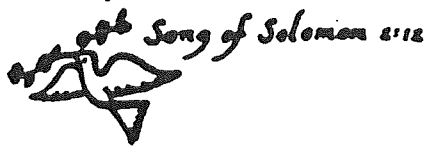




The Voice Of The Turtle



MAY 2008

NEXT MEETING

On Friday, May 30th, we'll have our next meeting...it's gonna be a joyous one. We're going to meet at 6:30 for a special 65th birthday tribute/pot-luck dinner for David Steinberg. The meeting will start about 8-ish. Read the Birthday Bard story for further details.

It'll be at the Woodbury Friends Meeting House at 124 North Broad Street (Route 45 - across from Charlie Brown's).

So bring a non-dessert dish and we'll see you on the 30th!

PRAYERS & POSITIVE THOUGHTS

The Society offers its most heartfelt prayers and most positive healing thoughts to Hank Urbanek who has been weakened and struggling with a blood disease. Hank and Virginia are two of our favorite people. We hope they are both feeling their best, soon.

We're praying for you, Hank.



NEW MEMBERS / THE ULTIMATE MOTHERS' DAY GIFT

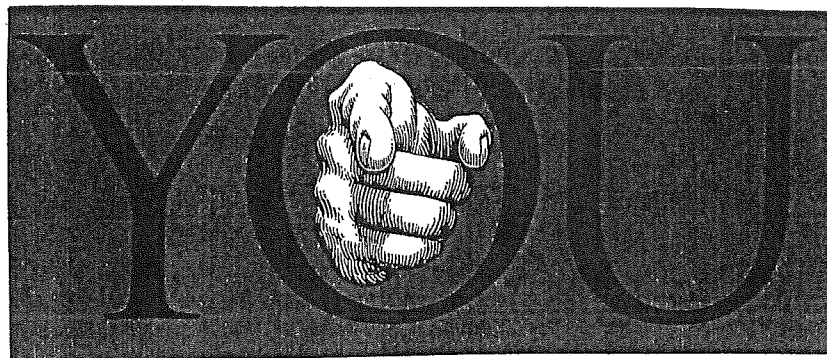
Hats off to Vice President Vern Rose for delivering the ultimate Mothers' Day gift. Vern purchased his mom's first year of membership with the SFOSNJ. Like her fine son, Maria Rose is also a poet.

We had two new poets join our ranks last meeting. Also joining was Claudette Keegan. Claudette found out about us through Anthony Milanese's Books Are Fun travels.

The Society warmly welcomes both women into our friendly nest.

OVERDUE: DUES

Hey,



it's now officially *beyond* time to pay your dues. Please mail your \$15 to Treasurer Anthony via the newsletter's address or pay at any Society function. Take heed, next month I bring out my red pen to remind those who still need reminding.

WOODBURY ARTS FESTIVAL



On Saturday, June 14th, from 10 AM to 6 PM is Narcissa Weatherbee's annual Woodbury Arts Festival. It's always a happening blast, featuring art, crafts, photography, jewelry, live music, food, kids' activities, and (you guessed it) poetry.

The details of the extent and schedule of our role aren't all hammered-out, yet.

The place is Narcissa's fantastic home at 112 Hunter Street. (It's always like an art festival at Narcissa's!) For more info, call 848-8567 or see changes4love@yahoo.com.

FIRST FRIDAY SING

Remember, on every month's first Friday (which is usually a week after our meeting), there is a First Friday Sing/Potluck. Call Bob or Meed Barnett at 965-5347 or via bob@westjersey.org for more specifics.



ROBERT'S SCARY WALK

On May 9th, at the AMPD festival, Dennis Deems got an emergency phone call and, abruptly, had to leave. Later that evening, we were startled to find out why. Society member and former president Robert Hawthorne had been walking his dog, Winchester, outside the Woodbury Friends Meeting House when, without warning, a huge branch fell and fractured his skull! Robert blacked-out and fell upon "Winch." His aging dog hadn't barked in months, but let out a distress yelp that alerted Robert's wife, Joanne. From all accounts, it must have been a frightening sight, with a lot of blood. Joanne screamed in horror and quickly called 911.

