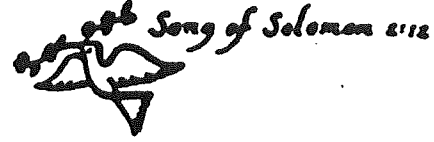




HAPPY POETRY MONTH!



The Voice Of The Turtle



APRIL 2008

NEXT MEETING

It's April. It's spring. It's Poetry Month! It's time to get busy, poets! Lots of cool stuff is happening, so much stuff, in fact, that our poetry meeting got bumped into May. May Day! May Day! (Actually, the day after May Day.) Our "April" meeting will be on Friday, May 2nd at 7:30. We'll be at the Woodbury Friends Meeting House at 124 North Broad Street (Route 45). It's across the street from Charlie Brown's.

The one regrettable side-effect from this rescheduling is that our meeting will conflict with the First Friday Sing/Potluck that Bob and Meed Barnett are involved with. (You can contact them at 965-5347 or via bob@westjersey.org for future Friday Sing info.

Poetry Month just got extended for two more days!

See ya May 2nd.

PRAYERS AND THOUGHTS

The Society offers its most humble prayers and warmest positive thoughts for Society member Kathy Mohrman's son-in-law, John Walker. John recently had heart by-pass surgery. Kathy is a wonderful person; I'm sure the same can be said for John.

We pray that all is well, that his recovery is swift and complete.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

*"...in the small matters trust the mind,
in the large ones the heart..."*

- Sigmund Freud

LOGAN LIBRARY

We've got a way-cool workshop/reading gig coming up on Monday the 28th at Logan Library.

From 295, go east off Exit 10. Once beyond the Holiday Inn and super Wawa (both on the right), look for the library sign and make a right at the light onto Beckett Road.

Check out the full-page flyer in this spectacular, magnificent Poetry Month newsletter.



FRIENDS OF THE EARTH

On Saturday, April 26th we are having an Earth Day Celebration at the Woodbury Friends Meeting House (location details in the "Next Meeting" story) with our friends the Friends. There will be activities with gardening, crafts, and music in the afternoon starting 3:30.

At 5:30, there will be a vegetarian supper, so bring along something yummy to eat, please. (I was going to bring 30 filet mignons, but I guess that wouldn't be appropriate.)

And at 6:30 there will be an interfaith sharing time.

Please bring "earthy poetry," poetry that deals with earth stewardship, pro-earth values, or nature, in general.

For questions or more info, call Cindy Crispin at 478-4093.

It should be a nice day. Friends are the salt of the earth. So be there to represent the Society; and be there to represent the earth.

AMPD 2008

That's right ladies and gentlemen (and the rest of you), AMPD 2008, presented by the SFPOSNJ and the Boys and Girls Club of Paulsboro, is right around the corner. Friday, **May 9th** will be the date for our Society's biggest venture of the year. So this is also the most important time to be of service to our group. If you can help in any way, **please, PLEASE** call Lynette or Anthony Milanese at 423-3762 or at 906-5413.

What is there to do, you may ask? Well, on Thursday the 8th and on the day of the event, there is a lot of setting-up to do. There is hanging-up lights, moving chairs and tables, food and drink prep, stage organization...oh boy, can we use your help! It's all got to be done by 6:00 on the 9th, when the doors open.

The program will start about 6:30. Local artist Jerry O'Donnell will be featured, as well as the Paulsboro High School Jazz Band, lead by good Society for Poets' friend Wendy Stocker. (They jam!) The rest of the bill is still developing, but you can bet it'll be a great show...it always is. And it's always a full appreciative house...we pack 'em in!

Lynette always knocks herself out and does a great job. Your help can "lighten the knock-out blow." The sooner you call to offer help, the better; and the sooner your name can be nominated for sainthood.

The good people at the Boys and Girls Club also do an excellent job. It's located at 916 Penn Line Road.

