



MAY 2019 NEWSLETTER

May 2019

Amuta No. 58-019-703-6

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dear All

The Merry Month of May has arrived and although that was Shakespeare's term for an English environment, here in Israel certainly May will bring warmer weather and for Voices Israel a busy and merry month of activities ahead.

Foremost is Thursday 16 May 6.00- 9.00pm, the Reuben Rose International Poetry Competition presentation event at Mercaz Avivim in the Ramat Aviv northern district of Tel Aviv. This date coincides with White Night in Tel Aviv. We have chosen to avoid being in central Tel Aviv as it may be too busy but you can easily be an early participant in this famous night of culture and at a more convenient time. Light refreshments will be served on arrival. It would be helpful for catering purposes if you can reply to olsburgh.susan@gmail.com indicating numbers attending. Guests are welcome.

Presentations will be made to the first three prizewinning poets and the ten honourable mentions by visiting US academics Dr. Martin Nakell and Professor Rebecca Goodman who will later give readings from their own poetry. Many of the winning poets will be present to read their compositions with proxy readers for overseas poets. John Gallas, the first prizewinner, is trying very hard to come from the UK.

In addition, this occasion is being used to launch the Bar Sagi Young Poets Prize to be administered by Voices Israel. Very sadly Bar Sagi died in 2017 in her sixteenth year. She was a talented young poet and her family is endowing a prize in her name. Family members will attend the evening and it is hoped that not only will this prize give solace but that it will promote poetry amongst young poets. This will be an opportunity for Voices Israel to connect with the younger generation, a goal that has largely eluded our organization so far.

I am grateful to veteran Voices personality Wendy Blumfield for once again undertaking the organization of a Voices workshop in Haifa. This will be held on Tuesday 21 May at 4.00pm and feature Dr. Nakell and Professor Goodman. Susan Rosenberg's home is always a popular venue so be sure to register early (See separate notice.)

I wish to thank Dr. Judy Belsky for giving valuable time to re-establish a Bet Shemesh chapter of Voices. The group has met many times in the last couple of years but Judy feels she can no longer be the coordinator. I hope that we can find someone to take on this role and that before too long poets in that area will have an opportunity to meet under the Voices banner. I know those who attended benefited greatly from Judy's experience and sincere input.

With so many other Voices-connected activities this month, mentioned elsewhere in this newsletter, I look forward to having a chance to meet up with many of our members. Remember if you cannot attend in person our webmistress Judy Koren is continually updating the Voices website so that you can still be a part of the Voices Israel family <https://voicesisrael.com>

Very sincerely
Susan Olsburgh
President Voices Israel



VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH



MAY 2019 MEETING DATES, TIMES AND PLACES

HAIFA

NO MEETING

WORKSHOP:

Tuesday 21st May
at 4 p.m. At Susan Rosenberg's. Please see details and registration below.

Coordinator:

Wendy Blumfield

Tel: 04-837-6820

Mobile: 054-524-0412

wendyb@netvision.net.il

TEL AVIV

SUNDAY, MAY 19

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

JERUSALEM

MONDAY, MAY 6

AT 6:00 PM

Toby Shuster's
5 Aza Street, Rehavia
Jerusalem

Coordinator:

Avril Meallem

Tel: 02-567-0998

aemeallem@gmail.com

UPPER GALILEE

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15

FROM 5-7 PM

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

NO MEETING IN MAY

NETANYA & SHARON

MONDAY, MAY 27

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

WESTERN GALILEE

TUESDAY, MAY 7

AT 8:30PM

Kibbutz Evron

Coordinator:

Phyllsie Gross

Tel: 052-874-6880

phyllsie@hotmail.com

LONDON UK

FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE
CONTACT ESTHER.

Coordinator:

Esther Lipton
eblipton@talk21.com

GUSH ETZION

PLEASE CONTACT MINDY IF
YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THE
GROUP RE-STARTING.

SOUTHERN

SUNDAY, MAY 5

AT 5:00PM

Coordinator:

Miriam Green

Tel: 05-7388640

miriamsgreen@gmail.com

ASHKELON

FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE
CONTACT CHAIM

Coordinator:

Chaim Bezalel

Tel: 054-674-5900

bezalel.levy@gmail.com

BERLIN, GERMANY

FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE
CONTACT BRITTA.

Coordinator:

Britta R. Kollberg

brkollberg@yahoo.de

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Susan Olsburgh

2/6 Zalman Shazar

Ramat Poleg, Netanya

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burgh.susan@gmail.com

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susanndick@gmail.com

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3 Hairus St.