Robert was rushed to Cooper Hospital in Camden, which is considered the top area facility for neurological trauma. Robert was in the Trauma Center Intensive Care Unit from Friday until Monday. During that time, he was very disoriented with varying degrees of consciousness. As he described it, it was "like a dream-state; but after a while, I knew it was lasting too long with too many real characters to be a dream."

He has no memory of being struck on the head or being whisked to the ER. While in the ICU, he kept wondering where he was and how he got there.

By Monday, he was becoming more coherent and more like his old self. He was moved to a regular room. Thankfully, it appears no damage was done to his brain. Besides the skull fracture, he also broke his nose, probably from falling face down.

Joanne has been by his side most of the time. Dennis has helped immensely by driving Joanne to and from Cooper. Linda Richards was also helpful. Lynette and I (Anthony) visited on Thursday the 15th and were happy to see him looking pretty well. On behalf of the Society, we presented him with a fruit and snack basket and told him we were all praying for him, which he greatly appreciated.

I expected him to have his head all bandaged-up and his face to be all black and blue, but he basically had, from what I could see, a stitched-up scar on his forehead, two



black-eyes, and a bruised shoulder. He said the splint on his nose fell off in the shower; but his nose looked fine. When he mentioned his eyes, I joked that I thought he joined the Alice Cooper fan club or had "gone Goth." (Come to think of it, "the Alice Cooper look" in Cooper Hospital would be rather apropos.)

When first hearing the news, Kenny Milanese commented, "Boy, Robert should have come to AMPD." Despite, this observation, however, it is not commonly viewed that the wrath of God was punishing Robert for missing AMPD. A more popular assessment is that God was at AMPD, God was at the Meeting House, and God protected Robert from more serious damage.

Robert remains ever-positive and considers the entire misadventure a minor stumbling block on the long walk of life. It was truly scary for a while there. But, praise God, he's going to be all right.

He was released later that day, which is great news. He mentioned that he kept thinking about a billboard message he saw on a road out west when he was a young man. It said, "a short-term inconvenience for a long-term improvement."

The Society wishes him continued healing, prayers of wellness, and positive thoughts. If you want to send him a note or card, send it to P.O. Box 326, Mantua, NJ 08051 or rojopink@hotmail.com. But, please, no comments on "branching-out," the sword of Damocles, or Chicken Little, and no singing, "George of the jungle, watch out for that tree."

Postscript: It is with great sadness that I report that we just heard from an e-mail that Winchester the dog has passed away. We're sincerely sorry, Robert and Joanne. Gosh, you folks have had a tough month. Perhaps Winch lived this long so he could deliver that warning bark.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Resentment is when you let your hurt become hate." - Max Lucado



BIRTHDAY BARDS

Helene Layton was our first birthday bard of May, singing her way to the cake on May 8th. Next will be Ruth Anne Blumenstein, celebrating on May 26th. Virginia rounds out the month with her festivities on May 31st.

As soon as May's party ends, June's begins with Theresa McGinnis, who blows out the candles on June 1st. June is our biggest birthday month, now with six birthdays! Second in the birthday parade is first on our membership list: David Steinberg turns 65 on 6/5! (More on that, later.) Barbara Perlmutter mutters her way to the party table on June 9th. Dennis Deems is deemed worthy of cake on the 17th. Joyce Lee Williams-Slater is slated for celebration on the 18th. And our sixth birthday of our sixth month belongs to Secretary Linda Richards who completes another circle around the sun on June 20th.

Now, back to David. Yes, Society fans, our blessed founding father turns 65 next month. No he's not anywhere near being carted-off to a retirement village; he's still in the extended prime of his life. His wife, Cindy, has requested that we have a special pot-luck dinner at May's meeting (less than a week before his birthday), to honor this momentous occasion. Cake will be provided, so please don't bring desserts. Be there by 6:30; the poetry meeting will follow... probably by 8:00. Don't miss the chance to honor the man who set this whole thing in motion ("*poetry in motion*"). Try to have a David antidote or 2 to share; see you there!

