

Goldfinch



*Literary Journal of
Women Who Write, Inc.
Volume 28, 2025-2026*

Goldfinch

The Literary Journal of Women Who Write, Inc.

Volume 28, 2025-2026

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In Memoriam

We dedicate this issue of Goldfinch to Mary Lee Waldron, a founding member of Women Who Write, Inc. Mary Lee's foresight provided women writers from New Jersey and afar a safe, supportive, and inspiring community to share and nurture their creative talents. Mary Lee passed on October 21, 2025.

Obsession

by Mary Lee Waldron

Coiled
tortuous tendrils
of a fox grapevine
threaten my precious salix
with strangulation.

gyrations and convolutions
silently form
a labyrinthine maze
around its branches.

Anguished, I pull,
tug, twist
the vine springs backwards
the bush stands free.

Yet subterranean roots
of the vine
seize hold
poised for future combat.

(republished from a previous issue of Goldfinch)

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A Goldfish Elegy

Donna Piken

I had a goldfish.
Won him with a throw of
a ping pong ball into a small
fishbowl at the annual
Feast of San Gennaro
in Little Italy.
I was fourteen years old.

He'd swim round and round
without a care. When I'd speak,
he'd stop, look at me,
and politely listen—unblinking.

We had a real connection.
I named him Socrates.
A fitting name for the
smartest, wisest goldfish
there was or would ever be.

I fed him regularly and rewarded
him with a bigger fishbowl.
To oxygenate the water,
I anchored a small banana
plant in the gravel.

A Goldfish Elegy (cont'd)

Donna Piken

We were both content
until I came down with scarlet
fever and my Nana visited.

After my nap, she told me
she straightened the house,
fed my parakeet, and changed
the water in the fishbowl.

Socrates was dead by nightfall.
Nana had replaced the fish gravel
with bird gravel from an unlabeled
jar under the kitchen sink.

The bowl sat empty
for a very long time.

Blonde Adonis

Ann Frommer

“Christmas Eve, the worst night of my life;” newly divorced and alone since my two boys were invited to their dad’s apartment, ostensibly to celebrate with him and his new girlfriend & **her** children.

In spite of it having started to snow (hate driving in snow), we piled into my old Volkswagen Rabbit and I cautiously drove them to his apartment. They grumbled all the way about being uprooted from their cozy home on Christmas Eve.

Finally arriving at their father’s apartment, even before I could have a last word with them, he rushes out, enthusiastically greeting them with, “You are going to meet my new friend and her WONDERFUL children! It’s going to be so much fun!”

No reaction!

Next sentence, “Wait until you see the presents I bought for you!”

That did it, I was no longer important, replaced by a Christmas wrapped box of something or other.

They were so brainwashed by his idea of gifts they never even kissed me goodbye. So, sadly I drove myself to a “Singles” Christmas Eve party. Not crazy about the idea, but since the concept was created by a friend...my friend who started *a professional person’s singles group*. The idea was “we” who were alone on Christmas Eve, would get together, share a meal and mingle! This event was held a good distance away in Boonton, NJ.

Never having been to Boonton...now it’s nighttime plus a heavy snowfall, I threatened *to turn around a few times*. However, in spite of everything, I trudged along in the deepening snow and made it.

Since we were asked to bring some food, I brought two loaves of homemade bread from my catering business.

New to the singles circle and not in the mood to socialize, I nodded a few times, grunted and attempted to smile. I so wanted to leave. When I mentioned it to the hostess, she insisted I wait until after the food was served. I had Christmas dinner all set for the next day, but little else in my refrigerator, and I was very hungry, so it was easy for her to convince me to stay.

Reluctantly, I grabbed a plate, helped myself to the mouthwatering buffet and parked myself in front of the roaring fireplace. *The combination of my negative attitude and body language did not present an inviting picture.*

Blonde Adonis (cont'd)

Ann Frommer

My head was down, concentrating on the food on my plate. I barely noticed a pair of shiny shoes that belonged to a deep voice asking, "Is this spot taken?"

