

## Voices Newsletter November 2017

### NOVEMBER MEETING DATES AND PLACES

#### HAIFA

**Tuesday, October 31st**  
at 7.30 pm  
Susan Rosenberg's  
42 Leon Blum St.  
Apartment 46

**Coordinator:**  
Susan Rosenberg  
Tel; 04 838 1218  
050 933 3804  
[susanndick@gmail.com](mailto:susanndick@gmail.com)

#### TEL AVIV

Thursday November 23rd  
at 7.30 pm.  
AACI  
94 A Allenby Street,  
Tel Aviv

**Coordinator:**  
Mark Levinson  
Tel; 09 955 5720  
[nosnivel@netvision.net.il](mailto:nosnivel@netvision.net.il)

#### JERUSALEM

Tuesday, November 21st  
at 6pm  
Rehov Aza 5/3

**Coordinator:**  
Ruth Fogelman  
Tel; 02 628 7359  
[ruthfogelman@gmail.com](mailto:ruthfogelman@gmail.com)

#### UPPER GALILEE

Wednesday, November 22nd  
from 5-7 pm.  
Reuven and Yehudit's  
128 Keren HaYesod  
Artists Quarter, Tzfat

**Coordinator:**  
Reuven Goldfarb  
Tel; 04-697-4105  
058-414-0266  
[poetsprogress@gmail.com](mailto:poetsprogress@gmail.com)

#### BET SHEMESH / MODIIN

Wednesday, November 22nd  
at 8.00pm  
Judy Belsky's Nahar  
Hayarden 120/4 Floor 2  
Bet Shemesh

**Coordinator:**  
Dr Judy Belsky  
[drjudybelsky@gmail.com](mailto:drjudybelsky@gmail.com)

#### NETANYA & SHARON

Thursday, November 23rd  
at 7.30pm  
Susan Olsburgh's  
2/6 Zalman Shazar.  
(3rd floor) Ramat Poleg

**Coordinator:**  
Susan Olsburgh  
Tel; 098855629  
[olsburghsusan@gmail.com](mailto:olsburghsusan@gmail.com)

#### WEST GALILEE

Sunday, Sunday 19th  
at 8.30pm.  
Kibbeutz Evron,  
Mitoch HaLev  
(formerly Beit Edna)

**Coordinator:**  
Phyllsie Gross  
Tel ; 0528746880  
[phyllsie@hotmail.com](mailto:phyllsie@hotmail.com)

#### LONDON UK

For information please  
contact Esther.

**Esther Lipton:**  
[eblipton@talk21.com](mailto:eblipton@talk21.com)

#### GUSH ETZION

Please contact Mindy if you  
are interested in the group re-  
starting.

**Coordinator:**  
Mindy Aber Barad  
Tel; 0524667936  
[maber4kids@yahoo.com](mailto:maber4kids@yahoo.com)

#### SOUTHERN

Please contact Miriam  
for more details.

**Coordinator:**  
Miriam Green  
Tel: 0547388640  
[miriamsgreen@gmail.com](mailto:miriamsgreen@gmail.com)

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[susanndick@gmail.com](mailto:susanndick@gmail.com)

### LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT NOVEMBER 2017

Dear All

I am delighted to inform you that in preparation for the launch of the 2018 Voices Israel anthology Volume 44 three new editors have been appointed to begin a two year term of office as editorial team members under the direction of Chief Editor Dina Yehuda. They are Wendy Dickstein of Jerusalem, Phella Hirschson, Tel Aviv and Amiel Schotz, Beersheba. I am sure their collective wisdom and experience will be a great advantage in the onerous process of choosing the poems to be selected. 15 December is the starting date for submissions but more information will be in the December newsletter.

Ricky Friesem is now fit again and ready to organise a workshop at her home in Rehovot. This is scheduled for **Tuesday 5 December from 11.30- 3.30**. Fuller details about the topic will be sent out soon but please do put this date in your diary. Ricky's home is on campus at the Weizmann Institute and there are very good public transport connections. The station is just a five minute walk away. Ricky is a very experienced and fine poet. She was the winner of the 2016 Reuben Rose Poetry competition.

