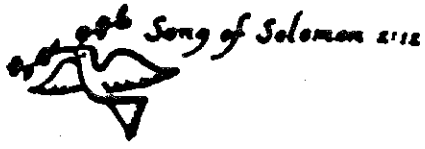


The Voice Of The Turtle



OCTOBER 2007

NEXT MEETING

The next meeting for the Society for Poets of Southern New Jersey will be on Friday, October 26th at 7:30. Where might this meeting be, you may ask.....go ahead, ask.....no? Okay, I'll just tell you, then. We'll be at the Woodbury Friends Meeting House at 124 North Broad Street (Route 45—across from Charlie Brown's). That's right, you ghastly ghosts, ghouls and goblins, we'll be at our favorite haunt for our scary Halloween meeting. So, to all of you poets who haven't been to a meeting in a while, it's a good time to rise from the dead and howl with us creatures of the "Dead Poets Society of SNJ."

We'll see you there, if you dare.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Joy increases as you give it, and diminishes as you try to keep it for yourself."
- Norman Vincent Peale



ESPRESSO POETRY

Last month I told you about the King Street Espresso Bar in Gloucester City. Every third Friday at 7:30, they have a poetry reading. Lynette, Kenny, and I (Mr. Newsletter Editor: Anthony) were September's featured readers. It's a nice little place with cool, receptive people.

In last month's Voice, I wrote that Lynette would be leading a workshop at October 19th's reading; but we have a wedding that night, so she'll be doing that workshop-thing at the November 16th reading, instead.

It would be great to have "a Society presence" at the November reading. I strongly encourage all our members to try this place out. You can call the King Street Espresso Bar at (856) 456-4408 or visit via that magical box with the screen at www.kingstreetespressobar.com.

CONDOLENCES AND BEST WISHES

As this newsletter was about to go to print, I was saddened to spot the name "John Tull" in the obituaries. John was the father of beloved Society member Theresa McGinnis. Theresa was just telling us at September's meeting that her dad had been failing and was probably in his final stage of life. So it wasn't a shock, but still, it's never easy to experience such a loss.

Mr. Tull was 85 years old and a World War II vet. He was a successful businessman and a community activist, as well as having a hand in local politics and serving as a Eucharistic Minister and Lector. But perhaps most impressively, he was the father of eight! If all of his children are people as wonderful as number six (Theresa), then truly, his greatest successes were at home. He was quite an impressive man.

The Society extends its blanket of love, comfort, and peace upon Theresa, Bill, their family, Theresa's mom Betty, and Theresa's seven siblings and their families.

Peace.



POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS IN ANOTHER NATION

Our member in the eastern hemisphere, Dr. P. Rajhavan had been traveling about in Malaysia, Singapore, and southern India. He has recently retired, but now the good doctor has joined a regional political party in his homeland of India. It's a new party, and he hopes to help people at the provincial level and to assist the economy and business ventures.

We wish him great success in all his endeavors, political or otherwise.

FINAL OVERTURE

September's meeting featured a memorial to our wonderful friend Bill Schachner, who passed away on August 16th. Everyone in attendance contributed to the tribute.

President Lynette Milanese rewrote a couple George M. Cohen songs ("I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "Give My Regards to Broadway") to honor our friend. Coincidentally, Joe Valentino also revised "Give My Regards to Broadway" for Bill. Joe also brought some candles to help set the mood, and Lynette read her famous "Count Schachula" Christmas poem, humorously written in that unmistakable, engaging "Schach-style."

Society friends Linda Phillips and Ruven Kamien were with us. Linda sang at Bill's funeral service, and also sang for us. They shared stories and pictures of Bill, as well.

Barbara and Sy Perlmutter were also on hand. Sy told us how Bill's love of music and hard work "kept him afloat" in the music business. Bill fancied himself as an entertainer, Sy shared, and did some entertaining at schools and retirement homes. Bill was a member and past president of the Toastmasters and was also a member of other Philadelphia poetry and songwriting organizations. Sy also reminisced about "the old days" when he and Bill were younger single men carousing the ladies. (Surely, those Philly women never had a chance with Bill and Sy strutting their stuff!)

Barbara gathered some of Bill's writings from Northeast Philadelphia Poetry Club publications. It was only, maybe a dozen-or-so poems, but that was a dozen-or-so more than I thought were ever in print. We passed them around and took turns reading the funny, little, quirky poetic notions of this delightful man. I believe the best reader was none other than Bill's favorite subject in our group: Theresa McGinnis. Theresa made sure she was present for Bill's tribute, and did a great job capturing the dramatic narrative flair Bill was famous for.

David Steinberg, our distinguished-looking, bearded founding father, did an excellent job of summarizing what Bill meant to us all and how we all make up the whole. We can count on David to put things in perspective for us; he never lets us down.

