

VOICES ISRAEL

Autumn Poetry Workshop

December 5, 2017

Susan Olsburgh
President Voices Israel



Nicholas Dunne-Lynch
Chairperson



Ricky Friesem
Facilitator



Online Chapbook
Edited by Aviva Ophir

Susan Bell

Brown Eyes	Distance	Difficult	
Hulk eighteen years old future naval commando yearning little dimple cheeked boy cuddles hugs	From antipodes angelic voice solo in choir listen see skype today's technology can't touch	Writer's block blocked blocking secluded corner noisy café inspirational juices please return uncounted images	



Yonnah Ben Levy

Dancing in formation circling around the room my children, my mother, meet me inside	Spirals in, spirals out. circles of generations combine together dancing beyond space and time	My horizons are Constantly expanded by laughing voices and dancing feet surprised around corners	Children of my womb my bosom take me into the future beyond my reach
---	---	---	---

Shades of meaning inside words play on our imagination from my brain to yours	Be careful and full of care what thoughts are written from your mind's heart	What is writing? words or pictures interplaying into the mind's eye present past future	I have to write it down for memory to make it an inside keepsake
--	---	--	---



Chaim and Yonnah Bezalel-Levy

Grandchildren	Notebook I	Notebook II	
Grandchildren one step grandchildren eight all amalgamated families happy or unhappy are not alike	They used to give you a notebook for essay questions on final Exams. Remember?	I am still writing in my notebook because while I live time's not up.	



Zev Davis

Sleight of Hand I	Sleight of Hand II	Sleight of Hand III	After Mies van der Rohe
A plant Sprouts I record words, reproduce what I see. Show what it is.	Pens drop Images, Lines Burst upon paper, fill eyes, ears, thoughts play, it's magic.	Pixels gather here. I translate them. first my hands skitter, now easier, calm images.	He left the Bauhaus, went to Chicago. there, tall glass steel towers, less, more.



Ricky Friesem

Genetics Your face is my map of what was and what is yet to be.	Writing No time to write. Frustration. finally sitting down to write. Concentration. Having written. Elation.		
--	--	--	--



Edit Gavriely

On Writing I Pen in hand, paper nearby, an outlet to assuage my soul from current events	On writing II Writing in new forms constricting my natural flow, distances me from my comfort zone	Grandchildren I Oh the joy from 6,000 miles away asking, Savta when are you coming back?	Grandchildren II Jetlag relieved by the amazing hug with which he embraced me upon returning home
---	---	---	--



Judy Koren

Writing	Writing	Grandchildren	Grandchildren
Rhyme imprisons creativity, free-verse risks over-liberation; I steer my Canoe between Scylla and Charybdis	Wake, grobe for pen paper capture words, thoughts, before dawn erases night's unconscious inspiration	Smiling crawling stumbling walking running cycling – all recorded videos to show your own grandchildren.	Three little princes all adored, but forgive me heaven for wanting a princess too.



Susan Olsburgh

14 words	14 Word Corset	Grandchildren	
Fourteen words is so few to express what hopefully I may mean to you	Fourteen words is enough scope to lace in the dough of surplus language fat	Joshua Jack Harel Dan and Ilana are our insurance against the oblivion of Mañana	



Aviva Ophir

Grandchildren I	Grandchildren II		
The joyful playful days with you are the longest expectation for calm that follows.	Alma May And Yuly, the soul, the springtime, the essence, the existence I endure.		



Kaila Shabat

Hanukah	My Heritage	Mirror	Cheese
Golden crown above blond curls infant's first Festival Of Lights holding forth from perambulator	Silent depressed decades of introspection till decision to refute medication reclaims this writer's heritage	Everyone is our mirror you love or you hate them interconnected we are one.	Sitting in front of the camera loathe to smile, till cheese says the photographer.



Miriam Webber

Train journey 1	Train journey 2	Grandchildren 1	Grandchildren 2
Industrial complexes pylons stark high-rises slide past but behind closed eyes I see Tuscany.	Traveling by train, carriage after carriage, to The Word Sonnet Workshop, word after word.	My first is now father of four, who form steps between past and present.	To write about my grandchildren in fourteen words means leaving out everything of importance.

Writing 1	Writing 2		
The Muse dictates, I merely set down her words humbly hoping for her approval.	Words set us apart from animals, who seem to manage well enough without them.		



Yocheved Miriam Zemel

<p>On Grandchildren I</p> <p>Contrast</p> <p>Noisy, crying; I mash bananas, consoled. No need to smother like when in hiding.</p>	<p>On Grandchildren II</p> <p>Can I hold Him?</p> <p>Snuggled in a blanket, handed into my arms, soft cheeks, big smile Grandma's joy.</p>	<p>On writing I</p> <p>Inside-Outside</p> <p>Inside outside the words expose the soul, unwitting, unconscious. Banner of banter on high.</p>	<p>On writing II</p> <p>Antidote for a Cloudy Day</p> <p>Cloudy day. She skips into my life, warms my heart, hugs me, and smiles.</p>
---	--	--	---

<p>On writing III</p> <p>Yesterday and today</p> <p>I shutter fearful, remember swinging him again and again. now a soldier, same smile.</p>	<p>On writing IV</p> <p>The Process</p> <p>The eye sees; the ear hears the mind rewinds, processes, recreates; The hand writes.</p>	<p>Capturing</p> <p>I sit silently; The world is too marvelous. Still I try to capture it.</p>	<p>Exposure</p> <p>My pen exposes my thoughts, my desires, my wishes. Yet, I continue to write.</p>
--	---	---	--

