



Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

Voices Newsletter July 2018

JULY MEETING DATES AND PLACES

HAIFA

**Tuesday, July 17th
at 7:30 pm**

Wendy Blumfield's
19 Sd. Wingate, Haifa
Tel: 04-837-6820
Mobile: 054-524-0412

Coordinator:

Wendy Blumfield

Tel: 04-837-6820
Mobile: 054-524-0412
wendyblumfield@netvision.net.il

TEL AVIV

**Monday, July 16th
at 7:30 pm**

AACI
94 A Allenby Street,
Tel Aviv

Coordinator:

Mark Levinson

Tel: 054-444-8438
nosnivel@netvision.net.il

JERUSALEM

**Tuesday, July 10th
at 6pm**

Toby Shuster's
5 Aza Street, Rehavia
Jerusalem

Coordinator:

Ruth Fogelman

Tel: 02-628-7359
ruthfogelman@gmail.com

UPPER GALILEE

**Wednesday, Oct. 17th
from 5-7pm**

Reuven and Yehudit's
128 Keren HaYesod
Artists Quarter, Tzfat

Coordinator:

Reuven Goldfarb

Tel: 04-6974105
Mobile: 058-414-0266
poetsprogress@gmail.com

BET SHEMESH / MODIIN

**Sunday, July 15th
at 8:00pm**

Judy Belsky's
Nahar Hayarden 120/4
Floor 2
Bet Shemesh

Coordinator:

Dr. Judy Belsky

drjudybelsky@gmail.com

NETANYA & SHARON

**Monday, July 30th
at 7:30pm**

Susan Olsburgh's
2/6 Zalman Shazar.
(3rd floor) Ramat Poleg

Coordinator:

Susan Olsburgh

Tel: 09-885-5629
olsburgh.susan@gmail.com

WESTERN GALILEE

**Sunday, July 22nd
at 8:30pm**

Kibbutz Evron

Coordinator:

Phyllsie Gross

Tel: 052-874-6880
phyllsie@hotmail.com

LONDON UK

For information please
contact Esther.

Esther Lipton:

eblipton@talk21.com

GUSH ETZION

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

Coordinator:

Mindy Aber Barad

Tel: 05-4667936
maber4kids@yahoo.com

SOUTHERN

Please contact Miriam
for more details.

Coordinator:

Miriam Green

Tel: 05-7388640
miriamsgreen@gmail.com

ASHKELON

Please contact
Chaim for more details

Coordinator:

Chaim Bezalel

bezalel.levy@gmail.com

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Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT JULY 2018

Dear All,

The details of the 29th Reuben Rose Poetry competition can be found elsewhere in this newsletter and submissions open on 15 July. It is a prestigious competition open to our own members and to non-members worldwide. It is excellent that this year's overseas judge is the very well-known British judge Peter Thabit-Jones. Peter's impressive background is worth looking at on the Internet but is outlined on the competition flyer. He has an interesting connection with Dylan Thomas. In 2008, Swansea born Peter toured the US with Aeronwy Thomas, Dylan's daughter. In addition to Peter Thabit-Jones our own Marc Radzyner and Iris Dan will be judges. Please do send in entries and be aware that the entrance fees are Voices Israel's only source of income other than membership fees.

The 2018 Voices Israel anthology is at the final proofreading stage and so I hope will be with you all before too long. We await it with a great sense of excitement and gratitude to Chief Editor Dina Yehuda and designer Johnmichael Simon. Dina's editorial team of Wendy Dickstein, Phella Hirschson and Amiel Schotz can then take a well-earned rest until their second year of duty begins in September. The anthology also will contain all the prizewinning poems and honourable mentions of the 2017 Reuben Rose competition. Please remember that a copy of the anthology will be sent free to all paid -up Voices members; if you have not yet paid your 2018 membership dues please contact membership secretary Susan Rosenberg susandick@gmail.com as soon as possible.

At the last Annual General Meeting it was noted that Voices Israel needs to be more involved with younger people and promote poetry in this way. I have made an approach to an international summer school in Even Yehuda and I shall be delivering some poetry sessions to three different age groups. This is an experiment really but if any of you feel that you know of summer schemes for English speaking high school children and that you might wish to have a short involvement please do contact me so we can exchange ideas and hopefully develop a Voices designed package to promote poetry written in English in Israel to youth.

