



Bulletin



Volume 44 Number 4

June 2021

T H E P O E T R Y I S S U E

According to the late poet William Matthews, there are only four subjects for lyric poems:

1. Every time I go for a walk in the woods, I get this like religious feeling,
2. & 3. It's lonely in this bed with/without you.
4. I'm not getting any younger.

This might not seem like a wide enough range, but you would be surprised at what can be contained in Matthews' premise, or at how much of human experience fits within it.

Many poets write because they feel that they "must," almost helplessly. Every teacher of creative writing has had some bright young student caught between working in poetry and some other form of expression; they will, almost without exception, ultimately choose the something else. Perhaps it is only those who must write poetry—not fiction or non-fiction—who stick it out.

What makes a person become a poet? Perhaps it is a matter of paying very close attention to what is going on around them in any given moment and then feeling compelled to record what is happening...to preserve their interaction with their occurring world. Sometimes the result of this special sort of encounter can only be captured in a poem.

Poetry can be a place to make connections between our minute observations and what we presume to be more universal facts, as in William Matthews' "Herd of Buffalo Crossing the Missouri on Ice":

If dragonflies can mate atop the surface tension
of water, surely these tons of bison can mince
across the river..

Or it may focus our minds on the music of some bit of speech from our daily lives. Or poems may help prevent the disappearance of moments of our lives that we desperately wish to preserve. Whether a writer is focusing in on something, trying to preserve it, or both, the resulting poem can reveal stunning universal truths that emerge from the smallest details, or—going the other way—quietly profound particulars awaiting discovery amidst our broadest understandings.

In this issue of the Bulletin you will find the brilliantly diverse work of poets you may have met around Roosevelt, as well as a few others from the wider world. We are pleased to offer them to you, dear reader.

--David Keller

Welcome to the Fifth Annual Bulletin Poetry Issue

Are we there yet? It is as if we've all been holding our collective breath, waiting for that moment of release, to commit our masks to the back of our sock drawers, and to relish the simplicity of coming and going without fear. Our poets have been busy, taking the raw material of experience and shaping and filtering and transforming life into language that hits us somewhere beneath our literal brain. At their best, these poems offer a music that connects us to our own unexpressed emotions, and help us find a center and a balance in a time of challenge. Special thanks to our Roosevelt Poets who carry the torch and sing the songs...that fill these pages.

--Rick Pressler
Managing Editor

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Welcome to the 44th edition of the Roosevelt Borough Bulletin. Issues run from September through July. We will not publish in January and August.

Roosevelt Borough Bulletin Submission Process

The Bulletin welcomes submissions for news items, information of local interest, letters to the editor, poetry, and visual arts. We ask all contributors to adhere to the following submission guidelines:

- Send your submission to the email: rooseveltbulletin submissions@gmail.com.
- Send your submission as a Microsoft Word attachment or as plain text with in the body of your email. Please do not send PDFs.
- Please include images as separate files.
- The deadline for submissions is the 15th of the month prior to publication (e.g., January 15 for the February issue). Submissions received after the 15th will normally be printed in the issue following the one currently in production.
- Most submissions will also be added to the Bulletin web site. Allow up to one week for submissions to appear online after publication of the print edition.
- Please name your files with your last name, or the name of your organization, and the month.

It's natural that people have second thoughts about what they've written, but we want to discourage multiple submissions of the same thing, whenever possible. When this is necessary, the revised version should be clearly named as a revision.

The Bulletin board members are thrilled to see that people are utilizing the Bulletin as a forum for communicating about our community's most critical issues. And it is impressive that Roosevelt has supported this publication for so many decades by contributing both financially and intellectually. We are committed to providing you with the best publication possible—your support of our submission guidelines will enable our volunteers to most effectively meet that goal.

The MEALS ON WHEELS program delivers prepared meals to Roosevelt seniors who need this assistance. Though meals are provided free of charge to recipients, the cost to the program is \$2.50 per meal. Donations to help cover these costs may be sent to Interfaith Neighbors, 810 Fourth Avenue, Asbury Park, NJ 07712

SENIOR CITIZENS: There is a S.C.A.T. bus provided by Monmouth County Division of Transportation that comes to Roosevelt and will take you shopping to ShopRite in East Windsor. There is no charge to you for this service.

If you wish to go, you must call the S.C.A.T. bus at 732-431-6485 and press 1. Give them your name, address, and the town you are from, and where you wish to go.

An archive of all past issues of the Bulletin can be found online at www.mazicmusic.com/rbb.htm, courtesy of Mark Zuckerman. Current and recent issues can also be found online at www.rooseveltboroughbulletin.org, the official website of the Borough Bulletin. To have the Bulletin sent to you by email, please send your request to rpessler32@gmail.com.

