

VOICES ISRAEL
GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

NEWSLETTER

AUGUST 2026





VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

AUGUST 2026 NEWSLETTER

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CONTENTS

Contents.....	2
President's Letter.....	3
Meeting Dates, Times and Places.....	4
Sad News.....	5
Welcome New Members	5
Congratulations to our Members.....	5
Events/Announcements.....	6
Anthology 2026 - Launch	10
Byron Meets Keats	11
Honoring Our Nonagenarians.....	12
Calls for Submissions.....	13
Art by our Members.....	16
A Retrospective: 50 years of art and poetry	18
So Many Reasons.....	21
Introduction to Chaim Yochanan Cohen	27
A Conversation with Sylvia	28
My Mother	29
Three Poems for Denise.....	37
Book Review by Wendy Blumfield... ..	41
Between the lines: Jody Gladding's "Blue Willow"	43
The Slave Ship by J. M. W. Turner	44



Emma Lazarus (engraving)

[Wikipedia]

Save these dates:

Interview – Mara Lee Grayson
23rd August at 7:30pm

Workshop
2nd Sep at 7pm

Anthology Launch
14th Oct at 6pm-9pm

EGM/Open Mic
28th Oct at 7:30pm

All times are Israel times



VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

The quiet August noon has come,
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.
From William Cullen Bryant's "A Summer Ramble"

Dear Friends,

I'm delighted to share that our eight monthly groups continue to thrive. Three meet face-to-face, while the other five meet on Zoom, bringing together members from across Israel and around the world.

Each group provides a friendly, supportive environment in which members offer constructive reviews of one another's poems, sharing ideas and suggestions to help each poem reach its full potential. I have personally gained enormously from participating in these sessions, and I'm convinced that my own poetry has improved through listening to the thoughtful insights and perceptive comments of fellow poets.

If you're not already part of a group, I warmly encourage you to join one. Please get in touch with me, and I'll be happy to help you find a group that suits you.

In fact, demand has been so great that we are launching a new group—**Global Group 3**. You'll find details of all our groups on page 4 of this newsletter.

Some members still haven't paid their 2026 membership fee. If you haven't already paid, please use this link for details of how to pay: <https://voicesisrael.com/about-voices-israel/membership/>, or telephone me for assistance on +972 (0) 54-307-3587.

Newsletter contributions are always welcome. Please continue sending your artwork, photographs, essays, letters, and, of course, poems to newsletter.voices@gmail.com. Members greatly enjoy reading and viewing your work, and it is wonderful to celebrate the many and varied talents within our community.

Have a wonderful and creative month.

Kind regards,



Julian Alper,
President, Voices Israel.



THE LAKE BY JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT [WIKIPEDIA]

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

MEETING DATES, TIMES AND PLACES

August 2026

SOUTHERN	Meeting via Zoom Sunday, August 23 at 5:00 PM	Coordinator: Miriam Green	miriamsgreen@gmail.com
TEL AVIV	Meeting via Zoom Thursday, August 27 at 7:15 PM	Coordinator: Mark L. Levinson Tel: 054-444-8438	nosnivel@netvision.net.il
JERUSALEM	Meeting via Zoom Thursday, August 20 at 7:30 PM	Coordinator: Avril Meallem Tel: 02-567-0998	aemeallem@gmail.com
UPPER GALILEE	Wednesday, August 12 at 10:30. at the home of Reuven and Yehudit in Tzfat	Coordinator: Reuven Goldfarb Tel: 04-697-4105 or: 058-414-0262	poetsprogress@gmail.com
HAIFA	Tuesday, August 25 at 7:00 PM at Edit Gavriely's home	Coordinator: Naomi Yalin Tel: 054-794-3738	naomiyalin@gmail.com
NETANYA/SHARON	Tuesday, August 25 at 7:00 PM at Susan Olsburgh's home	Coordinator: Susan Olsburgh Tel: 054-919-3575	olsburgh.susan@gmail.com
GLOBAL GROUP 1	Meeting via Zoom Thursday, August 20 at 19:15 Israel time	Coordinator: Shoshana Kent Tel: +972-52-808-9365	y2nosh@gmail.com
GLOBAL GROUP 2	Meeting via Zoom Sunday, August 16 at 19:00 Israel time	Coordinator: Judy Koren Tel: +972-54-741-7860	koren.judy@gmail.com
GLOBAL GROUP 3	Meeting via Zoom Thursday, August 6 at 19:30 Israel time	Coordinator: Julian Alper Tel: +972-54-307-3587	julian.alper@gmail.com

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SAD NEWS

We extend our sincere condolences to Professor Anthony (Tony) Joseph and his family on the sad passing of his wife, Denise. On page 37 of this Newsletter, are three poems that Tony wrote for Denise.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Voices Israel is pleased to extend a warm welcome to our new member(s):

- **Chaim Cohen** of Jerusalem
- **Aviva Betzer** of Tel Aviv
- **Eli Margulis** of Haifa
- **Tara Zafft** of Tel Aviv and Saint Louis, MO

CONGRATULATIONS TO OUR MEMBERS

- To - **Isaac Cohen** for his many successes throughout the month.
- To - **Mara Lee Grayson**, who received this year's Honeybee Poetry Prize from [The Good Life Review](#) for her poem *"How to Be a Jewish Woman in Amerikkka while Your Friends Sleep Fitfully in War Zones"*. You can read Mara's poem and hear her read it here - <https://thegoodlifereview.com/issue-twenty-four/how-to-be-a-jewish-woman-in-amerikkka-while-your-friends-sleep-fitfully-in-war-zones-by-mara-lee-grayson/>.
- To - **Miriam Alper** and **Julian Alper**, who have had poems accepted for publication in The Deronda Review.
- To - **Christopher Carter Sanderson**, who has been selected as quarterfinalist in the Outstanding Screenplays Shorts Competition 2026 for his work "Werner Herzog, A Comedy"
- To - **Miriam Jaskierowicz Arman**, who has been appointed Official Representative & Ambassador for Peace 'The International Association for Arts and Culture for Peace' (IAACP) under 'Universal Peace Federation (UPF), Israel'.
- To - **Bruce Black, Esther Cameron and Walter Gonzalez**, who have all work published in the New English Review – you can read their work here:
Essay by Esther Cameron - [Between Revolution and Repentance](#)
Poem by Esther Cameron - [Censorship](#)
4 poems by Bruce Black - [Star dust – and more](#)
2 poems by Walter Gonzalez (writing as W. E. Ticas) - [The Boy Called Silence – and more](#)

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EVENTS/ANNOUNCEMENTS

Voices Israel – Facebook Page

Check out our Facebook Page

Which now includes some poems from the 2026 Anthology

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/VoicesIsrael>

Voices Israel – Zoom Interview

Dina Yehuda will be interviewing Mara Lee Grayson on Zoom on Sunday August 23rd at 7:30pm (Israel time) Their discussion will focus on Mara's life, work and poetry. Registration details will be sent soon.	
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Voices Israel – Zoom Workshop

**Some of the oldest and most inspiring poetry
comes from Tehillim. Tap into its power. Join
us for a Zoom workshop:
Wednesday September 2nd - 7pm-8:30pm
Israel time.
Led by Elana Dorfman and Dina Yehuda
Registration details will be sent soon.**

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Voices Israel EGM

Extraordinary General Meeting

In light of rising costs, particularly for overseas postage, we will have to increase the membership fees for 2027. Members will have an opportunity to discuss the proposed increase at an EGM on Zoom on Wednesday 28th October at 7:30pm (Israel time). The EGM will be followed by an open mic poetry reading – further details will follow soon.

Our Website – Occasional Events

Check out the new page on our web site - <https://voicesisrael.com/occasional-events/>.

ESRA Book Shop Haifa - ESRA (English Speaking Residents Association) has opened a SECOND-HAND ENGLISH BOOKSHOP in HAIFA. All are welcome to visit and explore the wonderful collection of books of all genres. Voices poets may like to donate one copy of their collections to expand our poetry shelf. It would draw attention to your great work. Members who have access to Haifa are welcome to donate or just visit. 5 Rehov Kiryat Sefer - adjacent to Kiryat Sefer Circle on Moriah, Ahuza.
Opening hours:
Sunday to Thursday 10.00 till 12.00 and 16.00 to 18.00 and Friday 10.00 till 12.00.



Israel Association of Writers in English

Dear friends of the IAWE,
We take pride in delivering our *aChord* Newszine No. 23.
We thank our generous contributors for their time and efforts.
We wish one and all enjoyment and peace,
Your editors,
David and Libi

Read or download *aChord* No. 23 [here](#).

