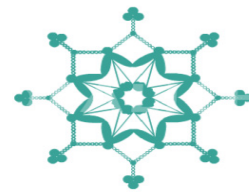


# *The MANA Sunset*

*December 2015 Issue*



## *In This Issue:*



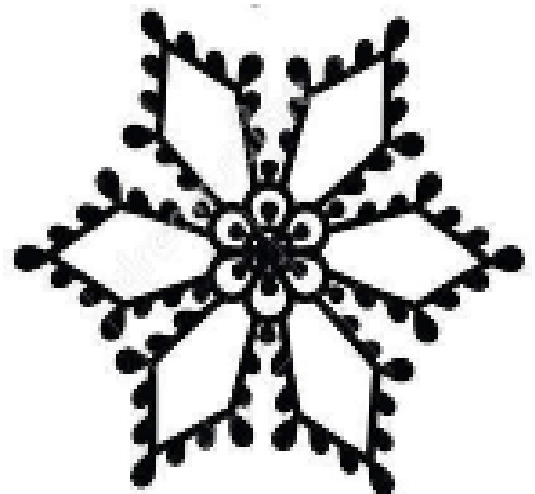
First, all of us here at MANA wish all you loyal readers out there a most merry holiday season and best wishes for the new year! In this issue, we feature new and up-and-coming book releases, excellent poetry, and information concerning five books that recently showcased at the National Council of Teachers of English. On the next page, see some photos of MANA's booth at the conference!

For the first time, this newsletter will also feature a reading response by a student to one of the poems included in the newsletter. The poem being responded to, "They Told Me So" was recently published in *Community College Students' Literary Collage* and written by Hannah Jackson. We also feature the poetry of Rita Juliana Scott--full of passion, intensity, light, darkness. Enjoy the issue and be well!

## *Submit Your Work!*

MANA is still asking for writers to submit work to this newsletter, *The MANA Sunset*, as well as the serial blog on MANA's website (a minimum of five installments to be published in monthly intervals). This is free publicity! All rights to the work are retained by you. This is a tremendous opportunity for aspiring authors to have a large audience read their works.

Send stories to [info@marketingnewauthors.com](mailto:info@marketingnewauthors.com).



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**RARE EARTH STONE**  
John F. Roberts, Jr.

**FROM AFRICA TO AMERICAN STYLE**

**TOURISM TO TRAVEL IN AFRICA**

**THE PERFECT CATCH**

**REDBALL MISSION**

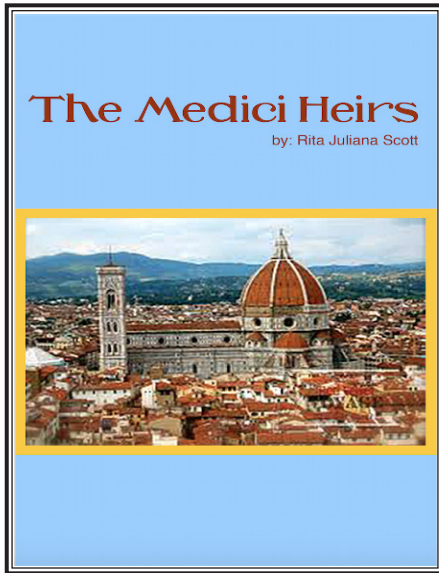
**SINCE 1991**

**SINCE 2002**



# *Works Debuted at the NCTE*

In late November, members of the staff at MANA traveled to Minneapolis for the National Council of Teachers of English. At the conference MANA's booth showcased the works of recent authors who have joined the MANA team. Read more about the books and their authors below:

