

The West End Poetry Festival is an annual celebration of poets and poetry in Carrboro.

This year, *The Carrborean* brings you poems from some of the featured poets at the festival.

Come out and hear more
October 16 - 18!



Schedule for the West End Poetry Festival 2025

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16

Steel String Brewery
106-A S. Greensboro Street

7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.

Join the Carrboro Poet's Council for a reading & collaborative poem. Hear poems from Gilbert-Chappell Mentorship Series Poet Kelsey Weimar. Stay for a fun open mic experience!

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17

Drakeford Library Complex at 203 S. Greensboro Street

7:00 p.m. - 7:45 p.m.

Join us for a reception on the 3rd floor terrace.

8:00 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.

Poetry reading from Carlina Duan and Meg Day, followed by a conversation between the two and questions and answer session.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18

Carrboro Century Center at 100 N. Greensboro Street

12:30 p.m.

Join us for coffee and biscuits!

1:00 p.m.

Welcome from Carrboro Mayor Barbara Foushee, Reading by School Youth Poets Laureate, NC Youth Poet Laureate Rishi Janakiraman and Farmer's Market Seedling Day Poems read by youth Liza Wolff-Francis

1:45 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.

Book poets reading

Jameela Fay Dallis
Erin Miller
Vince Kopp
Crystal Simone Smith

3:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.

Coffee and snacks, publishers and tables, books for sale

4:00 p.m. - 4:45 p.m.

Poetry reading with Liza Wolff-Francis & James Davis May

5:00 p.m. - 5:45 p.m.

Poetry in the Round

5:45 p.m. - 6:30 p.m.

Dinner from Carrburritos

6:30 p.m.

Craft Talk - "The Art of Futility" with James Davis May

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18

Steel String Brewery at 106-A S. Greensboro Street

8:00 p.m.

Afterparty and Open Mic

Source: Town of Carrboro, carrboronc.gov

BARNALBY

When his two-inch-long body
began to lose its color, turning
from burgundy to ashen-rose,
it began to float upwards toward
the top of the small aquarium ocean
he had lived in for two years.
The ascent wasn't quick and he clung
for long moments to the space between
the gravel floor and the lifting, trying
to right himself, he kept tipping onto
his side. My child, who had sworn off
seafood and named this Betta, sang him
a pre-funeral song. The three rainbow fish,
each one a third the size of Barnalby,
passed by, inched closer, swam away from him
more slowly than before, as if watching him
like we did as we spoke to him through
the plastic walls and water. When
he finally died, we placed him on top
of a square piece of cotton
inside a gold cardboard gift box
and carried him out to the front yard
where the dog wouldn't dig him up
and we dug a hole by the bushes.
We said how grateful we were
that he had been in our family.
We went to put the box into the hole
and my son asked to see him.
When we lifted the top and he saw his small
dead body, it was like the wind reached
into his mouth, our mouths, to grab
the lingering cries. It was like a tearing inside
to watch my child grieve, and also
the most wonderful thing
to witness such large love
expressed for such a small creature.

-Liza Wolff-Francis, Poet Laureate of Carrboro

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