It was a nice tribute to a nice man.

\$ POETS

Last month we voted for two \$ Poets. The first winner, having written our favorite poem in August's spectacular edition of The Voice of the Turtle, was Sy Perlmutter for his ode to a mouse: "Herman." It was Sy's first \$ Poet winning!

Our fave from September's sensational edition of The Voice was "Love Song" by the late, great Kay Bunt. Kay's victory leads me into a subject I already meant to touch upon with you, my dedicated, faithful readers. You may have noticed that, periodically, I'll include poetry by Kay and Lorraine Ranieri. I do that because, although these poets are, unfortunately, no longer with us, they are represented by membership of loving family members. I'll send a \$10 check to Kay's daughter, Judy Siverson, who is a member in dedication to her mother's memory. Judy's daughter (Kay's granddaughter) Michele Miles, is also a member. Incidentally, many years ago, it was Kay's idea to institute the \$ Poet contests.

Lorraine Ranieri's memory as a Society member is perpetuated through husband Frank's membership.

We cherish their memories. It's wonderful how a poet remembered lives on. Their words resonate and echo forever.

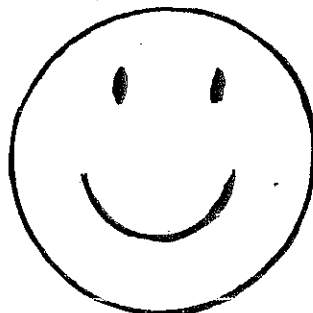
Thanks to the tremendously generous Karen Springer, all our \$ Poets up until August of 2008 will win not \$5, but \$10.

Thanks, Karen. We love you. And congratulations, winners!

DUES AND OFFICERS: 2008

It's not too early to pay your 2008 dues or to begin considering holding an office in our Society next year.

"Nuf" said.



October 15th's Laugh Out Loud (LOL) Workshop at the Mullica Hill Library was a success and a lot of fun. Workshop leader/President Lynette Milanese put together a nice program. Everyone left with a feeling that they learned something about writing humorous poetry; and they left smiling, having enjoyed sharing some funny poetry. There was a lot of laughter, which was truly its measure of success, and what the program was all about.

It was a younger crowd than we anticipated. It was billed as a teen event, but I think Kenny was the only teen there; the rest of the kids were pre-teens. There was also a grandmother to a few of the children, along with Society members Vern Rose and the Milanese Trio.

We all wrote some new poetry and had fun listening to each other's work and thoughts. Some of those kids really wrote some good poems! I included one in this month's Poetry Corner.

To top things off, the Society received a generous \$100 honorarium!

Thank you, Gloucester County Library System; and thank you, Lynette.



Poetry Corner

GRIEVOUSLY, WE REACH THE ULTIMATE DESTINATION... A MUTE RESOLUTION, AN EXPERIENCE WITHOUT DESCRIPTION by Helene Layton

(from her Keys)



Life: a kiss, a measure, a pursuit,
The stalking and the conquest, the trilling of the flute,
The tripping and the gliding before the ice will melt,
The turning of the pages, where the turns of fate are felt,
A journey where the signposts are clearer year to year,
An effort with surrender to the greatest mortal fear.
Grievously, we reach the ultimate destination,
A mute resolution, an experience without description.



Our Society lights a lot of birthday candles in October. A fine young man whose height is rising as quickly as his voice is dropping, Kenny Milanese, celebrated the completion of his 14th year on our planet. He was born while the Phillies were in the play-offs beating Atlanta in 1993. Unfortunately, the Phillies next playoff appearance (this year) didn't last long enough to overlap with this birthday. Joanne Hawthorne has joyously "seen" her Oct. 13th birthday this year. "Singing Joe" Valentino has a way cool celebration on the 24th. Hank Urbanek chalks up another successful orbit around the sun on the 28th of October.

All of our November birthday bards share our Vice Presidency. They are all named Vern Rose...yep, Vern's our only November birthday. His big day is on Nov. 17.

Happy birthday, poets!



THE TIME IS DONE

by David Steinberg

(from A Gathering of Verse/Anthology III)

The time is done,
The battle is won,
From the dark of the past,
What you have will last.
You are now in the shining sun.

Poetry Corner

DEAR GRANDPARENTS...

by Theresa McGinnis
(from her Live and Learn)

Dear grandparents, can you help me?
See, I've just begun to live.
You are so kind and loving
And you have so much to give.



Can you help me learn to smile?
Can you help me learn to talk?
Can you help me find my way in life
When I've begun to walk?

Can you be there with me
When I'm crying my first tears?
And can you also share
In my joys throughout the years?

I am a lucky child
To have so much family,
So many loving hearts
To take good care of me.

