



## VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH MARCH 2019 NEWSLETTER



MARCH 2019

Amuta No. 58-019-703-6

### LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dear All

Everyone will have received the statutory documents required by an 'amuta' to be circulated in advance of the Annual General Meeting 12 March 2019. Now all you have to do is put the date in your diary and come and show your support for all that the Voices Israel organization is doing. There is still an opportunity for Resolutions to be lodged with the secretary Linda Suchy until a week before. A separate notice gives details of the venue and nearby transport. From 6.00-6.30 everyone is invited for light refreshments: burekas, quiches, soft drinks, tea and coffee (any snacks of crisps, cake, and fruit welcomed). Our willing hostess Birgit Talmon is looking forward to seeing you.

After the formalities, the Open Mike session will begin. If you have not already done so, please advise me if you wish to read poems (1 or 2) at the AGM [olsburgh.susan@gmail.com](mailto:olsburgh.susan@gmail.com)

A note to the Jerusalem chapter members: your coordinator Ruth Fogelman is retiring after ten years of dedicated service. Please do join in a deserved tribute to Ruth at the AGM.

The opportunity to submit poems for consideration for publication in the 2019 Voices Israel Anthology has been extended from 15 March to 31 March. If you have not already done so, please do submit up to three poems free of charge (using Submittable) for consideration by the Chief Editor Dina Yehuda and the editorial team Wendy Dickstein, Phella Hirschhorn and Amiel Schotz.

31<sup>st</sup> March is also the cut-off date for earlybird Voices Israel dues at 100 shekels (or 35 dollars). Save yourself money, as many members have already done, and send your dues to our treasurer Chanita Millman (See separate notice).

Arrangements are now progressing for the presentation ceremony mid-May for this year's Reuben Rose Poetry Competition. The venue will be announced next month but I am delighted to tell you that the first prize winner, John Gallas, is coming from the United Kingdom to read his poem. In addition, two visiting American poetry academics will be making the presentations and afterwards give readings of their own poems.

John Michael Simon has now kindly completed the publishing of the Jerusalem Voices Workshop Chapbook resulting from last January's event under the guidance of Dr. Judy Belsky. I already have orders but if anyone else would like a copy of 'Mosaics of Memories' at 20 shekels plus postage please do contact me. Our webmistress Judy Koren has posted an online version on the Voices website but the hard copy is very attractive and makes an attractive gift.

We are experiencing some challenging weather for the end of February. I do hope that March will be less windy and cold and that Purim will be spent in warm and pleasant weather for the festivities and parades.

Sincere good wishes to you all for productive poetry in March.

Susan Olsburgh

President Voices Israel



## VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH



### MARCH 2019 MEETING DATES, TIMES AND PLACES

#### HAIFA

TUESDAY, MARCH 26  
AT 7:30 PM  
Susan Rosenberg's  
42/46a Leon Blum  
Haifa

Coordinator:

**Wendy Blumfield**  
Tel: 04-837-6820  
Mobile: 054-524-0412  
[wendyb@netvision.net.il](mailto:wendyb@netvision.net.il)

#### TEL AVIV

SUNDAY, MARCH 17  
AT 7:30 PM  
Beit Ariela (in T.A. main  
library bldg.)  
Conf Room, Floor -1  
25 Shaul HaMelech Blvd.  
Tel Aviv

Coordinator:

**Mark Levinson**  
Tel: 054-444-8438  
[nosnivel@netvision.net.il](mailto:nosnivel@netvision.net.il)

#### JERUSALEM

TUESDAY, MARCH 26  
AT 6PM  
Toby Shuster's  
5 Aza Street, Rehavia  
Jerusalem

Coordinator:

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

#### UPPER GALILEE

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27  
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](mailto:poetsprogress@gmail.com)

#### BET SHEMESH / MODIIN

TUESDAY, MARCH 26  
Judy Belsky's  
Nahar Hayarden 120/4  
Floor 2  
Bet Shemesh

Coordinator:

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

#### NETANYA & SHARON

MONDAY, MARCH 25  
AT 7:30PM  
Susan Olsburgh's  
2/6 Zalman Shazar.  
(3rd floor) Ramat Poleg

Coordinator:

**Susan Olsburgh**  
Tel: 074-704-2736  
[olsburgh.susan@gmail.com](mailto:olsburgh.susan@gmail.com)

#### WESTERN GALILEE

SUNDAY, MARCH 24  
AT 8:30PM  
Kibbutz Evron

Coordinator:

**Phyllsie Gross**  
Tel: 052-874-6880  
[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: 05-4667936  
[maber4kids@yahoo.com](mailto:maber4kids@yahoo.com)

#### SOUTHERN

FOR INFORMATION PLEASE  
CONTACT MIRIAM.