LUCKY STAR

There was a poetry reading at the Lucky Star Art Gallery in Gloucester City on April 19th to commemorate poetry month. Society friend Mary Lou Adams set it up, and it was quite interesting. Lynette and Anthony Milanese were two of the six or seven readers.

There was kind of an "edgy vibe" going on there, with art displayed that wasn't exactly "kid friendly," and flamboyant personalities sparking-up the place.

It was fun, complete with wine, cheese, beer, snacks, and good poets.

HOPKINS HOUSE HAPPENINGS

Haddon Township's Hopkins House is an historic, happening, happy hub. (For you new poets, that first sentence featured the use, or perhaps, overuse of the poetic tool alliteration.) There are plenty of art exhibits, musical events, and poetry readings to check out at 250 South Park Drive, (856) 858-0040, or via arts.camden.lib.nj.us.

June is Poetry in the Park month, showcasing area High School poets each Monday at 7 PM.

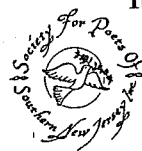
I (Anthony) spoke with the Executive Director of the Camden County Cultural and Heritage Commission (more alliteration), Sandra Turner-Barnes. She is a poet, herself, seems like a very nice lady, and she's interested in partnering with us for an event, maybe in fall...so think about it, and we'll talk about it...sounds like fun.

LOGAN LIBRARY

Nine folks had a wonderful, productive time at the Logan Library workshop on April 28th, led by Prez/librarian Lynette Milanese. Anthony and Kenny were the other Society members on hand.

20-some new poems were born, and everyone left feeling a bit more enriched. The quality of the poems was amazingly high, including those of one attendee, Jason Bowen, who also attended AMPD.

It was fun.



VATICAN CELEBRATION

As many of you know, David Steinberg's wife, Cindy, is heading to Vatican City with her church choir: the St. Rose of Lima Adult Choir. Besides selling candy, they are also raising funds for their trip by selling their new CD: Celebration. They are available for \$15. At least one was sold at our last meeting.

To purchase your copy, ask David or Cindy at our next meeting, or call the Steinbergs at 547-3860.





Wow. We pulled it off, again! AMPD 2008 was a rousing success from which all were blessed. The good people at the Paulsboro Boys and Girls Club were wonderful. Director Gerald Hodges, Coordinator Matt Browne, Gloria Rone, Tina, and all the kids did a bang-up job helping we poets set the whole thing up.

The evening started with the usual preliminaries, such as the Pledge of Allegiance, an excellent performance of "The Star Spangled Banner" by Paulsboro High School student Justin Henry, The Boys and Girls Club Code, introductions, and positive words of support from Mayor John Burzichelli and Superintendent Dr. Frank Scambia (both men have consistently "been there" for us; we greatly appreciate it...Dr. Scambia was actually instrumental in getting the Paulsboro Club started).

The PHS Jazz Band (led by Society friend Wendy Stocker) were set, warming-up, and getting a good vibe going even before our preliminaries and eating-time (by the way, the food was superb, much of it donated...more on that, later). The first performer on the bill was Society member Anthony Mohamed and the House of Congas. He was great. He has a smooth way of speaking encouragement to all, and he gets a great rhythm going. He was impressed with the Jazz Band and even had them back him up.

Then the PHS Jazz Band had their set. They always fill the room with cool, bopping happiness. They come through for us every year; we can't thank Mrs. Stocker and the band enough.

Throughout the evening, poetry was interspersed. Society poets Joe Valentino, Anthony Milanese (who presented M.C. Lynette Milanese with a dozen roses to thank her for her fifth AMPD production), and Lynette all got to read a couple poems. Our one big regret was that we were pressured to end the program before everyone got to read. The other Society poets (besides the four already mentioned) were Bob Barnett, Dennis Deems, Pauline Jonas, Kenny Milanese, Linda Richards, Vern Rose, and Lynn Stock. (Hey, 11 SFP members were there;

that's excellent! Thank you all.) Anyway, I know three of them were hoping to read at the end and, again, we're very sorry that we couldn't fit you in. The Club directors told Lynette they had to shut the place down. They have curfews, rules, and salaries that we had to conform to.