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Council Applies for State Grants to Repair and Improve the FDR Memorial Amphitheater; Councilman Chad Vroman Resigns and is Replaced by Robert Atwood; Sustainable Jersey Grant Applications Endorsed by the Council

by Michael Ticktin

At its May 17 meeting, the Borough Council approved a resolution authorizing the municipal engineer to prepare an application for a New Jersey Department of Community Affairs Local Recreation Improvement Grant. If the application is approved, grant funds would be used to repair the FDR Memorial Amphitheater and make safety improvements. A previous grant application for the same purpose to the New Jersey Department of Transportation (DOT) was not approved because applications received by DOT from municipalities far exceeded available funds. Mayor Peggy Malkin and Council members made clear their intention to keep submitting applications for grants as often possible in order to restore and improve the amphitheater. Councilman Mike Hamilton pointed out that, since we have already paid the engineer to prepare an application, the cost of submitting similar applications is minimal.

Councilman Hamilton also reported that the Borough should be able to begin receiving funding from the \$82,000 it has been allotted under the American Rescue Plan Act in October. The funding can be used for water, sewage treatment and stormwater infrastructure. In addition to improvements at the water and sewage treatment plants, funds can be used to address a serious drainage problem on Nurko Road.

Also at the May 17 meeting, the Council was asked to choose whether to give priority in road improvements to Tamara Drive or to Pine Drive west of the triangle. The Council chose to do Tamara Drive first, both because there have been more problems identified there and because there will be work at the sewage treatment plant requiring

use of Pine Drive by large trucks, so it would be better to do road improvements after the work at the plant was completed.

Previously, at the May 3 meeting, the Council adopted a resolution accepting the municipal audit report. Councilman Hamilton, the chairman of the Finance committee, noted that the audit was “clean” and did not note any problems.

At the April 19 meeting, the Council accepted the resignation of Councilman Chad Vroman, who resigned from the Council because he moved and was no longer a resident of Roosevelt. As required by law, the municipal Democratic committee, consisting of Peggy Malkin and Mike Hamilton, presented three nominees for the position--Robert Atwood, Alan Mallach and Jean Shahn. On motion of Councilman Hamilton, seconded by Councilman Joe Trammel, the Council chose Robert Atwood for the position. Since Mr. Atwood was not present at the meeting, he was sworn in by the municipal Clerk prior to the May 3 meeting, for a term expiring at the end of 2021.

At the request of the Environmental Commission, conveyed by its Chairman, Michael Ticktin, the Council voted to express its support for two Sustainable Jersey grant applications, for \$20,000 and \$2,000, respectively. This year, as a result of its success in achieving various environmental goals, the Borough was once again awarded “bronze certification” by Sustainable Jersey, making it eligible to apply for grants that are primarily funded by Public Service Electric & Gas Company.

THE ROOSEVELT BOROUGH BULLETIN

is distributed free-of-charge to Roosevelt residents. We look forward to and appreciate contributions which are very much needed to keep our publication going. Contributions are tax deductible

PLEASE NOTE: Due to postal regulations we can only ask for “donations” rather than “subscriptions” from out-of-towners who wish to receive the *BULLETIN*.

We will be pleased to continue sending them the *BULLETIN* when we receive their contributions which, of course, can be for the same amount (or more) as in the past.

In order to save on postage, we would encourage non-residents who have computers to subscribe to the *Bulletin* online at www.boroughbulletin.org in lieu of receiving a paper copy.

Donations from readers, wherever they may be, and regardless of the medium in which they read the *Bulletin*, are still very much welcome, since we could not publish without your support.

PLEASE SEND IN A CONTRIBUTION TODAY. ***WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT.***

Please send contributions to: Roosevelt Borough Bulletin, Inc., P.O. Box 221, Roosevelt, NJ 08555

Memoir of Theater in Roosevelt

Part 4, 1974 - 1977

by Frances G. Duckett

Dedicated to Robert, Eric and Rachel Mueller

Robert Mueller was a scientist, painter, and printmaker, and a music historian, but, unbeknownst to many in town, he was also a puppeteer, skilled with marionettes, of which he possessed an impressive collection. Bob turned up to give shows at the nursery school run by his mother-in-law Illus Lobl. As a result, his two children Eric and Rachel had a background in theater. They also had something few other children in Roosevelt had--a basement.

Using an official Star Trek book as a guide, Eric, then a sophomore at Hightstown High School, mobilized his friends to build a set in this basement, representing the interior of the starship Excalibur. It was beautifully detailed, including a bridge, sick bay, and briefing room. Eric had written a script entitled *The Klingon Advantage*, which took Eric and friends about six hours to tape. David Steinberg was co-author and starred as Captain Carlson. The cast, including Steve Steinberg, Damon Vigiano, Rachel Mueller and Phyllida Patterson, made phasers and other props, and fielded authentic-looking uniforms. Flashing lights added color and authenticity to their communications section. Switches controlled four hidden tape recorders, accessing sound Eric had taped from the original show. Kirsten Duckett said that the script had good character

development.

In February, 1975, the production was covered by the *Windsor-Hights Herald*. A second episode, already written, had to be postponed because the group lost access to the videotape machine.

