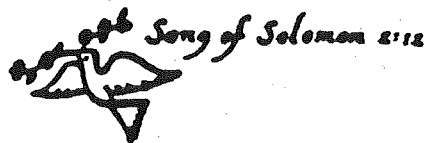


The Voice Of The Turtle



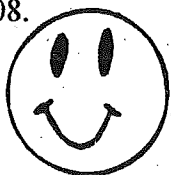
JANUARY 2008

NEXT MEETING

2008 kicks into poetic gear for the Society for Poets of Southern New Jersey on Friday, January 25th at 7:30. We'll be back at our regular hangout: the Woodbury Friends Meeting House at 124 North Broad Street (Route 45-across from Charlie Brown's).

Come one, come all; we'll have a ball. We'll read, we'll share; we hope you're there. We'll reason, we'll rhyme; we'll have a good time. You can bet, it's gonna be great: our first meeting of 2008.

OFFICERS 2008



The Society greatly thanks its Nominations Contact Person: David Steinberg. At December's meeting, David described the complex screening process he had to go through, as he was deluged with enthusiastic wanna-be officers. He puzzled, he pondered, he conducted extensive interviewing and profiling, he weighed, he wondered. In his December report, David was (as I am, now) joking, of course. In truth, no new "hats were thrown into the ring."

But, we are pleased to announce that 2007's officer line-up: President Lynette Milanese, Vice President Vern Rose, Treasurer Anthony Milanese, and Secretary Linda Richards are "seated at the helm," willingly and happily your re-elected officers for the new year.

We thank you for your trust and support.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Common sense is genius dressed in its working clothes." - Ralph Waldo Emerson

POLLYANNA POETRY

This month's Poetry Corner features seven Pollyanna Poems. That's cool, but 20 members were assigned Pollyanna Poets. So, please, get those copies to me (Mr. Newsletter Editor/Anthony M.) in time for February's fantastically exciting anniversary issue of The Voice of the Turtle.

Happy
New Year!

MILESTONE VOICE

As I (Anthony M.) was updating my resume earlier this month, I realized that a noteworthy milestone occurred last month. December 2007's Voice of the Turtle was the 200th newsletter I have written and edited for you good people. Wow. Man. That's a lot of paper, a lot of keys punched (the old typewriter's still in the basement...I surely do not miss whiting-out each mistake), a lot of taped doves, a lot of folding, a lot of stamps applied (thank God I don't have to lick them, anymore), and a lot of satisfying creative fun.

If my calculations are correct (no guarantee, there), April's Voice will complete 17 years-worth of newsletters I've done. Although some may have felt like a bit of an infringement on my time, I can honestly say that I've derived pleasure from doing each one. I love putting the address stickers on, thinking about each member. I love dropping them in the mailbox, thinking "be on your way," and hoping that people will smile when they spot them amongst their daily mail.

So, let's see, if I don't take any months off until then, December of 2032 will be my 500th newsletter. (Ughh.)

DUE: DUES

Hi. I'm Detective Adrian Monk. I can tell by the way you walk and by your facial expressions that many of you have yet to pay your dues. Paid members walk with a more confident swagger and have satisfied, content faces.

Dues: it's a blessing and a curse.

It's very important to get all of our records in perfect order and our figures precisely balanced.

It's not a crime to be behind on your dues, but it leaves the ledger messy; and handi-wipes cannot clean them up.

You can renew or begin your membership with a nice neat \$15 check via the newsletter's address, or you can pay with a check or with filthy money at any Society gathering.

Don't be guilty of murdering your membership. Close the case.



\$ POET

December's \$ Poet was none other than our wonderful hostess, Carolyn Furio. Her poem, "The Christmas Ship," from her Just Touch Me booklet, was the top vote-getter, netting her a cool \$10. The Society greatly appreciates Carolyn's kind hospitality; and we also appreciate her fine poetry.

Thanks to Karen (the Generosity Doctor) Springer's donations, all \$ Poets until August will receive \$10 prize packages.

