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Volume 2 Issue 12

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- Hobo Terminology

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Artsbridge/River Poets Writers Gallery

Monthly Update

Meeting Format

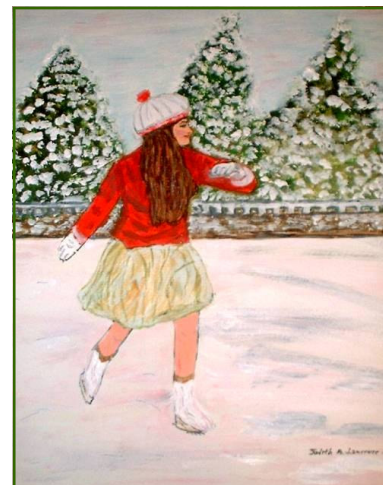
- Bring copies of your work to distribute for reading (12-15 copies)
- Initial thirty minutes for beverage selection/preparation and discussion of upcoming literary magazine submissions, handouts and events.
- Readings begin clockwise from any beginning point. Group turns reader's copies face down until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

pleted 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 week 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.

*Seeking Artwork/
Photography for the
Monthly Newsletter
To be displayed below or
with Poetry/Prose*



"The Ice Skater"
Judith A. Lawrence



**Next meeting of Artsbridge/River Poets:
January 13, 2007 - 1:00 - 4:00 PM
Lambertville Public Library, Lambertville, NJ
2nd fl "The Peggy Lewis Gallery"**

Submissions for 2006-2007 Anthology

Submissions have been received for the 2007 Writers Gallery Anthology. Over the next couple of months we will be reviewing all work for the selection process, and notifying the writers/artists/photographers of their inclusion in the anthology. We anticipate publication by Spring 2007.

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.

Announcements

It's hard to believe a whole year has passed. This year has brought so many special memories and an amazing

volume of work by the Artsbridge/River Poets writers group. Our writing has touched on the events and people in our own lives as well as the political, social, creative, and spiritual events of the world.

A good number of us have been published this year, some for the first time.

We were saddened by the passing of talented Artsbridge artist/sculptor, Don Jordan, and the passing of legendary poet Stanley Kunitz.

We were heartbroken at the senseless loss of innocents in the slaughter of the Quaker children, and offered our prayers and poems.

We raised our voices in poetry and prose over the horrors of the war in Iraq, and the politics of our time.

We met and celebrated many new friends at our meetings, events and readings.

To honor the work of our poets and writers, I have selected a few poems/prose published this year in our newsletter as a tribute to our fine writers. I wish you all health, wealth, love, joy, creativity and peace in 2007.



DR. ALLEN HOEY, AUTHOR/POET
Reading - Lambertville Library
Saturday, Jan. 27 - 2:00 - 4:00 PM
Registration recommended
Email: Judabah@aol.com
Free & Open to the Public
Refreshments Provided

Dr. Allen Hoey has published four full-length poetry collections. In 2006, Allen Hoey's mystery jazz novel "Chasing the Dragon" was published by Xlibris. He earned a Doctor of Arts from Syracuse University and received a Pennsylvania Council of the Arts fellowship in 2002. In addition to teaching at Bucks County Community College, he serves as Director of the Bucks County Poet Laureate Program, and was the 2001 Bucks County Poet Laureate.

Great Quotes

"How wrong it is for a woman to expect the man to build the world she wants, rather than to create it herself." - Anais Nin (1903-1977)

"In America, anybody can be president. That's one of the risks you take." - Adlai Stevenson (1900-1965)

"There are only two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as though everything is a miracle." - Albert Einstein (1879-1955)

Congratulations to Writers Among Us

To Bob Muller for publication of his 1st chapbook of Poetry and Art titled "Paintings of Poetry."

Hobo Terminology - Seeds For Stories

Boodle proposition - This is graft within the legal system. A judge sentences someone to a fine and a jail term, but they then turn around and let the person go knowing the person does not have the money to pay the fine. The judge gets paid for the sentence, the lawyer gets paid for the conviction, the clerk of courts gets paid for the commitment, the arresting officer gets paid for the arrest, and the jail gets paid for each day of your sentence. So if you are not actually serving your sentence in jail they can all steal all the fees to make a living. As long as the same individual is not arrested too many times the system continues to work.

Thank You

For a great year of support and encouragement for my endeavors.

I am looking forward to another year of great writing and dazzling events with old and new friends.





Writers Work - January - December, 2006

Holy Places

I live in a holy place.
It's not a covenant city,
Nor by a sacred river.
These too are holy places.

Life abounds along my street.
Girls skip-rope jumping
In cadence with their youth.
An old man stumbles along
Like an over-burdened pack mule.

While sparrows argue over
A crust of bread.
Scant tufts of grass
Peer out from cracks in the walkway
As if to say life spreads where it can.