Heading to Paulsboro from **South** Interstate **295**, take **Exit 18**. Exit 18 is in two parts, exit **right** on the **first part**. It'll loop you to a **red light**; make a **left**. Go straight through another light, continue down Delaware Street until you get to **railroad tracks**, then make an immediate **left**. Ride along the rails, the next intersection is **Penn Line**; make a **left**. Travel about a block and make the **next right**, right next to the **Boys and Girls Club**. **Parking is behind the building.**

Heading on **North 295**, take **Exit 18**, which will bring you to a light at **Berkley Road**. Go straight through, a McDonald's will be on your right. You'll soon reach another **light**, make a **left**. Go straight through two lights and look for the **railroad tracks** across Delaware Street mentioned last paragraph.

From the east, head west on **Berkley Road**, once you go past the truck stop on your left and the McDonalds on your right, you'll come to a **light**. Make a **right** and follow the directions from the **Berkley Road** mention last paragraph.

Everyone should get a chance to read, so be sure to bring some poems.

Admission is \$5 to the public, but free to Boys and Girls Club members and SFP members (wear your SFPOSNJ pin). So try to make it, and (I just pushed the chair away, I'm typing and begging from my knees)

please try to help.

It'll be fun.

\$ POETS



We had a tie in the \$ Poet voting in March between Joyce Lee Williams-Slater ("A Thief") and Vice President Vern Rose ("Do You Also Wonder"). It was great having Joyce Lee back with us, and it was nice seeing Theresa McGinnis last meeting, too. Of course, it's always great having Vern on hand.

Thanks to the commendable generosity of Dr. Karen Springer, winners until August continue to be rewarded with \$10. In the case of this tie, however, Joyce and Vern each got \$5 in gifts and cash. Joyce put her winnings to excellent use: she got David Steinberg's The Pink Cloud of Love and Loving Spirit... as well as the "discount damaged" Flowers in a Crannied Wall. Thanks, Joyce. Thanks, David. Thanks, Karen. (I think Vern has all the books, so we'll excuse him for opting for a \$5 SFPOSNJ check.)

Occasionally, I drop this tip, and it feels like the time, again: it's best to have your \$ Poet favorite pre-picked. That way, you don't have to read while the meeting is in progress.

Congratulations, winners!

AMAZING ANTHOLOGY DISCOUNT

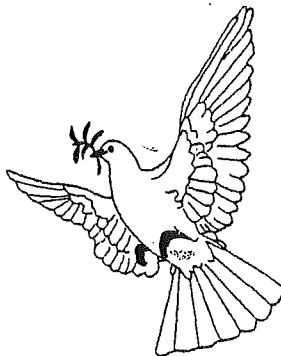
Upon searching through the inventory of Society anthologies, I made a discovery and drew a conclusion. We have **many** copies of our sixth anthology, Flowers in a Crannied Wall. They were stored in Mg Merlanti's basement for quite a while, where some suffered some water damage. They still have the same great, totally readable poetry, just some of the pages are somewhat discolored. And so, after clearing it with President Lynette Milanese (I had to schedule an appointment, and wait), these damaged copies are being made available at the amazing discount price of 75¢! Let's call it a "Bargain-Basement" sale! (Get it?... "basement?") At that price, you can't afford **not** to buy it. If you read one poem one time and enjoy it, it was well worth the purchase.

While we're talking inventory, I'll tell you that we still also have many copies of anthologies VIII and IX (VIIIB and Mosaic). We're down to 7 copies of our fourth (Windows of the Spirit) and 13 of our fifth (We the Poets).

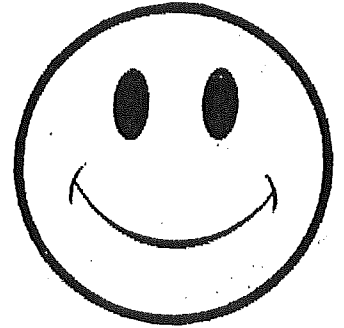
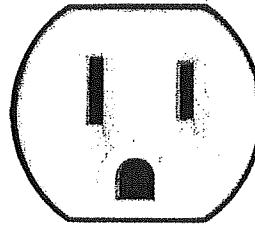
Also available through the Society are Georgia Wurster's Recurring Themes (8 copies) and Men are Like that and Other Myths (only 2 copies). David Steinberg's The Pink Cloud of Love (20 copies) and Loving Spirit... (26 copies) are also available, as are Anthony and Lynette's Poets in Love (only 4 copies) and Anthony's Intense Intentions In Tents (also only 4 copies remaining).