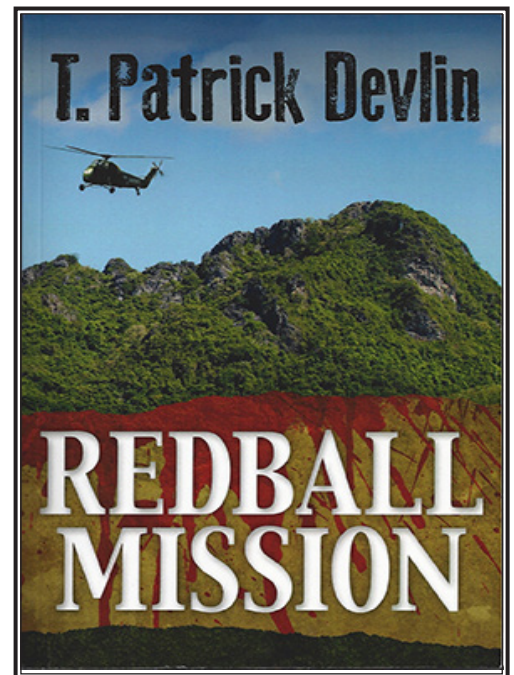


## *The Medici Heirs by Rita Juliana Scott*

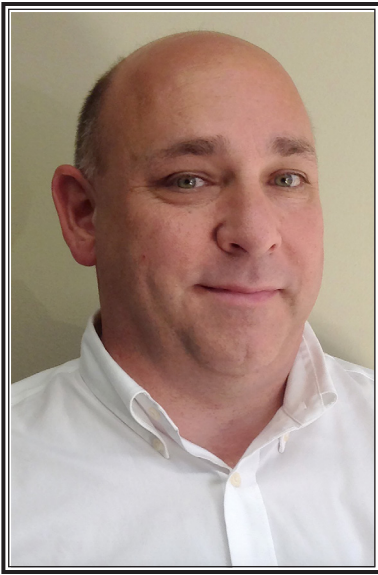
This novel is set during the Italian Renaissance. Later and contains elements of fact and fiction. The plot moves to the 20th century providing the fictional twists and turns with spirits, the power of greed, and the strength in character of the last of the heirs, a female Ph.D. with grit. See the series of poems by Rita included in this newsletter to get a sneak peek at her work!

## *Redball Mission by T. Patrick Devlin*

This work concerns a Viet Nam vet and his continuous survival coping with PTSD. This narrative is a powerful literary picture into the lives of many of the veterans that have come home from the wars of the 20th and 21st centuries. Families, who haven't a clue how to give meaningful support and understanding, must read this book. Therapists, who need a resource that can serve well in group sessions, will find this book a strong catalyst for discussion. And this is a book for the general public to understand more poignantly what many men and women are experiencing upon their transition to civilian life and the reason they have earned and deserve this nation's support and continuous gratitude.





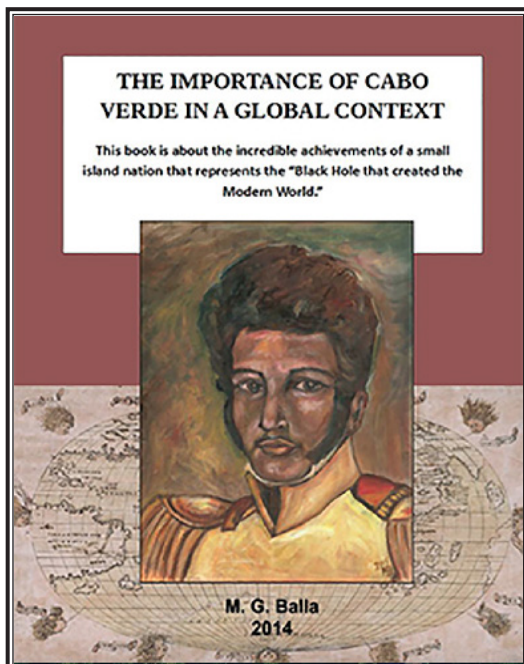
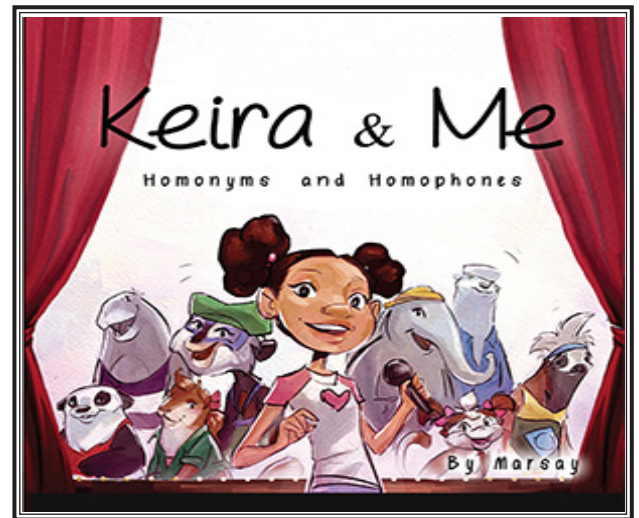


## *The Continuing Adventures of a Middle-Aged Man, The Unsung Hero by Russ Grimes*

This is the second book detailing the exploits of Randy Grames. This superhero is one many adults will be able to relate to. Also, children will enjoy this unassuming hero. This work is for sale on the MANA website!

