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Meeting Format

- Bring copies of your work to distribute for reading (12-15 copies)
- Initial thirty minutes for beverage selection/preparation and discussion of upcoming literary magazine submissions, handouts and events.
- Readings begin counter-clockwise from any beginning point. Group turns reader's copies face down until reader begins to read.
- After each writer completes reading, reader waits until all group

responses are completed before responding to critiques. Brief critiques and responses are encouraged depending on size of the group.

Publications

For viewing your Art/Photography in this newsletter, your publication updates, Art exhibits, scheduled readings or events, e-mail or call me in time for each month's newsletter within a day or two following the writers group meetings. The Artsbridge web site is updated once a month. If the newsletter update deadline is missed for your event, email me to forward to the members.



Snowflake Watch



Home for Christmas

*Christmas Series
Judith A. Lawrence*

**Next meeting of Artsbridge/River Poets:
January 14, 2006 - NEW MEETING PLACE
Heritage Village Community Room, Lambertville, NJ
See Page 2 Insert for information and directions**

Submissions for 2006-2007 Anthology

Email or snail mail entries for the 2006-2007 Annual Literary Anthology. Call me for mailing address. Submissions will be accepted through August 31, 2006. Seeking volunteers for an anthology committee in reference to publication/content/format, artwork, editing, etc. What is your expertise?

Welcome New Members:

- Susan Roop
- John Alexanderson
- Jennifer Treichler
- Annette Rue

Artsbridge is a registered 503C non-profit organization, comprised of painters, sculptors, photographers, writers, actors, musicians and filmmakers in the Delaware Valley dedicated to improving the public understanding of the arts in all the creative disciplines. The group supports local, state and regional arts and artists through its sponsorship of events focused on education, exhibition and performance.

New Artsbridge/River Poets Writers Group Meeting Place

Through gracious invitation by Kathy Buscavage, the Community Manager at Heritage Village, the Artsbridge/River Poets Writers Group have been offered a beautiful meeting place free of charge.

Next Meeting Dates:

January 14 - 2006.

February 11 - 2006

March 11 - 2006

Time: 1:00 to 4:00 PM

**The Heritage Village
Community Room
includes:**

- Spacious beautiful room
- Comfortable chairs and tables
- Fireplace
- Adjoining large kitchen
- Bathrooms
- Spacious deck for summer readings.
- Large free parking area

Heritage Village Community Room

258 Brunswick Avenue/Route 518

Lambertville, NJ

Directions:

From the South

Take Route 29 South

Just before the light at Bridge St, turn right onto Route 518, 1/2 mile on the left

From the North

Take Route 202 South to Route 179 South to

Lambertville. Go through the light at Bridge street and turn east on Route 518/Brunswick Ave., 1/2 mile on the left

From the West

Take Route 518/Brunswick Ave

Coming down the hill into Lambertville, Heritage Village is on the right

Heritage Village is about 1/2 mile from the Lambertville Public Library

Our Holiday celebration

meeting was a warm gathering of poets and writers bringing the usual wonderful work that makes it difficult each month to select for this newsletter. Ted Peck read another delightful excerpt "A Connecticut Christmas," from his collection of Anna Elizabeth Abbott Peck's memoir. I ran late and missed Jennifer's Triechler's reading "Doing Time in Lambertville," but you can read it in the Writers Work section. Bambi Kuhl entertained us with the guitar pick poem, Catherine Signorello intrigued us with her poem "Border," Joe Treceno in his reading of "Strand Bookstore," won the best poetry line for the day with, "and like bats from a ceiling, hung the dangling participles," John Alexanderson read his mystical poem "Settings," Carolyn Constable's poem "Christmas, 2005" reminded us to celebrate the real meaning of Christmas, Rashi Gupta read her lovely poem "disconnected" about old friends, Bob Muller wrung a tear or two with his Internet Christmas story, and I took us down memory lane in my Christmas card poem "All I Want for Christmas."



Author Event Reading

NOT TO MISS!

**JANUARY 12th, 2006 AT
"THE FULL MOON CAFÉ"
IN LAMBERTVILLE, NJ**

David Harris-Ebenbach, the winner of the 2005 Drue Heinz Literature Prize for his book of short stories, "Between Camelots" will be appearing January 12, 2006, 7:00 - 9:00 PM for a reading/discussion/book signing at "The Full Moon Café," in Lambertville, NJ.

Great Quotes

We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.

--Oscar Wilde

Perhaps I am a bear, or some hibernating animal underneath, for the instinct to be half asleep all winter is so strong in me.

--Anne Morrow Lindbergh

"When I've painted a woman's bottom so that I want to touch it, then [the painting] is finished."
Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841--1919)

Artists Among Us

DON'T FORGET TO CATCH ARTSBRIDGE WRITERS GALLERY MEMBER

D.J. HASLETT'S - EXHIBITING ARTIST IN AREA SHOW - D.J. Haslett presents

"Perspectives" an eclectic collection of Photography and Artwork at the Eagle Diner, 6522 York Road, New Hope, PA through December.