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

I wish to give a big kol ha'kvod to Wendy Blumfield for having the initiative after meeting US poetry Professor David Caplan to secure him to lead a hastily convened poetry workshop in Haifa. Such has been the response that there is a waiting list. I am sure those of us lucky enough to have registered will have a very worthwhile few hours with Professor Caplan at the very inviting venue of Susan Rosenberg's apartment.

So it looks like a busy July. I wish all our members in Israel and overseas a happy beginning to summer and with it a very creative time.

Warm good wishes,
Susan

Susan Olsburgh
President Voices Israel





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REPEAT OF TIME-SENSITIVE NEWS!!!

Here is some information about a workshop in **Haifa** on **July 2** that sounds absolutely amazing!! What a distinguished guest presenter we have in David Caplan. Even though this is late notice, we would love to see as many of you there as possible.

MIDSUMMER WORKSHOP WITH VOICES ISRAEL IN HAIFA

We are very happy to be hosting **Prof. David Caplan of Ohio Wesleyan University** (currently finishing a Fellowship at Haifa University) at a workshop to be held in Haifa on:

MONDAY JULY 2, 2018

TOPIC: AMERICAN JEWISH POETRY

PLACE: HOME OF SUSAN ROSENBERG, 42 Leon Blum (Apt. 46) Haifa

TIMETABLE: 10.45 Welcome and Registration

11.00 Workshop and writing exercises

15.00 Conclusion

COST: Members 30 shekels (please bring exact money); non-members 50 shekels.

David Caplan is Professor of English and Associate Director of Creative Writing at Ohio Wesleyan University. He specialises in poetics and contemporary poetry.

He has published several books, is contributing editor to prestigious literary journals, and twice has been Fulbright Lecturer in American Literature at the University of Liege. To learn more about his many talents and achievements, look for him at the [Ohio Wesleyan University](http://www.ohio-wesleyan.edu) website.

Advance registration essential: Wendy Blumfield 0545-240412

Wendyb@netvision.net.il

Also state what dish you wish to bring for a dairy/veggie lunch.

Pick-ups are possible from Hof Hacarmel Railway Station.

Call Judy 0547-417860

Miriam 0523-442081

Directions for location and local buses: Susan Rosenberg 04-838121

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CALLS FOR SUBMISSIONS

- Thanks to Ruth Fogelman (Jerusalem) for sending in information about the poetry journal, *Seventh Quarry* founded and edited by the Welsh poet, Peter Thabit Jones. Follow this link for full information: [Seventh Quarry](#).

- Thanks to our overseas member, Anne McCrady for sharing with us the following information:

"Along with my friends Rabbi Neal Katz and peace advocate Mary Andrews, I am the co-founder and co-director of Art of Peace, an annual peace celebration of the United Nations International Day of Peace in September, held here in Tyler, Texas. All of the events during our week-long celebration are arts-based, including a themed collection of peace poems published under my imprint, InSpirity. The 2018 submission period is now open until July 31, through Submittable with no fee required. Previously published poems are accepted, with acknowledgement of first printing. This year's peace theme is *Sowing Seeds of Peace*. We are looking for poems that address this theme in compelling and inspiring perspectives."

For those wishing to submit, here is the link to the anthology page at Anne's website: <https://www.inspirity.com/pages/poetry/art-of-peace-poetry-anthology>. It can also be accessed through www.tylerpeace.com

- The 2018 Anna Davidson Rosenberg Award is open for submissions from June 1, 2018 and will close on January 15, 2019. Submissions are considered via SUBMITTABLE form, only. [Poetica Magazine 2018 Anna Davidson Rosenberg Award](#)
- The 2018 Mizmor L'David Anthology is open for submissions since March 1, 2018 and will close on August 31, 2018 via SUBMITTABLE form, only. [Poetica Magazine 2018 Mizmor L'David Anthology](#)

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

- Voices Israel has announced the opening of the 29th annual Reuben Rose Poetry Competition. The flyer is attached later in this newsletter. Submission and payment via SUBMITTABLE only. **See full guidelines and submission details at [Reuben Rose Competition guidelines](#)**

GIVING CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE!

