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*West Coast Writers Blog*

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Editor*

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# A

*by Joyce B*

Maurice was able to assuage his avarice for avian Life List acquisition by tracking and adoration of the apricot colored prothonotary warbler.

# B

*by Cathy B*

The bellicose bigamist was arrested for his bombastic outburst at the bullrush festival finale.

# C

*by Laura L Mays Hoopes*

Walking along the cliff, Lori thought of the chambered nautilus as she watched wacaron and crash and heard the cries of the curlew.

# D

*by Meredith S*

The dusty, drab, dingy ring sparkled anew each morning after Susan gave it a daily polish with a droplet of morning dew.

# E

*by Sharon Wolfgang*  
Under the elm tree, the egret  
waits eagerly to hatch her  
emerald egg.

# F

*by Bismarck*  
Unable to avoid being a frump,  
Caterina donned her fustian  
flummery smelling of  
mothballs, and went to the  
party, causing her cousin  
Dellara to say Caterina could  
flummox a saint and to fume  
about her to all their friends

# G

*by Cheryl Hoopes*  
The Wound-Up Goose  
Chronicle: The garrulous  
goose gawked, then  
galumphed to gain the grai  
gathering, but he got nothir  
the Cinnamon-garnished  
gander got there first.

# H

*by Cathy M*  
The heavenly smile of the  
homeless man as he produ  
the parade of verse with th  
homonym chorus made He  
address him as "The  
Honorable Poet."



*by Laura L Mays Hoopes*

It is indubitable that the industrious ibises have an indestructible integument to their ileum so they can eat practically anything.



*by Bismarck*

Clark picked the extra kera off the kink in his fingernail while his kinfolk got in a kerfluffle about the whole kaboodle.

*J*

*By Cathy B*

Luke the jester danced on the jute rug, tossing jujubes into his mouth through a hoop, wearing jewels on every possible location on his body, stopping to joke with people

*L*

*by Sharon Wolfgang*

In the first light of dawn, lotus petals lay around the feet of the stone lion and clung to its lips

↳↳↳

*by Cheryl Hoopes*

After motoring from Munich to Dachau on a Sunday morning, and touring the murder museum mounded with memories of malevolence without mercy, we stood in front of the monument with the words, "Nie Vieter," in many languages, mourning in the morning sun, moved and mute as we mused about the monumental message while a myriad of teenagers, filled with mirth, gathered around for a photo op; we had to move on.

N

*by Nanette*

Norris Mailer said, "We're north far enough to be afraid of the nor'easter, but there has been

U

*by Laura L Mays Hoopes*

The ornery former filly defied the obstetrical efforts, kicked over the orrery, disrupted the monks saying "om," and reared up in an attempt to break out the oriel window.

P

*by Laura L Mays Hoopes*

Aha, thought Hades, my plunder, Penelope, is plasted over the pomegranate and won't notice my pronounced rupture of the earth to grab

Q

*by Cathy M*

If you had a quantum of  
decency, you'd take your  
queenly quarantine of my  
quince marmalade and put it in  
your ear with a Q-tip.

R

*by Isabelle P*

In the midst of the river, a log  
is revolving as the restless  
water, rushing by, continues  
roaming out of its banks.

U

*by Robert*

The pit bull had to slobber  
the smelly sludge, but the  
soldier ignored him and sta  
at the rocket that would so  
be shot into space.

T

*by Cheryl Hoopes*

Twelve tweezers twinkling  
twilight: twaddle.

U

*By Sharon Wolfgang*

Until the wind blew my umbrella  
inside out and tore it from my hand  
to roll down the uneven road and  
land upside down in a ditch - until  
then, I had never been really  
unhappy.

V

*by Cheryl Hoopes*

The vapid, vitiated votary's view  
was that the vision and practice  
were valid, but he was blinded by  
the leader's vulpine verve, which  
caused him to miss the  
underlying vacuousness of the

W

*by Cheryl Hoopes*

Weak with worry, the woun  
woman worked out her  
weeping into the lump of  
dough on the counter in fro  
of her, wondering what tim  
her wandering fifteen-year-  
daughter would return, yet  
wanting to welcome her wit  
the bread's winsome arom  
home.

X

*by Cheryl Hoopes*

The xanthic-haired xylogra  
could make no determinati  
about the authenticity of the  
relic, since the poor condi  
of the xeroxed copy of it m

↳  
*by Sharon Wolfgang*

They yelled, "Why is your yarrow yellow?", and I just yawned.

Z

*By Cheryl Hoopes*

It was the zenith of a wonderfully relaxed day on a summer evening with a warm zephyr ruffling the edges of the tablecloth on the table set out in the garden just behind the zinnias, and Zelda was looking forward to a quiet culinary benediction, which was why she said, "Let's keep it simple, Andy; we'll just light the candles and have dessert," so with zabaglione served, and with Zinfandel poured, that's exactly what they did, with a toast from Andy to Zelda, "It's been great; and now, a sweet goodnight."

*Laura L Mays Hoopes acknowledges with gratitude the lovely moments provided by Fiona Robb and Kaspalita in their "River of Stones" project and the support of my husband, Michael and daughter, Heather.*

This Project required those who posted to submit their choice of postings after the conclusion of Alphetaphila, and LLMH regret that time did not permit some of those who posted frequently to submit their work for this collection.