Last week I very much enjoyed the launch of a revitalised Voices Israel group in Bet Shemesh under the direction of Dr Judy Belsky. From small acorns great oak trees grow and I am sure this group designated as Bet Shemesh Modiin will flourish. It is hoped more poets in both towns will attend the next meeting scheduled for 22 November (details in this newsletter).

An entirely new Voices Israel group is meeting in Ashkelon on Tuesday 7 November at the home of the group coordinator, Chaim Bezalel and his wife Yonnah. A good show of interest has already been manifested but if you know of anyone who might wish to attend please ask them to contact bezalel.levy@gmail.com I am looking forward to meeting all the members of this group at the inaugural meeting.

Voices Israel was one of the sponsors of the recent Poetry Super Highway 20<sup>th</sup> poetry competition. Our two gifts of backdated Voices publications have now been despatched as promised. Rick Lupert, whose brainchild PSH is, is currently adjudicating as the overseas judge of the 2017 Reuben Rose Competition together with Ricky Friesem, Joyce Schmid (USA) and under the direction of Mark Levinson.

Very best wishes for a month ahead full of poetic creativity to you all. Apart from the information you receive in our newsletter, so conscientiously edited by Avril Meallem, do also check out our Facebook site for updates and interesting postings. Currently there are 596 members on the Facebook Voices Israel site.

Susan Olsburgh  
President  
Voices Israel



### A WARM WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

- Yoni Hammer Kossoy, Jerusalem
- Judy Koren, Haifa
- Bob Findysz, Kibutz Palmach-Tzuba

### CALLS FOR SUBMISSIONS

- “**The Deronda Review**” is looking for poems on the subject of Flight (in all meanings), also poems on seasons. Send to [derondareview@gmail.com](mailto:derondareview@gmail.com) or [maber4kids@yahoo.com](mailto:maber4kids@yahoo.com). Reading period ends December 31.
- “**Narrow Road**” are open to submissions for the Winter Issue. Deadline is November 15, 2017. Anything submitted after that will be considered for the Spring (April 2018) issue. You can check out the last two issues here: <https://issuu.com/narrowroad.mag>  
Submission guidelines here: <https://sites.google.com/view/raameshgowriraghavan/narrow-road?authuser=0>
- “**Frontier Poetry**”, in their pursuit to recognize today's best poets, want to celebrate one outstanding piece of poetry with a \$5000 award and publication. Ten finalists will also receive \$100 each and all winners will earn publication with Frontier Poetry. The Frontier staff will select the winners and finalists. The winners and honorable mentions will be announced in February 2018.

Submission deadline, November 30th 2017. Fee \$20 Full details at:  
<https://frontier.submittable.com/submit/95567/the-frontier-open-one-poem-5000-prize>

### CONGRATULATIONS

- to Ricky Friesem who had two poems accepted for the “**Jewish Currents Music**” issue Jam Session I and Jam Session II.
- to Bernard Mann whose book “**David & Avshalom: Life and Death in the Forest of Angels**” is now available on Kindle and shortly will be available in paperback on Amazon. The link to the kindle is:  
[https://www.amazon.com/s/ref=nb\\_sb\\_noss?url=node%3D154606011&field-keywords=david+%26+avshalom+jewish&rh=n%3A133140011%2Cn%3A154606011%2Ck%3Adavid+%26+avshalom+jewish](https://www.amazon.com/s/ref=nb_sb_noss?url=node%3D154606011&field-keywords=david+%26+avshalom+jewish&rh=n%3A133140011%2Cn%3A154606011%2Ck%3Adavid+%26+avshalom+jewish)
- to the following poets, all of whom had poems published in ARC 2: Miriam Davis, Judy Belsky, Esther Cameron, Wendy Dickstein, Mindy Aber Barad, Ruth Fogelman, Miriam Green, Ricky Rapoport Friesem, Helen Bar-Lev, Eva Eliav, Helen Schary Motro, Reuven Goldfarb, Bill Freedman, Larry Lefkowitz, the late Gretti Izak, Pesach Rotem, Roy Runds, Rachel Heimowitz, Celia Merlin, Hannah Amit, Johnmichael Simon and Michael Stone,
- to the following poets who have bi-lingual poems published in the “**International Multilingual Poetry Anthology Amaravati Poetic Prism 2017**” – **India:** Channah Moshe ( Hebrew and French), Avril Meallem (Hebrew and English) and Hayim Abramson (Hebrew and English).
- to Matthew Anish who had 6 poems in the last issue of the American Tolkien Society publication – “**Minas Tirith Evening Star**”.