Coordinator:

**Miriam Green**  
Tel: 05-7388640  
[miriamsgreen@gmail.com](mailto:miriamsgreen@gmail.com)

#### ASHKELON

FOR INFORMATION PLEASE  
CONTACT CHAIM

Coordinator:

**Chaim Bezalel**  
Tel: 054-674-5900  
[bezalel.levy@gmail.com](mailto:bezalel.levy@gmail.com)

#### BERLIN, GERMANY

FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE  
CONTACT BRITTA.

Coordinator:  
**Britta R. Kollberg**  
[brkollberg@yahoo.de](mailto:brkollberg@yahoo.de)

#### President

**Susan Olsburgh**  
2/6 Zalman Shazar  
Ramat Poleg, Netanya  
Tel: 074-704-2736  
[olsburgh.susan@gmail.com](mailto:olsburgh.susan@gmail.com)

#### Secretary

**Linda Suchy**  
Haim Laskov 5/7  
Netanya 4265605  
Tel: 054-497-8812  
[secretary.voices@gmail.com](mailto:secretary.voices@gmail.com)

#### Treasurer

**Chanita Millman**  
15 Shachar St.  
Jerusalem 9626323  
Tel: 02-653-6770  
[millmanm@zahav.net.il](mailto:millmanm@zahav.net.il)

#### Membership Coordinator

**Susan Rosenberg**  
42/46a Leon Blum  
Haifa 3385209  
Tel: 04-838-1218  
[susanndick@gmail.com](mailto:susanndick@gmail.com)

#### Overseas Connections Coordinator

**Helen Bar-Lev**  
3 Hairus St.  
Metulla 1029200  
Tel: 077-353-5548  
[helentbarlev@gmail.com](mailto:helentbarlev@gmail.com)



## VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH



**NOTICE: PLEASE REFER TO OUR WEBSITE FOR ANSWERS TO MANY QUESTIONS YOU MAY HAVE: [WWW.VOICESISRAEL.COM](http://WWW.VOICESISRAEL.COM)**

### A WARM WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBER

Moshe Rothenberg, Southern Region

### CALLS FOR SUBMISSIONS – MARCH 31 WILL BE HERE BEFORE YOU KNOW IT:

VOICES ISRAEL 2019 ANTHOLOGY is open for submissions from December 16, 2018 to **March 31, 2019**. There is no fee for submission. See submission guidelines at [Voices Israel Website](http://Voices Israel Website).

### DUES DUE.

A HAIKU FROM HAYIM ABRAMSON TO ENCOURAGE YOU TO PAY YOUR DUES EARLY!

#### Early Bird

Due that I paid dues  
a pat in the back can do  
refresh as morn's dew

**VOICES ISRAEL 2019 DUES – TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL EARLY BIRD RATE:** Our annual membership fee is 120 NIS for Israeli residents / \$40 for overseas members; "Early Bird" rate (until March 31st of each year) 100 NIS / \$35 respectively.

Although we *prefer payment by bank transfer*, you may still send a cheque as in the past. See directions on our website. [www.voicesisrael.com](http://www.voicesisrael.com)

**In the case of a bank transfer, please let Chanita ([millmanm@zahav.net.il](mailto:millmanm@zahav.net.il)) know that payment has been made and note name and branch of your bank, so that she can check it has actually arrived and record your payment.**



## CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to **Rumi Morkin** (aka Miriam Webber) whose poem "Smartphones" was published in Sasson Magazine, October 2018. See <https://sassonmag.com/smartphones-by-rumi-morkin/>; **and** whose poem "Utopia" has been accepted for publishing in the *Deronda Review* of 2019.

Congratulations to **Judy Koren** whose poem "Utopias" has been accepted for publishing in the *Deronda Review* of 2019.

Congratulations to **Ruth Fogelman** who has two poems published in the February issue of *The Seventh Quarry*.

Congratulations to **Matthew Anish** whose poem was published in the December/January issue of the *Amulet*. **Matthew** also has a chapbook, "Golden Words," available for purchase at \$7.00. You may reach him at [greatceasersghost1@gmail.com](mailto:greatceasersghost1@gmail.com).