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INVITATION

IFLAC

INTERNATIONAL FORUM
FOR THE LITERATURE AND CULTURE OF PEACE

TOGETHER FOR PEACE, HARMONY & HUMANITY

**REGISTER NOW FOR THE
11TH IFLAC
WORLD PEACE CONGRESS
BY ZOOM**

TUESDAY, 22 SEPTEMBER 2026
19:00 (7:00 P.M.) ISRAEL TIME

REGISTER HERE
Scan the QR code
<https://docs.google.com/forms/d/1Y1hYtJZO0ypkp4G44opl18ielFue8OonZopbTD5bwVw>

HOSTED BY
DR. ADA AHARONI
FOUNDER & PRESIDENT
IFLAC WORLD PEACE

✓ **A PEACE MINISTRY**
IN EVERY COUNTRY OF THE WORLD

✓ **AN ANTI-WAR LAW**
LIKE IN JAPAN

INTERNATIONAL FORUM FOR THE LITERATURE AND CULTURE OF PEACE
11th WORLD PEACE CONGRESS
by Zoom
Peace through music
Dedicated to Yehudi Menuhin
IFLAC WORLD

To register click here:

<https://docs.google.com/forms/d/1Y1hYtJZO0ypkp4G44opl18ielFue8OonZopbTD5bwVw>

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Miriam Jaskierowicz Arman's incredible artwork is included in this exhibition
See Miriam's website - <https://www.miriamjaskierowiczarmanfineart.com/>



“Jerusalem of Gold”

GROUP EXHIBIT and SALE

at the Jerusalem Theater

“Salon”

JERUSALEM OF GOLD - 003
Oils, Acrylics & Gold Leaves on Canvas

Opening and Vernisage
Thursday September 3rd from 6-7pm
and continuing for the entire month

Meet the artists:
Miriam Jaskierowicz Armon
Danielle Meyer Feder
Maureen Fain
Aaron Krauss
Orit Simchoni

Gallery talks throughout the month
in English, French, and Hebrew.

Check Jerusalem Theater website
or call for more information.

Produced by:
Chaya's Place
For information: 050-9290770

Jerusalem Theater “Salon”
20 Marcus Street, Jerusalem

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ANTHOLOGY 2026 - LAUNCH

Our beautiful *Voices Israel Anthology 2026* has now been distributed. If you haven't received your copy yet, it should be arriving soon.

Congratulations, and heartfelt thanks, to our Editor-in-Chief and Anthology Producer, Judy Koren, and to the Editorial Board—Deborah Golden, Avril Meallem, and Elana Wolff—for their outstanding work in bringing this anthology to life.

Congratulations, too, to all the poets whose work was selected for inclusion.

The Anthology will be officially launched at a special event on **Wednesday 14th Oct**
At 6pm-9pm in Kiryat Motzkin near Haifa – a 2-minute walk from a train station
And at 7:30pm - 9pm on Zoom

More details soon

Voices Israel Anthology 2026



*Poetry from Israel & Abroad
Volume 52*

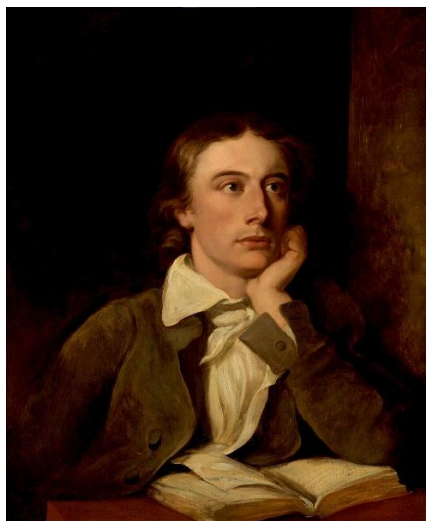
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BYRON MEETS KEATS



Morecambe and Wise: Byron meets Keats

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S-SnFfRA-Mw>



John Keats

Posthumous portrait by William
Hilton [Wikipedia]



Lord Byron

Portrait by Thomas Phillips
[Wikipedia]

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HONORING OUR NONAGENARIANS

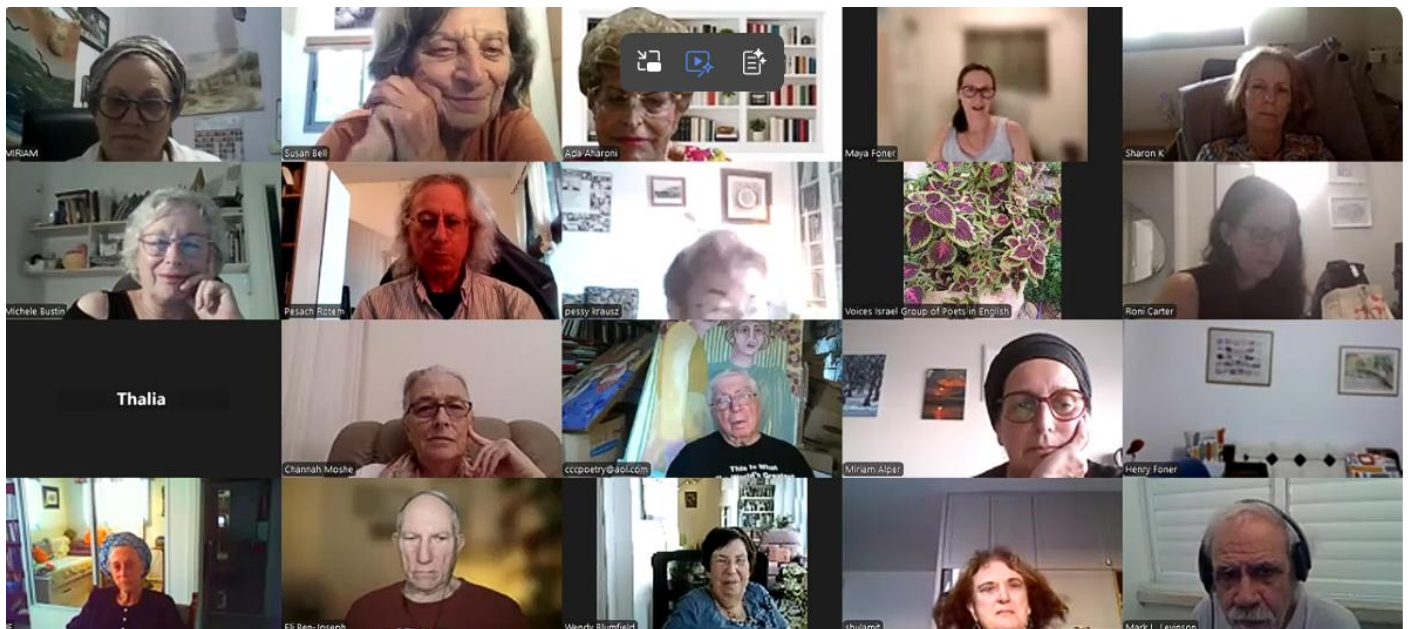
Just a few weeks ago we had the privilege and pleasure to honour six of our members who are either already ninety-years-old, or will soon be.

Ada Aharoni, Amiel Schotz, Judy Foner, Miriam Webber, Ricky Friesem, and Stanley Barkan inspired us with their poetry and thoughts during an event chaired by **Naomi Yalin.**

If you weren't able to participate you can now view the video on our YouTube Channel here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xrAGiL5-y3o&t=3s>

And you can read their poems in an appendix to this Newsletter – Poems from the 90s.



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CALLS FOR SUBMISSIONS

Reuben Rose Memorial Poetry Competition



The 37th annual Reuben Rose Memorial Poetry Competition is open for entries **until October 1st, 2026**.

Entry fees for the 2026 competition:

US\$6.00 for 1 poem; US\$14.00 for 3 poems; US\$19.00 for 6 poems.

Prizes: First prize: \$500; Second prize: \$200; Third prize: \$100. Ten Honourable Mentions will also be awarded.

The judges for the 37th (2026) competition will be:

- Mark Elber and
- Anne Myles: both prize-winning U.S. poets.
- Wendy Blumfield, a British-born Israeli poet and journalist.