### EVENTS

– Bernard Mann will be lecturing at the Haifa Technion Faculty of Architecture and Town Planning on 6th November at 2:30 p.m. in the Sege Building, room 404 from 2:30 - 3:30 p.m. The public is invited. The topic is: Sustainable Coastal Margins and Riverfronts.

### CONDOLENCES

– our sympathies go to Lisa Aigen on the sad passing on of her father. Her poem *Father's Library*, which originally appeared in the Voices 2012 anthology, is presented in the “Group Poetry” section

### REQUESTS –

If you have any information on events or submission requests that would be of interest to our members then please do email them to me.

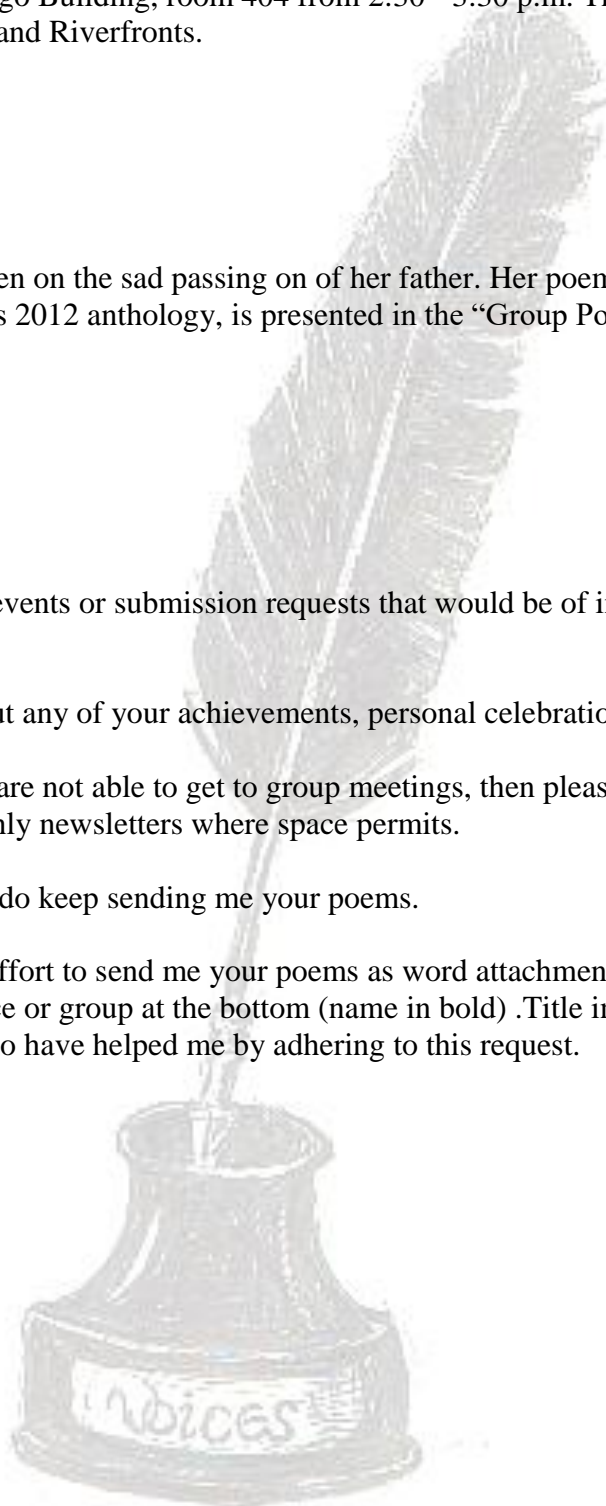
Also we would love to hear about any of your achievements, personal celebrations or sadly any bereavements.

If you are a Voices member but are not able to get to group meetings, then please do send me some of your poems for inclusion in the monthly newsletters where space permits.