## *Keira and Me by Marsay Wells-Strozier*

For children and adults trying to learn one of the most challenging concepts of the English language—homonyms and homophones—this book is perfect! Along with Keira and her aunt, Keira's classmates are many of the endangered species animals of this world. This book will be available in Spanish and Arabic quite soon! The color drawings are bright and the storyline engaging.



## *The Importance of Cabo Verde in a Global Context by Marcel G. Balla*

The real story of those who contributed to the discovery and development of the Americas has not been told. However, this book provides concrete documentation of the contribution of Verde and Cape Verdeans to America. For more than five centuries, this contribution by Cape Verdeans has been ignored. Revelations in this work will arouse a strong interest by Hispanic and African communities in North and South America. Finally, the whole world will learn the total truth about the discovery of the Americas.

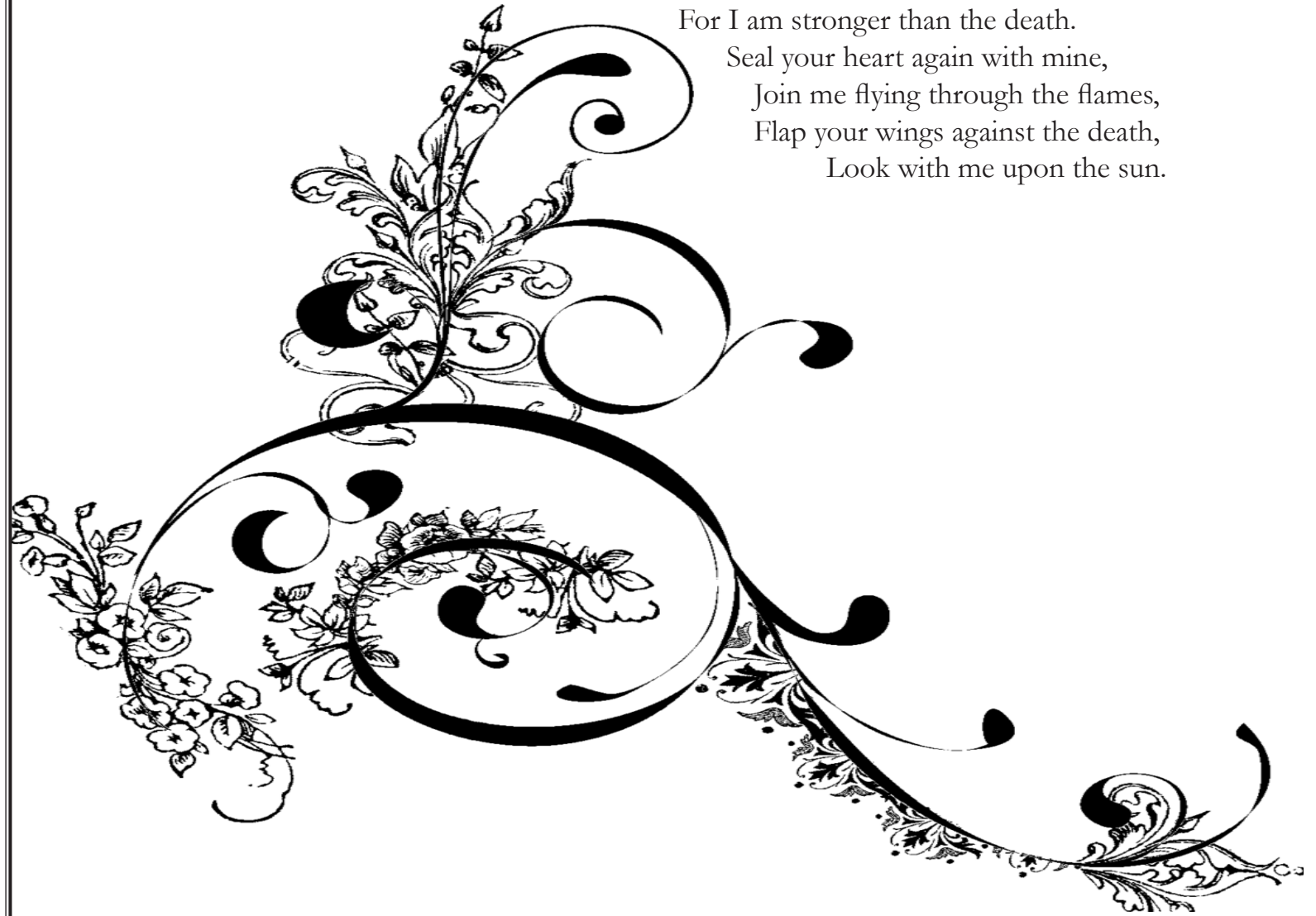
# *The Poetry of Rita Juliana Scott*

## *"My Song of Songs"*

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

I am a seal upon thine heart,  
I am a seal upon thine arm,  
For love is stronger than the death,  
For wings are stronger than the grave.  
Coals of fire are your pain,  
Jealousy is a deadly flame,  
For I am soaring in the sky,  
For I am stronger than the death.

Seal your heart again with mine,  
Join me flying through the flames,  
Flap your wings against the death,  
Look with me upon the sun.



*The Poetry of Rita Juliana Scott*

*L'inverno-Winter*

Listening to J. S. Bach, BWV 1080  
The Art of Fugue,  
Jordi Savall



Mio duol, miei tristi accenti,  
Senti pietoso quel tuo cor.

**Please, listen with mercy in your heart  
To my words of pain and sorrow.**

Pain in four voices,  
Four voices of pain.

Quattro stagione.  
**Four seasons.**

All four are Winter,  
All four are Pain.

La stagione morta.  
**The season of death.**

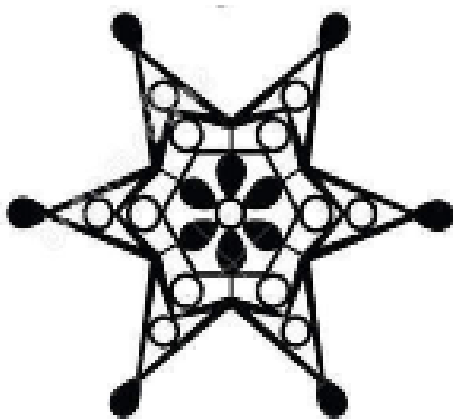
Death of Hope,  
Death of Love,  
Death of Spring,  