Metulla 1029200

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helentbarlev@gmail.com



CALLS FOR SUBMISSIONS

From **David Ades** of Australia (deadline **September 1, 2019**):

Fellow Poets,

Over the course of forty years spent flying around the world, we've found a special muse that lives only there, in the middle of the sky. And we're certain there are others among you who share this airborne inspiration.

With that in mind, noted Irish poet Gerry Murphy and I are working on a project that we hope you will find sufficiently intriguing to submit a poem and pass the word around to your friends, students, etc. Titled "Poetry on Planes", it will be an anthology featuring the work of 99 poets from around the world.

We invite you to submit original works that, ideally, were written while you were a passenger on a commercial airliner. It doesn't have to be about the 'roar of the jets' or the 'majesty of flight'; the world beyond that small window is vast. But whatever the subject, be it serious or whimsical, the poems we seek are those infused with the unmistakable influence of that special muse.

That said, this focus will make the book a logical candidate for airport bookstores, which means people on planes will be reading Poetry on Planes -- and it helps if they can relate to what's on the page. Please visit <http://www.poetryonplanes.com/> for further information. We look forward to reading what you and the muse have to say.

Regards, *Gerry Murphy / Peter Frey*

CONGRATULATIONS

to **Avril Meallem** (together with her poetry partner **Shernaz Wadia** in India) for having had published two Tapestry poems: *Scarred for Life* published in the special edition 'Women, Power & Creativity' in the March, 2019 issue of SETU: a Bilingual Journal of Literature, Arts and Culture (Pittsburgh, USA) and *Homeland* published in the April 2019 edition of "Narrow Road" a Triannual Indian Literary e-magazine.

to **Ricky Friesem** for the publication of her latest poetry collection "Gimme Shelter," Kipod Press, 2019 and her award-winning Essay in the 2019 Spring edition of Tiferet "What's in a Name."

"Gimme Shelter" will be launched at a Festive Event in Rehovot on May 14 at the Milta Book shop, 26 Ya'akov Rehovot. Karen Alkalay-Gut will also be reading at the same event. If any Voices members are interested in attending, they can contact Ricky at friesem.friesem@weizmann.ac.il. Hope some of you can make it.

to **Matthew Anish**, whose poem was published in the April 16 edition of The New York Times.

to **Esther Cameron**, whose piece on the subject of Pesach, "Please Think of This on Seder Night" is published on Sassonmag.com and whose poem, "At Attention on Holocaust Remembrance Day, 5778" was published in Sasson Magazine. [Link to Sasson Magazine](#)

to **Stanley H. Barkan**, **Susan Olsburgh** and **Judith Robinson** whose poems are published in the 21st Annual Yom Hashoah issue featuring 58 poets from around the world. Read their poems [Here](#).

to **Kaila Shabat**, who has five poems published in Poesia Sin Fronteras III, 2018. Her poems have been translated from English to Hebrew and to Spanish.

to **Ruth Fogelman** whose book, *What Color are Your Dreams?* was published by **Of the Essence Press** and is available in Israel directly from Ruth ruthfogelman@yahoo.com, and outside Israel on [Amazon.com: Ruth Fogelman](#)

URGENT REQUEST:

Please check your records to make sure you have paid your 2019 dues. The Early Discount period has passed, of course. We really depend on our dues financially. Please do what you can to send the money to Chanita as soon as possible.



EVENTS NOT TO MISS

16 MAY 2019

REUBEN ROSE INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION

PRESENTATION EVENT

**16 MAY 2019
6:00 – 9:00 PM**

**MERCAZ AVIVIM
75 Chaim Levanon Street
(across from Tel Aviv University Gate 9)
Ramat Aviv, Tel Aviv 10000**

**Directions:
Driving from the North: Hwy. 2 to Ayalon 20;
Driving from South: Route 1 and Ayalon 20;
Exit from Ayalon to KKL Street;
Follow KKL and turn right to 75 Chaim Levanon
By train to TA University stop; short walk to the venue**

Parking Available

Light refreshments will be served on arrival.

Presentations will be made to the 2018 first three
prizewinning poets and the ten honourable mentions

by

US academics Dr. Martin Nakell and Professor Rebecca Goodman

On this evening, we will also launch the
Bar Sagi Young Poets Prize to be administered by Voices Israel.
Bar Sagi was a talented young poet who sadly died in 2017 in her sixteenth year.
Her family is endowing a prize in her name and family members will attend the launch.