## WORDS TO THINK ABOUT:

At the recent poetry reading held in Tzfat (reported on in February's newsletter), **Reuven Goldfarb** opened the meeting with the following words about poetry. I think you will find them enlightening and inspiring.

In his "Defense of Poetry," Percy Bysshe Shelley declared, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Ezra Pound, *I'havdil*, said "Poets are the antennae of the race." What is an antenna? An antenna is a sensitive instrument that reaches beyond the body and brings back messages for the benefit of the organism. Likewise, the poet – who may also be a dreamer, a visionary, or even a prophet, carefully cradles the experiences he or she has gained and formulates them into an accessible form to enlighten the members of the tribe to which he or she belongs.

William Carlos Williams, the great 20th century poet, wrote, "It is difficult to get the news from poems, yet men die miserably every day for lack of what is found there." Thus, among its many attributes, poetry is a tool for survival.

Like Judaism and other religions and disciplines, poetry has a long, complex tradition behind it, one that reaches back thousands of years, to the origins of our species. Much of our sacred literature is poetic in form and essence – the psalms of King David, the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and the sublime Song of Songs, attributed to Shlomo HaMelech. All of us have been touched by their transcendent music.



## INVITATIONS

### **The Spirit of Purim: Poetry and Music**

Sunday March 10, 7.30 p.m.

at the Israel Center

**22 Keren Hayesod Street**

with

Mindy Aber Barad, Judy Belsky, Esther Cameron, Wendy Dickstein, Ruth Fogelman

Hasidic melodies with Dvorah Belenky, flute

Admission 20 sh.

Details: [drjudybelsky@gmail.com](mailto:drjudybelsky@gmail.com). **Flyer attached to Secretary's email.**

**Dina Jehuda** sent an invitation to a writing workshop on March 11 in the Galilee with Elana Dorfman at Moshav Hazorim. **Flyer attached to Secretary's email.**

**Akilah Mosley**, a Voices member, has sent information about an upcoming musical. Akilah will be playing the role of Sheila Cohen and Tzipora in the Broadway-style Musical "Rewrite the World." This New Musical is full of beautifully choreographed dances, exciting heart-felt songs and dramatic and comedic scenes performed by an amazingly talented cast. "Rewrite the World" was created right here in Israel and was written and directed by Yisrael Lutnick. **Flyer attached to Secretary's email.**



## CONDOLENCES

To Celia Merlin on the passing of her beloved father. May his memory be a blessing.



VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH



## VOICES ISRAEL 2019 ANTHOLOGY REQUEST FOR SUBMISSIONS

Submissions to Vol.45 are accepted from Voices members and non-members alike. There is no fee for submitting poems to the Anthology. Paid up members of Voices Israel will receive a copy of the anthology once it comes out, whether they are published or not, shipping fees included. Extra copies for members of Voices Israel are NIS 40 (US\$20) each, shipping inclusive. Non-members may order copies for NIS50 (US\$ 25) each shipping inclusive. Please send orders to our Treasurer, Chanita Millman, 15 Shachar St., Beit Hakerem, 9626323 Jerusalem, ISRAEL; or by email to [millmanm@zahav.net.il](mailto:millmanm@zahav.net.il).

### GUIDELINES

Submissions for the Anthology are accepted from December 16, 2018 to **March 31, 2019**. Poems will then be sent to the editorial board, reviewed, selected, and notices sent out to contributors. The anthology will be printed by October 1<sup>st</sup> or earlier and distributed to paid-up Voices Israel members and others who have ordered and paid for copies. Copyright for individual poems is retained by the author of each poem. Copyright for the anthology belongs to Voices Israel Group of Poets in English.

### ONLINE SUBMISSIONS

*All submissions must be made online via "Submittable"*. To submit your poems online please go to <http://www.voicesisrael.com/anthology.htm> on the Voices website and click the Submit button in the section How to Submit.

- Submit a maximum of 3 poems on any subject. Poems should not exceed 40 lines including stanza breaks but not including title.

**IMPORTANT! PLEASE NOTE THAT POEMS MUST BE SUBMITTED ONE BY ONE ON SUBMITTABLE. EACH POEM IN A SEPARATE SUBMISSION. PLEASE DO NOT TRY TO SUBMIT 2 OR 3 POEMS AT ONCE.**

- Poems should be previously unpublished. However, poems that have been included in the monthly Voices Israel Poetry Page attached to the newsletter or were written at Voices workshops and published in the resulting chapbook of the workshop and/or on the Voices website are acceptable.
- Translations of living poets' poems are acceptable as long as the translations have not been previously published. The translator must have the permission of the poet if it is not the same person.
- Fancy or unconventional formatting is not encouraged.
- Judging is anonymous and the poems will be forwarded to the editorial board without names.
- No revisions of poems will be accepted after submission!



