Just put up the latest issue of *Australian Poetry Collaboration.*

It contains work from poets who attended the workshop at the KSP Writers Centre while I did a residency there in April/May <http://meusepress.tripod.com/apc.htm>. This was 10 years after a brilliant residency at FAWWA, Tom Collins House work from there can be found in issue 15 <http://meusepress.tripod.com/apcarchive.htm>.

Got to reunite with many of the brightest voices I met the last time in Perth. There is such a diverse, vibrant assembly of writers there supported so tirelessly by the various organisations about the city.

Residencies are so important for many of us. The opportunity to interact with host communities is a win-win for all as our understanding and appreciation of that which is going on is deeply enhanced.

New material just flows so much better. There was a huge body of work emerged from my days at Tom Collins. Much of it was about the city and the state. Pieces were published widely and went on to be featured in one of my books. One of the poems celebrating Melon Hill and a certain Margaret River Wine won the 2014 Struga International Festival Wine Competition, I expect some complimentary bottles thanking me for the marketing job I did with this poem!

This year I did at least one new piece a day alongside starting work on a selected volume. It will be months before the first of these new pieces go out to seek a home. This weekend, stranded at home because of rail trackwork, I plan to work on the first batch. There’s already been a few drafts and many more are yet to come – the process of “finishing” a piece (if one ever truly does) is a drawn out process for me. Also scheduled some editing work, the dreary chore of sending out to a few magazines alongside writing to the son of a friend who recently died… he found poetry to be the only way he could express the loss of his mother. How often have we seen poetry encapsulating that which can’t be encapsulated? Only poetry can.

This is the life of those of us who reluctantly call ourselves poets (what the hell else can we call ourselves?). Sanctity and slavery plus a lot of coffee. Wouldn’t swap it for the world!

**Les Wicks** has toured widely and seen publication in over 350 different magazines, anthologies & newspapers across 29 countries in 15 languages. His 14th book of poetry is *Belief* (Flying Islands, 2019).

<http://leswicks.tripod.com/lw.htm>