ESPRESSO POETRY

Do you have an overwhelming desire to be a part of a cool coffeehouse poetry reading? Well, suffer no longer, beatnik breath; the King Street Espresso Bar in Gloucester City could very well supply your coffeehouse poetry fix. Their next reading will be on February 15th. They "do" third Friday gigs. It's at 28 North King Street.

Visit www.kingstreetespresso.com or call (856) 456-4408 for more info.

AUTUMN LEAVES

It's never out of season to send poetry to Autumn Leaves, a magazine featuring poetry by and for children. Dennis Deems told me about meeting Sondra Ball and about her Mt. Holly based periodical.

If I remember correctly, Ruth Van Veenendaal has had poems published in this magazine.

Check it out at

<http://www.sondra.net/al/>.

BIRTHDAY BARDS

Newly re-elected President Lynette Milanese is our birthday leader. January 24th is her happy day. She is closely followed by Joy Frederick, who blows the candles out on Jan. 27th.

Charter member Erv Bilsky cuts the cake on February 4th. Our "California girl," Barbara Festa, wears the funny, coned, cardboard hat on Feb. 6th. Robert Hawthorne celebrates another successful orbital voyage around the sun on Feb. 8th.

Happy birthday to all our happy poets!



BOB AND MEED BARNETT

I've mentioned before how I set up a little display for our booklets (our five remaining anthologies, two Georgia Wurster books, and my two books) at the book fairs where I work. I sell some, but not as many as I wish. But, hey, we've been "sitting on these copies" for years, so any movement is like bonus money in the bank.

When I see someone carrying our books towards the register, my eyes light up...it makes my day. In November, we had a book fair where a gentleman told me he wanted to buy all nine books (the special 9 for \$25 deal). That made my whole year! I told him about our group and got his address. He asked me about web sites, and I confessed we didn't have one, but we did have an e-mail address. (I hemmed and hawed, because I still struggle to find the onramp to the information highway.)

His name was (and is) Bob Barnett. He's a great guy who took an instant, big interest in us and was anxious to "bring us into the 21st century" on the web. God bless him; he did just that. Look for us on the internet by our name or through his web site: bob@westjersey.org (link through "West Jersey and South Jersey Heritage"). Our latest newsletters and our brochure are on line. Something to think and talk about is if any of us have a problem with our poetry being "out there." Keep in mind that we do have the "ALL RIGHTS RESERVED" protection clause in the legend of our newsletters.

Bob and his wife Meed came to our December meeting, immediately fitting-in; it felt like love at first sight. For starters, they are Quakers and had met the Hawthornes, Dennis Deems, and Lynn Stock before, which blew me away...how cool was that? They already had a working relationship. And they are very nice, interesting people. Meed is an artist and a storyteller. Bob is an historian, a musician, and a web-master. They are both very smart and lead a sing-along on the first Friday of each month. Contact Bob for more info...it sounds like fun!

So instantly beloved were they, and so

grateful for the web site set-up were we, that a motion to grant them an honorary membership for 2008 was swiftly brought forth, seconded, and granted.

We're lucky and thrilled to have them with us.

"Welcome!"

TREASURY REPORT

I (your editor and treasurer: Anthony Milanese) have not done one of these before, but I thought it would be a good idea to give you a treasury report, maybe at the beginning and middle of each year.

I have two checks to deposit. Add them to our current account amount, and that'll bring the total to \$1160.34. (Note: most members have yet to pay their 2008 dues.) We had \$876.11 this time last year. The "high-water mark" for us in 2007 was \$1376.13 on May 21st, which was when the last wave of dues payments came in.

For more background, we started 2006 at \$802.79. Our high point in 2006 was \$1089.11.

So that's the report from financial central. I'm no accountant or money mogul guru...like I remember Hank Urbanek once saying, I'm "just counting the beans."

Your money is safe in the safe.



HOPKINS HOUSE HAPPENINGS

"Poetry in the Park" features "South Jersey's New and Emerging Poets & Spoken Word Artists." They happen the second Monday of each month from 6 to 9 PM by the Hopkins House (250 South Park Drive, Haddon Township).

February 11th is an "Awesome Open Mic" event. On March 10th, former Society member Linda DiFeterici will be the featured poet. In fact, she was once the editor of this newsletter. Her name was Linda Stehling, then. She's an excellent poet.

