



MAY 2020 NEWSLETTER

Website address: www.voicesisrael.com

Amuta No. 58-019-703-6

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dear All

We have now lived through several weeks of the Corona crisis with much sadness over loss of life and with many strictures aimed at keeping the country healthy. For Voices Israel at least, despite restrictions, there has still been some activity possible and the wheels continue to turn.

We did have to cancel the AGM in March but the muse has kept visiting our groups and corona themed poetry has increasingly emerged. In my own Sharon/Netanya group 13 members joined in an enjoyable zoomed session and I know a few other groups have also kept sessions going in this way. Many thanks to Dr Eli Ben Joseph of the Nahariya group for providing helpful guidance about how to use Zoom.

Very soon the Voices board will be approached to approve a Zoom enabled AGM. Then it will be good to go ahead and arrange events and workshops but it is recognised that it is hard for the non-computer literate members.

We do hope in this next month to reschedule the AGM. The reports are ready, the finances are complete, nominations and resolutions have all been lodged with the secretary and we feel now we should not wait much longer. Using Zoom we still could have an Open Mike after the formalities which would be very enjoyable.

If there is not too long a lockdown then the biennial residential with workshops and presentations of the Reuben Rose and Bar Sagi awards could take place.

Meantime there will be some happy recipients of a communication from Chief Editor, Dina Yehuda to say poems have been accepted for the 2020 Voices Israel Anthology. The editor and her team still have much work to do behind the scenes before the anthology is ready for publication. Our secretary tries diligently to note all our poets' successes in being published in other poetry formats. It makes everyone in Voices very proud so please do keep submitting to other publications, citing Voices, and when published inform Linda Suchy.



VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH



It is heart-warming to see the announcement of the first Bar Sagi Young Poets Prize awards. The family of the late Bar Sagi hopefully will get satisfaction that the first competition has reached this stage but I do hope they will soon have the greater pleasure of hearing the poems and presenting the awards in memory of Bar Sagi. Wendy Dickstein has quietly and efficiently nurtured this scheme to a conclusion and I am delighted to congratulate her, Susan Bell and Itamar Blumfield, the editorial team, for all their efforts.

Very recently the poem below was sent to me as an activity for whiling away the lockdown. The first member who can identify the most number of references of inspirational lines (giving poet and poem) will receive a congratulatory card and puzzle emailed to them. Competition answers to me please by Wednesday 6 May at midday 12.00pm (Israel time) olsburgh.susan@gmail.com. The poem is attributed to Pauline but generally accepted as anonymous. Bonus prize to anyone suggesting a more genteel but effective phrase to end poem!

Dear members stay safe wherever you are during this normally Merry Month of May.

Susan

Susan Olsburgh President Voices Israel

Poem from Pauline

I won't arise and go now, and go to Innisfree
I'll sanitise the doorknob and make a cup of tea.
I won't go down to the sea again, I won't go out at all,
I'll wander lonely as a cloud from the kitchen to the hall.
There's a green-eyed yellow monster to the north of Katmandu
But I shan't be seeing him just yet and nor, I think will you.
While the dawn comes up like thunder on the road to Mandalay
I'll make my bit of supper and eat it off a tray.
I shall not speed my bonnie boat across the sea to Skye
Or take the rolling English road from Birmingham to Rye.
About the woodland, just right now, I am not free to go
To see the Keep Out posters or the cherry hung with snow
And no, I won't be travelling much, within the realms of gold.
Or get me to Milford Haven. All that's been put on hold.
Give me your hands, I *shan't* request, albeit we are friends
Nor come within a mile of you, until this shit show ends.



VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH



MAY 2020 MEETING DATES, TIMES AND PLACES

<p>HAIFA CONTACT WENDY FOR DETAILS</p> <p>Coordinator: Wendy Blumfield Tel: 04-837-6820 Mobile: 054-524-0412 wendyb@netvision.net.il</p>	<p>TEL AVIV MEETING BY ZOOM CONTACT MARK LEVINSON FOR DETAILS</p> <p>Coordinator: Mark Levinson Tel: 054-444-8438 nosnivel@netvision.net.il</p>	<p>JERUSALEM WEDNESDAY, MAY 20 VIA ZOOM</p> <p>Coordinator: Avril Meallem Tel: 02-567-0998 aemeallem@gmail.com</p>	<p>UPPER GALILE WEDNESDAY, MAY 6 AT 5-7 PM VIA ZOOM</p> <p>Call 04-697-4105 or write poetsprogress@gmail.com to obtain a link and receive guidelines for participating.</p> <p>Coordinator: Reuven Goldfarb Tel: 04-6974105 Mobile: 058-414-0262 poetsprogress@gmail.com</p>
<p>BET SHEMESH / MODIIN NO MEETINGS PLANNED</p>	<p>NETANYA & SHARON MONDAY, APRIL 27 AT 7:30PM VIA ZOOM</p> <p>Coordinator: Susan Olsburgh Tel: 074-704-2736 olsburgh.susan@gmail.com</p>	<p>WESTERN GALILEE SUNDAY, MAY 24 AT 7:30 PM VIA ZOOM</p> <p>Coordinator: Phyllsie Gross Tel: 052-874-6880 phyllsie@hotmail.com</p>	<p>LONDON UK FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE CONTACT ESTHER.</p> <p>Coordinator: Esther Lipton eblipton@talk21.com</p>
<p>GUSH ETZION PLEASE CONTACT MINDY IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THE GROUP RE-STARTING.</p> <p>Coordinator: Mindy Aber Barad Tel: 05-4667936 maber4kids@yahoo.com</p>	<p>SOUTHERN FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE CONTACT MIRIAM</p> <p>Coordinator: Miriam Green Tel: 05-7388640 miriamsgreen@gmail.com</p>	<p>ASHKELON FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE CONTACT CHAIM</p> <p>Coordinator: Chaim Bezalel Tel: 054-674-5900 bezalel.levy@gmail.com</p>	<p>BERLIN, GERMANY FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE CONTACT BRITTA.</p> <p>Coordinator: Britta R. Kollberg brkollberg@yahoo.de</p>

President

Susan Olsburgh
2/6 Zalman Shazar
Ramat Poleg, Netanya
Tel: 074-704-2736
olsburgh.susan@gmail.com

Secretary

Linda Suchy
Haim Laskov 5/7
Netanya 4265605
Tel: 054-497-8812
secretary.voices@gmail.com

Treasurer

Chanita Millman
15 Shachar St.
Jerusalem 9626323
Tel: 02-653-6770
millmanm@inter.net.il

Membership Coordinator

Susan Rosenberg
42/46a Leon Blum
Haifa 3385209
Tel: 04-838-1218
susanndick@gmail.com

Overseas Connections Coordinator

Helen Bar-Lev
3 Hairus St.
Metulla 1029200
Tel: 077-353-5548
helentbarlev@gmail.com



WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBER:

Dan Tadmor, Tel Aviv group

CALLS FOR SUBMISSIONS

Submissions open 1 December – deadline August 31, 2020. See <https://aestheticamagazine.com/>

The **Aesthetica Creative Writing Award** is an international literary prize that is a hotbed for new talent in **Poetry** and **Short Fiction**. Now in its 14th year, the Prize supports both emerging and established writers. By entering, writers can showcase their work to key industry figures and organisations including **The Poetry Society, Granta, VINTAGE** and more. Winners are selected for both categories and awarded with £1,000. Publication within the *Aesthetica Creative Writing Anthology*, is also awarded to a further 60 writers whose works are highly commended. Aesthetica is proud to champion new writing talent and supports its writing alumni beyond the Prize, offering print and digital publicity and continued exposure across our channels.

Winning Writers is calling for submissions through membership in FanStory. Membership is \$9.95 a month. FanStory regularly sends information on all the writing contests available some with deadlines clear to the end of 2020. Here is a link to their website: <https://www.fanstory.com/index1n.jsp>

Tiferet Journal announced their 2020 Writing Contest **April 1 to May 15**. Follow this link for guidelines and submission fees: <http://tiferetjournal.com/2020-writing-contest/>

Devour Art & Lit Canada is calling for Panku Poem Submissions for a future book: "In These Strange Pandemic Days." Only uplifting, fun, light, amusing and/or entertaining pandemic poems in the form of a Panku will be accepted. No deadline indicated. Just send in your poems ASAP to pankupoems@gmail.com. See guidelines at [Pages 124 and 125 of this document](#).

Fish Publishing has announced their "Lockdown Prize." The theme is Coronavirus (the writer's response to the strange times of 2020). **Deadline: June 15, 2020**. For guidelines, click the following link: <https://www.fishpublishing.com/competition/the-lockdown-prize/>.