Next on The Children's Theatre Workshop agenda was "Fantasia," a funny piece about a little girl named Sugie, and her interaction with characters such as the Tooth Fairy and the Easter Bunny. Sugie was played by Amy Hepner. This show had two performances at Roosevelt Public School.

The next Roosevelt Players production, "The Beggar" by Berthold Brecht, was directed by Judith Goetzman. Judith has a Master's degree in Theatre Arts from the University of Maryland and extensive acting and directing credits outside of Roosevelt. "The Beggar" is a one-character piece. I painted the backdrop--a large triumphal arch that served as the beggar's place of business.

On the same night, "The Bear" by Anton Checkov was performed. I believe Judith also directed this. It starred Margaret Schlinski as a widow wooed by a military officer while being waited on by a servant played by Steve Duckett.

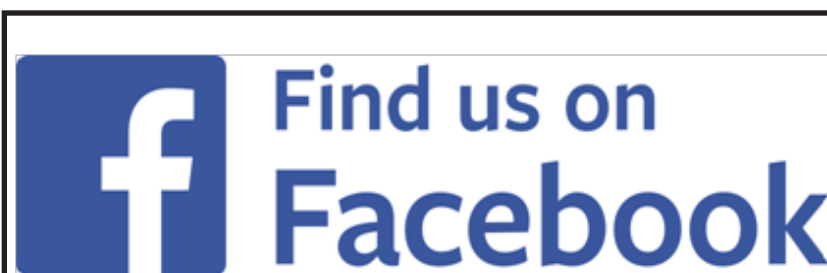
In the summer of 1977, The Roosevelt Players put on "The Grass Harp" by Truman Capote, in which a southern gentlewoman flees from her family and takes up residence in



Nathalie Altman and Damon Vigiano on the Starship Excalibur

the woods. Both the script and the acting in this play were excellent. It was directed by Margaret Schlinski. Claire Sacharoff played the lead, and John Millar also took part. My job was to design the sets. We had eight-foot flats from a previous show, that were easy to paint as an interior. The forest was harder. Margaret found a huge piece of canvas, painted sky blue. Ed Schlinski found a long metal pole from which to hang it over the tops of the flats. I took the thing to my basement and attempted to paint the woods. I had every color except green, but I did fall foliage and it came out pretty effective. I added a little 3D fire unit of burnt sticks and colored tissue, lit from below.

That was the last time I participated in theater in Roosevelt, until 1992, when I returned to town to retire.



Keep up to date with the latest happenings, events and announcements. Follow the Bulletin on Facebook: www.facebook.com/RooseveltBoroughBulletin

If you would like your organization's event posted to the Bulletin's Facebook page, please send event details to

rooseveltbulletin submissions@gmail.com.

Twilight

At sunset the rubber
trees across the street

turn orange and limber --
who says old people can't dance?

—Ron Kostar



Graphite on paper by Zachary Pressler

Roosevelt Borough's website:

www.rooseveltnj.us

Register for e-news on the home page and get email communications from the borough. You can view and pay your property taxes and water/sewer bill on-line.

When mailing anything to Roosevelt Borough, please use P.O. Box 128. This includes property tax payments and water/sewer payments.

Borough Mailing Instructions

When mailing anything to Roosevelt Borough, please use P.O. Box 128. This includes property tax payments and water/sewer payments.

REMINDER FOR RECYCLING:



Always leave at least 3 feet between your garbage can and recyclable container(s). The arm that lifts the garbage can needs enough room to operate so it can avoid knocking over other containers.

American Life in Poetry:

Column 841

By Kwame Dawes

I have a memory of Lucille Clifton responding to a young poet who asked her how she managed to be a productive publishing poet despite having to raise six children, by saying, "I wrote shorter poems." Of Clifton's many brilliant truths, this stays with me. And this pithy elegy, "5/23/67 R.I.P.," selected by Aracelis Girmay in a remarkable new gathering of Clifton's poetry, would have been written when her children were young, and when America was burning with uprisings, and when Langston Hughes died. She accepted the heavy mandate passed on to her by Langston Hughes, to "remember now like/ it was," and we are the better for it.

5/23/67

R.I.P.

By Lucille Clifton

The house that is on fire
pieces all across the sky
make the moon look like
a yellow man in a veil

watching the troubled people
running and crying
Oh who gone remember now like
it was,
Langston gone.

American Life in Poetry is made possible by The Poetry Foundation (www.poetryfoundation.org), publisher of Poetry magazine. It is also supported by the Department of English at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Poem copyright ©2020 by Lucille Clifton, "5/23/67 R.I.P." from *How to Carry Water*; Selected Poems of Lucille Clifton, (BOA, 2020). Poem reprinted by permission of Permissions Company, LLC and the publisher. Introduction copyright ©2021 by The Poetry Foundation. The introduction's author, Kwame Dawes, is George W. Holmes Professor of English and Glenna Luschei Editor of *Prairie Schooner* at the University of Nebraska.

Inkberry Holly

This month's article highlights a native species that we need to encourage, the Inkberry Holly.