For more details about the competition and how to submit, please look at this page:

<https://voicesisrael.com/reuben-rose/submit-to-the-reuben-rose/>

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The Jewish Writing Project - <https://jewishwritingproject.com/>

The Jewish Writing Project was created to give Jews from assorted backgrounds the chance to share their experiences and explore, through their writing, what it means to be Jewish today. It's our hope that through the process of writing and revising, a writer's words can lead the writer (and reader) to a deeper understanding of his or her connection to our Jewish heritage. Here at The Jewish Writing Project, we invite you to tell others about a particular Jewish experience that may have shaped your understanding of what it means to be a Jew. Perhaps you might explore a memory about being Jewish that holds a special place in your heart or you might want to express thoughts about how being Jewish has enriched your life or made your life more difficult. Whatever you decide to write and share with the project—a poem, a story, an essay—please remember to keep the focus on *your* experience of being Jewish. It's our hope that the project can offer both writers and readers new ways of understanding what it means to be Jewish today. Thank you for thinking of The Jewish Writing Project as a home for your work. B'shalom, Bruce Black, Editorial Director *For more information about The Jewish Writing Project, write to Bruce Black at: bruceblack@ymail.com*

The **Poetry Super Highway** Poetry Contest is open to all human beings on planet Earth. (except for the three judges). Enter as many poems as you like. Poems may be of any style, length, or subject matter. Previously published poems are accepted. There is a One Dollar Per Poem (US Funds Only) entry fee.

For more details see <https://www.poetrysuperhighway.com/psh/2026-poetry-contest/>.

Judith Magazine, a new online **Journal Of Jewish Letters, Arts & Empowerment** seeks submissions – more information can be found [here](#).

The Jewish Literary Journal (a monthly online journal) seeks submissions of up to 5 poems - further details can be found [here](#).

OfTheBook Literary Journal publishes fiction, non-fiction, and poetry from new and established voices welcomes submissions of up to 10 pages of poetry, with one poem per page. Further details can be found [here](#).

Minyan Magazine (<https://www.minyanmag.com/>) publishes poetry and flash fiction written by Jews and their allies alongside one another. Although we like work with a Jewish theme, we also enjoy work with secular themes. Send us your best, regardless of the theme! Please note that we are a journal of tolerance. It would be a great idea to look at our previous issues to get a sense of what we publish, and all of our issues are free to read! Unsolicited submissions containing three to five previously unpublished poems or up to three flash fiction stories are welcome year-round.

Poetry Submissions

- Please make sure that your poetry submission contains only one Word document or .pdf with your 3-5 previously unpublished poems.
- Please include your short bio in your cover letter.
- Work should be submitted using our [Submittable](#) link.
- We provide a free option and a \$5 option for expedited submissions. Using the \$5 option guarantees that we will respond within 10 days. This small contribution goes towards keeping the magazine going.

Submissions to **New English Review** (the monthly magazine) should be sent to kendra@newenglishreview.org. There is no word limit, but please keep in mind that your work will be read online. Submissions for the coming month are due by the 20th of the previous month. (Example, submissions for January must be in by the 20th of December.) Timely or news-relevant pieces will be accepted at any time. If you wish to submit, please click [here](#) for guidelines on submitting.

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VAST CHASM, publishes “work that explores the human experience, including flash and short fiction, creative nonfiction, poetry, and other nonconforming work.” They accept submissions “year-round, on a rolling basis, for their quarterly online issues.” No fee to submit.

Write-haus is an Israeli journal that features writers of all genres and artists/interdisciplinary work every week in their Sunday showcase online feature. It’s free to submit examples of your work. <https://write-haus.com/sunday-showcase/>

PALETTE POETRY: “Submissions for our Featured Poetry category are open year-round to poets at any stage of their careers. Featured poems are published online only and will spotlight a number of poems from new authors each month. We highly encourage emerging authors to submit.”

Basket Magazine Online Journal seeks submissions. Please submit up to three poems to editor@basketmagazine.co.uk as a .pdf, .doc or .docx file. Feel free to include a brief cover note/bio, though this will not affect our decision-making — it’s just nice to know about people. We will only consider previously unpublished poems — this includes work that has previously appeared online in any form (social media, etc). We do not consider simultaneous submissions.

Thimble Literary Magazine is open for submissions February, March, May, June, **August**, September, November, and December. In other words, all months except January, April, July, and October. For more information see <https://www.thimblelitmag.com/submissions/>

Better Than Starbucks Journal is accepting submissions for the Sep 2026 Autumn Issue. <https://www.betterthanstarbucks.org/submission-guidelines>

Persimmon Tree is accepting submissions from women over sixty. <https://persimmontree.org/submissions/>

Life and Legends is now accepting submissions on Submittable. We welcome submissions in Poetry, Poetry in Translation, Book Reviews, Interviews, and Essays from writers and translators worldwide. Submit your work at: <https://silentrivier.submittable.com/submit>

Rawhead is currently accepting Poetry, Visual Art, Fiction, Creative Nonfiction, & Hybrid submissions – for more details see <https://rawheadjournal.org/submit-to-rawhead/>

Gyroscope Review seeks submissions via **Submittable**. Submit no more than **four (4) poems**, all in the same document with page breaks between poems. **READING PERIOD Fall Crone Power issue**: July 1 – September 1. For more details see - <https://www.gyroscopereview.com/welcome/guidelines/>.

Superpresent is a quarterly magazine of the arts. *Superpresent* publishes **poems**, short stories, essays, visual art pieces, experimental art, video art, and sound art - online and a limited run of print copies – and accepts submissions from anywhere in the world, with no fee. The theme for the **Fall 2026** issue is **NOT KNOWING**. **Submissions Due** September 15th - up to three poems, one per page. For more details see <https://superpresent.org/call/>.

Check out Erika Dreifus’ Jewish Literary Links

See - <https://www.erikadreifus.com/2026/07/jewish-literary-links-300/>

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ART BY OUR MEMBERS

Cover Picture and Poem by Ruth Schreiber – View of Jerusalem from the South



I painted this view from the Tayelet in Talpiot about 20 years ago now I guess, when I was attending oil painting classes at the Israel Museum under Nomi Bruckman, an excellent artist and teacher. We would go out weekly to a chosen spot, set up our easels and spend the morning painting. This is one of my more successful efforts, both because the view never fails to enchant and inspire, and because that day I chose to work on a small canvas and was able to complete it in one sitting. This is the painting that one of my grandsons selected as his house-warming present, and his brother chose it for the cover of his *Birkon* (*bencher/prayer booklet*) at his wedding last year.

Streets of Jerusalem

Who am I
but a speck in Jerusalem's lavish story

Yet I shop in Superdeal where Jeremiah walked by,
attend lectures at Hebrew U
(where Ezekiel preached too)
visit my sister next to King Saul's home,
wander the Botanical Gardens where David met Samuel,
catch a movie at the Cinematheque
near the site of Molech child sacrifice,
meet for a coffee by First Temple era graves
where Zedekiah tried to escape

And find Zechariah
among the elderly,
children playing nearby

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Painting of a Jerusalem Courtyard by Brenda Brett



While exploring the alleys of the Old City in Jerusalem we turned a corner and were pleasantly surprised by this radiantly blooming tree, standing proudly amid ancient stone walls - a living reminder of renewal in a city steeped in the history of its past.

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

A RETROSPECTIVE: 50 YEARS OF ART AND POETRY

Part 2 - by Ira Director



See:

<https://sites.google.com/view/iradirectorexhibition2022/home>

Prologue:

Voices Israel, is filled with poets and artists. You all have magnificent stories. Just look inside to see. THAT is important!

Introduction:

In a previous issue of the Voices Newsletter, June 2026, we explored the differences between fine art and craft. The next step, the evolution from craft to leather sculpture starts here. Keep in mind the small notebooks in a leather pouch, hanging from my belt, and slowly filling with poems. I hadn't yet made the connection between poetry and art. But I would.

2a) soft leather:

The 1970s were mostly consumed with craft: jewelry from pounded metal and stone sometimes alone or blended within soft leather shapes; candles from layered multicolored wax, hardened, then sensually sculpted with a blowtorch as well as candles hand molded while still warm and pliable. These were marketed in museum and university gift shops; craft shops; music festivals; and fairs.

It wasn't always glamorous, but was always fun. At a country fair, I had a table between one dollar watermelons and a vegetable stand. My one dollar earrings weren't selling. The watermelon man helped. Everyone walking by heard me chant, "Free watermelon with the purchase of a pair of earrings for two dollars. Only two dollars." A lot of watermelons and all the earrings were sold.

Then something happened. A woman visited our workshop wearing a bracelet crafted from soft leather with its folds wrapped around a smooth rounded tiger's eye quartz.

"Your work is beautiful. Where did you get the idea for that design?"

"Early traders on long caravan trips placed smoothed, rounded rocks containing copper ore in their camel's vagina. It was an early IUD."