For Info call: 215-862-5575

Haiku Contest - Deadline 12/30/2005

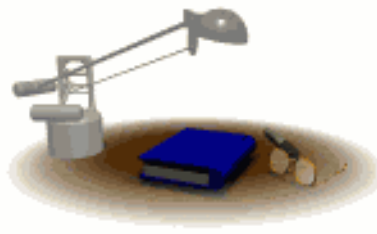
Shadow Poetry Zen Garden Haiku Contest
See guidelines at the web site listed below:

<http://www.shadowpoetry.com/contests/zengardenhaikucontest.html>

Special Thanks

Thanks to Joe Treceno for arriving early to open the meeting, and special thanks to Bob Muller for braving his long snowy drive-way, falling down on ice and still arriving with good cheer. Thanks to all members who took time during this busy holiday season to attend.





Writers Work - December 10, 2005 Meeting

Doing Time in Lambertville

Turning to a bottle of river Horse beer for solace
as if it were a Bible, I watch the shad
wriggle their way down the Delaware.
A pair of grizzled fisherman speak in grunts
and shrugs over pails of squirming bait.

Nick, the resident sage, greets his disciples
from his stoop, pipe in hand,
gums framing nuggets of yellow and brown.
Nick's arthritis is acting up, but his lady friend
is on her way over and soon
he'll be feeling just fine, thanks.

There's the house where we used to live. Look—
they fixed the screen door that fell off
its hinges the night I said things
I didn't mean. The night you stormed out,
echoing smack of wood against brick,
metal twisting away from its frame.
It never hung right after that.

© Jennifer Treichler



Yardley Creek

Border

A line from a line of the imagination,
I connect - because land continues the same.
Divide/because people do not.

My shape no keen eye nor
clever touch will surrender.
Yet - I am the great blockade - of the mind.
The one thing to conquer for freedom, for money
or - peace — or die trying —.

Night is SHOWTIME,
with the nocturnal Us and Them -
- Them and Us.
Lights so bright there aren't even shadows -
It's deafening.

More lights from copters — searching -
Dusty bodies with begging
eyes.

Sometimes I pull one of Them or Us over.
Sometimes I only allow a few - selected.
Sometimes I repel all of Us or Them — back.

I have been summoned into the middle of this.
Spectator - participant - privileged to -
division.

© Catherine Signorello

disconnected

Sun was setting we were riding on the roads,
Splash of orange was reflecting on our moods
For all bright colors happiness was the main source
We were happy as life has no loads
She was talking to me as we were making towards home.

I was eighteen she was same
We were so close ,we were proud of each others name
There was the word share between us
From food to mood everything was devoted to each other.

We spent hours talking of our dreams
Sometimes sitting under mango or neem tree
Sometimes strolling on our home town's narrow street
Sometimes discussing life with no themes,
singing and dancing on beautiful melodies

I can say she was not nice but innocence has its marks
she was clever but carried a tender heart
And she was intelligent and smart.

She used to like me, and her family too
My mother also welcomed her
For the pleasure of we two

The day came when I left the town
My friendship didn't break but it lost it's crown
I miss the friendship that I once found
The memories of her face still revolve around.

We are quite far from each other
How hard we try we can't be close as we were
I can still contact her
But! To call my friend there is no number.

© Rashi Gupta



All I Want for Christmas

I want to smell chestnuts roasting on South Street,
bustle up Market street to survey old Wanamakers
animated Christmas window display,
see “The Nutcracker Suite,” the sugar plum fairies,
fulfill my Christmas shopping list for under a hundred dollars,
go to midnight mass,
hear the choir sing “Adeste Fideles,”
breathe in incense and myrrh,
bake gingerbread cookies,
top the Christmas tree with the old tinsel star,
wake up Christmas morning to a foot of snow,
grab my old sled, old friends,
trek in my mismatched galoshes to the park,
slide on a blanket of well packed snow,
squeal all the way to the bottom of Nutbreakers Hill,
build that great big snowman with top hat, buttoned vest and pipe,
sneak eggnog from Great Aunt Mary’s bowl,
get my first mistletoe kiss all over again,
wear my new fur trimmed red coat and shiny black boots for the Christmas party ,
get stuffed with anisette cookies,
sit on Santa’s lap,
hear “The Little Drummer boy,” ba rumba ba brum,
curl in my bundled bed on Christmas night,
gaze through my window at the heavenly stars,
fall into blissful sleep believing
in the possibility of peace all over this world.

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Gone Sledding - Judith A. Lawrence

**To Artsbridge/
River Poets
Writers Group**

**May your holidays be
filled with joy, peace
and good health!**

Judith Lawrence