Jolted out of my spell, I looked up and there was a tall, blonde Adonis staring down at me and smiling! Struggling to compose myself, I responded, "No, have a seat."

We chatted endlessly throughout the evening! I suddenly noticed the time. Realizing I had to be home before their father dropped off the boys; heaven help me if I'm late!

With a gasp, I said, "I gotta go." *He never asked for my phone number, so I left.*

Two days later, the party organizer called, telling me she'd like to plan a Super Bowl Party. Referring to my big house, she asked if I would mind hosting it.

I agreed. She gave me a list of names to call and invite. *Unknownst to me, one of the names belonged to my "Blonde Adonis."* I called, we spoke and within seconds, he interrupted, saying, "Please don't hang up until you give me your phone number." I did, and the rest is history.

P.S. Since that Christmas Eve Party, *My Blonde Adonis* and I have spent more than forty blissful years together.

Abecedarian for Richie

Lori Carlson

All the time we had together
Became so short
Causing such
Deep pain
Even the laughter
Faded too soon amidst the
Gathering gloom of
Homes forgotten and
Insecurities never addressed
Just left to fester. I
Kept them to myself in the name of
Love enduring anything
Manipulated into believing
Never-ending was a real thing
Opinions not truly my own, but
Put forth as an alternative to my
Query on where we stood
Rarely addressed directly
Sidestepped so well
Tracks faint in the spell
Under which I lived
Very steeped in my ignorance
Waiting on the day
Xanadu became real and
Yesterday became home as
Zany as that now feels.

Again, October

Maureen Lanagan Haggerty

Orange-yellow leaves are strewn unevenly
around the trunk of the old pin oak
the sun dances about the backyard
from my kitchen window I see
patches of worn summer grass
almost hay-tinted now
and near the tree
my son's shepherd rests
her beige, brown-black fur blends
into the still warm earth
she sniffs the cool air
watches leaves fall gently
sees a squirrel rush
across the neighbor's lawn
content with autumn's arrival

Do You Know Who I Had Lunch With?

Donna Piken

I had been retired almost two years and often took the bus alone into New York City to shop, see a show, or go to an appointment. On this November Friday in 2011, I had a two o'clock doctor's appointment and headed uptown with plenty of time to spare. Being incredibly hungry, I walked to the Metro Diner on 100th Street and Broadway, a few blocks from my destination. I'd eaten there before. The servings were generous, and the food never disappointed.

The booths upfront were all taken, so I was led to a choice of tables in the back. After relaxing into my seat and studying the enormous menu, I gave the waiter my order—a Cobb salad with vinaigrette dressing and a chamomile tea.

Just then my unexpected lunch date walked in. It was Matthew Broderick. Yes, *the* Matthew Broderick, stage and film actor of Ferris Bueller fame. I was excited. He was forty-nine years old at the time, eight years my junior. He looked over the menu and also quickly ordered the Cobb salad, but with oil and vinegar, and a cup of coffee.

Our Cobb salads were colorful and served in ginormous bowls brimming with chopped chicken, avocados, egg, and an array of fresh ingredients. I couldn't wait to dig in. Matthew also seemed pleased with the oversized portion.

Alright, so we didn't exactly lunch together at the same table, but we might as well have. We were directly facing each other, about eight feet apart—just as if we were seated at the ends of a long dining room table. We were like two old friends comfortably eating without the need for small talk. During our meal, we even glanced at each other a few times. He viewed me without curiosity. I viewed him with great interest while pretending not to recognize him. I was respectful of his space. It isn't my style to ooze with star-struck enthusiasm or gush with intrusive gestures or praise.

Matthew was wearing a zip-up black sweater over a light green tee and gray pants. His dark-framed round glasses stood out against his graying brown hair. He seemed transfixed by an article in *The New York Times* and interrupted by occasional beeps from his cell phone. In fact, he appeared more engrossed in the newspaper than his food. I wondered if he was merely passing time, waiting to pick up his kids from school, attend a rehearsal, or go to an appointment.