Winning Writers has found over three dozen free poetry and prose contests with deadlines between April 15-May 31. See, <https://winningwriters.com/>.

Poetica Publishing has announced their call for submissions to the **2020 Mizmor Poetry Anthology**. **Deadline is August 15**. The Theme: Braving the Spiritual Wilderness. Editors are looking for poems reflecting on the spiritual connection between human beings, nature and the environment." [Guidelines](#)

Frontier Poetry has announced 11 contests and magazines with May 2020 deadlines. They also have a new category for New Voices ((no more than one full-length published work) in poetry. It is free to submit poetry in this category and they will even pay for published pieces. See www.frontierpoetry.com.



VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH



CONGRATULATIONS

To – the **Winners** of the **Bar Sagi Young Poets Prize**. First prize goes to **Ester Belokurov**; Second prize to **Yaara Heller**; Third prize to **Haya Moukouri**; and Honorable Mention to **Liraz Eliszda**. See our website to access the poems: www.voicesisrael.com.

To – **Helen Bar-Lev**, whose Panku poems “Virus isolation” and “Corona Aloneness” have been published in the April 2020 Issue 006 of Devour Art & Lit Canada. See guidelines at Devour Art & Lit Canada, Issue 006, pp 124-125.

To – **Stanley H. Barkan, Rifkah Goldberg, Susan Olsburgh and Judith R. Robinson** who had their poems published in the 22nd Annual Yom HaShoah Issue of Poetry Super Highway, [here](#).

To – **Rumi Morkin** (aka Miriam Webber) has had two poems accepted for the April issue of *Narrow Road*: "To pee or not to pee" and "The bright side."

To – **Robert Keeler** (Washington USA) who has published his first book of poetry, *Detonation*.

SPECIAL CONGRATULATIONS

To – **Miriam Webber**, on the birth of a great-granddaughter! Mazal Tov!

MESSAGE FROM OUR FRIEND IN INDIA

Moizur Rehman Khan has sent a lovely message to Voices Israel:

Dear All,

The world as we know it seems to be in shambles right now. As if the Four Horsemen run amok, unharnessed. Pestilence wreaking havoc, friends lost, loved ones departed, millions in agony and billions more echoing their anguish, uncertainty looming large, fear and anxiety prevailing along the streets. Now more than ever it seems that “as flies to wanton boys are we to th' gods”.

But all is not lost. We are witnessing unprecedented solidarity, generosity, kindness and compassion all around us. The need to help others was never more pressing, it seems. The courage of the people at the front line, the will and willingness to put their own lives at risk to save the whole of humanity is just angelic.



VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH



Our thoughts and prayers are with you and your loved ones. In these trying times we must hold fast to faith and hope. May we all emerge from this pandemic stronger, wiser and above all, more humane.

“O Wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?”

P.S.:

1. A.R.A.W.Lii had published the Winter 2019 Issue of *Prosopisia* and complimentary copies had been sent to some of the contributors and subscribers before the onslaught of the pandemic in India. Rest of the copies will be sent when safety and security protocols allow us.
2. The Academy has been making its own humble efforts in providing some help and solace in these uncertain times. We are also working on uploading the digital versions of the previous issues of *Prosopisia* and some other publications by A.R.A.W. LII. to be downloaded free from our website.

Moizur Rehman Khan, Secretary
A.R.A.W.L.II

CLASS ANNOUNCEMENT FROM REUVEN GOLDFARB

FORMAL STRUCTURES IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE POETRY

My next class in the ongoing series on Formal Elements in English Language Poetry will occur on **Wednesday, May 20, from 5-7 pm on Zoom**. We will be continuing our study of the Ode, with a focus on these crown jewels of the English Romantic era: Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and "Ode to a Nightingale," and Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," along with Tennyson's narrative lyric, "The Lotos-Eaters" and his dramatic monologue, "Ulysses." Anyone wishing to attend may contact me for an invitation as well as for copies of the poems, via poetsprogress@gmail.com or 04-697-4105.

More special subjects coming in June!



GROUP POETRY SELECTIONS

Weeds

*"To sweet little Miriam - a wild flower of a different kind."
My mother wrote this on the flyleaf of a book of wild flowers
she bought for me when I was 8 years old.*

My mother's dedication written
for a child completely smitten
with the joys of open air
wild flowers growing everywhere.