The Inkberry Holly (*Ilex glabra*) is a native evergreen holly. It is common in the Pine Barrens. It doesn't look much like the traditional Christmas holly. It has no thorns on the leaves and the berries are black, and it doesn't grow more than a few feet tall. Inkberries are not fussy about the soil as long as it is not alkaline (not a problem in Roosevelt); it likes moist to wet soils in full sun or part shade. The wild type can get leggy when grown in the shade. There are male and female plants, but since the berries are not very colorful, it doesn't make much difference which one you plant. Plants have inconspicuous flowers between May and June. Honey from the flowers is supposed to be high quality. It is good for shrub borders, foundation plantings or as a low hedge. Some varieties produce suckers, but that can be easily controlled if needed. There are a number of commercially available selections some of which are available at local nurseries:



Compacta is compact form with rounded dark green leaves. It forms a tight ball shape about five feet in height and width with no pruning. A female plant, it produces small, black berries in fall. It is a good substitute for boxwood on poorly drained soil.

Gem Box is a dwarf, broadleaf evergreen that looks more like a boxwood than an inkberry. It is a dense, ball-shaped plant, with dark green leaves. Branching from the ground up helps prevent it from becoming leggy. It is a good selection for a low evergreen hedge.

Nordic is compact cultivar, which grows three to four feet high. It produces fewer suckers than other species. This cultivar is a male, so it does not produce berries.

Nova Scotia is an upright to rounded shrub. It has lance-shaped, glossy, dark green leaves. A female selection, it produces small, black berries in fall.

Shamrock grows to four feet in height and width. It has bright green foliage and a more rounded growth habit than other forms and it suckers less than other varieties. It is a Pennsylvania Horticultural Society Gold Medal Plant Award Winner

Strongbox looks like a short round boxwood, but it is more sun and moisture tolerant. It is a good choice for low hedge. It rarely needs pruning.

References:

<http://www.missouribotanicalgarden.org/PlantFinder/PlantFinderDetails.aspx?kempercode=d553>

<https://www.mortonarb.org/trees-plants/tree-plant-descriptions/inkberry>

<https://plants.ces.ncsu.edu/plants/ilex-glabra/>



Borough of Roosevelt Environmental Commission

Calling all Roosevelt Citizen Scientists



Water is our most precious natural resource—without it, all life would perish. Water is also incredibly fragile and vulnerable to many threats, from various sources of pollution to climate change. In the coming year we hope to continue monitoring the health of our streams, but we will use a new process which involves collecting water samples and using chemical analysis to measure such things as temperature, nitrates, phosphates, pH, etc.

Members of the Stream Monitoring Team will take a one-day training class at the Watershed Institute in Pennington. Once trained, we will go out one day per month year round to collect and analyze water samples. The process will take about an hour once we are proficient. We will monitor the Rocky Brook and Empty Box Brook. A one year commitment is required. We especially encourage middle school, high school and college students to join us.

We are not sure when training and sampling will begin because of COVID-19 concerns.

If you are interested in participating, please send an email to marytulloss@comcast.net.

under a café canopy

*back then i was in search of a new neighborhood
tired of conversation that felt like white bread
with no crust.*

there was a quiet as she waited for eye contact
the way she did in taxis with a rearview mirror

silent lotus

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www.silentlotus.net



Acrylic on canvas by Will Pressler

Perseverance

It's raining on the sand island
Raining harder than difficult
It's raining straight down

And a man is out walking
Walking in the rain
A man is out walking in
The difficult sunless rain

The man stops
Pauses
And lifts the hem of his black t-shirt
And mops

His forehead
Wipes his dripping forehead clear
And then
Straightens up and continues walking

Walking
Nonchalant and maybe a little
Bowlegged--like they do
In Wyoming sort of swaggering

The man does
He continues walking
Down the street
Into the difficult rain.

—Ron Kostar

**New Jersey
Department of Environmental Protection
24-Hour Hotline
1-877-WARNDEP or
1-877-927-6337**

For reporting spills, hazardous discharges, and other environmental emergencies.

4.13.21

A SIGN?

Noontime mowing my sunlit green grass,
Suddenly a black shadow streaks across the ground at my feet,
A squawking cry screams out of the sky,
All in a blink of an eye.
But why at my very spot with all of earth to roam?
Is this like a black cat crossing my path?
Foretelling some misfortune?
No, for God's sake, it was just a random crow
Whisking by like all hell's broken lose,
Oblivious of my presence,
No message of ill omen.
But what are the chances of that happening?
And that shrill cry—a shriek of warning?
It's nothing but nature fleeting by,
And yet,
I would have preferred a bluebird.