Call 858-0040 or visit at <http://arts.camden.Lib.nj.us>. It's sponsored by the Camden County Cultural & Heritage Commission.



Society for Poets of Southern New Jersey

Minutes (Beginner - Poetic Permit Holder)
December 28, 2007



Attendance: Anthony, Lynette & Kerry (still looking well) Milanese, Robert & Joanne Hawthorne, David, Cindy and Steven Steinberg, Carolyn Furio, Bob & Meed (uh-oh; no last name), Lynne Stock, Dennis Deems, Vern Rose, me (Linda Richards) and the other kid that was there last year. Physically absent were regulars Joe Valantino and Kathleen Mohrman who were truly missed.

Prior to poetry reading, we feasted on Lynette's fabulous Hawaiian Chicken, Robert & Joanne's Sweet Potato Cabbage Stuff and an assortment of other food and beverages. Lynette (who donned antlers) led off with her Pollyanna poem. Others followed suit over the course of the evening.

Not enough can be said about newcomers, Bob & Meed. Bob (The Apostle) is a rich genius who knows how to do everything BUT write poetry. Historian, web-page designer and philanthropist (he's going to set up our website!), he was quite clever with one-liners ("Men will only grow up when all other alternatives have been exhausted," for one), Meed is a professional artist (fourth generation) who did not read poetry but was quite interesting and invited us to a paint-in on New Year's Eve.

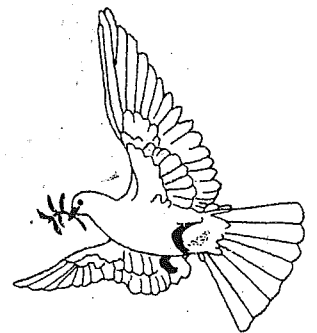
Even though I wrote my first poem, I didn't pay my dues (forgot) so I still can't take poetic license with the minutes. I do have a valid permit. Besides, my joke got a better reception than my poem (which I don't mind at all; valuing my immaturity over my creativity—you've got to see my bubble pix).

Elections were held. It had been determined that nobody else wanted the jobs so the same four will remain in their positions.

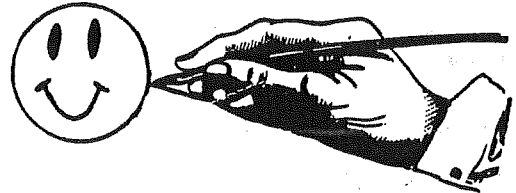
There were many festive and beautiful poems too numerous to mention. There were Lynette and Lynn's obsession with antlers - Lynne looking like The Cheshire Cat ready to pounce with an antler poem each round. David didn't do antlers; just "Ant." He also read a beautiful poem he had written about Cindy (I hope it was about Cindy), who did not read but was quite interactive prior to the "rounds." Vern told a dirty joke. Dennis read about love. Joanne gave us her always upbeat words of wisdom. Robert read his epic poem about theories - conspiracy and otherwise. Anthony did a fine rendition of a song by the late great Dan Fogelberg. The kids took a break from cartoons - I mean action adventures - for a round, which included poems about and by them. Lynette ended with a poetic chant.

I'm sure we were all appreciative of the hostess. She welcomed us into her beautiful home filled with beautiful things, Christmas decorations and Christmas spirit. Her needlework is the most extraordinary and creative that I have ever seen and demonstrated her love for the art, her patience, her hard work and her incredibly good eyesight. Her poems are beautiful. Her photographs (including one of her husband looking like the cat that ate the canary) tell the story of a life lived well. It was a pleasure to participate in this meeting. Thank you ma'am for sharing.

Later.



Poetry Corner



NEW YEAR'S EVE

by Karen R. Springer

I sit cross legged
On our big brass bed;
Head held high
Palms toward the sky,
With great anticipation
Of the year lying ahead:

A perpetual journey
Of striving to win
To uphold my reputation
Never be a has been
To keep my gold medals
All shiny and bright
To maintain other's envy
And fight the good fight.
No dowager queen
On my laurels to rest
I need to be seen
Made to feel I'm the best.
At the top of my game,
There's so much to give.
I'm always the same.
How largely I live!