I scorned the rules, ran off to play
with friends out in the fields, away
from home for hours returning late,
my worried mother had to wait.

Rascalion, always up to tricks,
bringing home wild flowers and sticks
with which I'd prodded cow-pat crust,
"Throw them away dear, oh why must
you bring those smelly things back here!"
She meant that lovely yellow smear.

She bought a book for me, aged eight:
"Wild Flowers" - each a colored plate,
all painted carefully by hand,
with text that I could understand.

I have that book, still love each page:
wood sorrel, Crane's-bill, saxifrage...
I knew their names and shapes by heart
and felt that I was very smart.

Wild flowers of the countryside,
some growing tall, while others hide,
all randomly disperse their seeds
most people think of them as weeds,
but weeds are flowers, wild and free
that's how I like to think of me.

<>

My husband gone, my children grown,
I'm flowering for myself, alone,
I've loved and lost and spread my seeds,
my garden blooms with widow's weeds.

<p>Rumi Morkin Haifa selection</p>



BECAUSE I AM SO OLD

Past events constantly play
on the screen of my memory
like the re-run of a movie
about somebody else.

Susan Rosenberg, Haifa selection

Distance loving

Books. films, food cannot fill the chasm
Video and Zoom do not bridge the gap
There's a lacuna in my lap
Where a small warm body fits
A void in my heart
Where the warmth sinks in

Naomi Yalin, Haifa selection

The Swing

A breeze gently rocks the swing on my mulberry tree.
Grandchildren stay away – they care for me.
Sometimes I sit and rock myself up high
To see the bright horizon from afar.

Dan Tadmor, Tel Aviv selection



CYCLES OF SEASONS

Cycles, seasons, mood of ages
Forgotten dreams of children's play
Remembered anguish of first love
Waiting to be asked to dance.

The soft sweet down on infant head
Teenage tantrums and slam of doors
Drums beating as sons march to war
Dancing to the wedding march

Full tables as the family grows
Emptying with the turn of years
Slowing down of age
Reduced circumstances

Cycles, seasons, mood of ages
Children splashing in sea
In lazy heat of summer
Endless dark of winter's night

Walking in the forest
As the first cyclamens bloom
Autumn's crisp tapestry of colour
Before the fall of leaves

Wendy Blumfield, Haifa selection

WELCOME HOME!

With open arms
You welcome your darling home
Like a musical poem
After he's gone bong
With women, with song
And all things that are wrong.
He's ravished the brides
And neglected the children
Letting your money
Pour through his fingers
Till none of it lingers
Till his hunger prevailing
He trudges back to you wailing.
And you, and you
Welcome your prodigal home
As though he'd won
A marathon.

Betsy Ramsay, Jerusalem



Antenna of Trust

Almond and cherry blossoms nod their sleepy heads
covering the waiting earth below
in carpets of pink and white...
nature, so gentle, yet so full of pain
from the human battles raged within her arms,
so much blood absorbed into her fertile soil,
so many words of hate, jealousy,
unforgiveness wafted on the wind.

But we have been so blind in our search for progress.
We have encircled our world with a web of angry energy.
If only we could now open our eyes,
see beyond the physicality of our existence.

I see a swirling mist of crimson light filling all space,
a light of love, flowing from the beating heart of the Creator.
We only have to reach out beyond our minds,
connect to this light as a radio, when turned on,
can be tuned into a specific channel.

Let us each fine-tune our own antennae of trust,
draw down God's gift into our whole being
allowing the crimson light of love to radiate
a joy never before known by mankind,
a joy of the original Gan Eden.