That was the inspiration for a major trend in future crafts and later in sculptures. Soft molded leather with inlays from: leather of contrasting colors, pounded and shaped metal, melted and mixed metals, different shapes and sizes of polished stones. At times, leather sculptures stood by themselves.

In the next issue of the Voices Newsletter, we'll see what happens when poetry notebooks begin filling with sketches for new sculptures. "Dozens of shapes, but still no sleep. Getting up, taking my poetry notebook, filling pages with new designs among the poems."

Continued on next page ...

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Leather Earrings: next to Leather Sculpture

In 1982, I realized that the abstract metal, stone and leather jewelry were miniature sculptures. This earring and sculpture were both pounded brass wire engulfed by leather.

Continued on next page ...

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Mirror: with leather frame, next to Leather Sculpture

A leather framed mirror with a flat polished agate bound by two reddish leather folds. A light colored leather relief with inlaid copper, silver and brass melted and mixed with a welding torch.

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SO MANY REASONS

A Poem by Pesach Rotem

All the Catholics hate the Protestants
and the Protestants hate the Catholics
and the Hindus hate the Moslems
and everybody hates the Jews.

— Tom Lehrer, “National Brotherhood Week”

<https://youtu.be/CgASBVMYVFI?list=RDCgASBVMYVFI&t=107>

Forty-nine reasons all in a line.

All of them good ones, all of them lies.

— Crosby, Stills, and Nash, “49 Bye-Byes”

<https://youtu.be/A-24WP5bCu4?list=RDA-24WP5bCu4>

When my father was a young man in Vilna, every wall in Europe said,
“Jews go home to Palestine.” Fifty years later, when he went back to
Europe on a visit, the walls all screamed, “Jews get out of Palestine.”

— Amos Oz, *A Tale of Love and Darkness*



There are many reasons to hate the Jews.

Pharaoh hated the Jews because they were more numerous and stronger than the Egyptians.

Exodus 1:9, https://www.chabad.org/library/bible_cdo/aid/9862

Haman hated the Jews because one Jew did not bow down to him.

Esther 3:5-6, <https://www.mechon-mamre.org/p/pt/pt3303.htm>

You can hate the Jews because they killed Jesus Christ.

<https://www.facebook.com/reel/1683841566142832>

You can hate the Jews because they killed President Kennedy.

<https://www.amazon.com/Opium-lords-Triangle-Kennedy-assassination/dp/B007HFC3Y2/>

You can hate the Jews because they killed Pablo Neruda.

<https://www.facebook.com/share/p/1PaBf6x621/>

You can hate the Jews because they killed Princess Diana.

<https://thedeplorablepatriot.com/2026/06/09/leaked-michael-jackson-tape-reveals-he-had-proof-israel-killed-princess-diana/>

You can hate the Jews because they killed Charlie Kirk.

<https://www.youtube.com/shorts/hq6QQXbn3RU?feature=share> at 0:18.

Continued on next page ...

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

You can hate the Jews because they believe in blood guilt.

<https://youtu.be/XS7itdfgNnU?t=654>

You can hate the Jews because they rejected Jesus Christ and were cursed by God.

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=1737872327368284> at 0:24

You can hate the Jews because they believe in a perverse bastard religion.

<https://x.com/RedPillSayian/status/2026178561900421362/video/1> at 2:53

You can hate the Jews because they believe in a supremacist ideology.

<https://x.com/RedPillSayian/status/2026178561900421362/video/1> at 5:45

You can hate the Jews because they worship in the synagogue of Satan.

<https://www.nbcnews.com/news/us-news/mississippi-synagogue-targeted-arsonist-jewish-ties-fbi-says-rcna253667>, paragraph 3

Before 1948, you could hate the Jews because they were rootless cosmopolitans in other peoples' homelands.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rootless_cosmopolitan

After 1948, you could hate the Jews because they were settler colonialists in their own homeland.

<https://youtu.be/mroGh9y7Psw?t=1>

You can hate the Jews because Jews are always overrepresented among high intellectual fields.

<https://www.nytimes.com/2025/12/03/us/politics/william-hendrix-kansas-republicans.html> , paragraph 60

You can hate the Jews because they don't answer the telephone when you call them on Saturday.

https://www.nytimes.com/2026/01/31/us/bovino-jewish-prosecutor-minnesota.html?unlocked_article_code=1.xVA.4jvH.-6kHZxFWQLrT&smid=url-share

You can hate the Jews because they discourage conversion.

<https://www.facebook.com/photo/?fbid=1500696561804270&set=a.109119504295323>

You can hate the Jews because they controlled the slave trade.

<https://youtu.be/tBhCyw3rWEg?t=23>

You can hate the Jews because they finance and lead race-mixing.

<https://youtu.be/b5HGbJYp3U?t=576>

You can hate the Jews because they consider Christians to be "goyim," meaning cattle, that are meant to be herded and ruled over.

<https://youtu.be/CEF7gQRWYCE?t=541>

You can hate the Jews because they are contrary to all men.

<https://x.com/sanderson1611/status/1936898759251968148/video/1> at 25:01

You can hate the Jews because they believe they have accomplished something of spiritual value when they kill gentiles.

<https://youtu.be/Wm54NQksTqw?t=16>

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VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

You can hate the Jews because they love to murder goyim.

<https://libertyfellowshipmt.com/News/tabid/56/ID/5071/An-Ethos-Of-Hate.aspx>

You can hate the Jews because they steal people's skin.

<https://www.facebook.com/reel/2026310918016923>

You can hate the Jews because they steal people's internal organs.

<https://x.com/troovus/status/2025630523620520158/video/1> at 0:37

You can hate the Jews because they make you (and your kids) eat goyslop.

<https://www.timesofisrael.com/florida-anti-israel-gop-candidate-james-fishback-rants-about-goyslop-what-does-it-mean/>

You can hate the Jews because they are rich and live in nice houses.

<https://www.youtube.com/shorts/x1lWFn5rwGI?feature=share>

You can hate the Jews because they are poor and live on welfare.

<https://youtu.be/Nd17ZGaoZ58?t=8>

You can hate the Jews because they are digging tunnels in New York and in cities all across America.

<https://x.com/RealCandaceO/status/2029554812954513915>

You can hate the Jews because they eat babies and rape kids.

https://youtu.be/j_d5uiZufws?t=13

You can hate the Jews because they always play victim.

<https://www.facebook.com/share/1bMdJ4KHfo/>

You can hate the Jews because they stole the Dead Sea Scrolls from the Palestinian people.

<https://socialistproject.ca/2009/08/b249/>

You can hate the Jews because they get an entire "Day" in New York.

<https://www.facebook.com/share/p/1DBDMwy69Z/>

You can hate the Jews because they are loud, crude, and rude.

<https://www.facebook.com/605076976/posts/10166271786221977/>

You can hate the Jews because they are criminals and bloodthirsty animals.

<https://x.com/MEMRIReports/status/1724745950378238304/video/1> at 2:23

You can hate the Jews because they are greedy vampires.

<https://x.com/susanabulhawa/status/2051273529568424326>

You can hate the Jews because they are parasites.

<https://birthofanewearthblog.com/the-same-old-game-jewish-parasites-killing-the-host/>

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VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

You can hate the Jews because they are monsters.

<https://youtu.be/gNqXUGScXUI?t=4550>

You can hate the Jews because they are white.

https://brandeiscenter.com/wp-content/uploads/2023/11/Brooklyn-College-OCR-Complaint-Final_2_Redacted.pdf, paragraph 1

You can hate the Jews because they pretend to be white.

<https://x.com/DanBilzerian/status/2031134561095340089>

You can hate the Jews because they plan to eradicate the white race.

<https://www.facebook.com/reel/1602780264806264>

You can hate the Jews because they targeted and killed Christians.

<https://www.facebook.com/reel/994092349867859> at 0:16

You can hate the Jews because they have a volunteer ambulance service.

<https://x.com/LeftySeparatist/status/2036122005695565918>

You can hate the Jews because they are as hideous on the outside as they are on the inside.

<https://www.facebook.com/photo/?fbid=25896528863382828&set=a.329712723824460>

You can hate the Jews because they are a race of barbarous murderers.

<https://reader.exacteditions.com/issues/36936/spread/3>, paragraph 3.

You can hate the Jews because they are all homos.

<https://x.com/WurfTwain/status/2075350182405799994>

You can hate the Jews because they are pedophiles.

https://www.instagram.com/p/DYRyMXOFQCN/?img_index=6

You can hate the Jews because they are pornographers.