The anthologies are \$5 each, Georgia and David's are \$3 each, Anthony and Lynette's book is \$4, and Anthony's is \$2. You can get any 4 books for \$15, any 6 for \$20, any 8 for \$25, and all 11 for \$30.

What great bargains! What great poetry!



DUE: DUES



Hey, you're kinda cute.

Hmm, you too. What are you up to?

Not much. Well, I was just going to renew my membership to the Society for Poets of Southern New Jersey. For only \$15, I can enjoy an entire year of membership. I can pay at any Society function or mail to Treasurer Anthony via the newsletter's address.

I get a real *charge* out of the Society. You should join!

That sounds great! You know, I could use a new outlet.

You smooth talker, you.



THE YOUNG ARTISTS AND POETS AMONG US 2008

It's always a blast, always a wonderful time: it's the annual Artists and Poets Among Us extravaganza at the Deptford Municipal Building, on the corner of Cooper Street and Delsea Drive! It is organized by our own Pauline Jonas. She does a fabulous job!

The date is Friday, April 25th. The doors open at 6:30 and the program starts at 7:30. They always have beautiful art work, music, poetry, and yummy refreshments. Admission is \$5.

This year the focus is on young talent. Kenny Milanese is amongst the readers, and you can see a younger Kenny in a scrunched up picture on the internet. Check out "The Living Arts Club Deptford, NJ" and click on "Artists and Poets."

You can call Pauline at 384-6582 or via lucinda48@aol.com.

BIRTHDAY BARDS

Our only Poetry Month birthday bard is the wonderful Dr. Karen Springer. She celebrated on April 4th.

We have three birthday gals in May. Helene Layton sings her birthday song on May 8th. Ruth Anne Blumenstein commemorates a voyage around the sun on May 26th. Charter member Virginia Fleming ends the month with cake on May 31st.

Happy birthday, one and all.



Minutes Society for Poets of Southern New Jersey March, 2008



In attendance were Anthony & Lynette Milanese, Bob & Meed Barnett, Robert & Joanne Hawthorne, Dennis Deems, David Steinberg, Joe Valentino, Theresa McGinnis, Vern Rose, Joyce Williams (who were tardy but quite welcome) and me, Linda Richards.

Lynette started out with a nude piece about herself and visuals were requested by the males in the room. Anthony sang the anniversary song. Theresa welcomed spring with daffodils. Joanne (whose vision is now better than mine) did "Mirrors." Robert read "Sheople (?)," a biting piece about the state of things. In the spirit of Christmas, Pollyanna poems were read about Vern and Joanne. Joyce did poems which were complete but added that she is a sculptress and didn't bring the accompanying piece along. David McSteinberg read a fine poem and nailed the accent of his ancestors.

Meed's mom would be semi-proud (again, Dutch Cleanser rehab). She (and Bob) sang a very funny poem/song about the way young people speak that pushed the limit of her rehabilitation. They also performed a piece about a cowboy and a cat in a tree that we all enjoyed immensely.

Vern talked of his Ides of March Toga party. Joe talked of his family member's (niece?) transformation from little darling to brat. Other highlights included "For Jack Kerouac," Smile, Road Calling Names, Spring, Cold Spring Hollow, A Chat With Your Mom (?), Feed my Sensibilities, Till You're Blue.

Special dispensation was given to one of the founders of the Society for not being in attendance due to an emergency (sport event).

Gloucester County Library System
Logan Township Branch

Celebrate National Poetry Month
with
The Society for Poets of Southern New Jersey

Monday, April 28, 2008

7:00 PM



Enjoy a poetry reading by members
of the Society for Poets of Southern
New Jersey – and audience members.