The art was very nice. Doris Billig, Eileen Ward, and Margaret LaDue's PHS art class had work featured and enjoyed in a tasteful display.

Two sisters, Cassie and Paige Doran performed "Awesome God" in sign language. They were delightful, cute as could be, all smiles, and good performers. We're happy they were with us.

Next was our featured poet: Eric Butler. His performing name is "Academics." He was excellent; he totally captured the full attention of everyone in the room with his powerful, memorized, street-savvy (yet, clean, positive, and uplifting) poetic messages. He didn't need a microphone, a podium, or printed words to read. He absolutely ruled the room.

Our own Bob Barnett was the next performer. He sang and played guitar on three songs. The first song was the "F-word" song he played for us at March's meeting. I know the crowd really got into that funny song. (Note: Don't be alarmed; the actual four letter word was not used. The song is a plea to youngsters **not** to use the "F-word.") Even though the audience wasn't exactly "a folk song crowd," they knew they were watching a true talent. He was great.

Then came the Poetry Award Ceremony. The Boys and Girls Club produced, I think, their best batch of poetry, ever. This year, Honorable Mentions went to Taisha Colon, DeShawn Green, and Cashmira Jones. Amber Lundy took the top prize of \$25, DiShaun Rone won 2nd Place (\$20), Micah McNear won 3rd Place (\$15), and Yusuf Stafford won 4th Place (\$10). Everyone got framed poetry, journals, and pencils.

Poets from The Gallery (the PHS literary group, also headed by Wendy Stocker) entertained us. Five students and Mrs. Stocker read fine poetry.

The Boys and Girls Club talent rose to the occasion. Their dance group, Keeping

Congratulations, Winners!

Kids Off the Street, did a very hip act. DiShaun Rone sang a song for us, as did Phase II, a male duo. Then there was another four-person Club dance act. They have a lot of talent.

The Society thanks members Pauline, Vern, Joe, Anthony, and Kenny for their fine work in setting-up and tearing-down. Of course, as always, Lynette did the lion's share of the work and deserves the lion's share of the credit. She really makes it happen.

There are others to thank. We thank **Bob Cassel** and Paulsboro art teacher **Gordon Redman** for the use of easels. We thank **Clonmell United Methodist Church** in Gibbstown for the use of sound equipment and the podium. We thank **Steve Granados** and **Hill Theatre** for being there for us, again, with the lighting.

Our food contributions were wonderful this year. **Babe's Bar and Grill** in Gibbstown donated delicious corn fritters. **Brother's Pizza** of Paulsboro and **Ciconte's Pizza** of Gibbstown both provided scrumptious sub trays. Paulsboro's **Buckhorn Family Restaurant** supplied a nice food platter. **Carmen's** of Paulsboro offered some tasty hot wings. Gibbstown's **Little Pizza Heaven** gave us a couple yummy pizzas. And **Rita's Water Ice** of Paulsboro donated some delicious water ice.

We also greatly thank our financial donors. **Assemblymen Burzichelli** and **Fisher** and **Senator Sweeney** offered \$100. **Valero** of Paulsboro also donated \$100. **The Greater Paulsboro Chamber of Commerce** donated \$50, as did the **Paulsboro Knights of Columbus/Queen of Heaven Council**. **Norbert's Jewelry** of Paulsboro came through for us, again, with \$25. **Dr. Frank Scambia** also gave us \$25. Please patronize and thank our wonderful sponsors as often as possible. **They rule**, and we love them.

Now for the nuts and bolts: the financial breakdown. We had \$350 donated; we got \$99 in ticket sales. That adds to \$449 on the plus side.

The minus side is \$70 in prize money, \$50 to Eric "Academics" Butler, \$136.83 to Shoprite for food, \$106.42 for other food and supplies. That adds to \$363.25.

