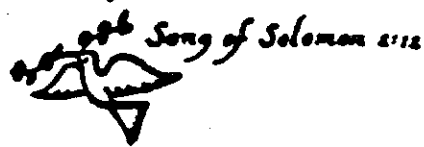




The Voice Of The Turtle



MARCH 2008

NEXT MEETING

I can hardly wait
till March 28
The Society meets
and it's gonna be great

It'll be at 7:30
It'll be on Friday
A fresh sense season of poetry:
Spring has come our way!

Bring George and Aunt Sally,
Bring a date, bring your spouse
across from Charlie Brown's in Woodbury:
The Friends Meeting House

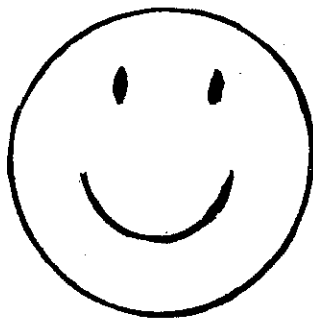
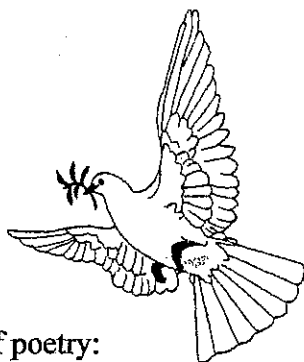
On Route 44/
124 Broad Street
That's where the Society
for Poets meet

We hope to see you
for sharing and fun;
March into poetry,
a new season's begun!

LAST MEETING

February's Anniversary Dinner/Meeting was a well-attended fun time. Fellowship and dinner "ate" into our poetry time, but that's par for the course, and okay. Yaking and eating are acceptable behaviors. "It's all good."

Four members who were at the historic first meeting on February 22, 1980, were also on hand last meeting: Erv Bilsky, Anthony Milanese, Joe Valentino, and our



beloved founding father, David Steinberg. David read "Afterglow," the wonderful poem he wrote for our group. It was "a morning after" poem, written Feb. 23, 1980.

That excellent poem leads me directly into my next big "Last Meeting" announcement: David graciously donated copies of two of his books (The Pink Cloud of Love and Loving Spirit * Love 'n Spirit * Spiritual Love) to the Society. "Thanks, David!" I (Anthony M.) now have them proudly displayed with our five available anthologies, two Georgia Wurster books, and my two at the Books are Fun book fairs I work. They make great reading and will also be available at all Society functions and as prizes to \$ Poet winners.

Another excellent highlight of the meeting were "the singing Barnetts": Bob and Meed. Bob brought his guitar and it sounded great. They know tons of songs. They wrote a classic about Public Television fund drives; it was hilarious. They have certainly been a wonderful new addition to our membership. Remember, check bob@westjersey.org for info on the First Friday Sing/Potluck gatherings.

In what has become a February SFPOSNJ tradition, we were entertained by the continuing saga of Punxsutawney Phil and Dennis "the Menace" Deems, presented by "dueling poets" Dennis and Joanne Hawthorne.

We had 19 folks there, including Friends Cindy and Carlton Crispin. Cindy is a nice lady who has helped facilitate our welcomed stay at the Meeting House. Carlton is her 10-year-old son who writes poetry and was a very enthusiastic reader.

They were great. Everyone was great. Life is great. All is groovy.

POETRY MONTH APPROACHETH

DUE: DUES (Frank Talk)

Doo...Doo
Do pay your dues
Hey, yous,
Please pay your dues
or my associates
Rocco and Big Lou
might have to
come visit you
It's an offer
you can't refuse

15 bucks
is a reasonable sum
It's better than losin'
the use of a thumb

Bring the dues to the meeting
or drop it in the mail box
You belong with this group like
cigs with whiskey on the rocks

So, one more time,
I'm tellin' yous
It's time to pay
your shoobie-dooobie dues



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

*"No one can make you feel inferior
without your consent."*

- Eleanor Roosevelt

The first full month of spring brings forth many fresh, wonderful things, not the least of which is Poetry Month. April is brimming with great poetic events, so clear your calendars, people.

The date of our meeting has yet to be determined, most likely, it'll be on the 18th.

On Saturday the 19th, in celebration of National Poetry Month, The Lucky Star Art Gallery will feature poetry and music. There are scheduled readers and an open mic opportunity. The Gallery is at 531 Monmouth Street in Gloucester City. Call 287-0745; it starts at 7:30.