In order to plan for catering purposes,
please RSVP to olsburgh.susan@gmail.com
indicating numbers attending.
Guests Welcome



21 MAY 2019:

SPRING WORKSHOP IN HAIFA

“Chaos, Chaos, create new form”

With Dr. Martin Nakell and Prof. Rebecca Goodman

**Voices Israel Haifa group invite you to a workshop
On Tuesday 21st May, 2019
From 4 p.m. – 8.30 p.m.**

**At the home of Susan Rosenberg
42/46 Leon Blum, Haifa
Tel: 04-8381218**

Cost: Members – 30 shekels; Non-members – 50 shekels

Programme:

**4 p.m. Refreshments and registration
4.30 p.m. Workshop followed by writing exercises
6 p.m. Break for light supper
6.30 p.m. Continuation of workshop**

Dr. Nakell, an avant-garde writer of fiction, poetry and essay, has published 18 books. He is founder of the literary movement: Chaos Theory of Literary and Art Composition.

Prof. Goodman is author of two acclaimed novels and has just completed a research trip to Alsace for a novel involving WW1 stretching back to medieval Jewish ghettos.

They both teach in the Creative Writing Programme at Chapman University.

Registrations by 16th May (places limited):

Linda Suchy: 054-4978812

Secretary.voices@gmail.com

Co-ordinate buffet supper (dairy)

Wendy Blumfield, 04-8376820/0545-240412

Wendyb@netvision.net.il



BLESSINGS:

We are so happy and so blessed to welcome Kaila Shabat back into our community. Kaila is healthy BH, and has rejoined our Netanya/Sharon group after a long period in hospital. May she continue to improve and be healthy.

Kaila has submitted a poem she wrote several years ago after a prolonged illness. It definitely seems appropriate for this special time.

A SECOND CHANCE

I have returned from beyond,
ventured where no man should
before he is called.

Willfully I approached the place
where the pain of living ceases
in oblivion.

With a thankful prayer I came back
to take the pleasure with the pain
and accept both.

April 1976
Kaila Shabat



GROUP POETRY SELECTIONS

Human Conditions Haiku Trilogy

People with parched souls
Dashing harried to and fro
Searching for water.

People, all flavors,
Streaming to the Western Wall
Bringing gratitude.

People like pencils
Start straight and sharp, but then their
Life's work wears them down.

Miriam Feigelman
Netanya/Sharon selection

Fresh Air

inside the Ark
how fetid it had been!
no air conditioning
people animals birds
breathing, eating, farting.

there were snakes and other
reptiles I suppose, but no fish,
for fish swam in the Flood
in shoals, a passing panoply,
leviathan's honour guard.

amphibians and flying foxes,
wombats and widedgy grubs,

platypsuses, beavers and moles
in the ark, -- where did they burrow?
and the elephants' skin
already so sensitive,
where did they wallow?

no wonder the dove and the raven,
flew fast out of the window,
stretched their wings,
breathed clean air,
and returned to rest at night.

until the new earth appeared.

Michael Stone, Jerusalem



The Little Spacecraft that Could

a lunar contraption, magnificent schemes
 one little country with oversized dreams
 the idea came about in a moment bizarre
 jotted on napkins by men at a bar
 with hopes to be fourth to land on moon's soil
 a washer-sized craft wrapped in lots of gold foil
 developed and paid-for by private expense
 expounded by experts with yearnings intense
 a nano-sized Bible, time-capsule were packed
 with big expectations the gadget was tracked
 a selfie was broadcast along with our flag
 the picture provided a moment to brag
 it gave us a time-out to have something nice
 reflecting our pride of that little device
 during the weeks it would travel through space
 and circle the moon in an oval embrace
 grandiose studies were carefully planned
 for the moment the gizmo from Israel would land
 only minutes to go when the broadcast went dead
 and the stellar invention just fell on its head
 we take comfort in knowing we have the potentials
 and that's why erasers are placed atop pencils!
 we're sorry the spacecraft went down in a crash
 we'll just have to go back to pick up the trash!