Bottom line: we made \$85.75. That money goes towards future projects...excellent! It was a profitable experience, in every way.

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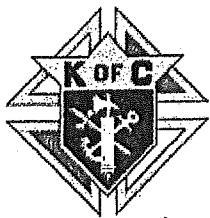


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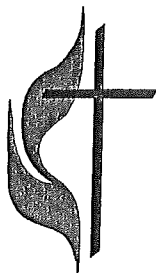
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Minutes – April Meeting Held on May 2 (huh?), 2008

Society for Poets of Southern New Jersey

In attendance were Anthony & Lynette Milanese, Robert & Joanne Hawthorne, Dennis Deems, Vern Rose, David Steinberg, Fran Stiles, Lynn Stock, Joe Valentino, Joyce Williams, newcomer Claudette Keegan, and me, Linda Richards in schizo dual role (as always) as Secretary and as vocalist for poet, Carol Cannon. Latecomers were too numerous to name; one actually admitting she was partying down the street at the Jazz thing. We all know who you are...unexcused lateness!

Joyce Williams proposed a workshop for an honor roll. If I understand this correctly (which is questionable), this concept of a family tree is done in list form. This allows for filling in parts of branches as relationships are discovered; not necessarily in ancestral order from the root - which is good because it wouldn't make a very attractive tree but is an excellent way to be more inclusive. (Maybe we should get Bob Barnett & Joyce Williams together as they both have both been involved with tracking Underground Railroad history? Hmmm.) Joyce noted how ahead of their time the Quakers were in freeing slaves. She read, among others, "Mother's Day," (a tribute also shared by others); an absolutely charming poem that incorporates love, just the right amount of selfishness (that mothers have come to expect), labor-saving (especially mental) and thrift.

Claudette Keegan hadn't brought anything to read but told us she was getting back into writing and had been published in the past. She would welcome critique at future meetings. Gutsy!

The Steinberg Family News: David mentioned that Steven, his multi-talented son, was awarded a brown belt in karate last week. The Steinbergs are busy these days. The Pope's audience with Cindy and her choir (principal choir) is coming up in June. CD's and candy were available as, thus far she only has enough money to get to Italy. Keep eatin' them candy bars or it's Ciao for now and she'll have to sing her way back home. David read "The Ballad of Lester and Esther Sylvester."

Milanese Family News: Wedding anniversary is coming up and by all signs things are going well ("You're Getting to be a Habit With Me"). Kenny recently read poetry that he had written. He did call and Lynette told him to go to bed....hope he's just tired. Is this getting old? Fran let the cat out of the bag regarding Anthony's tie-dyed tee-shirt. Imagine that.

Steinberg & Milanese Family News: David wanted it on the record that Haddon Heights and Paulsboro would be competing against each other and that Steven Steinberg (Haddon Heights) would like, Kenny Milanese (Paulsboro) present when they "whoop 'em" – and that's a promise. Will David have to eat his words? Tune in next month.

Having "read" her in the newsletter, it was great to have Fran "in person" at the meeting. Her poems were a breath of fresh air with "Luna, My Muse" (Lovelight?), "Plant Life" and "Paper Rainbows" which were a part of our unplanned Earth Day tribute.

As part of Lynnette's Earth Day tribute, she didn't litter (nobody did) and read "I Corinthians XIII." Lynn read "Consider the Earthworm"—part of her Noah's Ark thing. Check off another one...I mean two...animals.

Speaking of Lynn, she's been hanging around nursing homes of late and sang two numbers from show tunes she had performed there; probably popular before the residents were born but quite entertaining. You go girl.

Joe put us in a good mood (as usual) with "Rock & Roll Hall of Fame," "Cruisin' Weather" and "Farewell to Pennies."

The Dark Side: Vern was uncharacteristically hev-vee with "Don't Hold On." He also read "Dear Futurian." Conversely, Robert read "A Visitor from the Past" and a strong political piece. Joanne told us why Monsanto has to go. I read some of Carol's darker poems.