Happy
New Year!



CHRISTMAS TRAIN (for Sy Perlmutter)

by Kathy Mohrman

As we celebrate Christmas
Love, joy, good cheer
Are expressions of the season

But these expressions have evolved
From Jesus' selfless spiritual life
To ordinary entities placing tentative steps
On a pulsating peaceful pathway

Seldom consciously considering
Questioning or wondering
What awaited - lurking within their journey

Yet, once soul sensations are awakened
Beauty becomes boundless
Amazed, awed, alerted by beauty
We still seldom consider it a radiant reflection
Of the silent sacred soul within

But slowly step by step
We evolve to know within our depths
Beyond our control, beyond words
Beauty is breathing beauty



Touching connecting souls
Traveling on a Christmas beauty train
Traveling a timeless timetable
Extending beyond joyous Christmas celebrations
Into each following year

Appearing when veiled vision stutters
Awakening awareness sensations
While celebrating Beauties Baby
Allowing wisdom to slide through conscious cracks

Yes riding the sacred Christmas train
Carries joyous Christmas wonders
To those along it's pious pathway
May all ride the Christmas train in eternal love everyday

Poetry Corner

TO ANTHONY: - MY FAVORITE NEWSLETTER EDITOR by David Steinberg

While he doesn't take himself seriously,
He takes his writing very seriously.
The time he takes to prepare
Each time shows how much he cares.



He twists the words
And makes a new meaning.
He brings out something new,
And entertaining.

Instead of a tinkerer with words,
He is a wordsmith, a master poet
He paints pictures with words,
A masterpiece from a blank sheet.

To brings smiles to the readers,
He adds a twist of humor
Blended with a bit of mirth
And out comes a funny verth.



So what rhymes with Christmas Scrooge?
I know. It is the Curley Stooge!
Nyuk! Nyuk! Nyuk! Why certainly!

If he were a fly on the wall,
He would write about it all.
Of course he can't!
'cause he is just Ant,

Best Wishes for 28 more years! (Oi Vey!)



VIRGINIA FLEMING by Carolyn Furio

Listen closely and you will hear
The tones of a Southern upbringing.
From her residence in Pitman
She hears North Carolina calling.
For nearly half the year
her old homestead is home
for something keeps drawing her back
however far she might roam.
Youthful experiences are recorded
in the lines of her poetry
bringing to life a different world
to share with you and me.
Your talent inspires and encourages us
in our own poetic way.
As you write and publish your work,
Our Society shouts "Hurray".

Thank You, Virginia
And
Happy New Year

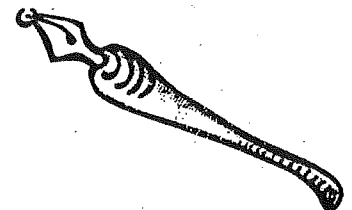
FOR KATHY MOHRMAN, CHRISTMAS 2007 by Anthony Milanese

A wonderful person
a wonderful poet
It may sound cliché
but she doesn't know it

Her words soothe
Her words move
Her words brighten
and enlighten
Her words really groove

She fell in love with our Society
as we did with her
Ask any member,
I'm sure they'd concur
"Kathy's been a great
addition to our group."

I wish her a wonderful holiday
and a glorious New Year!



A POLLYANNA POEM
FOR BARBARA PERLMUTTER

by Lynette Milanese

What does Barbara mean?
The word "Barbara" means, "strange,"

A stranger to ugliness,
"Foreign," as in
Foreign to unkindness.
Barbara means protector
Against fire and lightning,
She is a source of light,
Like the glow of the menorah
That calls to mind miracles.

Barbara means
"Saint of architects,
Stonemasons,
And fortifications."
She is enriching life
With her special poems,
Highlighting its
Extraordinary splendor.
What does Barbara mean?
Barbara means
Astonishing beauty,
Like the blue and white lights
Of these holiday nights.

What does Perlmutter mean?