Do You Know Who I Had Lunch With? (cont'd)

Donna Piken

I became most curious as to what article in the newspaper so engulfed him. As if on cue, he performed the traditional subway fold technique, creasing the newspaper so I could see exactly where the article was in the Arts section. I made a mental note to check it when I got home.

I don't know that anyone else had recognized the famed star, but I seemed, a little guiltily, to be the only one preoccupied with him. The room was filled with an eclectic mix of diners: an elderly woman with thick-lensed glasses who held her head mere inches from her plate as she ate, her striped scarf miraculously avoiding her food; a man in a red shirt juggling phone calls and hurried bites; a sharply dressed man with an iPod studying his menu; and another so skilled he read a newspaper and ate without once looking at his plate. Nearby, a father and his young daughter sat in palpable tension, their strained interaction reminding me of awkward dinners with my own father after my parents separated.

Most striking was a theatrical man sitting to my left with jet-black hair, metallic gray nails, and flawless makeup, whose animated phone conversation caught even Matthew's attention. I tried to read Matthew's face when he noticed him. His gaze broke after a few moments when he realized I was watching, at which point we both quickly lowered our eyes.

After a while, Matthew was again engrossed in his newspaper, and after surveying the lay of the land as a director might scrutinize a stage set and its characters, I returned to my salad. It was mouthwatering delicious. Every now and then I looked around to see if any new action was going on. None was. The diners were all playing their part in a predictable and consistent fashion.

For me, people-watching was certainly more entertaining than daydreaming, reading, or whatever it is you do when you are eating out alone.

My appointment wasn't for another twenty minutes, so I indulged in another cup of tea. My plate was now empty. My imagination sparked. I felt satiated, waved for the check, and mentally thanked everyone for the role they had played in this little exercise of mine—especially Matthew Broderick, who looked up from his world for a

Do You Know Who I Had Lunch With? (cont'd)

Donna Piken

brief moment to see me leave. My lunch had not only been tasty but unexpectedly great fun. It might only have been heightened had his wife, Sarah Jessica Parker, walked in.

When I arrived home later that day, I took off my coat and dashed to the kitchen table to find the Arts section of *The New York Times*. There it was—the article that had caught Matthew's eye: a theatre review titled "An Enduring Marriage of Wit and Lust" by Ben Brantley. It covered Richard Eyre's revival of Noël Coward's *Private Lives*, starring Kim Cattrall, his wife's co-star from *Sex and the City*.

For days, I couldn't stop laughing as I told family and friends the story of how I had lunch with Matthew Broderick. Even today, years later, when I see him on TV, I'll turn to whoever is watching with me and say, "Did you know that I had lunch with Matthew Broderick?"

It still cracks me up.

Aging

Sarah Ducksworth

There is a weakness in his back
that causes him to bend
as he shuffles into the family den.

He sees me watching
and he straightens up to pretend
he has no aching bones.

There is something pathetic about growing old.
It's like accepting mold
that creeps up slowly on new red brick
and, in the setting sun, becomes so thick
the surface starts to crumble.

Miss Rose

Laura Daniels

Picture this: it's the 1970s, the economy is in the crapper, and my mom, a single parent, is unemployed and can't find a job. I had just graduated from St. Hedwig's Grammar School. But there was no money to send me to St. Mary's High School. Instead, I would attend Elizabeth Public High School.

I survived Elizabeth High by avoiding the bathrooms, the cafeteria, and the gym. The three most dangerous places in that school. These were the three places where the school's general population mixed, and sometimes they could be hazardous and harmful to a student's body if a fight broke out.

Keeping away from the bathroom and cafeteria was simple. I lived a short block away and could get home and back quickly and undetected. Steering clear of the gym was a little more complicated. But having lots of medical excuses did the trick!