Light Side: Fran's poems, Joe's poems, Anthony's "Gorgeous Mange" and of course "....Sylvester." I read some of Carol's lighter poems.

See y'all next month.



\$ POET

El Presidente Lynette Milanese was April's big \$ Poet winner with her poem "Part of God's Plan," from her and Anthony's Poets in Love.

She is rewarded with \$10, \$5 from the SFPOSNJ and \$5 courtesy of Dr. Karen Springer's kind donation, which ups our \$ Poet prizes until August.

Congratulations, Lynette; and thank you, Karen!



YOUNG ARTISTS AND POETS AMONG US

"Pauline, you've done it, again!" Society member Pauline Jonas, the driving force of the Artists and Poets Among Us, hosted another excellent event last month.

The focus was on young people. The Art Gallery, musicianship, singing, poetry, and food were all top rate. The Deptford Municipal Building really becomes a stylish, chic, happening place on the last Friday of April. A great time was had by Vern Rose, David, Cindy, and Steven Steinberg, and Lynette and Kenny Milanese. Kenny was a featured poet and was even paid \$25 for his participation. (Wow, my son the professional poet...I'm so proud.)

Thanks, Pauline, for doing another terrific job.

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH



April 26th's Earth Day Celebration with the Woodbury Friends was a fun time for all. Society Poets/Friends Dennis Deems, Robert and Joanne Hawthorne, and Lynn Stock along with Lynette Milanese enjoyed a fine vegetarian dinner, poetry and earth-friendly festivities and fellowship.

Mother Earth is not unlike our birth parents, we don't choose them, and they are all we have. So we celebrate, pay tribute, treat kindly, and love.

BLESS THEIR CANINE SOULS

by Robert L. Hawthorne

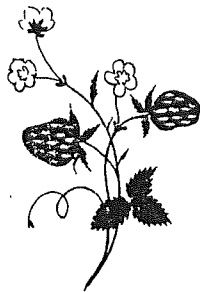
(from The Marriage of Art and Poetry/Anthology X)

There's lots to be learned from pets,
About life and love.
Sometimes many messages
Sent from above.

We prepare their food;
We wipe their ass,
We scoop their poop.
None of this is crass.

They take our love
And serve it back,
When we withdraw
They never slack.

Why can't we give
To people too?
To one another,
To me and you.



MY DESTINY by Linda Murphy

(from Voices from the Circle/Anthology VII)

What must I do
to pursue my hopes
my dreams
and conquer my fears

What tears
wipe from their faces

What hand
hold to keep their hearts from racing

What gentle touch
soft caress
share to soothe the mortal dressing

What breath
sigh for those lonely souls
nesting with rats, cruel diseases

What lips speak
sharing
that I should send their toil elsewhere

What song
sing
to turn their pain to laughter

What fool, you
not knowing tears
wounds
nesting

Can you pursue your hopes
your dreams
or conquer your fears



Poetry Corner

TILT by Hank Urbanek

(from Seeds from the Mind)

Mother Earth spinning on her axis--
Animal, vegetable and mineral
Balanced and held in place--

Voyagers shifting her population,
Lumber Jacks stripping her land,
Roughnecks gushing her oil,
Drillers sucking her water,
Miners gouging her minerals.

Earth signals with drought, flood,
quakes.
Man collects data, plots curves and
Blows smoke into smog-laden air
Man-made satellites streak in space
Destroying balance that once held Earth
in place--

Mother Earth has lost some weight--
Out of balance she signals with shock,
quakes.

Man feeds his computers--
Garbage in equals garbage out.

Man and print out are flung into space,
Mother Earth wobbles and gives a final
tilt.

WORDS TO TAP

by Vern Rose

Day is done ... Gone the sun

From the lakes ... From the hills ..

From the sky .. All is well

Safely rest .. God is nigh.

Fading light .. Dims the sight ..

And a star ... Gems the sky

Gleaming bright from afar .

Drawing nigh Falls the night.
Thanks and praise ... For our days.

Neath the sun ... Neath the stars...

