collaborative poem by Shreya Datta & K Weber

My stomach sounds the depth
of bells. I lose my grip on sleep
and gasp as teeth fall, dense,
like leaves in mist.

Gray birds breathe sky, they wink
their wings. In bitter games, the score
is tied. As life claps at my worst mistakes,
it rates me as two squawking stars.

The green of dandelion seethes
at dinner's hiss of garlic's oil.
Sautéed delight! I drink the dew despite
three wolves that loom. They circle me.

A blue engulfs my dull, safe beach.
I seek my burning desert's sun.
These places roar so silently, as if
to calm uneasy fears.

I grip the floor with tender grace;
an aeroplane that does not land.
Eyelids eclipse wide eyes tonight. I can't
escape my pillow's weight. I twist

the tangled sheets of sleepless sleep
while angel's whisper: *Slumber more.*

Shreya Datta grew up in India. She lives in Philadelphia and works in the Tech Industry. Shreya writes poems as self-therapy. Poetry allows her to process repressed emotions and connect with life more meaningfully. She writes about her feelings and observations as she navigates the unexpected in life. Her work has been published by *Lighten Up Online* and *Poets Choice*.

*This final poem, “Imprint,” was written in commemoration of the first poetry reading I have been a part of in many moons. It took place on January 23, 2024. I was jazzed to be a part of a poetry reading with so many talented writers! All of the readers involved have a word or other inspiration tucked inside this one! Special thanks to **Sara Matson** for having me along for her first Words//Friends reading! It can be revisited at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xp4UyqJcZBs>!*

Thought this would be a fitting poem to end this very gratifying collaborative volume! I think it resonates on a few levels, but especially drives home the way I feel about my encounters with others when we create these dynamic poems together. Even if our paths cross for only a short while, the poems linger on and on!

Imprint

The lasting might be
just one gasp together.
It might be air shared
more than a little while.

Moments of kinship
are held tightly, warm,
with tender **ballast**. In
these times we are

inocciduous; aligned
and shining and most
gently grasping onto
each other's light. We

won't fall. We might
briefly or forever follow
one another, ourselves,
through pages of pain,

echoes of laughter,
across desiccated moor-
lands and lush **castle-**
vania cliffs with treed

canopies of clinging
moss. I could peruse
your written skies while
drifting above or under

my own seas. Our best
and our worst lines
will be seen and unseen.
The worlds to which we

tether and the worlds
we create might linger

forever. Words caress
and **collide** as any **stone**

can skip the water's
surface or break into cold
sweat, leaving so many
pieces everywhere.

K Weber

Genevieve DeGuzman - ballast
William Erickson - collide
Marisa Silva-Dunbar - inocciduous
Jacob Saenz - castlevania
Sara Matson - stone

Title word *imprint* comes from the poem
"i am my father's child" by **Karo Ska**

THANK YOU

So many thanks to everyone involved in the creation of these 21 poems I/we wrote from September 2023 to May 2024 for this project! 78 people contributed 116 words to this collection and one person was a co-author of a poem! It was so nice catching up with past contributors and meeting new collaborators in the process of putting this collection together!

As always, I'd like to shout special thanks to all who have contributed to my 7 donated words poetry projects and collaborations over the years that yielded 103 poems (including 5 original poems by others & 1 co-written poem)! To date, these 338 people have trusted me with 846 of their words & 72 more items (themes, lines, artwork, etc.)! I have had 26 people provide me with quotes about their experiences with these projects (see *PRAISE FOR DONATED WORDS POEM PROJECTS* section) and 12 people acted as editorial assistants in my first donated words project, [THIS ASSEMBLY](#)! Thank you to all who have supported my creativity and imagination and made these projects so significant!

I am very much inspired by others' collaborative and experimental work. Love to see prompts, hashtags and projects that connect others and ignite memorable writing experiences. I enjoy joining in on these from time to time, too!

Thank you for reading *A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 3*! I am wowed by the continued participation and readership through the years!

AND... as I have said in many projects past:

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 AND AGAIN!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



K Weber is an Ohio poet. *A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 3* is her 11th online, free, self-published poetry project.

K's poetry has appeared in print and online publications and projects such as *Stone Circle Review*, *Roi Fainéant*, *iamb*, *Stanza Cannon*, *Writer's Digest*, *Moss Puppy Magazine* & more! Her photography has been highlighted in a few literary magazines as well, including *Barren Magazine* and *The Hooghly Review*. Her book reviews have appeared in *Empty Mirror*.

K received her BA in Creative Writing/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.com>

SPECIAL NOTES

AUDIOBOOK VERSION

There is no audiobook being released concurrently as a companion to ASOOPP3. Follow me on social media or look for an update at <http://kweberandherwords.com> if/when that is made available. 7 of my previously-published projects (including 3 donated words compilations) have audio versions accessible any time if you'd like to listen! Thank you for your patience! This is definitely on my to-do list!

CONTACT DETAILS

Want to connect online? That would be nice!

My current social media information can be found at <https://kweberandherwords.com/contact/>. You can also send me a message through the form on that page as well!

If you prefer, you can email me at kweberandherwords at gmail dot com!

PRAISE FOR DONATED WORDS POEM PROJECTS

A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOLUME 3 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 *CONTACT DETAILS*! So much 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, REUNION FRUIT SYNERGY, SCREAMWORDK or A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 1, VOL. 2 and/or VOL. 3)?

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! You can always contact me if you would like to send along a word or other suggestion for future collaborative poems!

Follow me (see *CONTACT DETAILS*) for future calls for word contributions or DM me! I am excited to continue a tradition of partnering with others in poetry!

Thank you so much for enjoying
A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 3!!!