<https://www.instagram.com/thejarrodwright/reel/DX-Vy-6taxa/>

You can hate the Jews because they are pushing the transgenders on us.

<https://x.com/DBforCongress/status/2055392586613891391/video/1> at 0:06

You can hate the Jews because they make their dogs rape people on command.

https://www.nytimes.com/2026/05/11/opinion/israel-palestinians-sexual-violence.html?unlocked_article_code=1.xVA.wp6t.EJPRgfqv_3d&smid=url-share, paragraphs 57-59

You can hate the Jews because they start forest fires with their space lasers.

<https://www.thejc.com/news/rothschilds-linked-to-california-wildfires-b8ms4xss>

You can hate the Jews because they make it snow in Washington.

https://www.washingtonpost.com/video/local/dc-council-member-reacts-to-unexpected-snowfall-with-conspiracy-theory/2018/03/19/589ac0e6-2b73-11e8-8dc9-3b51e028b845_video.html

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VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

You can hate the Jews because they bring hostile invaders into the United States.

<https://www.npr.org/2018/10/27/661409410/whats-known-about-robert-bowers-the-suspect-in-the-pittsburgh-synagogue-shooting>

at paragraphs 6-8

You can hate the Jews because they have occupied the United States.

<https://youtu.be/XhW1oApxw74?t=288>

You can hate the Jews because they control the United States government.

https://youtu.be/qd_LN4fDf6s?t=2143

You can hate the Jews because they dictate United States policy.

https://youtu.be/35X5S5G_xxg?t=1335

Charles Lindbergh hated the Jews because they tried to force the U.S. to go to war against Germany.

<http://www.charleslindbergh.com/americanfirst/speech.asp> at paragraphs 23-29

You can hate the Jews because they forced the U.S. to go to war in Iraq.

<https://youtu.be/XS7itdfgNnU?t=8106>

You can hate the Jews because they forced the U.S. to go to war against Iran.

https://www.presidency.ucsb.edu/sites/default/files/documents_with_attached_files/393551/185556.pdf

You can hate the Jews because the Jews are responsible for all the wars in the world.

<https://www.tmz.com/2006/07/28/gibsons-anti-semitic-tirade-alleged-cover-up/>, paragraph 5

You can hate the Jews because they control both major American political parties.

<https://www.facebook.com/photo/?fbid=122170422044800245&set=a.122104661150800245>

You can hate the Jews because they control the FIFA Football World Cup.

<https://www.ynetnews.com/sport/article/b1s7dehfge>

You can hate the Jews because they rigged the election for president of Columbia.

<https://www.jpost.com/international/article-900089>

You can hate the Jews because they are responsible for police brutality in New York City.

<https://youtu.be/RNM55f8hSHw?t=17>

You can hate the Jews because they control the banks.

<https://www.thehardtruth.info/jewish-control-of-banking>

You can hate the Jews because they control the media.

<https://www.realjewnews.com/?p=1008>

You can hate the Jews because they control Hollywood.

<https://youtu.be/SAGE4jFtxEQ?t=30>

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VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

You can hate the Jews because they eat shakshuka with a fork.

<https://www.facebook.com/605076976/posts/10166272222671977/>

You can hate the Jews because they perpetrated a Nakba.

<https://x.com/NYCMayor/status/2055402930677879076>

You can hate the Jews because they practice genocide.

<https://www.reuters.com/world/middle-east/un-expert-says-israel-has-committed-genocide-gaza-calls-arms-embargo-2024-03-26/>

You can hate the Jews because they practice apartheid.

<https://www.columbiaspectator.com/2011/02/27/israel-practices-apartheid/>

You can hate the Jews because they practice ethnic cleansing.

<https://www.amnesty.org/en/latest/research/2026/06/israel-west-bank-ethnic-cleansing/>

You can hate the Jews because they force people to learn Hebrew.

<https://www.facebook.com/reel/2063978457550371>

You can hate the Jews because they knocked down the World Trade Center in New York.

<https://youtu.be/SICjeAAwxR4?t=417>

You can hate the Jews because they knock down buildings in Beirut.

<https://youtu.be/wVrYJdnBBQI?t=1088>

You can hate the Jews because they are communists.

<https://binkylarue.substack.com/p/jews-created-communism>

You can hate the Jews because they are capitalists.

<https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2019/mar/09/jews-money-antisemitism-judas-shylock-capitalism>

You can hate the Jews because they are screwing America.

<https://www.facebook.com/reel/1062800326085436>

You can hate the Jews because they just make money.

<https://youtu.be/vf38RW4FHy0>

EPILOGUE: THE UNIVERSAL ENEMY

by Caleb Liam Vazquez and Cain Lee Clark

The Jews across all of time have been behind an extremely disproportionate amount of the world's problems, whether that be from war, famine, exploitation of children, rise in degeneracy, infighting of peoples, political killings, the separation of family, the departure from the Church, the White race's replacement, mass immigration, central banking systems, and so on.

<https://www.jpost.com/diaspora/antisemitism/article-896876> , paragraph 6

POSTSCRIPT:

Billy Graham explains to Richard Nixon that Hitler had the right idea but he went about it wrong.

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=1535054154343061> at 0:53

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

INTRODUCTION TO CHAIM YOCHANAN COHEN

A new member of Voices Israel

In Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Polonius advises his son: "The apparel oft proclaims the man."

Growing up in America during the "Consumer Generation" of the 1980s, I was heavily influenced by this attitude.

How we looked, **where** we lived, **what** we learned, and **when** we vacationed served as the primary topics of conversation.

Fortunately, my mother nurtured my childhood love for writing, which evolved into a source of refuge from all the assorted ups and downs of childhood and adolescence.

My creative writing eventually shifted gears into journalism - and after serving on the staff of my university newspaper - I left for Israel as a correspondent for my hometown newspaper.

In the years leading up to formally making *aliyah* in 1994, I wrote for the *Rhode Island Jewish Herald*, published public relations articles on behalf of *Young Judea*, and freelanced for the *Beit Agron International Press Center*.

Over time, I returned to my traditional Jewish roots, but in the process, I fell victim to the early societal influence of my upbringing.

I naively equated sporting a *kippa* with the way I had sported a stylish haircut to fit in as a respected member of my former New England community.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man" was not going to cut it here.

Commitment, discipline, and a healthy dose of faith were what was required to gain entry into the exclusive club of Judaism. Neither a *kippa*, *tzitzit*, nor *tefillin* would do the hard work for me.

So I again turned to writing for assistance - this time in the poetry I had immersed in while in Israel to personalize (and hence internalize) my understanding of *Yiddishkeit*.

King David was my inspiration, and so was the motto on the flag of North Carolina: *Esse quam videri* - "To be rather than to seem."



While my poetry serves as a source of personal catharsis, my intent is to share it with a broader audience by employing allegorical poetry.

In the last analysis, Polonius' advice had its place regarding the external "apparel" of my poems. But his advice didn't take "center stage" – the soul of the poems, so to speak.

All this rather awkward coming of age was behind the birth of my website: <https://lamplighting.org/>.

A selection of these poems appears on <https://www.chabad.org/>.

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

A CONVERSATION WITH SYLVIA

By Aviva Betzer

Years ago I bought a book and put it on my shelf.

I was inconsequential.

I wrote poems in Hebrew and published them.

I looked at the mirror and said to myself: *you are a poet*.

But am I?

Years ago I was hospitalized and when I read your book *The Bell Jar* in Hebrew I burrowed through a tunnel and crawled out. It was you. It is me.

Then I took the book off the shelf and was *hooked* (your word). It was Sylvia Plath's *The Colossus and Other Poems*. It was the British edition: grey, not gray.

When I read "The Manor Garden," I thought *that's it! I found my home*. Then I began to buy all of your books. Then I began reading all the biographies. I then thought *that's it, I'm at home*.

Something in your voice was amiss; something in your words was like a great hush. Your voice corresponds. Then I began addressing you in my poems; I started a dialogue.

You cannot forgive your father's betrayal. Your mother is hovering. When he died you went into the dirt, a modern Electra.

In 1953 something went really wrong. You took a long walk – and ended up in the crawlspace in the basement of your house.

You lost the faculties of reading, writing, sleeping and talking. You took a bottle-full of sleeping pills. There was a search. It took four days. It was all over the news. *What happened?*

Warren, your brother, heard a moan and in an instant the whole family went down to the basement and found you unconscious and with a big gash above your right eye. *Have we lost the house?* You asked your mom. Some say that in fact you said, *this was my last act of love*. That was my last act of love: something that is familiar to me.