In June's Newsletter, there were three lovely photos for which photography credit should have been given:

- to Miriam Webber (Rumi Morkin), who took the photo of Susan Rosenberg happily reacting to the group's greeting card and gift at the Haifa meeting on Tuesday May 15.
- to Wendy Blumfield, who took the photo of the 2018 Reuben Rose winners receiving their awards at the 2018 Poetry by the Sea workshop in Netanya.
- to Ora Sher, who took the group photo at the 2018 Poetry by the Sea Workshop in Netanya.

CONGRATULATIONS

- to Donna Bechar, on the publication of her book of poetry, "With Fingers Laced In Roses", by *Cyclamens and Swords Publishing*.
- to Julie B. Mendelsohn, whose poem "#Robert Frost" was the Editor's Choice in *The Road Not Taken: A Journal of Formal Poetry*, Spring 2018 Edition. Julie's poem has been reprinted later in this newsletter with her permission.
- to Matthew Anish who has had two poems published in the May/June issue of the *Amulet* from *Perry Terrell Publishing*.

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

- to Pesach Rotem whose poem "At Allard Lowenstein's Funeral" was published in *Permafrost*.
- to Susan Olsburgh, on the publication of her book of poetry, "Susan@70", by *Cyclamens and Swords Publishing*.
- to Linda Patrice Suchy, on the publication of her book of poetry, "Reflections on the Path", by *Cyclamens and Swords Publishing*.

CONDOLENCES FROM ABROAD

Thanks to Reuven Goldfarb for sharing the news of the passing of an American Poet Laureate, Donald Hall. Reuven also shared The *New York Times* article about Mr. Hall. See, [Donald Hall, a Poet Laureate of the Rural Life](#)



Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

JULY 2018 GROUP POETRY SELECTIONS

Hidden Within

I wonder which words
hide in the depth of my being,
await my pen to touch paper,
a fountain to spring forth,
ink to flow...

What emotions will surface,
wisdom unveiled?

Can I reach that place
of no thought for my poem
to unfold at its will.

Or, will I search and struggle
to find ways of conveying
what I think I should say.

I step aside –

my poem will create itself....

Avril Meallem, Jerusalem selection

The Attic

They told us that we were escaping
sudden death,
That a war was raging about us. We
didn't fight.

We were hidden in an attic,
But we knew that to step out was to face
terror,
To be killed forthwith, or tortured and
murdered.

We heard the marching of boots,
The shouting of orders, the snarls of
dogs,
The zoom of bullets,
The screams from the street.

So we stayed inside, and kept very quiet.
We shivered in fear,
We hugged each other and made love,
We spilled our seed on the ground,
Terrified that the sound of a crying baby
Would endanger us.

Yocheved Zemel, Jerusalem selection

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

Silence of the Night

Lying awake
Listening
To the warm soothing pace
Of your breathing.
Contrasted by the distant howling
Of coyotes,
And fighter jets
Riding the waves of the sound barrier.
I cuddle closer
And submit to the sound
Of the strength of your being.
Oh, so loud this eve
Is the quiet of the night.

Miriam Z. Hirsch Botzer
Upper Galilee

The Shame

"Hey man! Hey man!"
"What?"
"What do you have in your bag?"
"Some fruits that I picked up from the ground."
"Do you know that people must pay for fruits?!"
"These are fruits that you left aside."
"It costs \$5!"
"Take \$5 and cover your shame!!"

Isaac Cohen, Tel Aviv selection

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

Ode to My First Friend

it's not easy keeping up across
an ocean's rolling latitude;
though we've grown poles apart
on pressure points like politics
it matters not;
you don't vanish
like the setting sun
beyond the curved horizon
because I've turned a day's page

my self's prehistory is etched partly
on your tablet, and yours on mine
as our mothers walked and talked
we swayed side by side
in our customized amniotic seas
memories primeval and those to come
all nestled in layers of never fading
gold and copper autumn leaves
a crisp mountain beckoning us to
jump in laughing, relishing the savory
crunch

I did sail afar, to a place embraced
in my middle years; still this old heart
loves replaying our childhood duet
you remain in my sights
as if the earth
really were flat
and my telescope's focus infinite