I enrolled in college prep courses. The hoodlums stayed away from that curriculum, which made attending class trouble-free. During my junior year, I learned that Rutgers had an early admission program. I applied, and they accepted me.

By attending Rutgers in the Fall, I can complete my senior high school requirements and earn college credits at the same time. It would also reduce my high school "sentence" by one full year. And for that, I was grateful!

But I still had to survive the rest of my junior year. Besides being accepted into Rutgers, a few other remarkable things happened in the last quarter of my junior year. I competed for and won two weeklong field trips. The first was a Junior Achievement trip to Houston, TX, to study business. The second was to Washington, DC, to study government. I missed many classes that quarter. It was school avoidance at its finest!

I told my teachers about the trips, and they were on board. Except, that is, for Miss Rose, my history teacher. She was not on board.

Miss Rose was a tiny woman. Her shape reminded me of a teapot—short and stout. I don't think she ever looked anyone directly in the eye.

One day, I stayed after class to talk to her about the trips. After I said my piece, she got out her grade book, looked up my name, made a note, and, speaking directly to her grade book, said, "Ten days are too many days to miss. Attendance is a big part of your grade."

Miss Rose (cont'd)

Laura Daniels

The talk with Miss Rose didn't go well. It shook me up, but it didn't stop me from going on the trips.

A week after the school year ended, my final grades were sent home. I passed all my classes—except History. Miss Rose gave me an "F" in the fourth quarter.

When I finally recovered and looked through my Rutgers paperwork, I discovered that Rutgers only requires my grades through the third quarter.

It slowly dawned on me...that failing grade would remain forever hidden in the dark, dusty files of Elizabeth High.

Miss Rose wanted to keep me down, but I soared anyway!

**Childhood:
in Five Haiku**
Carole Garibaldi Rogers

parade, soldiers, bands:
atop my daddy's shoulders
I blow my tin horn

pbj, white bread
triangles without edges
hold a father's love

in the air solo
silently parade with clouds
pilot of my plane

flaunting our medals
on navy jumpers, we girls
soar beyond eighth grade

I was taught to fear
God/you/me/the world
now I know I flunked

The Dance

Rose Morba

I wanted my dance to be like a Renoir painting
the *Dance at Bougival*
in a café outside of Paris
on a carefree summer day

I wanted to be the graceful woman in the pink dress
trimmed with red ribbon and cinched at the waist
hair adorned with a scarlet bonnet
scarf dangling off her shoulders
suggesting her interest
in the alluring man in a navy suit
strawberry blond beard and mustache trimmed so precisely
his golden straw hat strategically dipped below one eye*
so mysterious
so vain

I think back to Steve
he could have been Renoir's model
beard trimmed to perfection
movements meant to be noticed
so debonair
so insincere

There was a time
I longed to be the graceful woman in a pink dress
swaying to a waltz with a mysterious man
in a cafe outside of Paris
on a carefree summer day

but now—I know better

*“*You’re So Vain*”
by Carly Simon

My Last Will and Testament

Ginger Rockett Pate

I have never had the opportunity to write what I want at the end of my life and which of my possessions I will leave to my family and friends. I better start now before it's too late to let you know my wishes.

I've had a good and happy life. When I was young, I would run around the yard and play with my friends. Jumping up the ladder and into the pool was my favorite thing to do. But now that I'm older, I walk up the ladder. But I can still swim by doing the doggie paddle. That keeps me afloat. I would like my life to end in a humane way, with no extra help to keep me walking around the neighborhood or help finding my food to eat. When I can't sit by the window and enjoy seeing the little kids playing on the swings or hearing the dinner bell saying it's time to eat, you'll know it's time.

I'm writing with all of my faculties in place. My mind is still sharp. Some of my possessions have helped me throughout my life and certain ones I want to leave to the ones I love so dearly.

To my mother: I leave to you my favorite ball. You and I played with it almost every day when I was young. You were my main teacher who taught me almost everything I know. Amazing how this ball stayed intact all these years.

