

JEANNE STREIBLE
 (1946 – 2008)
 2005 Missouri Senior Poet Laureate
 2006 Best New Poetry Form Inventor



Jeanne Streible, 62, died of pneumonia on November 8, 2008 in Springfield, Missouri after surviving several bouts of breast cancer. Her illness never caused Jeanne to lose her wit and sense of humor, although she lost her hair, her freedom to drive, and the ability to use a computer keyboard. Jeanne was a transplant to Missouri from Illinois, where Chicago was her home. She only began pursuing writing for publication after she joined Sleuth's Ink Mystery Writers in Springfield, Missouri during the remission period following her first bout with breast cancer in the late 1990s. She loved mystery story writing and hoped to someday publish a book.

Jeanne was a natural poet with no formal training. She took one class with Yvonne Nunn, Dean of the Cyber-college of Online Poetry, and discovered she had a natural gift for Iambic Pentameter. Jeanne entered the national annual 2005 Senior Poets Laureate Poetry Competition and won the Missouri Senior Poet Laureate award with her beautiful entry, which had been a class assignment, "To Shake a World." In 2006, after her cancer returned, Jeanne continued writing for love and therapy. Between chemo and radiation treatments, during

which she lost her hair and the sensation in her feet and fingers, Jeanne invented her own poetic form and let her imagination soar. In 2006, Jeanne Streible was named by Amy Kitchener's Angels Without Wings Foundation as "Best New Poetic Form Inventor."

Jeanne Streible's breast cancer metastasized, spreading through her body and into her brain. She died November 8, 2008 after being admitted to a local hospital with pneumonia. No services were held. She requested her body be donated to medical science for research into breast cancer. To memorialize Jeanne Streible, we reprint her beautiful laureate poem below.

TO SHAKE A WORLD

<p>I will someday author a book that shakes a world from slumber bound; then all about a world so shook, I will someday author a book. I'll have the people rise and look at their new world of wonder found. I will someday author a book that shakes a world from slumber bound.</p> <p>With that earthshaking book I wrought, A world I'd shake. My claim to fame. I'd be immortal, so I thought, With that earthshaking book I wrought,</p>	<p>I did not find the fame I sought. My words unread, the world the same with that earthshaking book I wrought. A world I'd shake. My claim to fame.</p> <p>I'm humbled but aware that I could not refrain from the attempt to shake a world. I had to try. I'm humbled but aware that I had failed, but still I know not why my effort met with such contempt. I'm humbled but aware that I could not refrain from the attempt</p>
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Jeanne Streible