—Ben Johnson



Watercolor on paper by Sam Vo

Spring Mullet Fishing off Sandy Island

When the wind blows
Fish move
Philosophers know that

& mullet
Churn the water surface
Into a frothy foam
& jump

But won't bite
& so when fished
Need be surrounded
& netted

Like today!
Under a deep blue April sky
& speedy white clouds
Everything is moving

And if you look
Out there
Out there!
You can see the repercussions

Of all this moving &
The men standing
In their flat white skiffs
Casting clear nets

Over the water
& circling *circling*
Circling the jumping mullet
As they move up the coast

Accompanied by
An audience of squawking birds

—Ron Kostar



Graphite on paper by Sam Vo

Winter 2021-2

SNOWFLAKE

Innocence
From an unseen source
Drifts down
Aimlessly
Without care
SLAMS
Into a cold, hard world,
One of zillions
Trodden down thoughtlessly,
Expendable,
LOST.
Uniqueness never seen
That could have
Dazzled us all.

—Ben Johnson

Longitude Latitude Luminaries

*it was not uncertainty nor quicksand the sun hadn't
tainted the moon and goldfish bowls were not
murky.*

she lived moments not biography cared more
for pancakes than pandemics or locusts
practiced dialects no longer spoken held
timelessness up to her breast

silent lotus

©from the archives Listening To Love
www.silentlotus.net

Riddle of my Familiar

How I've envied you
giving yourself
into the hands of trees

bending the bough
as tenderly
as a girl from her bath

leaping the void to a place
proffered to you
alone. Ground bound

I long to flit above
the duff of dead
through leaf whisper

never touching earth,
dance branch
to branch and flicker

my pennant like a flame
on the limb lanes
giving me to twig

tips that dip like witching
lift me out
of shadow. With your hands

to grasp invisible paths
tirelessly
trying the sky.

—David Sten Herrstrom



Digital art by Lois Pressler

THE SUNRISING

- A Every now and then I think of running away.
- B To where?
- A Unspecified.
- B Or should I ask, from what?
- A Everything.
- B Or I could ask why.
- A Oh, the burdens, the chores, responsibilities. The sameness of the days.
- B The sunrise is different every day.
- A The day is still upon us, sunrise or no.
- B Maybe you just need a vacation. Then you wouldn't be running away.
- A Look what I'd come back to.
- B You definitely need a change of scene.
- A I need more than that. I need a new world. Smiles instead of guns.
- B Don't we all.
- A How do you keep your spirits up?
- B With smiles. And because if I ran away, strangers might greet me with stern, angry faces. And guns.

##

—Judith McNally

Roosevelt Public School Students Need Your Help!

As you may know, the state has made drastic cuts to the RPS budget, and class trips, after-school clubs and assemblies cannot be funded under the school budget. We do not want our students to miss out on these important experiences, as the Board of Education and school administration are working on a path forward.

The non-profit Roosevelt Public School Education Foundation, RPSEF, has funded approximately \$12,000 in grants during the past school year before COVID-19 halted in-person school. We provided field trips to a farm, an aquarium, a theater, and Morven Museum for the entire student body. We also funded after school clubs such as a garden club, a cooking club and a video club. During school three music assemblies were also made possible because of RPSEF donations.

We could not have provided these opportunities without your generous support. Some of the most important things in life are learned outside the traditional classroom. We do not want our children to miss out on the experiences of museums, music, science and nature. We look forward to assisting our teachers in navigating through these difficult times and also to providing programs like these when our students are able to gather together in-person.

Please consider a tax-deductible contribution to RPSEF. We have a generous donor who will match up to \$3,000 of donations we receive.

Checks may be sent to: RPSEF, P.O. Box 22, Roosevelt, NJ 08555. You may also donate via credit card or PayPal on our website, rpsef.org. Please let us know if your company provides matching contributions.

RPSEF is recognized by the IRS as a charity under section 501(c)(3) of the tax code.

While Reading Du Fu

A fat sparrow lands on the window's edge
Gripping the screen upside down

My cat leaps at its exposed belly
But hits the window pane

The bird dives into a yew
As the cat's tail wags

—Wes Czyzewski

Little One in the Little Room

With a touch he calls
the elevator, and it comes,
a silent bird

that when his seeking finger finds
the magic number
takes him up.

His body leaves him
till the ground's snout
nibbles his feet, and he comes to rest.

He presses the bright eye
of number descends
into the soles of his shoes.

When a single finger
beckons the world, and it comes,
when earth moves at a touch

his shoes dance
and sparkle like numbers with wings
in the little room of leaving

and easing to earth.

—David Sten Herrstrom



PRESCHOOL and KINDERGARTEN REGISTRATION

**Roosevelt Public School
School Year 2021-2022**

Registration for pre-school and kindergarten is currently taking place at Roosevelt Public School. The registration forms along with the health form can be emailed to your home.

Students who turn five on or before October 1, 2021 are eligible for entrance into kindergarten in September 2021.

If you have any questions, please call the school at 609-448-2798.

Roosevelt Public School is accepting
Choice students for 2021-22

Roosevelt Public school is currently
looking
for Substitute Teachers.

Please call the school @ 609-448-2798
for information.