To my father: I leave to you my favorite book: *101 Dalmatians*. You always told me that the Dalmatians' story encouraged you to find the love of your life, and that I would find the love of my life and I did. I married my sweet Paige, who made me so very happy.

To sweet Paige, my love: I leave to you my favorite blanket. You and I would crawl under this blanket together holding each other for hours at a time while we snoozed the afternoon away on cold rainy days. This blanket will keep you warm and you'll know this blanket by the smell if it ever gets lost.

To my puppies, Chrissy and Sissy: I leave you the memories and happy times we shared together. I leave you my other book I liked, *The Fox and the Hound*, because we got lost in the forest playing hide and seek, too. Also, you will never have to go to the dog pound because I've made arrangements, should you need it, to live at the Very Merry Happy Haven Paws Gated Community. They even have their own pool and playground. You can live there until you can be adopted by a loving family.

My Last Will and Testament (cont'd)

Ginger Rockett Pate

And lastly, to my friends: I leave all of my favorite bones I've hid. You just have to find them, and I know you will.

Signed: Buster McHound



The Struggle

Lois B. Dornfeld

They tell me I'm so lucky
wow – you still have your mother!
I don't feel so lucky
it's more job than blessing

Listening to your complaints
organizing your demands
and the paperwork!
Mail / doctor notes / applications

I struggle
back-and-forth
with my feelings
about you

What I want is freedom
to sit and listen to your stories
to take a break from your needs
to be mother daughter
not the other way around

To look at you with love
to conjure up the good times
but my reserves are low
and you don't make it easy.

Shock Absorber

Diane T. Masucci

Finn won't mind.

It was time. Their mattress had to go. Her back was killing her, and she noticed it more since the knee replacement surgery. When one pain subsides, another quickly replaces it, her mother always said. Mother, may she rest in peace, knew no relief from bursitis, aggravated daily with her work in that freezing office at the big auto company. Management cared more about installing great air conditioning in the cars than they did about its number crunchers who made them profits every year.

Anne blinked away the tears, wondering about the slanted lens problem her ophthalmologist flagged. Glaucoma already? Her left big toe throbbed, probably a returning ingrown toenail. And arthritis, the family inheritance, lurked in her bones, calling out like an insufferable bleating goat.

Lately, she felt like an old used car rattling around the latest swerves of her life. She needed some shock absorbers, that's all.

A new bed would certainly help!

Anne sipped her hot morning coffee at the kitchen table, her eyes moving toward the last and thriving wild orchid she was nurturing on the back porch. It was bursting with pink flowers and she'd hardly touched it. What was it about orchids anyway? So needy and often demanding, but hers seemed to thrive under her thumb. She loved how unpredictable they were, sending shoots out overnight and popping out with new blooms.

She swallowed three Advil, her daily coffee chasers. She better focus.

She grabbed her phone and Googled how to buy a mattress.

A President's Day Sale promised the cure for back pain. She dove into the site, reading through the quick quiz about sleep habits. Side, she remembered, but Finn's a back sleeper. Ignore your partner, the site advised. Just worry about your own needs. Right, right. But for 45 years they'd always consulted on big decisions, especially something as important as a mattress.

Her first marital bed didn't even have a frame. She and her first spouse had squeezed into that tiny student-subsidized apartment where Anne kept their infant son nestled in a dresser drawer before they di-

Shock Absorber (cont'd)

Diane T. Masucci

forced. It worked. She made it work. Everything worked better after she extracted her ex from her life.

She didn't suffer fools.

Her full-time job put food on the table. Yes, she had to drop out of college but her bookkeeping skills, eventually enhanced with nighttime classes, grew as she learned and transformed herself into someone the management just couldn't ignore. She has a mind for numbers and ideas. It took time but they eventually recognized her talent. She was a leader. She could figure things out. She worked long hours—from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.—and got her degree. And slowly gained the trust of the engineer who worked for her. It didn't matter that she was a woman; the numbers spoke volumes as she slowly and steadily whipped their department into shape.