Also, overseas members, please do keep sending me your poems.

As a reminder, please make an effort to send me your poems as word attachments in Arial 11 font, single spaced, with your name and place or group at the bottom (name in bold) .Title in Arial 12 bold.

A big thank you to all of you who have helped me by adhering to this request.



## OCTOBER 2017 Group Poetry Selections

### Getting Their Act Together

Cooped up within selves  
Routinely  
They dash to and fro  
Moving silently between  
Shower and wardrobe  
Respectively dabbing  
Perfume and aftershave

In their birthday suits  
They slip past each other's  
So déjà vu  
Private parts  
Posing in plain sight  
No longer noticed

In festive attire  
Coiffed and well-groomed  
They're off to party  
Still flamboyantly  
Keeping up appearances

**Birgit Talmon**, Tel Aviv selection

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### Apple Life

I'm about to eat an apple  
Slightly bruised  
Just like life  
After I cut out  
All the brown areas  
I'm left with a juicy  
And tasty apple  
Just like life

**Channah Moshe**, Jerusalem selection

### Cleaning at Seventy

No need to clean the whole house  
my grown son occupies and scrubs  
his apartment in the basement  
where boyfriend lived in the family  
house when I was blossoming  
I had to take care of a little  
sister and brother to help mom  
because I was the oldest  
and my one-year younger sister  
refused and tempted my beau  
who I'd lie with on the yard grass  
beneath a summer maple tree  
whose trunk I used to stroke  
my pet duck, beagle, Burmese cat  
but the cat came later  
after my wrecked loves

I wished to keep ground  
floor kitchen, salon and dining room  
where jokes once dismissed  
the gloom foretelling parents' breakup  
but beau and I made love on the couch  
while family slept upstairs  
I held him so we'd all stay glued  
till he drifted so I washed him out  
but now cleaning ladies have less  
to do in this smaller home  
my studies and practice  
helped my man and me buy  
and live the good life  
past old loves and bodily insults  
once inflicted on my beauty  
now dried in maturity

I'm queen as I ascend the stairs  
to sweep the conjugal bedroom  
and there is a queensize bed  
where with my husband I recline  
embracing or reflecting

**Eli Ben-Joseph**, Western Galilee selection

**July Rain in Bet Shemesh**

Fresh like unexpected summer rain you arrive  
without having immersed  
in the cool springs of our Land.  
You glisten with morning dew,  
gifting me with the lustre of youth  
inspiring me to plant roots  
in the hard soil of my ancestral land.

You delight in my being  
wise, though old, for you.

Your eyes upon mine  
reflect the woman of promise I can be,  
tasty as *manna*  
true as the first word of Creation.  
I tickle my toes at the edges of the Sea of Reeds  
as the waters part.

**Joanne Jackson Yelenik,**  
Bet Shemesh/Modiin selection

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**An Open Book**

I imagine it is visibly apparent  
that I am completely transparent

With a roll of my eyes or an eyebrow raised  
it is obvious to all that they have been appraised

I try to hide it, I honestly do  
I bite my tongue almost in two

My mouth begins to twist and turn  
my expression becomes extremely stern

Critical, disapproving, impatient, just a few  
of my imperfections that render me a shrew

Ah, but when my love enters the room  
my heart flutters and my cheeks bloom

Then I am delighted that it is so apparent  
I am categorically, shamelessly, transparent

**Linda Suchy.** Netanya selection

**Pantoum: Obsession**

Just from forgetting what I came to find  
I wonder why things won't stay in my head:  
Perhaps something's the matter with my mind?  
And mere annoyance deepens into dread

I wonder WHY things won't stay in my head,  
Forgetfulness is giving me a fright  
And mere annoyance deepens into dread:

Forgetfulness is giving me a fright  
PERHAPS SOMETHING'S THE MATTER  
WITH MY MIND???  
Fears of *senility* darken my night...  
Just from forgetting what I came to find!

**Judy Koren,** Haifa selection

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**Freeeeeee**

So now I am free  
to do as I please  
I'll stay home when I'm sick  
with a contagious disease  
so not to plague others  
every time that I sneeze  
though the years flew by  
not unlike a breeze  
now's not the time to shut down  
or to freeze.