Phyllsie Gross, Western Galilee selection





Metamorphosis

most people, of a certain vintage,
face the ineluctable etch-work of life
when I last looked in the mirror
I didn't see an aging woman
suddenly,
it was *Grandpa* staring back at me!
echo of his bald pate, my widow's peak
not-brown-not green protrusive eyes
sunken to a pared back profile, like his;
fortunately, my eyebrows *do not* reprise
the broad-swathed bush that buttressed
Papa's thoughtful brow; rather, thinned
remnants *beg* for reinforcement,
as if worn out from propping up
this mind of my own;
nouveau pigmentations frolic across
the collagen-starved landscape of my face,
spawned in youth on Revere Beach, when
I ate sandy summer plums at water's edge,
Grandpa's cherubic Princess, tummy adorned
in stripes of juice in hues of royal argaman

as I orbited sun's fiery corona, the outer
crust of mom's most adored orb
turned the color of health-
her precious *little brown berry!*
who knew that skin has memory
like a vise, envy even of the elephant?
people probably suspected,
but copper-toned smiles
beaming from billboards
quashed any heresy

Judith Fineberg
Netanya/Sharon

Gingi

I see your cat-like form at rest, reposed
upon a pillow, relaxed as you await me,
or so it seems. You jump off, so free,
follow my footsteps as I rise. You, close

up to me, as I walk, you see
where I go, it doesn't matter. It's good,
behind me, we're friends, as we should.
You know me better that I'll ever be,

my animalness, on two legs, crude
to your senses catches me as I leave.
Up the stairwell, you appear, you give
me a piece of yourself, as you intrude

in my space, in fact, I do believe
you are a part of me, of my own soul,
a completion of that combination, all
of me in the world, conceives

a discourse of all beings, brave and bold,
a peace and harmony where we enfold.

Zev Davis, Haifa selection



Bubbleprint Peopleprint

The children blew soap bubbles on the balcony,
 a happy springtime family gathering,
 a wondrous sight as more, more
 shining, iridescent bubbles
 full of light yet empty,
 glories of perfect beauty,
 made me think of people
 floating alongside each other,
 like circles in a Venn diagram
 or globes rotating in space
 living for a time exquisitely, even harmoniously
 then disappearing without sound or trace.
 A human footprint lasts longer than those bubbles.

We need to worry before we go
 what footprints people leave on earth below
 unlike those exploding bubbles leaving nothing to show.

Susan Olsburgh
 Netanya/Sharon selection

Sentence Analysis

The sentence spreads on the page
 like a coiled, contorted dragon -
 old, half-asleep, but still able
 to cause harm. Our future
 depends on a successful kill.

We circle it from above
 determine by temperature
 the place of the pulsating carotid
 - the all-important main clause -
 We descend and strike.

Then with sharp beak and claws
 we dismember: flesh from bone
 fat from muscle, revealing
 tendons and ligaments,
 heart chambers and bowel segments.

Blood dribbles from our fingers;
 we shake it away and proceeded
 to reconstruct the logical tree:
 coordination and subordination
 the what and the where and the how.

Our analytical beak and claws
 remain stuck, often break
 in the parentheses: what are they,
 these small, stabbing stones
 falsely cushioned between brackets?

They rattle irritatingly with irrelevant,
 if interesting information,
 apparently related to nothing
 Where do they come from,
 how are we meant to attach them?

Perhaps at times the magma of the mind
 erupts and solidifies. Perhaps in one
 of the mind's many parallel universes
 a sentence is just being created
 in which the parenthesis is the main clause.

Iris Dan
 Haifa selection



Chocolate

During the two Gulf Wars, Israeli consumption of chocolate tripled. Figures for chocolate consumption today in the towns bordering the Gaza Strip are unavailable but presumably similar.

Chocolate makes endurable
the siren
the whoosh of missiles
overflying or
scattering shrapnel
into the wadi where our
children in better times
built their tree-houses,
hunted for pine-nuts.

Chocolate comforts us
through those hours in the shelter
waiting for the radio to tell us
how many injured; chocolate dark as night
warm as blood on the tongue
sticky on the fingers
crunchy, hiding nuts or
sweet, enclosing raisins –
Before I weigh them, says the cashier
reaching into my bag of
chocolate-covered pecans,
You don't mind do you? No, why should I mind?
She and I are in the same boat
whirling over rapids; while this madness lasts
while the sirens confine us
each alone in our separate shelter
while we cannot buy a loaf of peace
let us eat chocolate
together.

Judy Koren, Haifa group



Summer Rains

I need summer rains
to awaken hope
when heat taints fingerprints
mirages eye
glues newspaper to bare arm

Afternoon anticipation
four o'clock
perhaps four-thirty
patter to flood

half-an-hour

Then the steam of streets
meets the plane trees' leaves
warmth defeats heat
breath returns

Bring me summer rains

R. M. Kiel, Tel Aviv selection

The Light of Nature

Nature is a model for the painter
who endeavors to discover its treasures.
It is a parlor and then a workshop
for us to see and hear out its passage.