One of the highlights of the month is always Deptford's Artists and Poets Among Us event at the Municipal building. Society member Pauline Jonas always puts together a spectacular show. It'll be on Friday, April 25th, doors to open at 6:30. Check out the Artists and Poets Among Us on the internet. (There's a picture of a younger Kenny Milanese on there!) Call Pauline at 384-6582 for more info. Traditionally, we've altered our meeting night as to not conflict with this event. (That's why our April meeting night is yet to be determined.)

On Saturday the 26th, we have been invited to participate in the Woodbury Friends' Earth Day celebration. There are activities in the afternoon, dinner at 6, and a meeting to follow.

And on Monday the 28th at 7, The Gloucester County Library System's Logan Township Branch celebrates Poetry Month by featuring a little workshop with SFPOSNJ President and librarian Lynette Milanese, and a reading by our members. Call the library at 241-0202 or Lynette at 423-3762 for further info. We thank Freeholders Stephen Sweeney and Joe Chila for their support.

More details on these happenings will be in next month's exciting Poetry Month edition of The Voice of the Turtle. In review, here are the dates:

FRI 18 (Probable) SFPOSNJ Meeting
SAT 19 Lucky Star Art Gallery Reading
FRI 25 Artists and Poets Among Us
SAT 26 Woodbury Friends Earth Day
MON 28 Logan Library Reading

NOTHING'S BETTER THAN A NICE LETTER

A few more letters came in this month.

Joyce Lee Slater-Williams has been really busy of late substitute teaching and leading 3-hour after-school programs in Bridgeton. She has missed us, and we have missed her. I'm happy to say she has rejoined us. "Welcome back, Joyce!"

Frank Ranieri is a great guy whose respect for his late wife's writing talent is surpassed only by his love for her. We all miss Lorraine. We're glad Frank has helped keep her memory alive with us by remaining a member. He loves seeing her poetry in our newsletters even more than I love putting them in.

Dorothy Lamar has been busy dealing with family sicknesses. She misses us and hopes to get to more meetings. We hope to see her soon, and hope everybody's feeling better. Congratulations are due to Dorothy; she will have a page dedicated to her work in The International Library of Poetry's next publication: The Best Poems and Poets of 2007. "Way to go, Dorothy!"

Three nice people, three nice letters... the Society cherishes them all.

BIRTHDAY BARDS

It wasn't a good day for Julius Caesar, but hopefully March 15th ("The ides of March") was a good day for birthday girl Lynn Stock.

Like in March, we only have one lady birthday bard in April. "The Queen of Generosity," "Doctor Wonderful," Karen Springer celebrates on 4/4. We hope she has a blessed poetry month birthday.

If I don't know your birthday, please tell me...no, don't tell me the year.



\$ POET

Thank you, my good friends, for voting for my poem ("Giovanni's Birthday Present" by Anthony Milanese) as your favorite from February's Voice of the Turtle. That one's special to me...my favorite that I've written this year (so far).

Thanks to the wonderfully generous Karen Springer, all our \$ Poet winners until August will have their \$5 Society donation doubled to \$10. Since I already have a beautiful \$5 SFPOSNJ pin, and all 11 available chapbooks, I opted to receive my winnings in the form of a \$10 check.

The Society thanks January's winner, Kathy Mohrman, for her fine, continued support. She accepted her winnings in the form of copies of our 8th and 9th anthologies (VIIIB and Mosaic).

Kathy has been wonderful in living up to my hopeful belief that every Society for Poets of Southern New Jersey member should aspire to eventually collect every obtainable SFP publication, especially the five available anthologies. It's the ultimate expression of support.

Thank you, Kathy! Thank you, Karen! Thank you, voters!



ESPRESSO POETRY

There will be an evening of poetry at the King Street Espresso Bar on Saturday, March 29th (the day after our meeting) at 7:30. It's at 28 North King Street in Gloucester City. The featured poet is Barney Oldfield, open mic to follow. It's a cool place; call 456-4408 for more info.

Poetry Corner

A THIEF

by Joyce Lee Slater-Williams

A thief is not only one who takes
What is not given but tries to
Steal your wisdom and
Challenges your sanity

A thief will do anything under heaven
To be like you, without the
Sacrifice of working too

A thief causes mayhem
And troubles anyone who
Attempts to control the impulses
Driving their personality.

Only a power higher than
The egotistic leanings
Will have any meaning
If acknowledged by this
Agnostic with agnosia.

NOW THAT I AM HERE

by Virginia Fleming
(from We the Poets)

Last week I thought
if I could sit beneath
the old oak tree
the words would tumble out,
the thoughts would flow, full-free.