I live in a holy place -
Either all of the universe is holy
Or none of the universe is holy.

© Amadeus D'Adamo

Winter Blahs

There is more to this
than we thought,
more
much more,
and it seems as I awake
so timely from my nap
that I have known it all
and then upon awakening
forgot
what it was about.
or who I really am.

You can't go on like this,
it is getting harder by the minute,
some say easier,
it's hard to know.
depends upon
the exact perfect second,
which comes,
but never stays
though I clutch
the empty air
the falling rain
the moonbeams
wrestling them down
like an impotent tigress.

© Ruth Deming - 3-5-2006

For Now

ding, dong,
the witch is dead -
at least for now,

can't fly when the broom's been rammed up your ass,
your faithful monkeys banished from your tower -

we're safe
to breathe freely,
come down off our toes -
but not for too long

take care to check that mirror
to be sure
the lines don't blur
as again,
our reflection becomes

theirs.

© Bambi Kuhl 11-11-2006

He flew at lightspeed
weighed nothing
left watching pyramids grow
now he's back with his red eyes
clear and serene
looks like a big cat with eight arms and legs
fuzzy and unimaginably cute
might have seen him at the bar
dancing to eighties blasts
maybe the B52's
doesn't smoke
but always has a pack
he's all theory of special relativity
big Dipper and cries of Orion
known billions of sentient beings
across his daily millennia
all dead now soul living stranger
Calligula and Beethoven
his breath smells of unsalted peanuts
and chocolate licorice
he's just here folks
to tell us about them there meteors
day after
gonna let them out of the zoo
likes Johnny Cash.

© Roy Smith

Broken Mold

It's a bitch-
all screwed up
but nobody else
gets to have the same trouble,
the same misery,
waiting,
loneliness
or
the same
past,
future,
dreams-
me
you
it's
all
ours.

© George Dabrowski

October 10th Driving Home

As I cross the Delaware River
The just past full moon

Rises in the east
A disk of burnished gold
Like up in the dome
Of the Eastern Church
Before the image of
Christ
Was written thereon

Rising moon pulling the moment
Into eternity

Celebrated in glass
In the National Cathedral
A piece of the moon's being
Retrieved by astronaut, hangs
Enshrined, surrounded by
Sun's light
Colors in the air.

The cathedral is light dancing
In Gothic structure

Light held captive
Ethereal
Reflecting the moods
And cycles
Of sun
The visitor is addressed
At every chakra
Rainbows of God
Candles lighted, prayers rising.

© E. L. Bowman - 2006

About My Operation

The man who shoots horses —
he carries with him everything:
the fragility of the flower
the slaughter of Hector by Achilles
the collapse of civilization,
maximum molecular disorder —
no machine could ever fly
at right angles to the flow of time.
To move the cities of the earth
You have to know these things.

What kind of times are these?
Weeds stand high in the sky
after last night's storm.
Really, it could have been worse.
Fog in the morning; the sound of a bell —
Normally, this is not a problem.

I cannot tell you that I know the road.
Facing in the wrong direction
I will look back in amazement
at what I did in the morning.
In the end my stillness will save me;
In the end I will have my own chair.

© Ted Peck, 2006

The Open Door

The fox becomes true
at the opened barn door
accidentally discovered,
where the warmly-held eggs
lie splattered in their bed.

As if he had cleverly left his tail
brushing the old barn foundation,
where he lay crouching slowly counting
the thick asthmatic breathing of cows
with his small woodland brain.

And in his ghostly fight with a rooster,
whose wings have formed a black clip
over the cock's head.
The hen is still clamped
in the fox's jaws,
the story of the true fox
never ends.

© Gloria Craig

"My Thing With God"

alpha
This snow,
this storm
came at us
covering everything
We blinked.
We had to.
Nature flexed and
we flinched
And wisely so.

To challenge
was to embrace defeat,
chagrin guaranteed
and frozen toes to boot.

Best
when gauntlet's thrown
by power impossible to us?
Embrace, admire,
involve senses,
mere strength's trumped
By what we mayn't subdue
despite God's charge in Genesis.

beta

"Fill the Earth and
Subdue it"
No God with any sense
would ever issue that
to such as we

If God knew what was
being said and understood.

gamma

From mythic gods' view
how silly we must seem
challenging what'll never change
and
changing what would benefit
to what will kill us all
in Capitalism's grasp.

© Bill Donlen 11 Aug., 2006

How To Be A Hero

All you have to do in this war to be a hero,
is to die in action.

If you do, the president will eulogize you
on national television.

He won't call you by name,
because he doesn't know your name,
but will speak of you as one of our fallen comrades.

There may even be taps played for you.

There will be lots of competition for the honor,
since so many will qualify.