## GROUP POETRY SELECTIONS

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### Fifty Years Ago

The pyrex coffeepot on its hotplate  
 contributed some communality  
 to office kitchenettes and even to  
 the swivel-stooled neighborhood lunch counters.  
 Each cup was not its own discrete process,  
 much less its own flavor combination.  
 So too at home, the family's coffee  
 came from a single dripolator pot.  
 In the evening, looking for sandwich cheese,  
 I could find that the refrigerator  
 held the last ounces of the day's brew in  
 a repurposed, relidded milk bottle  
 and I'd hear them say, "I'm old, cold, you could  
 say stale, but I knew you would come for me."

**Mark L. Levinson**, Tel Aviv selection

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### Flowers in Your Eyes

You waited for me on the shore  
 no flowers in your eyes.  
 Cold drafts were blowing  
 from between your fingers.  
 The sun's rays disappeared.  
 You said we would be again  
 but you stayed captive  
 inside your fences.  
 Your face remained sealed  
 to my tired-of-hope eyes.  
 I went a long way  
 outside my solitude  
 towards your noisy shore,  
 in vain.

**Shulamit Bat-Or**, Southern Region selection

### The Tower of Babel by the Count

Double, trouble, bubble,  
 One, done, bone,  
 Too many to's, too, two, tutu.  
 Three, be, knee.  
 How shall we teach  
 these words we cannot  
 preach or even speak?  
 Fore, four, for.  
 Which one is correct?  
 All three?! How can that be?!  
 Five, jive, alive,  
 Oh to dive into this hive  
 of palaver called English.  
 I love to read and write  
 Or is it right to write rite?  
 I want to be a playwright,  
 a master of jabberwocky  
 and gibberish. I would eat licorice.  
 Okay, on with the lesson.  
 Mastery of babble is my profession.

**Moshe Rothenberg**, Southern Region selection





### The First Native Cyclamens of this Year Herald Spring

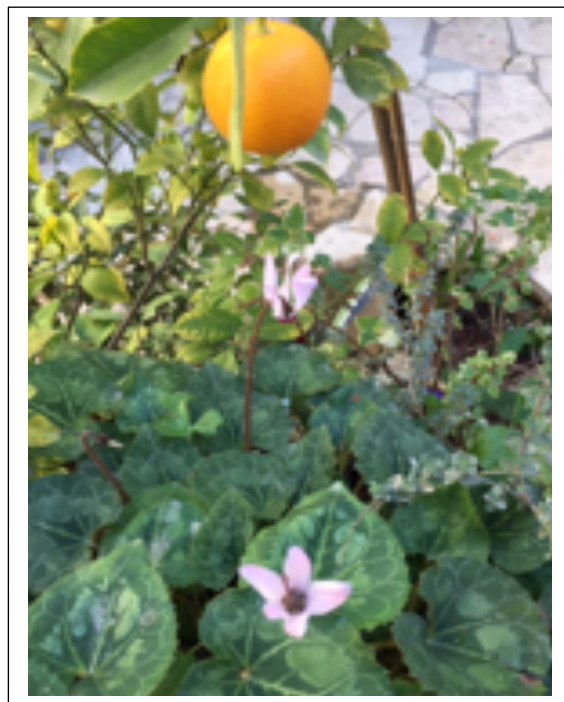
The cyclamens burst forth a host of light purple flowers. I love these ones, the others, glasshouse raised and blood red and white with humungous blooms, they look pretty, they do well in my bed by the wall.

But they look like what they are,  
Not as artificial as Chinese orchids  
That someone brought me, that I  
Watered for six months according to  
Instructions until it dawned on me.  
Plastic!

The hothouse cyclamens bloom one year  
and, even if you  
follow all the instructions faithfully  
they do nothing more and you have  
to buy new ones.

The natives' delicate flowers  
A plethora of light purple  
spring's heralds which flourish  
embedded in cracks and crevices

**Michael E. Stone**, Jerusalem



### In the Wings of Knowledge

I am alone  
in a book-lined room.  
To change my mood  
I turn the pages.

I'm original,  
beyond my moustache and beard.  
Just as every being  
is different from others.

In my place of wonder,  
knowledge gives me wings.  
I blend with the voices of the books  
and fly to add my very own song.