Last I week I knew
if I could feel once more
the stirring in the hemlock
through the front porch door,
my pen would script again
of prose and poetry --
but that was last week --
and far away.

Now that I am here
the words refuse to flow.
I listen to the birds,
watch flowers grow.
I feel the fringe of fern,
walk trillium trails
silently content,
no longer needing words.

THE BEE, THE BLOOM, AND THE BROCK

by Ervin Bilsky
(from We the Poets/Anthology V)

I see a brook, a cool clear brook,
And I wash till my body is clean,
For my love and I must, immaculate, look --
I must my best be seen.

And my Love refreshes herself, in turn,
dissolving her every woe,
Cooling each care that seems to burn,
before the pain can grow.

And I stare at the water's edge in shame,
Lest my eyes, perhaps, should stray,
And my body betray my blameless blame,
If perhaps I glance her way.

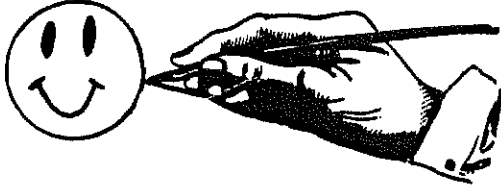
For the flower blooms with its natural blush,
That the bee might taste of its nectar,
And the world grows dark, and a wondrous hush
Invades the evening sector.

And the honey-bee's instinctive plunge
Would permeate the bloom,
As back and forth its energies lunge
In this tiny nuptial room.

Then my Love and I refreshed, will rest
Together on the sandy shore,
My arm protecting her naked breast,
Lying side by side evermore.



Poetry Corner



WELCOME SPRING

by Barbara Perlmutter

(from Flowers in a Crannied Wall/Anthology VI)

Look where all the flowers bloom,
You can see them from your room,
forsythia, daffodil,
Look at all the beautiful greenery,
Right in your back yard, there's plenty
of scenery,
Roses, hyacinths,



The sun is shining, birds are singing,
We are walking along,
Bells are ringing
...that is ringing in the song of spring
to the tune of

Dogwood trees, cherry blossoms and
pussy willows,
Children frolicking about,
screaming and shouting
Dancing about in fields of daisies and
assorted wild flowers.

Athletes rowing on the river,
Boys and girls riding their bikes,
Families picnicking on the grass,
At last...at last,
Spring has made its entrance once again.



A SOLITARY SOUL

by Carolyn G. Furio
(from her Just Touch Me)

He rowed through the marshes
Toward the setting sun.
His dirty, callused hands
Slowly drew him home.
The old rowboat sat low
His catch piled one on one,
Humming an old sea chantey
His father had always known.
Shoulders bent above the oars,
A solitary soul.



Crossing marshes toward the sun
With home his final goal.
'Twas dusk when he was last seen
Against the closing light.
When darkness fell along the shore
His boat was not in sight.
The coast guard found him later
Drifting all alone,
Shoulders bent above the oars,
His small craft pointing home.

MY RAINBOW PEARL NECKLACE

by David L. Steinberg
(from his Loving Spirit)

A String of Pearls
Strung by a White Light
Connecting throughout
This vast planet.



Each pearl is a belief
Common to all faiths
With its beauty reflecting
Within each of our beings.

None brighter than the rest
All reflecting the light
From the Great Mother Pearl
Of all faiths.

Hold your ideals up to the Light
Marvel at the beauty
How your highest ideals hold true
Whatever Pearl you choose.

If you cannot see the truth
Of the beauty of this pearl neckless,
Then you do not see the beauty
Of this great Spiritual Truth.

DO YOU ALSO WONDER

by LeVern T. Rose

Do you also wonder . . .
about some one you hope
would wonder too about you,
how you sleep or cope?

Do you find a few times daily,
you stop to ponder what
they are doing, that very instant,
as you eye that wretched clock.

Time passes us in instants,
and soon consumes our days.
A pity we' are not together,
. . . still going separate ways.

And if one strains a muscle,
can both feel the same pain,
or preen beneath our morning mirrors
washing water down the drain.

See how much of life is in common,
though often quite mundane,
I hope I'll never tire of you,
'in case my dreams "became."



THE RAINBOW

by Karen R. Springer

Rainbows
Magnificent, majestic
Inspiring, glimmering, shimmering,
Ribbons to the soul
Rubied, topazed, turquised
Ironic, misplaced
Clouds.



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(Hey, it's only fair.)*



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