Avril Meallem - Jerusalem selection



Things That Bounce

Pristine pink Spalding balls, the ones with which a 12-year-old daddy played
 stoop ball, the ones over which his 12-year-old daughter fan-kicked the alphabet:
 "A' my name is Alice and my husband's name is Al, we come from
 Alabama and we sell almanacs"
 Her confidence, if she got to 'Z'
 Silly Putty ball-shape-shifted by whirling dervish palms of children's hands
 Black lace nighttime twirls of dreams, sometimes - if, when thrown against the
 wall of daylight, they don't crack
 Aluminum foil, crinkled and balled and covered in voluminous layers
 of multi-colored rubber bands, the more the merrier toward a higher skyward
 An intrepid daddy, after surgeries and compromised immune system and
 infections and advancing conditions trudging through the body's cosmos,
 after hospitals and rehab, repeat and ditto, during his more than nine lives
 A gleeful two-year-old great-niece on her parents' bed
 Fuzzy yellow tennis balls off a daddy racquet, the eventual shock-absorbers
 for his walker legs
 Ping-pong balls pinging and ponging, bonding laughing sister-rivals
 The constant serves of givings, misgivings, forgivings, and takings
 Red-blue-yellow meridian-striped plastic beach ball, daddy-breath-pumped
 so taut no Jones Beach sand could detain its soaring spirit
 Viruses, old and new, from our lips to others', from others' lips to ours
 Poems, from our lips to others', from others' lips to ours
 The spirit, from its earthly perch observing night-sky amoeba-shaped Venus'
 ardent twinkling
 The spirit, in the blossomy lust of a Spring day
 The spirit, when our thoughts twine unsaid and, spoken, become twins
 We, on those failed-trapeze-act cliffhanging days, when we free-fall into an
 unexpected safety net
 The ball on the lyrics of life
 Atoms in all things

Donna Bechar

Netanya/Sharon selection



A Peaceful Life

I want to live in a cabin that rests at the
edge of a small lake in a clearing in the
center of a forest of majestic trees of Nature

there will be tall fir trees standing straight
and strong as they reach to the sky
sunlight peering through the sturdy
branches to reach the forest floor

the fragrant pines will drop green, narrow,
needle-like leaves to lay a carpet of warmth
and nourishment through the winter

in summer I will sit below a strong oak tree where
cheeky squirrels reside to bounce acorns off of
my head before scampering down the tree to join me,
waiting politely for my offer of a bit of fresh peach
which they snatch directly out of my hand

the lake will provide sweet, clear water to all my
forest friends: the pesky, little burglar raccoon, a smart and wily red fox,
and a shy doe who brings her twin fawns to the lake for a drink

my friends will keep me company while we enjoy the
warm sun and listen to the whisper of the sail-like
leaves of the Aspen tree fluttering in the cool breeze

before winter arrives, the Aspen will release its seeds
encased in a white, cottony material that gently circles in the wind
before drifting down to cover the forest floor in soft fluffy layers

when the cool of night descends, I will relax in front of the flickering
fireplace, reading my book, and cuddling my two purring ginger cats

I will drift off to sleep listening to the sounds of the night insects
and the hoot, hoot of the Great Horned Owl

I will slumber peacefully as the quiet settles around me

Linda Suchy, Netanya/Sharon selection



Suspended Animation: April 2018

The burning end of a cigarette butt bursting through
 a screen of rosy haze, the setting sun balances
 on a tight rope bidding all comers to ready
 for the darkness enveloping western skies.
 Over the hilltops to the east
 a platter of white-sauced pasta
 begins its ascent, at first pale and
 hollow then more confidently full-faced.

Ochre varicose veins slash through
 the soft belly of forested hillsides like
 a caesarean section gone wrong, winding
 up slopes and down valleys, humanity pressing towards
 Jerusalem to bring underwater gas to the capital --
 progress for the metropolis, jagged scars for
 her hinterland. Time may heal this damage
 as it has erased the ravages of wildfire
 mischief, manmade and natural.

The air stands at attention, not a shrug
 of movement nor a cotton ball of
 a cloud, evening accompanies
 me down to the coastal plain
 where family awaits me;
 but, I remain suspended
 between present and future,

Bob Findysz, Jerusalem selection



Carona Lore

If you haven't reached 100, you've never been here before
Eerie earth, desperate days, is this the 3rd World War?

Visceral cursed uncertainty not knowing what's in store
Trembling existential angst wondering what this is all for

We mop the floors, vacuum drawers, sanitize every door
But who knows, those grim microbes may be in the air galore

Absurd it is de facto, we're under house arrest by law
And but for Whatsapp and Zoom, cannot hug those we adore

Morbidly I check big C stats, their mounting gory score
They're all I think and talk about, evolved to tedious bore

Wife and I bolster ties, from depth of love we draw
Visiting dusty albums, nostalgic for days of yore

I've tried to block the panic out, but how much longer can I ignore
Whispering voices in my psyche, they drop my jaw, gnaw, claw