Disbelieving These Deaths, I Go to Sit by Lake Hebron

A thunderstorm has spun from a near-blue sky,
then faded like a tantrum, the child sunny and unharmed.
Warmth like a human's breath shrugs off the fall wind.
The lake is only mildly disturbed; it didn't know
the deceased, so its sympathies don't extend to empathy
and it is a lake, not a pathetic fallacy, though I try.
I work to stay here, not to be netted
to various keenings. Hard to do even on a good day.
In the shallows are the slabs of slate
like coffins fallen off a truck, each one
not containing a body I knew, although slate caskets
irretrievable in water speak to me. They inform me
that if I were really here I would notice the cloud
very like a whale until it blossoms like a poppy, fast.
A chorus of dead from a chorus of caskets
ought to open their lids and shoulder out their slabs
to walk on water.
My dead father would eye the lake for plops of fish
he could catch and feel guilty for eating, eye to eye,
though he was dubious of lakes, preferring currents,
local water strung to seas, which lets me see
him as a river, bodies of water as bodies,
as metaphors, including the Babylon waters of weeping.
My mother, city born, should
stride to me across the tidelessness,
the wind revealing her girlish nape,
and George, my most recent dead guy, cleared
of the thunder behind his brow and now,
rising right here, part of the democracy of day,
along with Daniel Crisman, 25, dead on 9/11,
eighteen years ago today, a man I know from a poster



Pastel on paper by Sam Vo

gladly diving at 43 into this crisp water,
warmer than dying young. All my loves
with AIDS, the guys who I drag everywhere,
Ron, Len, Craig, Jay, Paul, Mark, John,
Tom, Richard, the armada ghosting the cove,
their wakes cut short, should land on the island I am.
Hebron, the first city, arid, blazes from across the ocean
its millennia of murders, histories bleeding into each other,
torches and missiles and rifles like lake lightning. Children
killed in cars or cages—they should splash. All of these
once knew the word for *lake*,
said *lake*, swam in a lake of genuine water,
fell through the frosty metaphor of lake,
their lips too blue and sewn ever to say *lake* again. Here
they are none of them at all,
evaporated out of time until I become
a lake nobody swims in. Again the trees tremble,
the clouds lower their cliché of brow,
the water snaps like a shroud.
It is a day in September, more thunder to come.
The lake is alive with togue, perch, and bass.

—David Groff

“Disbelieving These Deaths, I Go to Sit by Lake Hebron” was the winner of the 2020 Spoon River Poetry Review Editor’s Prize. It first appeared in Spoon River Poetry Review 45.2. Reprinted with permission. The current issue of SRPR is available at <http://srpr.org>.



Pastel on paper by Zachary Pressler

POSTCARD

- A I'm moving on.
B What? You're moving out of town?
A No; I had a bad experience, left it behind, and I'm moving on.
B For a minute there, I thought you were packing your bags.
A Bags stay put. Old bones stay buried. I'm taking a ride to the skyline of good times.
B Send me a postcard?

##

—Judith McNally

Roosevelt Adventure Camp in 2021!



Roosevelt Adventure Camp is back in 2021 through the Leadership Learning Classroom. We are so excited for another summer outside exploring all of the beautiful trails, lakes, parks, streams, and forests of our amazing community. Contact us to register today!

What? Bike Rides, Trail Walks, Kayak Explorations, Outdoor Skill Development, Leadership Skills, Creative Arts, Community Education, Teambuilding Challenges, and Traditional Camp Games led by experienced counselors from your community.

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Where? Rotating Locations around Roosevelt and the Assunpink Wildlife Management Area

Inquire for registration, more details, and pricing information at the contacts below
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Wash my World with Watercolors

Wash my world with watercolors
Each tint a tone of time
Each hue a special memory
Of the palette that is mine

Shades shimmer in reflected refraction
The prism illuminating every thought and action
The spectrum of life, and the karmic color wheel
Move me through the many visions I see and feel

Blue like the night sky of lapis dusted with brilliant silver
Sailing through the seasons with my spouse on seas and rivers
The azure eyes of family - flecked with amber, gray, and green
Lovingly look back at me, revealing what I've seen

Yellow shining golden like the sun when she awakes
Leaves of luster falling as autumn's lovely flakes
Ships with wheels, like large limos, and the laughing cargo they bear
Sunflowers, and daisies, and the tousled tumbles of my grandchildren's hair

Red like the satin cloak that the sun slips into when she sets
The symbol of Chinese celebrations, and of what my heart loves and won't forget
The flash of cardinals flying; the painted lips that ladies wear
The burning blush of blazing cheeks; and passions when they flare

Purple rules with regal purpose, transforming twilight into evening
Orange flames like liquid laughter; and copper pennies brightly gleaming
Indigo's rich velvet throw of deepest, darkest violet-blue
Green gleams like the fields I played on when life was fun and young and new

Black and white make dark and bright the rainbow colors in between
They shade and shine what's left behind, and what is yet there to be seen

I paint my pictures with my pigments
I capture photographs in time
And I wash my world with watercolors
As I paint the portrait that is mine