Your death may be dramatic also.
I mean, what number of people get killed
by a road side bomb?

How many of you,
when asked as a child,
what you wanted to be when you grew up,
replied,

“ I want to be a hero.”

© Robert Muller 11/10/06

A Proposition to a Bleeding Planet

If I said that I would love you
In a driving summer rain,
And I said this without speaking,
Would you hear me?
Would you hear me?

If I were transformed by a Greek god
Into a bursting flash of sunlight,
While my physical being never changed,
Would you see me?
Would you see me?

If I took you away until the 'morrow
To make love beside a rainbow,
With our bodies never touching,
Would you remember?
Would you remember?

© Mason Loika, 2003
Previously published by prosetoad.com

Invitation To The Soul

Violins quivered under
varnished coats,
oboes, cellos and flutes
opened their throats
and from the third-row center
in sync; Dali thumped
his gold-headed cane
While from de Laroche's piano;
sprouted the Gardens of Spain

Acoustic caresses stroked
the face of creation,
in a sanctuary of
musical elation
And stress vanished like
vapors of a winters breath,
among concert artistry wealth

From walls of honor
outside its dress circle,
the smiles of Caruso,
Heifetz and Callas
swathed in purple
Carrying still, the scent
of Jackie's essence
Church-pew notes, filled
the Carnegie temple oasis
and musical divinity
reflected off faces

I concluded the evening
spiritually satiated
with a Moscow-mule,
Russian Tea-Room ending.

© Joe Treceno - 09-08-2006

E-mergence (Energy Merging)

If you are not within, you are without.
It is within,
This moment,
All is a reflection of within.

Circulating colors,
Vibrating sounds,
The harbingers
And the oracles,
The protectors and the enemies,
Friends hiding in the lost and found,
And love by daylight and starlight.

Many revolving worlds,
Worlds of the flowering Earth,
And celestial spiral galaxies
Comprised of spiraling galaxies,
And what arises and falls within them.

Love yourself,
Be true to your many selves:
One self, all selves, no self.

These multitudinal multidimensions:
All resolving into one,
One dissolving into all.
The one being with the all.

Not nothing, but everything.

(Written while displaced by a flood)

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Resurgent Melody

The first Wood Thrush call in Spring
is such a delightful thing.

Winter forests void of melodious notes
welcome now the rippling flute.

In the greening woods of spring
the Wood Thrush sings again.

© Carolyn Constable

Wedding Soup

We speak of wedding soup,
purchasing a new dryer,
moving to new location,
why we hoard all these
material entrapments.

We know each others limits,
approach cautiously
arts, politics and religion,
we yawn in succession,
echo sentiments, sighs
and recriminations.

Two peas in a pod they say.

Yet we are millions of miles away,
our dreams and schemes
run on separate highways,
you the grounded man
planning each hour and minute,
me flying by the seat of my pants,
racing in my determination
to catch up with myself,
always a stranger on this earth,
lonely in your presence,
desperately seeking
some heightened ground
of communication.

©Judith A. Lawrence

Imbibing Vibes

Some houses decorated like an Indian bride
Sparkling red and golden lights
Glow on a face out of love
Draped trees; jeweled stairs

Some houses not so bright
With few lights and less in happiness
May be dreams didn't blossom this year
Or no good news had rejoiced the heart
It was just another Christmas
With lesser hopes unlike their neighbors

But From the distance I see the row
As a uniform single home..
The warm winter evening so fulfilling for the soul
I was in my car watching the moods of the homes.

Each corner and every street
Wrapped in colors; wrapped in beauty
That complete town was a one single floor
People in the different directions,
But Same enthusiasm and same passion
All joined together for the celebration.

The festival charm was in the air
Christmas was never part of my culture
But when I became part of it
I never know.

© Rashi Gupta

Miss Strawberry: Dad's Mistress

© Carole Longo-Harris

Dad made Miss Strawberry his mistress when he was only five years old during an Italian Festival on a hot summer's day. When his tongue touched the cool, tangy pink treat he fell in love. This addict vowed to remain faithful and never touch the bland white vanilla again. Neapolitan? Never! The strawberry would touch the chocolate.

My father, Gerald Anthony Longo, who was the son of Antonio Longo known as The Banana King, would roll over in his grave. Today I thought about him while searching through ice cream freezer displays in three major supermarkets to buy a gallon of his favorite ice cream.

The freezers have all gone loco over chocolate: Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Swirl, Chocolate Sundae, Chocolate Chip Cookies, Chocolate Mint, Chocolate Marshmallow, Chocolate Coffee Reese's Pieces, Rocky Road, Tin Roof, Chocolate Banana and last but not least, Dirty Sneaker. No, strawberry, black raspberry and raspberry? Where have all the berries gone?