Death Eternal.



In four Voices,  
Voices of Pain,  
Voices of Despair,  
Death of Love.

All Saints,  
All the Saints.

La voce del Pecatore.  
**The voice of a sinner.**



## *L'estate-Summer*

Listening to J. S. Bach, BWV 881  
The Well Tempered Clavier, Book II  
Prelude and Fugue No. 12 in F Minor  
Svyatoslav Richter

**Behold, I make  
All things new.**

Revelation 21:5

**Variations on 'Listening to Vivaldi'.  
Original Lyrics by A. Velichansky.  
Music by V. Berkovsky and S. Nikitin.**

Listening to Vivaldi,  
Listening to a blizzard in the streets, Let's cry about something important  
Let's cry about the loss of love.

Full of pain was my life,  
Yet I was searching for joy, And hoped that one day, God willing,  
I shall love again.

And I was sitting  
Like patience on a monument,  
Smiling in grief,  
Listening to lost love.

But then you kissed me,  
And took me by the hand. You looked into my eyes,  
And made me love again.

Then, listening to Vivaldi, Listening to a sunny harpsichord, To singing violins, to crying  
To love you till the end of time

*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,  
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.*

**Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Lord God of Hosts.**

Please, listen with mercy in your heart  
To my words of pain and sorrow.





*Sposa son disprezzata,  
Fida, son oltraggiata.  
Cieli, che feci mai?*

**I am a scorned wife  
Faithful, yet insulted.  
Heavens, what have I done?**

Death of Hope,  
Death of Love,  
Death of Spring,  
Death Eternal.

*Exaudi orationem meam,  
ad te omnis caro veniet.  
Kyrie eleison.*

**Hear my prayer,  
For unto Thee all flesh shall come.  
Lord have mercy.**

The voice of an insulted wife.  
Hopeless voice.  
Pleading voice.  
Crying voice.

And then pain was not there anymore.  
And then the crying had stopped.  
For I became Kali,  
Dark and merciless.

And light eternal granted me rest.  
And I made love potion again,  
And gave it to a handsome devil,  
And promised to love him till the end of time.

Lamb Primavera...