Her only distraction was Finn Sullivan, that cute guy, a union rep no less, who won her over.

With the feisty Finn at her side, everything became possible. He made her laugh. Here she was, moving up into management as he led the union she had to negotiate against. An odd couple, gossipers said. They couldn't always talk about work, but boy could they do pillow talk at night. She didn't need those wild erotic novels to turn her on. Their bed was a refuge, an oasis of sexual companionship.

Eventually, they earned good enough money to not only buy a better mattress but build a new home with an outdoor pool. Who could've imagined? And when his son, Denny, came to live with them, they had enough room. Their first mattress went to Denny, a third life cycle for that bed, bringing rest and relaxation in the room he shared with her son, Logan. Symmetry. The circle of life.

The first time Anne had sex was on a waterbed, crazily rolling around with another drunken freshman in college. She was a naïve student eager to live her own life without the restrictions of her newly widowed mother. She drank, she smoked. She had wild sex. She was unhinged then. Her father's sudden death in her high school senior year hurled their family of six into turmoil. But it also enabled her to attend college through the Veteran's Affairs Bureau for Widows. The benefits of widowhood, she mused. Her mother was a widow with four children.

Anne and her engineer father had been tight, very tight. He'd encouraged her mathematical skills, and they shared a love for adven-

Shock Absorber (cont'd)

Diane T. Masucci

turous travel. He satisfied his travel itch by joining the U.S. Army during World War II. And through adolescence, he was her rock against the ongoing battles she had with her mother.

And then, after a brain tumor diagnosis, in three months he was gone.

And she was left to deal with her mother, the widow with benefits.

What were her benefits now?

Anne took another sip of coffee, now at room temperature.

She stared at the French doors leading from their bedroom. She felt herself grin as she pictured Finn, butt naked, strutting from the French doors after their last lovely romp together. She could feel his hands reach out to remove her white silk camisole which he tossed over her head. Yes, they could still fuck. Still hard, still strong, still leaning into her as they rolled over the mattress for, it turned out, the last time.

It was only days before the flood that shut down their southern retirement dream home. Or was it another time before the wrath of his Alzheimer's ravaged his mind, sending him into fits and violence? The disease turned her gentle funny lover into a maniacal twisted stranger—a Frankenstein—bent on screaming and fighting with her every day.

The storm destroyed half of their home but had somehow left their bedroom intact. The 128 mph winds had blown through the master bedroom suite, breaking all the windows but sweeping past their bed out the double glass doors and onto the porch. Miraculous, wasn't it? Even her handmade, glass-based seashell lamps stood without cracks against the wind that destroyed her car, her pool, and her outdoor tropical gardens.

He had a new single bed in assisted care. Without her. He talked to no one. And he stopped talking to her until the end. So they hadn't really slept together for two years, had they?

Anne set the coffee aside, pulled her silky robe around her waist and walked to their bedroom. She let herself fall into bed and extended her arm to his side of the bed. She sniffed at his pillow, desperately hoping to get a scent of the man. She would never smell him again, hold him again, whisper her joys and her sorrows to him. She pounded the pillow again and again, soaking it with the latest torrent of tears that would do nothing to bring him back. Finn was gone after 45 years.

Shock Absorber (cont'd)

Diane T. Masucci

She couldn't rest until after his memorial service, where their sons and family and friends gathered to recreate stories of the man she had married. A father, a union rep, a local politico getting people to talk to each other about their common troubles. And a husband.

Anne's sobs subsided, leaving her dozing off on the wet pillow. The lumpy bed reminded her again of her own back pain.

She rose from the bed and walked back into the kitchen.

A new site popped up on her phone screen. Puffy? Puffy was the mattress rated highest by 68 percent of back pain sleepers.

At least she could manage some of her pain. Puffy would help.