*By Claudia Luongo
Written in Honor of colleague Jane Georgs' Retirement
Final version finished & read at JW Retirement Dinner
Thursday, June 4th, 2009*

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

March 24, 1919 – February 22, 2021

By Rick Pressler

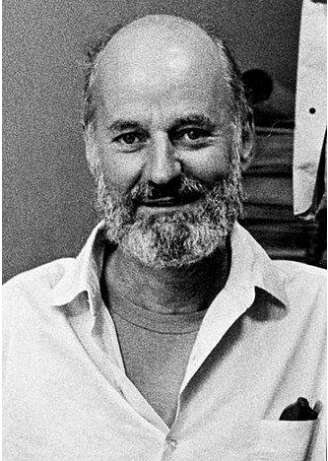


Photo by Elsa Dorfman

2021 saw the death of the American poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti, perhaps best known for his first collection of poems, *A Coney Island of the Mind* (1958), which has been translated into nine languages and sold more than one million copies.

In addition to being a poet, Ferlinghetti was a painter, social activist, and the co-founder of City Lights Booksellers & Publishers. His other writings included translations, fiction, theatre, art criticism, and film narration.

The following is an excerpt from “Junkman’s Obligation,” a 1958 piece that is performed to a jazz accompaniment.

Let’s go
Come on
Let’s go
Empty our pockets
And disappear.
Missing all our appointments
And turning up unshaven
Years later
Old cigarette papers
stuck to our pants
leaves in our hair.
Let us not
worry about the payments
anymore.
Let them come
and take it away
whatever it was
we were paying for.
And us with it.
Let us arise and go now.

:
:
:
Somewhere the fields are full of larks.
Somewhere the land is swinging.
My country ‘tis of thee
I’m singing.
Let us arise and go now
to the Isle of Manisfree
and live the true blue simple life
of wisdom and wonderment
where all things grow
straight up
aslant and singing
in the yellow sun
poppies out of cowpods
thinking angels out of turds.
I must arise and go now
to the Isle of Manisfree
way up behind the broken words
and woods of Arcady.



Watercolor on paper by Zachary Pressler



Watercolor on paper by Zachary Pressler

Euterpe

Euterpe disappeared into the woods
Her steps sweetening the light
And as she stepped into a lime-green clearing
Her eyes opened startled and wide

For around a fire sat three stout souls
Pounding on corpulent skin-drums
And from a silver flute treble notes rose
And danced among the tops of the pines

Euterpe blinked her fast brown eyes
For she could not believe
Ancient drummers had traveled in time
To play in a suburban woods like these!

So she sat down on a spongy log
And swayed to their earthy beats
Until she couldn't contain her joy
Then she rose and moved her feet!

Euterpe danced in the lime-green clearing
Made greener by her agile grace
Until **she** rose with the flute's treble notes
And disappeared above the trees

—Ron Kostar

* *Euterpe was the Greek Muse of music*



In the Adirondacks

This view is just a distraction
Even a book about fallen angels
Falls from my hands

And so I find myself gazing dreamily
Above the tree line at the High Peaks beyond

At clouds scraping their shadowy flanks

All in an insect hum that only ends at night
When that other grimmer presence
Draws me out into the dark
To marvel at what else there is to lose

—Wes Czyzewski

The Roosevelt Garden Art Tour

Saturday, June 12, 2021, 1:00 - 4:00 PM
Various Gardens at Roosevelt Residences

RAP is pleased to announce its final event in the 2020-2021 season! Have you ever wondered about what your neighbor's gardens look like??? Well, this is the event that should not be missed. Eight local residents will be opening their gardens to the public on June 12, 2021 from 1-4pm. Come see flowers, vegetables, sculpture and paintings.

Pick up a map in front of the US Post Office and leave a suggested donation of \$5, then take a stroll through town. The houses on the tour will be well marked with beautiful signs made by kids from town. This event will be held rain or shine.

We hope to see you all on the 12th!

Look for updated information on The Roosevelt Borough Bulletin Facebook page <https://www.facebook.com/RooseveltBoroughBulletin> and the Roosevelt Arts project website <https://www.rooseveltartsproject.org>

Poem for My Mother
Mary Marlene (Liebtag) Luongo

Holding, Touching

Your body held me for nine months
You carried me within you
Nourishing me with your blood
My body was part of your body
Your body was part of mine

I didn't want to leave your space
Floating inside
Your center was the center of my world
The only world
The only home I knew

When the time came for me to leave
Crying, scared, angry
Blinded by the outside world
You held my body against your own
Nourishing me with your milk
And touched my tiny hands with your hands

I never wanted to let go
The chain of daughter to mother
And mother to daughter
You held me through life
Until the time came and I had to hold you
And touch your hands with my hands

Holding you at the end
I still held you
Reaching for you, touching you
I will always hold you

However you believe in God
And the Love that lives on after we die
May God's Loving Spirit
Hold You Forever in His Hands

By Claudia Luongo.
Written and Read Aloud at Her Funeral Service
Tuesday, September 29th, 2020

The Achievement of Night

Look into the eyes of the small animals
To see the seeds of night that feed our lives.
Who knows whether having lived on this earth matters.