**Hayim Abrahamson**, Beit El





## COURAGE

I am South African.  
 I guess that says a lot about courage,  
 Not mine, of course.  
 For while throughout my childhood I slept cocooned and cosy, tended to and nurtured  
 behind alarmed doors  
 and barbed wire fences  
 and police patrolled streets  
 -staccato barks from yelping dogs piercing the fragile membrane of my world-  
 The real South Africa pulsed to a different beat.  
 While I grew up soft and pink and wet behind the ears  
 The Others and their surge of discontent was kept at bay.  
 (I know. I heard the gunshots from the townships in the night.)  
 Disillusioned voices were stifled  
 Rioters were rounded up, imprisoned and forgotten -often without trial.  
 The daily news gave little insight. We were not privy to the reality playing out beyond our pristine lawns.  
 Apartheid was okay if you were on the right White side of it.

At times the red mist of the Others simmered, and was crushed.  
 Other times it erupted, and was crushed again.  
 But you never gave up your fight and you never gave in.  
 Gentle giant, freedom fighter, dreamer of dreams, father, husband, son, terrorist  
 While you battled solitary confinement, or crushed stones in searing Robben Island heat  
 Or endured 27 years incarcerated in prisons devoid of warmth and touch of family  
 I turned my back on our troubled country and emigrated elsewhere.  
 When you finally walked to freedom in glorious South African sunshine all the world smiled with you  
 A stirring of new beginnings.

I visit now and again  
 The Rainbow Nation still pulses to its own beat  
 And I absorb its rhythms and colours and energy.  
 But there are still electricity shortages  
 Poverty, violence, corruption- with other men in power  
 Now White men join the beggars on street corners  
 'I have no food to feed my family'  
 Oh beautiful warrior, what of your courage and your valiant fight for the future of your beloved country?  
 Your legacy still lingers  
 But for how much longer.....

**Brenda Brett**, Netanya/Sharon selection



**TO MY GRANDSON, THE PHOTOGRAPHER**

You already know  
 how to probe interiors  
 by exposing what's outside  
 you understand the distance  
 of close-ups,  
 depths of the shallow  
 limitations of depth  
 brightness in dark  
 and how to measure light  
 you see beauty in ugliness  
 flaws in beauty  
 you have already been lost  
 in the entanglements of love  
 have felt the joy of its pain  
 and now you seek out the past  
 to show a way to the future  
 as you go forth  
 to learn even more  
 may you be blessed  
 may you be a blessing  
 my love goes with you.

**Susan Rosenberg**, Haifa selection

**that time of day**

you once sent me a ceramic wall  
 hanging: "the best thing about  
 having a sister is that I always have  
 a friend

time goes by  
 life goes on

yet I come to that time of day  
 when all I want is to pick up  
 the phone and speak with you

**Edit Gavriely**, Haifa selection



## Fearless

bent over  
searching the ground for the rock  
residing in every pebble -

many years ago, a long long time ago  
I walked along a pavement  
avoiding lines separating neighbours  
each segment  
a block's size  
like a bumble bee to the ant crossing a line  
now  
shoes no longer capable of stepping on today's pavement blocks  
without touching their outlines  
each one an outcast to its neighbour  
yet claiming constant neighbourliness  
an echo of silence to sports shoes  
or clanging a rhythm from the tips of stiletto studded heels  
and in my studied search

I failed to see the monster  
in the cement lamppost  
until my arms wrapped themselves around it  
my spectacles greeting the pavement  
why does it happen to me?  
as I muttered "damn it"

nothing new under the sun  
seems to be a motto even of today  
everything looks like yesterday  
in different dress and trousers  
hoping that the loose button  
doesn't snap off  
and fall between the cracks

**Ezra Ben-Meir**, West Galil selection



### Balloon People

Balloon people are brightly colored.

They fly hither and thither,  
Above the crowd, aloof.

Balloon people are barely connected,

Supported by strings, buffeted by breezes,

Disconnected.

Balloon people are free to wander and roam,

They fill the sky and scan the earth.  
But have no home.

They park for a time, and then are lifted,

Far from people, Alone and apart.

Samplers of landscapes.

One day the wind will carry them aloft,

Beyond land and sea tossed,  
Not leaving a mark, forever lost.

**Yocheved Miriam Zemel**, Jerusalem Selection

### Not a Feminist, A Zionist

In the '70s, my 20s  
feminism was the rage.  
Then, at U. of P., I'd studied,  
preparing to turn the page,

to start a new adventure  
in the chronicles of my life,  
to go up to my 'Promised Land'  
despite the clouds of strife.