About Our Authors

Lori Carlson

Lori is a published poet who has been a member of Women Who Write for four years. She is a licensed spiritual practitioner at Center for Spiritual Living Morristown and poetry has always been a big part of her journey. After spending most of her adult life in NYC, she now resides in Madison NJ. Her poetry has been published in *New Jersey Bards Poetry Review* 2023, 2024, and 2025, *The Poetry Marathon 2023 Anthology*, printed edition, *Goldfinch* Volume 26, *Anthology of Prompted Poems* 2023, and *The Camel*, Summer 2024 magazine. Additional poetry can be found at the Center for Spiritual Living Morristown's Website <https://www.cslmorristown.org/blog-2/>

Laura Daniels

Laura (she/her) is a neurodivergent, multi-genre writer and editor of *The Fringe 999 Poetry Forum*. Recently curated in *One Art*, *Journal of New Jersey Poets*, and *Smarty Pants Magazine for Kids*, Laura is the recipient of a 2025 Allen Ginsberg Poetry Honorable Mention for her poem "Shore Roots." Her dedication to nurturing new talent is evident in her writing workshops and innovative platforms, such as laura-danielswriter.wordpress.com and [@thefringe999](https://www.instagram.com/thefringe999). Her poetry book, *Gentle Grasp* (Kelsay Books), is available on Amazon, in bookstores, and in local libraries. She resides with her blueberry bushes and partner near the lake in Mount Arlington, NJ.

Lois B. Dornfeld

Lois began writing poetry in November 2020. She is a retired corporate meeting planner and continues to write poems in her home studio. Lois is the leader of Jersey Girl Poets, a Women Who Write critique group and an active participant in a bi-monthly Writing Circle. Additionally, she has taken several online classes with poet Nadia Colburn, Story Circle Network and Amherst Writers and Artists. Her poems have been published in the 2024 and 2025 issues of *Goldfinch*, the literary journal of Women Who Write, Inc.

About Our Authors

Sarah Smith Ducksworth

Sarah's stories and poems reflect her keen awareness of the harshness of life and the resiliency of the human spirit to overcome adversity. Her published writings have appeared in academic journals and newspapers, including *The New York Times*, *The Journal of Blacks in Higher Education*, and *The Magill's Series of Masterpieces of Literature*. In 1995 she wrote the Foreword to the 5th Edition of *The Underground Railroad* and appeared as an expert commentator in the PBS documentary, *The William Still Story*.

Ann Frommer

Ann has published her sixth book, a children's story entitled *Boomer, Working Dog*. She also co-authored the WWII Tailgunner series with her Pennsylvania one-room school classmate, Victor Merkel. This WWII trilogy includes the following titles: *Tailgunner*, *War Defines Us If We Let It*; *Tailgunner R3*; and *Tailgunner-Pip*. Ann's other works include *Annie Cooks*, a cookbook for those lactose intolerant folks who like to cook, and *Christmas in Her Heart*, a sap-happy Christmas memory story. She also wrote and produced *Stalag*, a short play about a prisoner of war camp and lives of the prisoners within, which was produced in the Tamaqua Arts Center, Tamaque, PA.

A registered nurse with a master's in personnel psychology, Ann runs a busy hospital department as its director, and has been published in the national award-winning *Quality News Magazine*, the *Hospital Financial Management Newsmagazine* and many other medical journals. Ann interviewed the Minister of Health in Hungary for an article titled "An American's Perspective of Hungarian Healthcare" published in *New Jersey Medicina*.

Maureen Lanagan Haggerty

Maureen's poems have appeared in *Frogpond*, *hedgerow* (England), *Poetry Pea Journal*, *Paper Mountains*, *tinywords*, *Haiku Society of America Members' Anthology*, *EXIT 13*, *Off the Coast*, *The Tower Poets* and *If Only You Knew*. She is a past president of Women Who Write

About Our Authors

and a founding member of Poets' Corner. Maureen's book of poetry is titled *Deeply Home*; her poems are inspired by nature and the changing of the seasons, memories of childhood and family, and Irish country life.