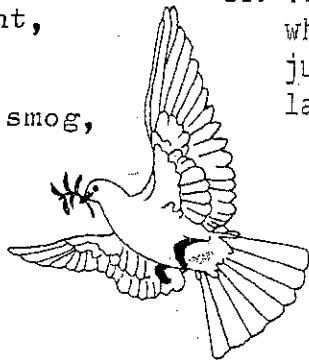


TREE IN THE CITY

by Virginia Fleming
(from her So Tender the Spirit)

It pushed through hard cement,
Its trunk straight, unbent,
Reaching to escape the city smog,
The never-ending fog
Toward the blue.

Past windows, fire escape,
Its green leaves to drape
All below ... and those above looked down
Upon its leafy gown,
Watched it grow.



THE OLD MAN IN THE PARK

by LeVern Rose

1. One moon-lit night some time ago,
in a place not far from here,
a man alone walked through the park
as a gang of thugs drew near.
2. He barely shuffled with his cane
looking quite decrepit.
The hoodlums eyed their mark;
this old man was their target.
3. First they encircled him in place,
that also blocked my view
of who he was, or what they did
(I never saw his face).
4. They had ill will upon him,
a perverse sport, I'm told.
They took to beating up on folks,
especially the old.
5. This story they tell to this day,
and swear it all is true,
before the lesson (learned that night)
that set them straight for sure.
8. One grabbed his cane to thump him,
but it broke, some what of rot.
Others' his cloak to hold him,
but it tore in their grasp.
9. A twinge of fear befell them,
as they tried to act the tough,
till a twitching finger hit the ground,
and they all had quite enough.
10. Before they ran they heard a belch,
and smelled the long entombed,
and scurried like vermin
running from a broom.
11. To this day I can't explain it,
what I saw in the dim,
just foot prints from a pile of dust
lapped by a howling wind.

FALLEN LIMB

by Hank Urbanek
(from A Gathering of Verse)

Bare of leaves,
others feed its roots.
Falling across our path,
we shove it aside.

When our tree no longer needs me,
beside whose trail shall I lay?

PROVERB

by Ervin Bilsky
(from A Gathering of Verse)

They say that the world was made round
So you won't see too far ahead,
For if life were a road stretched out on the ground
You might choose another instead.

When mirrored, these thoughts are still sound -
An indisputable fact -
For it's also said that the world was made round
So you cannot look very far back!



LOL by Ivory Yorker
(a young man at the Mullica Hill
Library workshop)

Laughter is as dark as a cave at night,

Laughter is as bright as a rising sun.

Laughter is as scary as an unexpected scream in the night,

Laughter is as funny as a knock, knock joke.

Laughter is as big as an empty room's echo,

Laughter is as small as an atom.

Laughter is as fast as a drag race,

Laughter is as slow as a brain that doesn't know what to do.

Laughter is as happy as a birthday party,

Laughter is as sad as hitting your funny bone.

Laughter is as quiet as trying not to laugh,

Laughter is as loud as bursting out with laughter.

Laughter is as carefree as the wind blows,

Laughter is as loud as an old, broken car.



AUTUMN NIGHTS - THOUGHTS ON
SETTLING DOWN by Frances Stiles
(from her Rogues' Gallery)

I wander
In the evening
In the twilight
Through the town
Watch the people
In their houses
Bathed in afterglow
Of day.

Silhouetted
By the sunset
Lit by home fires
From within
Late day chores
Look so inviting
I could easily settle in.

But my freedom
Tugs at heart strings
Better meant
For hearth and home
As my nesting instinct
Dares me
To continue
Life alone.

FOR KENNY'S 14TH BIRTHDAY
by Anthony Milanese

On this date
1993
A gift was given
to your mom and me
A gift so wondrous
in every way
That we give gifts
each year, this day

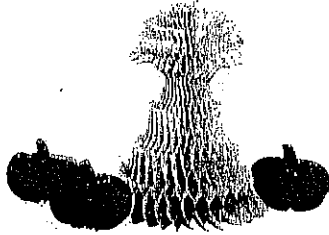
That gift was all
our dreams come true
That gift, my son,
my love, is you

You changed our lives
completely, forever
Nothing's the same
everything's better
Winds may shift
and storms may brew
But you can always count
on our love for you

A POET'S PLACE

by Carolyn Furio
(from her Indian Giver)

Poets share
an inner space
where they
contemplate
and write.
A place
without rancor
where dreams
come to be.
A quiet place
where kindred souls
transcend eternity.



AN OLD FRIEND

by Joy D. Frederick

October morning
crisp, cool
I reach into back of closet
to find
my favorite old sweater
"How good to see you again," I thought
It would be
warm and comforting
Reminding me
of the feeling I get
to see
an old friend
away too long

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(Hey, it's only fair.)*



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