Judith Fineberg,
Netanya/Sharon selection

Sayonara

So hard to say goodbye
everything so clean
men and women on their way to work
white shirts, black pants
white blouses, black skirts
black briefcases, black backpacks
no expression on their faces
each walking alone
exiting the subways to the streets
down below subway floors shining
queues form for the trains
"stand behind the yellow line"
80 year old citizen policeman in
crisp uniform bowing and fulfilling his duty
no longer with the thrust of a sword
but with a deep bow, *arigatou gozaimasu*
beautiful lush nature well-kept
no rubbish on the streets
proud residents in every city
school children in black and white uniforms
only the color of their hats signifying their
school
pink, yellow, red, green
ornate temples and shrines
Buddhist and Shinto blending
in a peaceful scene

Oh, my Japan, I miss you so
but here is your riddle, here is your mystery
no warring words
where are the Shogun, where are the
Samurai,
why do you bow?

Monday, August 6, 1945, 8:15 a.m.
Enola Gay released her cargo
warring words were finally stilled
and the Japanese surrendered

Ghosts of Hiroshima solve the riddle for me
And the Japanese continue to bow

Linda Suchy, Netanya/Sharon Selection

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

Obituary

"A curfew tolls – Britain's oldest manufacturing firm, the Whitechapel Bell Foundry, announced its closure on December 2nd" – The Economist, December 24th 2016.

In homage to Sir John Betjeman, Poet Laureate of England 1972-1984 and passionate defender of Victorian architecture. Churches and bells appear in many of his poems.

John Betjeman sleeps sound below;
Long buried, he will never know.
His magic words describe with art
How "progress" comes to break the heart.

This foundry has now closed its doors
Diminished need for bells the cause
Less worshippers, fewer churches stand
To offer God an outstretched hand
Four hundred years of crafting ended
Bells no longer made nor mended.

His words portray their holy sound
Their echoes in the fields around
Cascading peals and carillon chimes
A comfort in chaotic times
At funerals and coronations
Victories and celebrations
Chapel bells atop the steeple
Ringing out to draw the people.

Peals cry out today in sorrow
Who'll repair these bells tomorrow?
Listen - hear the somber knell
Of every past created bell.

Rumi Morkin, Haifa selection

RISE FROM YOUR SLUMBER

I sat on the shore of the Kinneret
Listened to the songs of Rachel
I wept for her tales of exile
And her love of the Galilee

I sat on the shore of the Kinneret
At the place of her last repose
Heard stories of the fathers of the dream
Who lie near her by still waters

I cry to you the pioneer poetess
And your friends, fathers of the dream
Rise up, awake from your slumber
Follow the stars to Jerusalem

For the children of the dream
Have sold their birthright
For a seat in Knesset and
A place at the tables of foreign kings

Rise up, awake from your slumber
Stop the children of the dream
From filling their pockets with gold
Stolen from the sick and the poor.


The sun sets on the shore of the Kinneret
I ask Rachel if after all it was just a dream
For did not they the fathers also neglect you
in life
Cast you aside in your final pain

If they arose, awoke from their slumber
Would they not too covet the gold
And a place at the tables of foreign kings
Shout indifference to the sick and the poor

Wendy Blumfield, Haifa selection

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Great Grandmother's Chair

A faint, light-colored illustration of a chair with a high, tufted backrest is visible in the background behind the text.

My sweetheart bought her mom a cushioned chair,
because it looked secure and comfortable,
important for a senior prone to fall
and crack her ever thinning skin and bones,
and yet the chair's front legs broke being pushed
with her still seated. Mom was left unhurt,
but I still needed to fashion new chair legs,
which held a thankful mom, adored by kids
and grandkids, specially two girls she helped
bring up, taught them French and manners.
Mother of seven, madame got old and frail,
though as a girl she'd been a messenger
in secret sorties countering Vichy.
We moved her to a nearby old-age home,
where daughters go and look in day to day.
And the chair, its cushion newly mended,
we've given to our son and daughter-in-law.
Perhaps their daughter, who so much resembles
great grandmother, will ascend her throne.

Eli Ben-Joseph, Western Galilee selection

A faint, light-colored illustration of the base of a chair, showing a decorative, rounded pedestal with a small opening at the top, is visible in the background below the text.