What does "Perl"
Or "Pearl" mean?
Pearl means that
From Life's plainness
And irritation,
An iridescent, translucent
Thing of beauty is formed:
A pearl, a circle of God,
A ring of Love,
A sphere of Faith, Knowledge, Wisdom
and Truth.

A pearl is a rare,
Precious gem,

Like the poems
From Barbara's pen,
That help us see
The things of life
Through her pleasing sight.

What does pearl mean?
Pearl means giving out light,
Like the beauty
Of the candlelight
On these holiday nights.



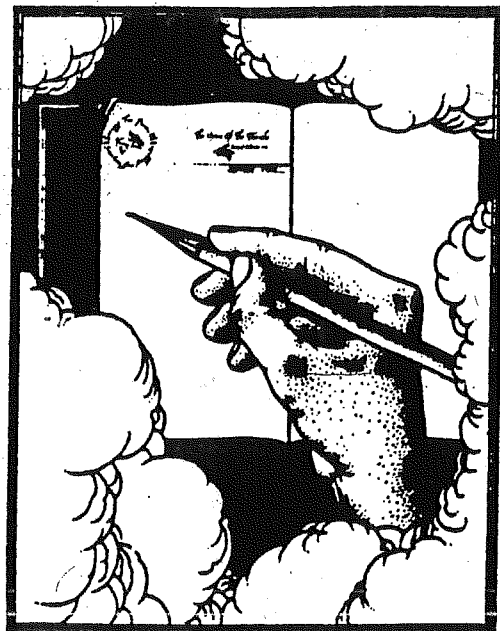
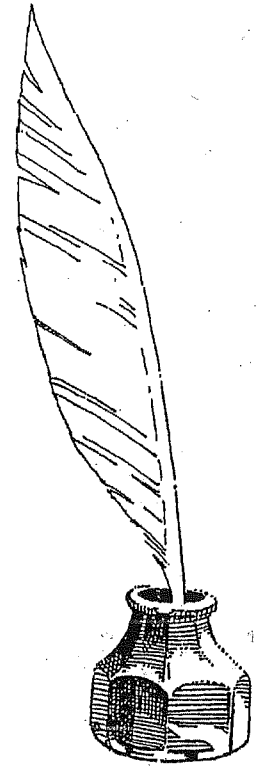
What does mutter mean?
Mutter (In German) can mean Mother,
Someone who cares for,

And protects us;
Shelters us from life's cruelty
With her beautiful words.

Mutter can mean
A soft murmur,
A gentle sigh (Sy),
A sweet whisper,
Like the fervent prayers said
During these eight nights
Of wonder.

What does mutter mean?
Mutter means giving voice
To the goodness of life,
Like the prayers whispered
On these holiday nights.

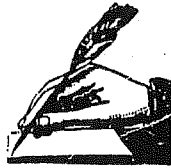
So, Barbara is unusually
Wonder-filled,
And Perlmutter
Directs our attention,
And points out and spot lights
The bright, fragile beauty of life,
Like the glow of the menorah
These holiday nights.



HEY JOE (VALENTINO)

by Kenny Milanese

Hey Joe
What do you know?
It's Christmastime, filled with snow
People like when you sing, you know
So sing to everyone you know
You can't sing to gifts and presents, so
Sing to Jesus, so He'll know
You're singin' Joe!
Merry Christmas



JOANNE (HAWTHORNE)

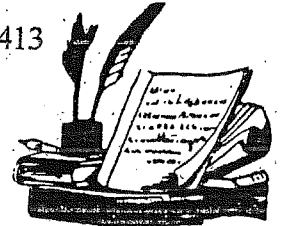
words and music by Joe Valentino

I wonder what was God's plan
when he made Joanne
Both lovely and grand
reach out and lend a hand
and strike-up the band
Look who's in demand
it's our girl, Joanne

She's got a groovy way with words
all attention is turned towards
look out, you nerds
oh man,
Here comes that groovy chick Joanne

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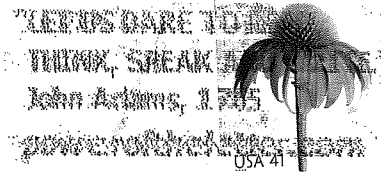


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