Knee-deep in Mid-East studies,  
as feminists burned bras in tribute,  
this kosher, bra-less, light-weight hippie  
could not a single bra contribute.

I learned Arabic in my bare feet,  
studied about Islam and its creed,  
getting ready for my Homeland.  
Shouting--Soviet Jewry must be freed!

I'd never felt less than a male  
and knew what I was made of.  
I had my strengths and weaknesses,  
but the greatest faith in love.

I had my purpose and my goal,  
a real direction on the map.  
I aimed at having life with worth,  
not just shallow commercial crap.

I'd dedicate both life and limb  
to make my home in the Land.  
I'd raise a *sabra*\* family there  
amid camels, palms and sand.

And now, since I'm a pensioner  
looking back some 50 years,  
I've no regrets on being here,  
though my bra-size summons tears.

\*Israeli-born, native Israelis

**Ethelea Katzenell**, Southern Region  
selection



## POEMS FROM OUR OVERSEAS MEMBERS

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### Images – 5-7-5

Japan, Haiku's home  
Precise controlled images  
Of the five senses.

Hiroshima's blast  
Blackened trees that still survive  
Despite their scarring.

Vaporised by heat  
Only the man's shadow lives  
Etched into concrete.

Our grey-haired guide smiles  
Orphaned at two by the bomb  
Bitterness long gone.

Orange Torii Gate  
Giant feet in the wet sand  
Adorned with lucky yen.

Blink an eye, it's gone  
The Shinkansen train shoots by  
Harmless white bullet.

Paper wrappings sends  
Care for the gift and giver  
From the receiver.

**Esther B Lipton**, London

### Keeping Up Appearances

Cherry berry lips smile  
To reveal perfect pearls  
Coiffured bottle blond curls,  
Softly fall upon her neck  
Manicured to perfection, nails  
Flash pink in gesticulation.  
Satin skirt long and flowing  
Amassed with yellow flowers  
Silky green blouse falls straight  
Shoes, stylish peep-toed mirror shined  
The wheelchair sits folded  
Until the carer collects  
For the daily stroll in fresh air.  
This girl, of years ninety-four  
And a few months more.

**Esther B Lipton**, London



## Mementos

How delicate the first shoots:  
Yellow, lime, and palest green,  
galanthus, squill, forsythia  
in the town gardens;  
and in the wild: clover,  
pussy willow, poplar leaves,  
unfolding verdant pendants.

Until some human wants more room  
And ruins this wild for indoor space.  
House wife and designer share their glee  
of wallpaper with pussy willow and forsythia sprigs, runes,  
like all our relatives lining the halls  
in newborn photos cherub-cheeked,  
or dapper, as new parents beaming.

It seems we like all things new  
but when they age, we disengage,  
replace their vibrant realities  
with just our memories.

Juxtaposed upon the wall, Grandpa's baby picture.  
"Isn't he cute just like you?"  
She touches her husband on the chin.  
The man in the photo languishes in a hospice window,  
a museum specimen in some human diorama,  
with others who have no memory of him.

She adjusts the photos on the wallpaper  
feigning some small semblance of care  
for what she has decided  
should no longer be there.

**Ruth Hill**, Canada

## Goal of Life

Happiness is not the goal of life  
for we must cope with sorrow  
Nor is freedom  
for we must cope with restrictions  
The goal of life is to live up to my conscience  
a hard taskmaster  
a wooden ruler on my knuckles

**Ruth Hill**, Canada





### Through Glass

City lights  
City lights  
From my window I  
    can see them  
and hear the cars rushing by on the FDR drive  
The city is shrouded in shadow  
Millions of stories in this metropolis  
Some pleasant, some horrific  
My mind drifts off to other shores  
where beautiful flowers blossom  
    and fish swim  
in a crystalline pool  
Water - like a mirror  
catches my reflection  
If you open your mind to the infinite  
you will be rewarded

**Matthew Anish, USA**

### Gone from the Earth

My father was an educator and a fine pianist  
He was a composer - who set eight of my poems to music  
He loved the romantic poets  
especially Wordsworth and Tennyson  
He put out a cultural newsletter  
He was disappointed that I did not become an attorney  
Poets rarely make the money that lawyers do  
I miss my father  
I listened to Eddie sing "Oh My Papa"  
and cried

**Matthew Anish, USA**