My willpower's shot, takes all I've got to complete the simplest chore
I'm watching telly, my growing belly's a veritable candy store

But the very worst abomination, what shakes me to the core
Is the ghastly realization, dare not trust my own fingers any more

Richard Shavei-Tzion, Jerusalem

A link to a

Healing Prayer- words by R' Eleazar Azikri, music and photographic images by Richard Shavei-Tzion:

<https://youtu.be/Phle8nWr38k>



Ghosts

The house is gone. Not the never-was
of brown rock, black earth; nor the green-blue hope
of grass speckled with shy forget-me-nots
nor yet the dark despair of nightmare rubble
a child's toy poking from under brick,
but transformation, metamorphosis,
historic heritage to mundane modern:
a squat apartment block.

The house is gone
but memories linger, resisting still the scour
of Time's river, though some may be undercut,
some ox-bowed entirely, awaiting rediscovery.
The children's laughter among the rhododendrons,
the thump of ball on racquet from the lawn,
the war-cries of 'Indians' attacking the 'fort',
the answering shouts of defenders within –
mirages hovering over a soulless desert
of asphalted driveways, alarm-systemed entrances.

The ghosts here are more real than the living;
I turn from appearance to the reality of memory.

Judy Koren, Haifa

The Golden Arch

a new singer takes center stage,
diapers lightly moist at first,
as colostrum works its unmatched magic
then real milk arrives
nutrients swirling in sweetness,
thirst quencher and game changer
producing miracle heavy wets,
their heft gladdening a mother's heart,
a sure sign of plenty;
with fluffy fresh dry at the ready,
a silent brisk stream traces
a golden arch, its waters ferrying
a midnight maternal chuckle
through the air as it anoints
a blanket of handmade love, nightie,
toasty thighs and tummy
the involuntary ablution surprises
the sweet singer, Baby B.
transposing his song to a higher key!

*how is your stream, Bob?
ach, Doctor! at my age,
I just try to keep singing !*

Judith Fineberg
Netanya/Sharon



POEMS FROM OUR OVERSEAS MEMBERS

The Knife Sharpener

Attendant and attentive, grasps
a dull scissors,
the bows warm from long-
held hand pressure; each blade in
turn carefully gripped,
edge angled down just so,
to present its bright strip of heat-
hardened steel.

The whetstone circles up, up,
then back;
below, bow-waves lap the water-filled
tin trench,
lap up and across always-receding,
gritty quartz
grind lines.

Such patience about a task;
simply to scour a few
metal molecules a minute away,
then to examine carefully,
every once and again, the raw
serrated blades.

The wheel turns at a measured pace.
The damp whetstone becomes like time.

Klaatu B Klaatu Barada Nikto

—*The Day the Earth Stood Still*, 1951

Inchoate as a heavy hunk of steel, Gort,
the hairy robot, lurks and waits.
*Shall I save my master, or send Earth to its fate—
or both*, its alien synapses snap and tickle out.

The answer not long in arriving: Klaatu,
who came to teach our planet to reverse
from certain ruin, is tortured and traversed.
But Helen speaks a phrase to halt the coup.

<p>Robert Keeler, Washington USA</p>



There is a dawn...

...another awakening after the first
a hammering at the window of creativity
on first stirring at night and day's interface
when cobwebbed filigrees of ideas
float across the fertile grounds
of emerging consciousness
sowing their seeds, spores,
skeletons, to be fleshed out
that become the insidious naggings
cerebral cattle prods
pleading for release
from the substrate of latent creativeness;
becoming later the infrastructures
of word happenings
of what one should commit to paper
of what is worth committing to paper
of so many words that we will choose
bravely or foolishly
to expose the light of day

Don Mulcahy,
Strathroy, Ontario, Canada

Post-flood inertia

Despite the vast possibilities in this cosmos
it is unlikely, almost certainly so
that this morning, the punitive rain persisting,
someone, anyone out there
is thinking what I am thinking

I'm saying this because of the unfathomable odds
because little of a creative nature is hatching
in my subdural wasteland
and because only great minds think alike

What I'm saying is: that the possibility
of random synchronicity in isolated
independent thought processes among humans
is an absurd consideration,
unworthy of attention,
and inspiring no verse nor prose
this bucketing Saturday morning

And one can be assured
of no purposeful relationship whatsoever
between that truism,
any outcome,
and these entire banal observations

* * * * *