Bring a poem you wrote -
A poem you need help with -
A poem by your favorite poet -
A piece of paper, a sharp pencil
AND YOURSELF!

**Advance registration is requested as space is limited. To register or to get
more information, sign up at the Logan Library or call 241-0202.**

Logan Township Branch ♦ Gloucester County Library System
498 Beckett Road ♦ Logan Township, NJ 08085 ♦ 856-241-0202
www.gcls.org

Stephen M. Sweeney
Freeholder Director



Giuseppe (Joe) Chila
Freeholder Liaison

Poetry Corner

ANTICIPATING APRIL

by Karen R. Springer

I have known you
For so many Springs
As here we tryst
Where geese and gulls
Take to wings
On Diaz Creek;
Then soar the sky
To shameless sing
Of joy we humans
Cannot speak.

You are lover/friend
As I early sit
On hallowed ground
To feel the kiss
Of hovered mist
Beside the lake
My thoughts profound
While fickle tides
Gives turtle rides,
For Nature's sake.

ONE WITH NATURE

by Esther Penny Bilsky
(from Flowers in a Crannied Wall)

I often missed the sunshine,
And saw only the rain.
I sometimes missed the laughter,
And felt only the pain.
When love was offered to me,
I quickly turned it down,
Then relented and agreed,
I'd acted like a clown.
Many people whom I met,
Had tendered me a smile,
Extended friendships to me,
In warm and loving style.

Now I know the sun is shining,
And the days are crisp and clear.
I feel God's holy presence,
And know that He is near.
The stars glitter above me,
The birds sing in the sky,
I am now one with nature,
And know the reason why.
I can only capture joy,
Or even know it's there,
By starting off each morning,
With a grateful, silent prayer.



PART OF GOD'S PLAN

by Lynette Milanese
(from her and Anthony's Poets in Love)

On the day you were born,
As a part of God's plan,
It was set into action
That one day, we would meet.
And, that someday, we would,
With Christ's foundation,
Build a life, together,
From love and from peace.

On the day you were born,
As a part of God's plan,
He knew we would be
Where we are today.
The Lord kept us safe,
Until we were ready,
To grow, together,
In love and in peace.

And, someday, our children,
On the day they are born,
A part of God's plan
Will be set into action.
And, someday, they will meet
Their "special someone,"
And build a foundation
On Christ's love and peace.

I pray they are as happy
As I am, today,
On the day you were born,
As part of God's plan.

ALL WITHOUT YOU

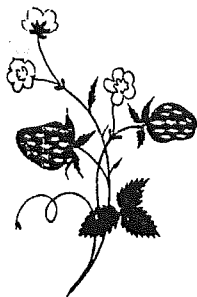
by Lorraine Ranieri
(from Flowers in a Crannied Wall)

I crawled
I cried
I laughed
I sang
All without you

I dreamed
I crept
I almost died
All without you

I jumped for joy
I drowned in depression
I sang with happiness
All without you

I remember so long ago
I grew into a woman
I felt love
All without you...



THE FIREBALL IN THE SKY

by David L. Steinberg
(from his The Pink Cloud of Love)

The clouds were angry and dark
And rain pelted hard on my windshield.
I suddenly saw a great light,
Where land meets sky.

It cast eerie light and shadows,
I turned and saw the sun
Poke its head out from the horizon,
The fireball in the sky.

Just as it was there all the time,
While it was cloudy and it rained
And suddenly the realization hit me,
That it was there since before time began.



Poetry Corner

(Untitled)

by Charlene M. Pieczonka

I heard you talking to me
In a low growling voice
Saw you swaying to and fro
Bending this way and that
But not breaking, never breaking
You were showing who was stronger
Growling as the wind tried to get past
Angry sounds, sounds of a battle
Going on since the dawn of time
Earth and air, in conflict
To see who was stronger
I heard you talking to me
Telling me you were stronger
Too strong to break
The wind would go away
But you would still be there
Talking to me.