At McLean you began therapy with the flamboyant Dr. Ruth Beuscher. She challenged you in two ways. First, she gave you "permission to hate" your mother. You reveled in this "permission." But she also ventured to ask you: *would you have the guts to admit that you had made the wrong choice* in marrying poet Ted Hughes.

I guess it *was* the wrong choice. Years passed. You are in Devon, in Court Green. You have two babies. But your husband comes home with a lipstick mark on his shirt collar. Words, heard by accident, over the telephone.

This woman says she is a man.

Your husband betrayed you.

The tiffs and arguments grew into alienation.

I guess you made the wrong choice.

At Court Green you were isolated. Alone with two babies, you decided to move back to London. You took refuge in Yeats's House.

It was 1962, the Great Blizzard that hit England, once every 150 years. The snow piled. Electricity cut. The water pipes froze. Your downstairs neighbor remembers you coming down to his flat and asked him for some stamps. Minutes later, you were still on the landing, crying, *who will take care of my babies?! He asked you in. I saw a vision*, you said. *Would you like a cup of tea?* You asked for bourbon.

The doctor came the next day and tried to find you a hospital bed.

To friends, who were few, you said, *I'm going for a long rest*.

But your trauma of asylums was so great that you decided to end it. You made breakfast for the children and put your head in the gas oven.

I am lame in that memory.

I am belated. I cannot catch up.

Your legacy is hurt. Your daughter cannot forgive you. Your son followed you and ended his life.

I can't follow you. Unlike you, my orbit widens.

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

MY MOTHER

By Iris Dan

Poems in memory of my mother, Ilse Rosenbaum née Heyer
(15 July 1920 - 3 September 1991)



IRIS AND HER MOTHER

Continued on next page ...

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

In Search of Order

When my mother was 21, she did all the packing for that trip over the Dnyester River she and her parents and all of their coreligionists from the picturesque little town in the Bukowinian Carpathians were officially invited to take. The invitation was conveyed by soldiers with drums. It was also posted on walls and on fences. It mentioned the date and time of the trip and the exact number of kilograms a person could take as hand baggage.

My grandparents knew nothing about trips to the east or about emergency packing. My lawyer grandfather expressed the opinion that the purpose of the trip was resettling. My schoolteacher grandmother was an unpractical woman. My mother had to do all the work.

She packed the allowed number of suitcases, then with some old blankets and belts she rolled up the neatest, smoothest and most presentable of backpacks. Her previous mountain-climbing experience must have come in handy.

Unfortunately, for their very smoothness, these backpacks fell into the Dnyester River when the travelers were all driven by the soldiers to get onto rafts. People fell into the water too, so the backpacks have to be regarded as minor casualties.

I wonder what my mother's packing criteria were. How did she decide upon taking this, and leaving behind that? Anyway, while they were all waiting in the freezing synagogue in Ataki, on whose walls previous travelers had scribbled "say kaddish for us" (at that point my grandfather no longer believed in the resettlement theory), with a sure hand she took out her parents' warm felt slippers, knelt down and put them on their feet.

December 2013

Continued on next page ...

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

Mother at window

The street from high school ran straight into my home.
A five minutes' walk, with no scope for detour
Little children flocked to me like to a kindly deity
Glued to the window there was always my mother
Stretched beyond tenseness as if about to die
Waiting that I bring home her share of success

The least a child owes is a bit of success
To gladden the heart of the mother at home
When you can't provide it you might as well die
On your way back from school, with no chance of detour
So all that's left to do is to lie to your mother
Your sins noted down by an all-knowing deity

Oh how it must despise you, that scary deity
While the little children take you for a success
But rather be struck down than anger your mother
And feel that you've lost every right in her home.
A moment with the little ones feels like a detour
They hug you, you kiss them – and inside you die

You get used to lying, you find out you don't die
By the hands of Nemesis or some other deity
Or at least - until death there is still a detour.
In the meanwhile you even achieve some success
There are days when you would like to run home
To offer that minor success to your mother

One with the window there is always a mother
Stretched beyond tenseness as if about to die
Frightened that her child will never come home
A mother at a window is a jealous deity
Greedily claiming her share of success
Begrudging her child the shortest detour

Childhood and youth are only a detour
One day you discover you have become your mother
Doing well what she did is the supreme success
The mother at the window does not really die
She remains where she is like an ancient deity
Watching over the way between school and home

Wherever that window may be, it is home
My mother is my mother, and not some deity
I owe her a bit of success till I die

April 2015

Continued on next page ...

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

MY MOTHER'S RIVERS

And these are the rivers my mother knew in the 71 years of her life:

The *Moldova* by her hometown, where she bathed as a girl:
Once she almost drowned in it, caught in a whirlpool.
She was saved by a young man, who recognized the polka-dotted bow
of her swimsuit top, flying out of the water, disappearing again
like a demented bird; she screamed his name, he screamed back
“do not touch me”, and pulled her out by that polka-dotted bow.

Like all the Jews of her place, she saw the *Dniester* River
in the freezing October of 1941; an enormous river, the Dniester,
ending lives, at best cutting them in two. She was among those
who survived the passing of the river on a raft [not so the young man
who had saved her from the whirlpool, he fell into the Dniester,
and whatever survival skills he had, they proved useless
as the soldiers pushed him back into the water with their rifles.]

As a married woman she passed the *Toplița* daily when doing her shopping,
a small stream that went crazy at times but which, disciplined by concrete walls,
was a nice addition to the municipal park; I am so sorry she died before I could tell her
that by Prince Metternich’s castle in Bohemia flows a river with a similar name.
[Oh these Slavs, leaving in their passing monuments more durable than bronze:
names of rivers and towns, always the same alongside their migratory trajectory.]

A few times every summer, she bathed in the *Sucevița*, displaying her swimming skills,
then, in midst of her family and friends, she sunbathed in the meadow; once I saw
her best friend’s hand, stretching over my head in my father’s direction;
whether my father stretched his hand back I did not want to know.

She saw the *Danube* from the train, on the way to the seaside, and knowing her as I do
I am sure she went in a frenzy through every drawer of her memory, careful though
to leave everything in order, in search after one Apollodorus of Damascus,
architect of the bridge that ensured the successful conquest of Dacia by the Romans.

When I was a student in Bucharest, she saw the *Dâmbovița* squeezed between tram lines.
Was she worried for me, was she afraid herself, on the narrow sidewalk, the river on one side,
the tram on the other, the agglomeration of dubious people?

Poem continued on next page ...

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

Poem continued from previous page ...

She saw the Vltava (the other Moldova) in Prague, where she visited a schoolfriend.
Also the Rhine in Dusseldorf, in all its urban glory. I am sorry nobody had thought
to take her to Lorelei near Bacharach, as she knew the poem by heart.
Finally, she saw the Jordan, when she came to visit me, and was duly unimpressed.
Such a puny little river, what business did it have to gain that reputation?
Underwhelmed by the Jordan myself, I felt obliged to tell her it was our main,
if not our only water source, and of enormous strategic importance.

Whenever I see a new river, I list it away neatly for my mother. The Seine and the Loire,
the Meuse and the Moselle, the Tiber, the Arno, the Po, the Elbe, the Isar, the Spree...
and especially the rivers with their diminutive tributaries, the Sava and the Savica,
the Ljubljana and the Ljubljanica, - in a parallel reality we visit them together,
I give them to her as a gift, to flesh up the monotony of her life, to hear her try out
the songs of these rivers.
In fact, we visit them together in this best of all worlds.

17 January 2023



IRIS, AGE 10, AND PARENTS

Continued on next page ...

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

Watching My Mother Mending a Sock

She bent over the hole
spanning it with parallel hanging bridges
which swayed under her breath, as did the hairs
escaped from her bun.

When the hole
was entirely covered, she resolutely punched
the needle through the fabric, made new bridges
perpendicular to the first.

My breath stopped
as the needle disappeared into the dark abyss,
pulling the thread behind it, resumed in relief
when it reemerged

triumphantly to light,
skipped one bridge, disappeared, crossed all the bridges
which by now were slightly less loose, then returned
in the opposite direction,

again and again,
until a tight, supple crisscross covered what had been
an unsightly hole, and all of my mother's hairs
had returned to their place.

I did not know at that time
that everything had an up- and a downside, that ideally
the downside should be no less neat than the upside,
which is rarely the case.

I was under the spell
of the needle plunging head-down, pulling the thread
behind it, and I never knew what went on where my eyes
could not follow.

At that time there was only
the flicker of the needle tip, the alternating limpness
and tautness of the thread, and my mother of course,
guiding this dangerous team on its way.