Neath the sky. As we go
This we know .. God is nigh



MADAM PRESIDENT

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

A woman's place is in the house
or perhaps the senate
better still, the presidency
men can not prevent it

Their tenacity and courage
a courage born of pain
provides them with the where-with-all
a peaceful world to gain

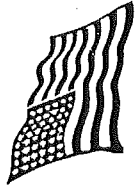
Just as they bear the populace
And teach them right from wrong
They can guide our mighty nation
To the heights where we belong

Our founding fathers paved the way
confronted by great peril
trusting god and their own wisdom
in common cause they toiled

Time and greed obscure their vision
that long ago shined brightly
and men are tarnished by ill deeds
reported to us nightly.

Let the hand that rocks the cradle
establish rules of law
that reinstate democracy
and justice for us all.

The millennium's upon us
with little cause for joy
let's vote for madam president
our world she won't destroy.



Poetry Corner

THE MIRACLE

by Ervin Bilsky
(from Seeds from the Mind)

With patience, love, and tender care,
The little plant its bloom, will bear,
And when the Summer turns to Fall,
The greatest miracle of all:

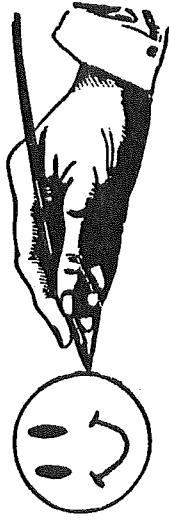
The flower head engorged with seed
Fulfills its own miraculous need;
Yet is the plan perhaps unfair
If Nature's miracles are there

That one may pluck and another miss,
Like the sidle-swipe of a hasty kiss?
Is it proper she should be denied,
In silent patience, yet abide

The defamation of Nature's call -
The greatest miracle of all?
The pod of seed, the burst of sun,
The avalanche as it starts its run -

Is it not love's ultimate, final goal
To warm her heart and inflame her soul?
To gently probe her every fibre,
Till, muscles tensed, the crouching tiger
Explodes at last and soars aloft -
Landing limply, warm and soft!
Drained by the greatest miracle of all -
The mighty leap and the gentle fall,

Brought to fruition by tender care -
By stroking the cub in its mother's lair;
Gently, purposely, cute and elfish,
Teasing, warming, and never selfish.
And when the sky is shrouded gray,
Chase her darkened clouds away!
With the art of love she will yet recall
The greatest miracle of them all.



THE PLAYGROUND

by Theresa McGinnis
(from her Poetry for All Seasons)

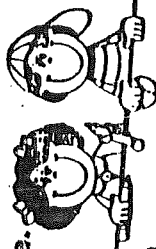
**Nothing beats
the carefree sound
Of children laughing
at the playground.**

**Twisting and turning
their way down the slide,
Taking the new yellow
swings for a glide.**

**Climbing the bars
of the jungle gym
Seeing who's the first
to reach the rim.**

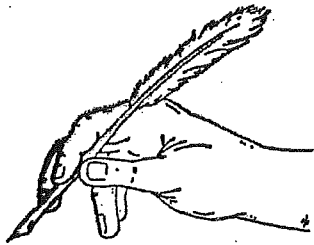
**Swinging like monkeys
from rung to rung,
Hanging upside-down
just for the fun.**

**They live life so freely
without any care,
The spring in their steps
reflecting the spring in the air.**



PIVOT by Virginia Fleming
(from Seeds from the Mind/Anthology II)

Why does a calm precede the violent storm?
Why loud travail before the restful sleep
each time a child is born?
Why, when love has reached its solace,
does the heart leap forth and cry
for infatuation?



FOR GRANDPOP
by Frances B. Stiles
(from Seeds from the Mind)

Your smile was always there
And you would listen
As I rattled on
With day to day
Unheaval and tranquility
Always attentive
Though as I'd turn away
And chatter on
You'd skip a word
You'd lose a phrase
Maybe making up
The missing pieces
In between.

I wonder now
How much you heard
Of all I had to tell you,
But I know you listened
With your heart and
Your smile was always there.

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(Hey, it's only fair.)*



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