KINDNESS by Helene Layton
(from Flowers in a Crannied Wall)

A word is extended, its end
not to blame,
But to brighten the shadows and
lighten shame
That lurks in the conscience and sickens
the pride.
And the fears of the kind don't erupt,
or collide.



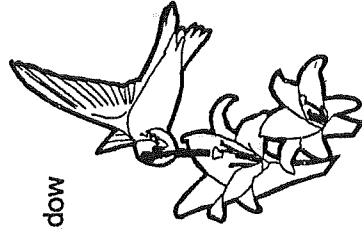
A hand is extended, its end
not for gain,
But to lessen the sorrow,
abate all the pain
Of another, whose life has suffered
disruption.
And the plans of the kind do not sense
interruption.

Kindness has no selfish
motive,
But is greatly, to love,
ever promotive
Through actions patient,
gentle, and just.
But in time, kindness is rewarded
by trust.

RAINDROPS OF THE MIND

by Joy Frederick
(from Flowers in a Crannied Wall)

I'm sitting here
looking out my front window
watching the rain
fall so gently.
Wondering--
Thinking--
I miss you tonight.
The gentle rain
reminds me
of the peace
I find
when you're around.



NAGGING FOG ON THE RUNWAY
by Dr. P. Raghavan

Delhi is the capital of Indian democracy
Daily the days there are short in winter
Air travel though on the rise these days
Air Traffic Control & fog are real foes.

14th Dec: 10-45 A.M the flight to Raipur
A737 Boeing craft was full to its capacity
Passengers all got seated inside by 11A.M
Routine travelers thought they were lucky.

All of a sudden came the news from cock-pit
Two hours delay was the first announcement
Gradually it got extended again till 2-45 P.M
Reason quoted of course was the nagging fog.

Delhi being located near Shimla in Himalayas
Any snow fall, rain fall and cold winds therein
Fog the villain is an end-result in Delhi airport
Visibility turns a casualty more often than not.

Air travel easily brought to naught in no time
Every year public makes a hue and cry on this
Airport authorities vouch for remedy regularly
But seldom had a solution been found by so far.

Man's great designs get knocked off very often
Whenever the nature starts showing its anger
Even a temporary measure seems to be elusive
When do the technocrats find answer inclusive?

AMPD

BREAD ON WATER

by Kay Bunt

(from Flowers in a Crannied Wall/Anthology VI)

These crumbs are not cast casually
nor are they leavings of a stale bread loaf
but fresh food for hungry poet birds
who fly alone or in assembled hosts;
food too, for fishes swimming in the sea
cavorting rainbow-hued, their home is deep
within the water-mirrored sunlight
while fish tales into poems sometimes creep.

Quatrain crusts, rondeaux or villanelles
are strewn for shyest bird or gourmand fish
to feast upon or nibble at the rhyme
while bread, afloat on waves like carousels,
will oft return an answer to a wish
or recognition for a name, in time.



EVIL AMMUNITION

by Anthony Milanese

(from his Intense Intentions In Tents)

Why do men learn to hate ?
I believe that it's taught, not innate
prefounded hatred
burns holes in what's sacred:
the love of life's gifts

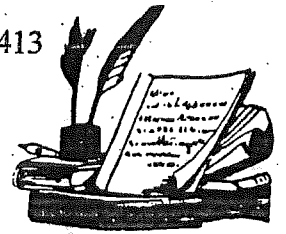
Is it false self-elevation ?
...an act of frustration ?
that spawns prejudice ?

Targeted hate
greet's victims of fate
minds closed--suffocation
like securely-lidded boiling pots

hate-spewing explosions
evil ammunition

Prejudice is hateful ignorance

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(Hey, it's only fair.)*



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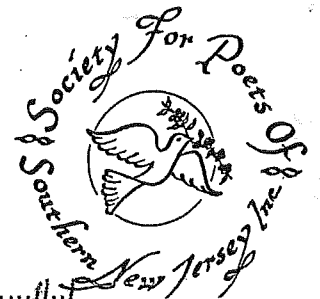


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HAPPY POETRY MONTH!

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