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Great America

*Two sisters
Short skirts
Long legs
Silky stockings
Red lips*

*See how
They date the photos
Blooming starlets
Like Hedy Lamarr
You had to stare*

*At Penn State
They came to pray
Yom Kippur eve
Orthodox men
Chased them out*

*Two brothers
Sharp and smart
Prosperous business
In wholesale food
The girls were impressed*

*They talked about
Beating the Nazis
Eagle Scouts
Tending the wounded
Feeding the troops*

*It swelled in the chest
What handsome men
What breath-catching ladies
Love at first sight
What a Great America*

*Kosher meat?
He raised a brow
Come with me
Stand behind this
Don't say a word*

*Kosher is treif
Said under his breath
They buy from the goy
Switch the label
And make a buck*

*Don't be nostalgic
We're Americans now
Back in the shtetl
What did they know
About germs and hygiene*

*First Jews
On a Gentile street
They sipped cocktails
Waltzed to Sinatra
Raised children*

The Proud Americans

Janice Block

Bet Shemesh/Modiin selection

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English



In Tribute To Eliyahu Drori

Your soul hovered over the crowd
Lost and confused
Why all the wailing and tears?
Family members speak about you so movingly
Best friends throw themselves onto freshly dug dirt
A small white square sign on a short stick in the sandy heap
Your name in black letters hand lettered legibly on that cardboard
The weather so sunny and beautiful
Too beautiful a day for a funeral.
You never suspected that you impacted so many
We never realized how much you meant to us
Your soul has been circumcised from ours before its time
No one was prepared to be brave
No one expected to deal with sorrow of sudden loss
it is time for you to let go and for us to release our hold
And find healing in our now separate worlds.

Tzippy Erbllich
Bet Shemesh/Modiin

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

#RobertFrost*

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
and wondering which one to explore,
as every modern traveler should,
I knew my faithful smartphone could
reveal which path the world liked more.

I googlemapped this wondrous place,
and found five hundred trip reviews,
the smoothest trail, the perfect pace
the cliff that looks just like a face,
the snapchat with the nicest views.

Amanda B. was here last week.
She posted it on Instagram.
She walked her dog up to the peak,
and there she met a handsome Greek.
Her Facebook said his name was Sam.

It never even crossed my mind
that I would not return someday.
With Waze and GPS to find
my pinned location in a bind,
I knew I could retrace the way.

Thus, seeing all there was to see,
I lost my grand desire to roam.
The woods held little mystery,
and left with zero battery,
I turned around and headed home.

We share the path with everyone
where Frost once had a bit of space
to wander in the woods alone,
before the world was on your phone,
and earth became a byte-sized place.

Julie B Mendelsohn
Zichron Yaakov

*Reprinted with permission of the author #RobertFrost chosen as Editor's Choice in
The Road Not Taken: A Journal of Formal Poetry, Spring 2018 Edition*

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

EDITOR'S CHOICE PAGE

Sight

Perceiving colours of the rainbow
not in the sky,
surrounding lights
on the roads at night,
circling fixtures in ceilings,
eyes filling with liquid,
a jolt to be told you will
lose your sight
if an operation
is not forthcoming,
especially if seeing with one eye.

Deprived of the simple pleasures
in life: people, nature, colours

Blindness.
Unimaginable.

Discovering the blueprint exists at
birth.
Harrowing.

Magical hands save the sight.
Complications arise.
Medication, drops ensue.
The wonders of modern medicine.

In time the body heals itself.

Joyce Serlin
May 2018

Eric Satie

The music Wolfgang Amadeus wrote
Has symmetry in every single note
Suffused with order, neat and crystal clear
Its simple beauty rests upon the ear.

But ...

oh
la
la
these
notes
we hear
from Eric
Satie only
prove that
what Debussy
said was right: that
Satie's music was quite
shapeless, it had no form at
all. So Satie, with a sense of fun
wrote what he called, "Three pieces in
the shape of a pear," and took them to his
friend Debussy to show him. Debussy asked
him why he gave the pieces such an odd name.
"Because you said my music has no form. These
pieces are in the shape of a pear - you cannot say
they have no form!" Satie's humor went even
further: there are in fact seven pieces, not
three. But who cares about shape or
form; they are delightfully
soothing pieces.