9-10 May 2020

Therapy post-scriptum

I can tell you now why I wasn't able
wholeheartedly and entirely
to deliver her to you. Look:

her father is buried in a place
called mad dogs' field.
They put his naked body
directly into the frozen ground.
I don't know who dug the grave
or if they had a sheet to wrap him in.
Such questions are not asked. I know
she had not much time to mourn him:
she had to go back to the foundry
to shovel sand. And then
she got the typhus herself.

Had I told you all that,
you would have thought:
There were much worse places
much worse ways to die
in that particular historical period.
Why, compared to Auschwitz
this place seems like a summer camp.

(From the cycle "Jacob and the Angel")

Continued on next page ...

A Kind of Siesta

When resting in the afternoon, my mother
would cover herself with the old, worn coat
she put on when opening all the windows
on winter mornings. The wind gusts intersected
like scissor blades and cut into the flesh
while expelling used air and soot.

Hectic they were, tense, often unfriendly,
my mother's mornings: sending us off
with ironed shirts and lunch bag, emptying ash
from the stove, making beds, putting the house
into a state that had to be more orderly
and eye-pleasing than everybody else's,

getting ready to show herself to the world
at her errands — beautiful, a bit distant,
well dressed allowing for times and means.
Cooking, straightening again. At last lying down
with a book, coat loosely thrown around her,
belt hanging across the bed, legs uncovered,

as if telling herself: don't get too comfortable.
Don't sink too deep into softness and warmth.
Don't be caught unprepared. Don't give them
this satisfaction. I think of her now, as I lie down,
chin resting on the hood of the old house robe
I have covered myself with, calculating my moves:

considering whether to change from the ridiculous
fleece suit into something more dignified, peeling off
the second pair of wool socks, lacing my shoes,
going down the five floors to the shelter,
careful not to fall, not to make a spectacle of myself,
not to stand in the way of those younger and faster

and try to achieve the best possible balance
between rest and a permanent state of alert.

Continued on next page ...

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH



IRIS' MOTHER AGE 17, IN THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

THREE POEMS FOR DENISE

By Anthony Joseph

My dearest wife Denise passed away in the early hours of Friday morning (31st July). I would like to share with you three poems I wrote many years ago. The first was written about our many stays in Tiberias where I used to go windsurfing in the lake and then return to Tel-Aviv for more. The second is shortly after when I had terrible back pain and my ever-patient Denise comforted me. The third in Cambridge. Denise loved "Back Pain" and "Lake to Sea" a lot and kept them by her bedside, with some photos.

For further photos download the video I had made for our 50th wedding anniversary at 2021 on YouTube

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5ZuAOF9bTRE>



WEDDING 22 NOVEMBER 1970 IN BAZEL HOTEL, TEL-AVIV

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

To my dear darling Denise
From the Lake to the Sea

May our love that was written in heaven above
Its tune ever echo where our home does reside
From the first golden rays that touches the lake
To the very last plunge the forbidding sea down
Let its voice be heard in the lofty warm breeze
To weave out the spell where we first were entwined
Flow afresh like the tears of my dearest so fond
To the children your laughter its heartening song.

Ness Ziona 2002



**MICA'S BAR MITZVAH, SAN MARTIN, WEIZMANN
INSTITUTE IN 1988.**



**HER SON MICA IN PALAISEAX, FRANCE IN 1975 WITH
DAUGHTER YAEL ON SIDE.**

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

Denise comforting my back pain

My darling dearest did I hurt you
Must now I see you wrought with pain
Did then my words so coarsely spoken
Drain from your heart its sweet refrain.

Did you who sat beside me broken
Your hands in silent vigil raise
Consoling when the pain had torn me
Deserving naught but selfless praise.

Can now I mend a heart once broken
With careful words of all too late
Stem those tears which flow so surely
With kisses borne of wiser date.

My lips besides your lips imploring
To hear once more their sweet refrain
With my promise now bespoken
Nevermore shall rend you pain.

Ness Ziona, 2001



A WARM EMBRACE ON THE SHORES OF THE KINNERET IN OUR EARLY FIFTIES

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

To my dear darling Denise

The Return

In a strange place, the land off my forefathers
Have I dwelt far from the land of my youth
The house of fresh pastures, church bells calling one to the other
Of elegant buildings, immaculate laws down to a sweet flowing river.

For a brief moment I came, called my youth to return
But my voice could not reach her as she raced through the fields
Sped fast down the river with strong steady strokes
And plunged from the bridge amongst the chortling girls
Without fear nor gasping for breath.

I bade farewell to my youth, longed a last warm embrace
But my voice could not reach her, though my lips moved to touch her
For she'll not return though oft may I call her
Yet I'll not forget my once sweet companion.

Cambridge 31st May 2009



IN JERUSALEM CAFE IN 1981

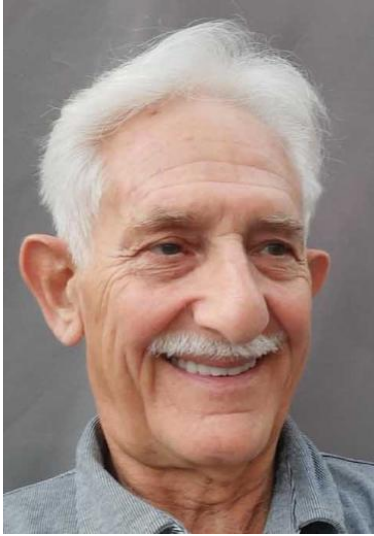


DENISE RESPLENDENT ON RIGHT WITH ELIZE A PHD STUDENT ON THE LEFT

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

BOOK REVIEW BY WENDY BLUMFIELD

JEWS AND JAZZ By Laurence Seeff



I enjoyed reading this book for several reasons. Firstly, Laurence Seeff's layout gives us a page-by-page cameo of jazz musicians, the volume divided into the genres of instrumentalists, singers, composers and entrepreneurs in the music industry.

Secondly it invoked in me waves of nostalgia

as I recognized the names and descriptions of musicians who were so familiar to me. I was born during the Blitz, so was rather young to enjoy the music of the 40s but my two brothers were much older than me and I enthusiastically tagged along when they brought their friends home with records like Benny Goodman's "Bach goes to Town" and Glenn Miller's "In the Mood"

(While I was writing this review, I found both songs on YouTube and took a break to dance around the room).

Many of the jazz musicians also played dance music and were band leaders at weddings. As the youngest cousin in the extended family, I was a much sought-after bridesmaid and remember the names of many of the band leaders mentioned in the book. Joe Loss was my mother's neighbor in the East End of London. These musicians also ran dance clubs and the place to be for Jewish youngsters on a Saturday night was dancing at these clubs. Ronnie Scott's club still exists today and Ambrose brought the jazz influence to dance music in Britain.

Together with the popularity of youth movements, this probably explains how during those years it was unusual for Jewish boys and girls to marry out of the faith, or even go on dates with them.

Today with the decline of band leaders, the DJ has taken the place of the live band with high-volume canned music played at weddings and dance clubs.

The book covers the 100 years of jazz from the black

musicians of New Orleans through to Jewish refugees from Eastern Europe who made their homes in the USA or the UK and Israel. These musicians were very versatile, often using

classical compositions as their inspiration, Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington as examples during the 1920's and 1930's. Louis Armstrong, like Sammy Davis Jr. was not born Jewish but were sponsored by devoted Jewish families. Armstrong always wore the Star of David and in 1959 he performed for the IDF and Israeli public.

The Jewish presence was strong and 60-70% of the 1,000 songs included in the Great American Songbook were composed and played by Jews.

Post World War 2, jazz was revived and Ukrainian born Art Hodes went to Chicago, edited "The Jazz Record" in the 1980's and became a legend of American Dixieland.

Although Lionel Hampton was not Jewish, he is included in the book as he performed in Israel as a guest of Yitzhak Ben Zvi and composed the King David Suite. He donated the proceeds to Magen David Adom and always wore a mezuzah.

There were some surprises in this book. For example, famous comedienne and actor Chico Marx played jazz in his own band in the 30's and 40's. Andre Previn, known as composer and conductor of classical music was from an early age a jazz pianist. Woody Allen played the clarinet in New Orleans. The satirist and actor Sacha Baron Cohen and his brother Eran play jazz and klezmer and have revived traditional Jewish songs in modern style in Eran's Hanukkah album.

Israel has produced its own jazz musicians, graduates of the prestigious Thelma Yellin School of Arts in Tel Aviv.