I have great plans  
for the future ahead  
and perhaps now and then  
I will stay late in bed  
but as soon as I wake up  
rested, showered and fed  
I'll start studding architecture  
just like I said.

**Itamar Blumfield,** Haifa selection

**Father's Library**

The scent of brittle pages  
and aftershave  
hover in the sanctuary,  
view obscured  
by a lifeless Swedish ivy  
swinging in a terra cotta cradle,  
and window dust,  
too thick  
to let us see the garden.

We excavate the detritus of a lifetime.  
Pages yellowed to ochre, scatter like confetti  
Photographs of friends long dead,  
My mother, sepia and younger than I am,  
My uncle in short pants.  
A shy gangly version of yourself.

You would part with none of it,  
Not even fliers for operas  
sung seasons ago.  
Passports with stamps  
Of countries which no longer exist.

We eroded a narrow valley  
Between the mountains of books,  
changed the topography of your world,  
made room for  
a small pure space to inhale.

From the opaque window,  
I heard sparrows that morning  
Crickets at eventide,  
Trucks humming, children laughing.  
Now that you are going blind.

**Lisa Aigen**

**The Girl at the Palmachim Beach**

Seen from his vantage point far above her  
The girl below standing close to the water's edge  
Does hoop dancing exercises  
Twirling her hoop  
From her hip  
From her neck  
Throwing it in the air  
And catching it  
Pirouetting  
Skilled enough  
It seems to him  
To make the national team  
She is oblivious  
Of the octogenarian watching her  
Or of the sun descending  
Into the sea  
But he is most aware of it

**Larry Lefkowitz, Modiin**

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**Besieged, Still**

High cement walls  
Surround her.  
Thick, impenetrable.  
Atop, barbed wire curls  
And watchtowers  
Resonate of the camps.  
A prison?  
Where the rustic charm of  
Hillside sloping  
Graceful domed roof,  
Lonely sheltering olive tree?  
Within  
Constant murmur and hum  
Expanse of flickering flames,  
Air redolent of burning candles.  
Tearful prayers  
Beseeching.  
Rachel Imeinu,  
Do not cease crying!  
Beg for your  
Children's safe return!  
Besieged  
Still.

**Miriam Feigelman Netanya**

## Voices Israel Group of Poets in English Poems From Our Overseas Members

### Moment in Time

Away from the country mansion  
 Away from the conference  
 Of pompous pontificating lawyers  
 I escape into the manicured gardens  
 Through the wild flowered meadow  
 Down to the meandering river  
 And sit on the bank alone  
 Warmed by the smile of the sun.  
 All is quiet save for birdsong  
 The buzz of insects and rippling water  
 Then, as if from nowhere, I see the dragonfly  
 Hovering, its luminescent wings and body  
 Startlingly blue and purple, reflected  
 Bright gems in the mirrored water  
 Darting here and there without direction  
 It drops onto a marsh lily  
 At water's edge poses prettily  
 Still for a few seconds, pirouettes  
 Then is gone.  
 Yet the memory recalls  
 After fifty years and more,  
 This moment in time.

**Esther Lipton**, London

### Emigration

It felt  
 like there was a war going on  
 I ducked my head low  
 to avoid the shouts, whistles  
 bombs and bullets  
 there was a bang and blinding flash  
 and then I could not see  
 I crawled on my belly  
 crawled and crawled  
 my eyes tightly shut  
 til I seemed to enter  
 some kind of tunnel  
 I crawled on further  
 til the explosions and shouting  
 were only a vague rumble in the distance  
 then I lay there in the quiet,  
 panting, not moving,  
 my fingers stroking the earth beneath them  
 so glad to be safe

after what seemed like ages, when my breathing had  
 stilled, I raised my head, it bumped  
 against something.

I tried to move my foot  
 but it struck some sort of barrier  
 I tried the other leg -  
 something held it fast  
 I dared to open my eyes a little  
 gradually my sight returned  
 and I was able to glance around.  
 I was in a suburban house  
 in a Sydney suburb  
 with a mortgage disappearing into the future  
 and stamped on my forehead

a sell by date  
 receding into the past.

**Immanuel Suttner** Sydney Australia