## *La primavera-Spring*

Listening to J. S. Bach, BWV 208  
Cantata 'Sheep May Safely Graze'  
Magdalena Kozena

Sheep may safely graze.  
I am a good shepherdess singing only of love.  
'La pastorella semplicemente canta d'amore.'  
Let sheep feel peace and rest.

I am happy, I brewed love potion,  
I put a spell on you, because you are mine.  
Lamb Rosemary, Lamb Provencal,  
Lamb Peccata, Lamb Primavera.

You are spellbound, Caro Mio.  
Bound like a sacrifice.  
For I am Kali.  
Kali the dark. Kali the merciless.

You put the ashes  
Of all Butyrkas and Treblinkas in my heart.  
Like a lamb to the slaughter I lived my life,  
Singing only of love, brewing love potions.

Yet the worms destroyed my body,  
'Vieni, vieni, Oh Mio Diletto.'  
Hence I became light.  
Come, My Precious.

Fighting demons of night with a walking stick.  
Will you dare to look in my eyes?  
For I am Kali the timeless  
Agnus Dei, Lamb Peccata, grants me rest.

## *L'autunno-Autumn*

Listening to J. S. Bach, BWV 232

Misa en si menor/B minor

Jordi Savall

All Saints, all the Saints, pure light, pain, and anguish.

Was your suffering rewarded?

Shadows of all Treblinkas and Butyrkas:

I carry you in my heart.

Who were you, tortured and forgotten?

What your loved ones were telling you

Watching you entering a path of no return?

Have you thought about your loved ones in your death?

Eat, drink, and be merry!

Don't worry-be happy!

Seven mortal sins, and you,

Watching the gladiators killing each other.

Bread and circuses!

Religion is the opium for the masses!

Arbeit macht frei!

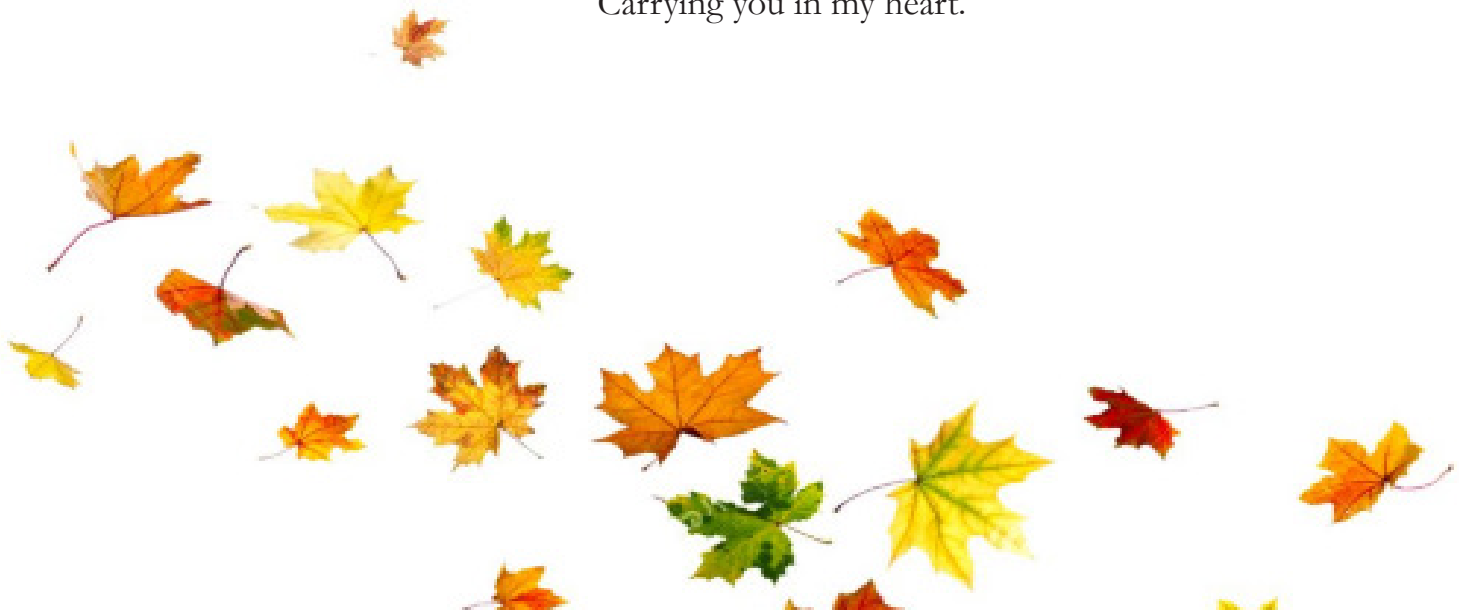
Auto-da-fe!