Among the singers we associate with jazz are Sophie



VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

Tucker, Al Jolson, Danny Kaye and in modern times, Helen Shapiro an East End girl who promoted jazz and pop, and Amy Winehouse famous for rhythm and blues and soul music.

Without the iconic composers, many of these performers would have had a weaker repertoire. The author devotes a section to the Jewish composers who wrote the famous musicals of the post-war period up to the long-running productions on Broadway and the West End today. But jazz was always part of their repertoire. Irving Berlin now aged 101, was famous for his Alexanders Ragtime Band, Jerome Kern composed a jazz interpretation of the old "Negro Spirituals" (a title perhaps not accepted today), Leonard Bernstein wrote for Benny Goodman and his "West Side Story" was maybe one of the first jazz stage musicals.

The author does not neglect anyone, and gives credit to the Entrepreneurs and Impresarios who promote and manage the musicians and their events. Some started

very small like Mac and Lorraine Gordon who in 1935 established a Poetry Garden Venue that developed into a major agency. In biographical films about stars in the entertainment industry, these agencies were sometimes shown to be manipulative and destructive to their clients, but without them, the opportunities for fame and promotion are slim.

Reading through these stories of Jewish jazz musicians, singers, composers, it is interesting to see that music is in the DNA as many of them performed within family units. Whether it be the blues and ragtime, Dixieland, dance music, klezmer, the Jewish narrative has contributed so much richness to Western culture.

Laurence Seeff's brother Geoff is an amateur jazz violinist and plays the tenor saxophone. With talent in the family, Laurence is a prolific poet and member of Voices, Nethanya branch.

Part profits of this book will be donated to Halil HaOr, dedicated to patients with blood cancer.



To purchase Laurence's book, please email him
laurenceseeff@yahoo.co.uk.

It costs Cost 60 shekels, 25% of which is donated to Halil Haor, Israel blood cancer charity.

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

BETWEEN THE LINES: JODY GLADDING'S "BLUE WILLOW"

By Bruce Black

I found Gladding's poem, "Blue Willow," in *Poetry 108*, an anthology of poems that Billy Collins selected, and immediately felt as if her words cast a magic spell, pulling me into the poem so strongly that I wasn't just reading the words on the page, I felt as if I was *inside* the poem, somehow inhabiting the space she had created with the words on the page.

How did she do that?

Reading between the lines, there's a mystery contained in the poem's first line:

A pond will deepen toward the center like a plate

There's the image of a pond that she brings to mind, not just any pond but one that "deepens toward the center," and you can almost see the pond getting darker in the middle where the water is deepest, in the center.

And then she compares the pond to a plate—and that comparison helps you to see the pond even more clearly because we've all seen how plates have that slightly deeper area in the center.

And it's not only that she's showing you the pond, she's raising the question: who is giving this description of the pond? And why?

And she gives us the answer to these questions in the next two lines:

*We trace its shallow rim my mother steering
my inner tube past the rushes where I looked*

This is where I think she's pulled me fully into the poem by adding to the vision of the pond. Now we're in the shallow edge along the rim, and we discover the narrator is a child floating in an inner tube, being pushed/steered by her mother. And I feel as if I'm in the inner tube with her, part of this memory she's sharing, and, like her, trying to see past the rushes. What's there? What's she looking at? What comes next?

And the answer is revealed in the next line:

for Moses we said it was a trip around the world

How I love the way the rushes remind the narrator of a memory, a story that she's read (or been told or heard) about Moses, the baby, placed for safety in the rushes...



And I also love how the mother and child say their joint venture—the mother steering the inner tube with her child in it—is a trip around the world, and the child imagines sailing around the world.

And we become part of their imaginary game, wondering where we'll go next.

I'm fully inside the poem here, inside the child's imagination, inside the adult poet's memory of this precious time, this scene of childhood unfolding, this time without punctuation, a time when moments and imaginings flow one into the next, as if time is an endless river that will never end.

And the poem goes on, taking the reader on an imaginary voyage to China, pushing through willow branches overhanging the shallow rim of the pond that tickle her neck, seeing swallows overhead that later the child dreams about joining.

This is a poem about childhood and feeling safe within a mother's grasp yet curious about exploring the world around her and in her imagination. And it's a poem about how time feels to a child like it will last forever, and how the adult poet (in the last line) knows it can't last...

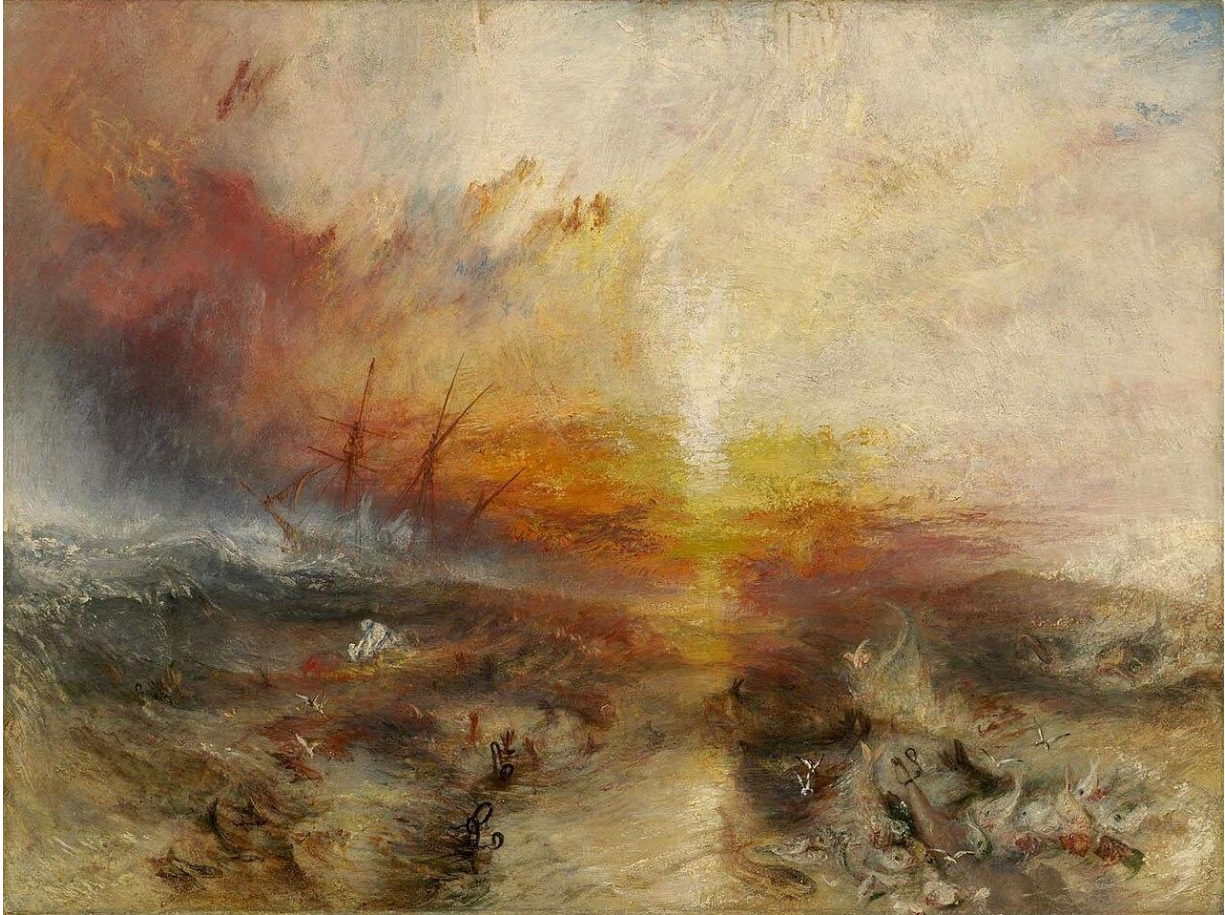
If you'd like to read the poem, visit: <https://www.loc.gov/programs/poetry-and-literature/poet-laureate/poet-laureate-projects/poetry-180/all-poems/item/poetry-180-146/blue-willow/>

And if you'd like to know more about Jody Gladding, visit: <https://www.jodygladding.org/>.

VOICES ISRAEL GROUP OF POETS IN ENGLISH

THE SLAVE SHIP BY J. M. W. TURNER

Originally titled '*Slavers Throwing overboard the Dead and Dying - Typhon coming on*'



Turner's poem to accompany his painting

Aloft all hands, strike the top-masts and belay;
Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds
Declare the Typhon's coming.
Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
The dead and dying – ne'er heed their chains
Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope!
Where is thy market now?

*Painting from Wikipedia
(selected by the editor)*

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