



# The Write Way

September 2019

[www.highlandlakeswritersclub.com](http://www.highlandlakeswritersclub.com)

**HLWC Meeting **This Coming Wednesday**, September 18, 2019**

**6:30 – 9:00 p.m.**

**Marble Falls Public Library**

101 Main Street

Marble Falls, TX 78654



**On Wednesday, member Kay Lee will speak on the topic**

**“Punctuation Pitfalls and Pointers.”**

**Kay majored in English at UT-Austin**

**and later spent many years as a technical editor,**

**first at UT and then at TxDOT.**

**Bring your punctuation questions for discussion!**



## HLWC Calendar for September 2019

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|------------------------------|---|
| <i>Tuesday, September 10</i> | <i>Critique group, BancorpSouth, 1:30 - 4:00 p.m.</i>       |
| <i>Wednesday, August 18</i>  | <i>Monthly meeting, MF Public Library, 6:30 - 9:00 p.m.</i> |
| <i>Tuesday, September 24</i> | <i>Critique group, BancorpSouth, 1:30 - 4:00 p.m.</i>       |
| <i>Monday, September 30</i>  | <i>Open-mic poetry night at Numinous, 5:00 - 6:30 p.m.</i>  |







## Writings by Members of HLWC: September 2019

### Shakespearean Sonnet #57

*By Wayne Hawley*

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour  
Whilst I my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
When you have bid your servant adieu,  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like sad slave, stay and think of naught  
Save where you are how happy you make those,  
So true a fool is love that I'm your will,  
Though you do anything he thinks no ill.

### Hurricane Watch

*By Kay Diane Lee*

They are the ones who have the least to fear,  
Who know by now the ways of wind and tide,  
And not we inland residents, who pride  
Ourselves on having shelter, safety here.  
Shore dwellers who anticipate the sea —  
Who stay, or go without a backward glance —  
Seem somehow safer from its wrath, their chance  
Of ruin less than that for you or me.

Those lucky souls with much to lose — or keep —  
Are they who trust in providence, never we:  
They feel the first fine fury of the storm,  
Its sovereignty and strength . . . a kind of harm  
The cautious may not understand, who reap  
The aftermath, its wreckage, its debris.