All Saints, all the Saints:

Mea Culpa....

I am a Sugar Plum Fairy tonight, and every night,

Carrying you in my heart.



# *"They Told Me So"*

*Hannah Jackson*



They told me that you missed me  
That I should visit more often  
I didn't have the time

They told me I should call  
That you would like to hear from me  
I didn't like talking on the phone

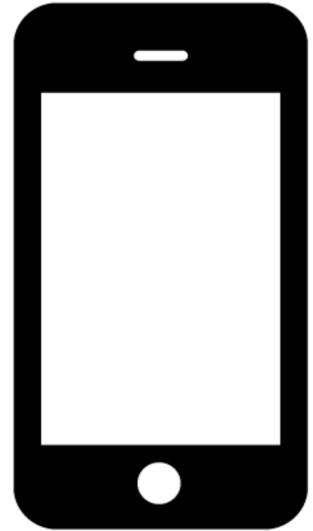
They told me you wanted to know when I played  
That you liked seeing me at my games  
I didn't know the schedule

Somewhere in the midst  
Of all my bought-up time  
Yours ran out

Now I tell them that I miss you  
That I should have visited more  
I have so much free time

Now I tell them I should have called  
That I would like to hear from you  
I don't mind talking on the phone

Now I tell them I wish you saw me play  
That I missed seeing you at my games  
I could have gotten a schedule.





## *Response to “They Told Me So” written by Stephanie Pomper*

“They Told Me So” by Hanna Jackson is by the far best poem in Community College Students’ Literary Collage. First, it is the best poem because it is relatable for young readers. This poem is about a persona losing his/her parent/guardian. The poem often refers to things that adolescents often don’t like/want to do; the line “I didn’t like talking on the phone” is a perfect example of this. This poem also shows how adolescents grow, by later saying “I don’t mind talking on the phone” after the parent/guardian has passed. Second, it is the best poem because the structure doesn’t change. Often poets will change structures to create a dramatic effect, but this poem is written so well that it doesn’t need anything more than a basic set-up. The poet uses enjambment which is where a line will run from one line to the next; if one looks closely, this entire poem is actually one long line. This helps the poet show the readers how quickly this all happened in the persona’s life. Finally, it is the best poem because of the balance of the work. The poet doesn’t just say “they died”; she makes it “poetic”: “Somewhere in the midst/Of all my bought up time/Yours ran out.” She, also, did a great job on reversing the poem, by making the first three stanzas about life, the middle one about death, and the last three about coping. This balance really helps the poem flow nicely. The poem is written so nicely a reader can feel the pain the persona is going through by the end of it. “They Told Me So” is the best poem in Community College Students’ Literary Collage because of the relatability to young readers, the constant structure, and the balance of the poem.

A soft-focus photograph of a winter landscape. In the background, a barn with a silo is partially visible through snow-covered trees. A path leads from the foreground into the distance. The scene is covered in a thick layer of snow, with some trees decorated with small lights.

## *A Letter From the Editor:*

Dear Readers,

I write to you in the vein of the last newsletter--revision! This is such a tough sticking point for writers, myself included. The easiest aspect of writing for me is getting all my ideas onto the page, but the hardest part is deciding what's working hardest and what isn't and getting rid of the excess kerfluffle (like that word, kerfluffle). Instead of bulleted points, I will take a sentence of my own writing and chisel it down three times to show just how much revision makes a difference:

*Like their ill-gotten love affair, the leaves and buds on the trees wouldn't last through the summer.*

*Like a love affair, the buds on the trees wouldn't last the summer.*

*It won't last the summer, our love.*

*Love won't last the summer.*

The last sentence says everything the first one says, but succinctly. Nothing is lost from start to finish. Editing at the level of the sentence is one of the first things I learned in an English composition class, but it still applies to my writing to this day. Revising is difficult because it pushes you to actively search for the flaws in your writing and to challenge yourself to work harder as a writer, a thinker, and a speaker of English (or whatever language you write in). As someone reminded me recently, revision itself is an art form that borrows from the art form of writing. Don't forget to see revising as nothing less than a vital aspect of the creative process.

*Happy Writing!*