The Longo Ice Cream Show was staged often during my childhood. Every Sunday afternoon in the summer Dad drove us to a local dairy bar in a shiny Packard to satisfy his desire for Miss Strawberry. My brother and older sister ordered chocolate ice cream and I ordered vanilla. The regular size cone was top heavy with a triple scoop. Since this was always too much for my little stomach I would whine, "I can't finish it." That was Dad's cue to reach over to the back seat, snatch my cone and yell, "Why didn't you order strawberry?"

Dad drove (DUIM) under the influence of Miss Strawberry. This was my cue. I would stretch my arm, cone in hand, out the car window mesmerized by the floating streams of melted white cream etching horizontal designs across the body of the car. At home Dad stood next to the car, shook his pointed finger at me, screaming, "Carole. You did it. I know because it was vanilla." This show reran every Sunday.

The connoisseur became an expert on the texture, flavor, and creaminess of his mistress. His opinion stretched from Mexico to Canada. He commented on strawberry ice cream at turnpike rest stops, drive ins, diners, dairy bars and five star restaurants in Las Vegas, New York and even at DiMaggio's in San Francisco. Dad remained faithful for 80 years. Finally he succumbed to temptation because vanilla was the only choice at the Frozen Custard booth next to the Seventh Wonder of the World in Niagara Falls.

When Dad was 82 years old, after 77 years of experience, the appointed time arrived. He was as ready as a politician to announce the winner of the Number One brand of strawberry ice cream based on flavor, texture, creaminess, melting time and quality and quantity of the strawberries. Also extensive research Dad concluded if the ice cream was hard or didn't drip and melt quickly, it wasn't real ice cream. This expert dragged out his decision while the captive family respectfully waited. "And the winner and champion Number One Strawberry Ice Cream, Ladies and Gentlemen is ----Crestmont, available at A & P Supermarkets." We took the announcement lightly. After all, what did he know?

In the summer of 1995, Dad was admitted to Princeton Medical Center with a serious illness. Dad, "What do you want, " I asked. "Strawberry cone," he replied weakly. My brother quickly ran downstairs, returned with the cone and held it to Dad's mouth. Even though the expert was hooked up to IVs, after two licks, he still had the strength to yell, "This isn't ice cream!" A man certainly knows the difference between frozen yogurt and his own mistress.

Shortly after Dad died, Consumer Reports featured ratings on ice cream. The clinical trials included the inexpensive and gourmet brands. To my surprise, the magazine selected Crestmont as a Best Buy rating it higher than Hagen Daas. "I told you so. " I thought. Back at the supermarkets, still searching, the closest I came to berry ice cream was Red, White and Blue by Jack and Jill. It was a concoction of vanilla with maraschino cherries and a raspberry swirl. At home, when I struggled to scoop it out of the container my spoon bent. "Is this really ice cream? I wondered.

Ironically, this year on the Fourth of July when I placed a flag at my father's grave, I spotted tiny red wild berries peaking out from behind the marker. I smiled. Dad was never on the Food Network but he could have taught the experts about his mistress -Miss Strawberry Ice Cream.



Holiday Open Mic Night - Full Moon Café - December 9, 2006

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All photos in this newsletter are subjects for poems in our new anthology. Create a poem in reference to one of these photos to submit for the Artsbridge 2007 Spring Anthology, or if you have a painting or photo to submit for the anthology, please email to Judabah@aol.com, or bring a copy to the writers group meeting.

With Authors permission, all poems published in this newsletter will be entered in the Anthology submissions process. Since many of these poems are a work in progress presented initially in the group meetings, and the poem may be selected from the newsletters by the editors, the Author will be able to revise and submit a final version before publication. Due to the limitation of space in this newsletter, other poems or prose read at the meetings are also being considered for submission. During the selection process, all Authors will be contacted by the editors for legal permission to enter their work into the anthology and for final changes.

Any poem published in our own Writers Group Newsletter may still be submitted to other literary magazines and contests. Since it is an internal publication for the Artsbridge/River Poets members, it is not considered commercially published, for example a literary magazine, or an anthology, or online ezine, so is still eligible for submission elsewhere as an unpublished work.

When we publish our own anthology book which will be commercially available to the public and one or more of your poems have been accepted for the book, then you would need to sign a rights to publication agreement giving one time rights for the anthology. You then have to acknowledge the previous publication to wherever you submit it to next, which the publisher either lists on an acknowledgement page, or under the poem, for ex. previously published by Artsbridge/title of Anthology & date published. Alternately if you submit a poem for the Artsbridge anthology, it is accepted for inclusion, and it has been previously published by another publication, then our anthology would need to acknowledge where your poem had been published before. Dependent on the literary publication or contest, some publishers seek work never before published, and others have no preference as long as you acknowledge where it was previously published.