Through nature from Above we dry our tears
when we win emotions by twinning with her.
It is up to us to delight in the symphony of taste
by sharing in the flow of its spring.

God chooses to present its display
and it is up to us to gather our part.
Here with rough and sharp points
there it makes a road for us at an even pace.

Just as we feel the softness of the baby's cheek
we can touch Nature's many-fold texture.
There is closure between heaven and earth
in our quest to draw the rope that unites them.

Our regard towards this outer world
gives us a feeling of fullness of existence.
Nature's manifestation is the lode
through which we attract to ourselves Divine light.

After the poem "Chevle Or" חבלי אור
by Esther Cameron,
Maalot Adumim, 5779.

Hayim Abramson



POEMS FROM OUR OVERSEAS MEMBERS

P is for PASSOVER

To cross or not cross the Picket Line.
That is the question. I need PASSOVER food.
Dairy products stamped with a P for Passover.
Other goods like fresh chicken, canned goods
marked P for Pesach. Best selection of these
products locally found at Stop and Shop.
Workers are on strike, Picket outside the door.
Yelling at passing cars to wave or honk
horns, or shout at shoppers crossing the Picket
Line. Workers don't want MARTY, the robot.
I don't mind the robot. I told Marty to move out
of the way and he did. A young girl laughed
as Marty beeped. Workers don't want more self
check out lanes. I stand in long lines wondering
What am I doing here?
All the supermarkets are adding more self checkout
lanes and robots. Want fewer workers who want health
care and retirement benefits.
When strike is over if the workers have seen me cross
the Picket Line, when I ask a worker for help
with my cart or cane, perhaps they
help put packages into my car,
Or I ask, "Where are the best tomatoes?"
They will remember.
Look, see if the press is filming
Police keeping them outside
the parking lot.
Say, "I am just going to the bank,
or the pharmacy." Wave a script
or envelope, enter the store
Maybe carry a tote.
Come out with only a few things.
OR BETTER.
Wait till next week
Hope the strike is over.

This year P is for PICKET

Linda Goldberg, USA



Will it Never Stop

A rabbi felled at the hands of a madman
Atmosphere of hate growing in the good old USA
How should we respond to this
Rent Schindler's list?
Pick up a Jewish newspaper and read it?
I heard about some other terrible things going on in the world
Churches, mosques and synagogues being attacked.
When people want to worship peacefully
They should be able to do so without being harmed
I voted in the last election
I know a lot of people do not
But as my mother pointed out
That is what the serviceman died for
I wish everyone reading this
whatever religion or country you are in
Peace & Love

Matthew Anish, USA

Misgivings

The Protestants do not like the Catholics
The Orthodox do not think much of the Reform
The Shiites do not like the Sunnis
The Lubavitchers and Satmar are at odds
I could go on and on
Tomorrow morning will head over to the local tea shop
for a couple of healthful cups of green tea with honey
This morning I took a bath with some "aging hippie" bath powder
Despite our differences we all can agree on some things
If you have the time - get lost reading some verse, fiction or non-fiction
Picked up five postcards of the island of Jamaica
I am an armchair traveller of some renown!

Matthew Anish, USA



Pagan Festival 2018

Brumm, Brumm Brumm Brumm
 Primitive and earthy the drummers' beat
 Rhythmic monotonous incessant sounds greet
 The dancers encircle all dressed in black
 Hold staves which they thwack and thwack
 Big bellied men with beards and long locks
 Wear ribbons and bells above their socks
 Nose and ears pierced with shiny rings
 Chins and lips stabbed by lethal pins.

Brumm, Brumm Brumm Brumm
 Women with flowered skirts and black faces
 Dance as if just arisen from coffin cases
 Wear pointed hats adorned with fluffy dead rats
 Or belts hung with stuffed baby bats
 Bodies embellished with bizarre tattoos
 Snakes, flowers, fishes, a veritable zoo
 Secret messages, gothic designs
 Astral drawings and mathematical lines.

Brumm, Brumm Brumm Brumm
 They prance and dance for moon, trees and rivers
 With shouts and jumps, the watchers quiver
 Thumps and stomps on brown parched grass
 Call on their rain god to visit then pass
 He answers their prayers with a huge thunder storm
 The ground it is flooded so they all march home.

Brumm, Brumm Brumm Brumm

Esther B Lipton

London

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 May 2019 Newsletter

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