Rumi Morkin,
March 2018

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

POEMS FROM OUR OVERSEAS MEMBERS

Hampstead Heath 18.04.2018

Trees – tall and majestic
have a relationship with
gracious bending-branches-trees

an azure blue sky
with a slight haze
and a hint of expectancy

Lime green pearls
of leaves
with hints of angular darkness
between the texture of
yellow green branches

Fenced in

On the outside a pram is “trundled” by
with pink razzle-dazzle feathery cloth
flapping about
or performing a “Rio” samba
seemingly of its own volition

Also outside the fence –
there is a ballet of pure white blossom

Rosemary Wolfson
UK selection

Continental divide*

He will exit here
his dust dispersed
ceremoniously perhaps
by his daughters
at this continental divide
to ride the gelid breeze briefly
before engaging the whispering trickle
of thousand year old turquoise ice, melting;
the oxidized molecules
of his fat, bone, protein, integument,
optical humors, keratin, cartilage,
sinews and nineteen teeth
all reduced to the grey-white commonality
of crematorium motes
riding then the ripples
down the cloud and ice-hatted mountain
white-watering their way down
and down one river route
and dividing then
to follow another
and then a third;
his joy-riding insoluble grains of self
traveling their respective river journeys
to three oceans
to make, in time
half the planet's seas
his spectral domain

Don Mulcahy, USA

(*Melt-water from glaciers in Canada's Rocky Mountains drains into three oceans – the Arctic, Pacific and Atlantic)

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

Chanukah Approaching

After taking a long siesta in Middle Earth
I decide to return to my ancient faith
of my ancestors
Chanukah is going to come again
Struck down by illness
I realize that everyone does not wish me well
After watching the Mets lose to the Yankees
I realize that in sports
or politics my side might not always win
Israel may lose the next war!
I have no desire to run for office
But I know politics matters
And that a bastard is a bastard
Trump is not my "cup of tea"
But America will endure
Of that I am certain

Matthew Anish, USA

Matriarch

I have persisted
and prevailed

she said

like a good melody
that survives
a myriad
unflattering renditions

Fate
and genetics
having dictated
that I should live
like forebears
to this great age

This age when
each waking breath
of each day
seems like
another
of yesterday's
crumpled
losing tickets
in destiny's lottery
of oh such cruelly
diminishing prizes

And now
I must sleep

Don Mulcahy, USA

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

The Voices Israel Group of Poets in English announces the 29th annual Reuben Rose Poetry Competition

Submission Period

Entries must be received no earlier than July 15th 2018, and no later than October 3rd 2018.

Judges

Overseas Judge – Peter Thabit Jones, UK

PETER THABIT JONES was born in Swansea, Wales, in 1951. He is the author of sixteen books. His work, particularly his poetry for children, has been featured in books from publishers such as PENGUIN, PUFFIN BOOKS, LETTS EDUCATIONAL, MACMILLAN EDUCATIONAL, HEINEMANN EDUCATIONAL, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, SIMON AND SCHUSTER, HODDER AND STOUGHTON, FRANKLYN WATTS, WH SMITH, UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL PRESS, HEINEMANN CENTAUR (South Africa), SCHOLASTIC PUBLICATIONS (Australia), and TITUL PUBLISHERS/ BRITISH COUNCIL MOSCOW (Russia). The latter was a major British Council Moscow Educational Project to teach English to secondary school children throughout Russia.

Marc Radzyner of Israel, last year's Reuben Rose first-prize winner

Iris Dan of Israel, recipient of an honorable mention in last year's Reuben Rose

Prizes

First prize is \$500, second prize is \$150, third prize is \$50.

Ten honorable mentions are awarded.

Prizewinners and all honorable mentions will be published in the Voices Israel 2019 poetry anthology.

Guidelines

- Entries may deal with any topic.
 - Focus need not be Jewish or Israeli.
 - Challenging, humorous, and/or eccentric poetry is welcome, but typographical tricks are discouraged.
- Poems should be unpublished (in print and online). However, poems only published in the Voices Israel Newsletter are exempt from this provision.

Voices Israel Group of Poets in English

- Maximum length is 41 lines, including stanza breaks, subtitles and epigraphs, but not including title.
- Poems are judged without the poets' names. Please omit your names from files submitted.
- Entry Fees:
 - US\$6 for one poem,
 - US\$12 for 3 poems,
 - US\$18 for 6 poems.
- Submission and payment via "Submittable". Click the link to submit directly:
<https://voicesisrael.submittable.com/submit>

Or see full guidelines and submission details at

<http://www.voicesisrael.com/reubenrosecompetition.htm>