Diane (nee Trumbauer) Masucci

Diane writes fiction, poetry and essays. An award-winning print journalist and copy editor, she holds an MFA in fiction from The New School (2013). She has tutored immigrants in English and children in writing at The Montclair Writer's Room. She authored the biography of Beatrice A. Hicks, co-founder of Society for Women Engineers, for *Past and Promise: Lives of New Jersey Women* (1990), a historical reference book. She lives with her husband in Montclair, N.J., where they raised two children who have delighted them with seven grandchildren. In her spare time, Diane swims, listens to birds and chats with her friends over good coffee.

Rose Morba

Born and raised in New Jersey, Rose lived in the Boston area and in Philadelphia before returning to New Jersey. She is a retired educator and has joined several writing groups, for both prose and poetry, since retirement.

A favorite group of hers is WWW Jersey Girl Poets, which has motivated her to continue writing. She enjoys writing about family memories and nature, and reading poems by seasoned writers for inspiration.

Ginger Rockett Pate

Ginger is the author of *Would You Invite a Skunk to Your Wedding?* and *Look Left, Look Right, Look Left Again*, a Moonbeam Children's Book Award winner and a finalist in the International Book Awards. Both of her books were published by Green Bark Press.

About Our Authors

Donna Piken

Donna writes poetry, fiction, and memoir. A longtime member of Women Who Write, she coordinates the Livingston Mixed Genre group. She served on the editorial staff of *Goldfinch* for many years and was Editor-in-Chief of its 25th anniversary edition. Her mixed-media art and photography have been featured locally in juried shows, in online journals, and on the covers of *Goldfinch* volumes 21 and 24.

Carole Garibaldi Rogers

Carole has been a journalist, oral historian, and poet. For more than 30 years her articles and essays have appeared in national newspapers and magazines, including *The New York Times* and *America*. Her book, *Habits of Change: An Oral History of American Nuns*, was published by Oxford University Press. Her poetry has appeared in a variety of small-press journals and in anthologies.

About Our Cover Artist

Ginger Rockett Pate

Ginger is the photographer behind this issue's cover photo. The current President of Women Who Write and a children's book author. Ginger has two published titles to her credit: *Look Left, Look Right, Look Left Again*, winner of the Moonbeam Children's Book Award and a finalist in the International Books Awards; and *Would You Invite a Skunk to Your Wedding?*

About Our Editor

Bernice Bellouny

Bernice recently retired from her position as Senior Staff Writer with a New Jersey-based digital marketing company. She continues to write monthly blogs and articles for a former client while taking on the occasional freelance writing/editing gig. A long-term New Jersey resident, Bernice now lives in North Carolina with her husband, Darren, and dog, Holly, when they are not taking to the road in their motorhome exploring the country and, hopefully, gathering material for future writing projects.

About Us

Women Who Write, Inc. began in June 1988 as a single writing group called Mothers Who Write. Today, we are a regional women writers' organization and nonprofit corporation with writing groups that meet throughout New Jersey, as well as locations throughout the U.S. and abroad.

Any woman who writes may join Women Who Write, Inc. Our members include writers of short and long fiction, poetry, plays, journalism, essays, autobiography, science, mystery, history, romance and children's literature. Some are award-winning professionals who publish regularly; others write mainly for pleasure and self-discovery. We support each writer in establishing and meeting personal objectives.

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We would like to express our collective thanks to Andy Skurna for his many years serving as webmaster for Women Who Write. In addition to managing our website, womenwhowrite.org, Andy's multiple contributions to our organization included maintaining our membership list, updating members on our activities through emails and social media posts, and publishing Goldfinch, our literary magazine. Andy's commitment to perfection has kept us on our toes!

Andy, as you step away from these responsibilities, take with you our deepest gratitude and heartfelt wishes for all the best in your future endeavors.

On behalf of the Women Who Write membership, thank you, Andy!