Let us pare stories from our fragrant world
With night's obsidian knife, so we can pay it
The attention it deserves. The hollow bone

Of the vulture, after millennia, gives up its night-music,
And black at last, cave black becomes a color.
Just look at Lazarus come back, wordless.

Tonight steps heavily through the woods.
And night finds ways through day, the fragile ant
The hard Apache tear, never leaving us.

Mice have mastered the attic night. And we
Have achieved the nocturne, its agitating bewilderment,
For night collects our things and locks her door.

—David Sten Herrstrom

Primordial Passion

*don't define the pandemic by putting death as
the first word in your dictionary begin instead with
compassion.*

she had a way of converting passersby
into believers

silent lotus

©from the archives Listening To Love
www.silentlotus.net

American Life in Poetry: Column 819

BY TED KOOSER, U.S. POET LAUREATE, 2004-2006

The following poem by Susanna Brougham appeared in the Spring 2020 issue of *Beloit Poetry Journal*, one of our country's successful older literary journals. This is as fine a poem about "the staff of life" as I've ever seen. Is that a pun in the last line? I'll leave that to you. Brougham lives in Massachusetts.

Translation

Months later, my father and I
discovered his mother's last word—
deep in the downstairs freezer,
one loaf of dark rye.

Its thaw slowed the hours.

I could not bear
the thought of eating it.
Then the ice subsided. The bread
was firm, fragrant, forgiving.

My father got the knife,
the butter. The slices
held. Together we ate
that Finnish silence.

American Life in Poetry is made possible by The Poetry Foundation (www.poetryfoundation.org), publisher of Poetry magazine. It is also supported by the Department of English at the University of Nebraska, Lincoln. Poem copyright ©2020 by Susanna Brougham, "Translation," from *Beloit Poetry Journal*, (Vol. 70, No. 1, 2020). Poem reprinted by permission of Susanna Brougham and the publisher. Introduction copyright ©2020 by The Poetry Foundation. The introduction's author, Ted Kooser, served as United States Poet Laureate Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress from 2004-2006.

Bohemia

She snatched
Wilting flowers
Out of smelly
Garbage cans

And carried them home
And sprinkled mist
On their browning
Petals

While whispering
Holy water
Words of encouragement
In some language

That sounded to me
Like Latin
But may have been
Some hybrid

She'd invented
For the occasion
Which was elevated
Even ritualistic

Upbeat and not somber
Joyful even
And it continued
Into the next morning

Their petals open by then
And she back over them
Beaming like a
Midwife

Dressed in Rumanian rags
Wearing Giulietta Masina's
Hat a little hobo
With style

—Ron Kostar

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What drives altruism? Is it a search for what works in life? We do for others to sense what we want done for ourselves. When is something done for another without expecting anything back ever? The religious often think that they will be recompensed in an afterlife. Although there is something sensual about acting just to help another, it is as if a weight descends off one's shoulders. It is as if just being alive causes one to feel that one owes something to someone. Perhaps it's the mystery of life that's only understood when it's too late and has little influence left on us.

I cannot remember when I was ever truly altruistic. Can one think that one is altruistic the moment the act is performed and still be altruistic? Does it not need to have the Lamed Vovnik effect? That is, you are not a Lamed Vovnik if you think or believe you are. Lamed Vovniks do not know themselves; they are not good to be good, they just are good. They never grade their actions; they just do them. The Jewish legend of the Lamed Vovniks describes thirty-six righteous men in every generation upon whose merit the world is kept from entire destruction. Based in part on the story of Abraham and his conversation with the Lord about the destruction of Sodom in Genesis 18, the Lamed Vovniks are those who, by virtue of their compassion for others and the prayers they offer, cause the Lord to answer, "I will spare all the place for their sakes" (Genesis 18:26).

It seems that the moment one thinks about the quality of one's act, meaning its effect, altruism is suspect. Can then altruism only be seen from a third party's perspective? Is it more likely to be altruistic if someone else isn't able to see an advantage the altruist hasn't seen? When I do something to help someone, and the other person thanks me profusely, I realize that I don't really want or need anything in return: I could truly say that was altruistic!

The bus I am on had only one seat left when I got on it. It was a seat in

the middle of the backbench. I sort of eyed a woman behind me. I could not tell if she was older than I or not, but I asked her genuinely if she wanted the seat. It was not only sincere of me, but I knew I meant it sincerely. The woman refused and then got off with the other two extra people on the bus. I was not particularly attracted to her. I did not feel I would get anything in return from her. The fact that she got off the bus indicates that she would have preferred a seat or was seriously encouraged to wait for the next bus.

What would I get back? The feeling that I am able to think clearly and therefore ought to do more writing. Self-gratification eliminates or dilutes altruism. Let us look up altruism: feelings and behavior that show a desire to help other people and a lack of selfishness. So, am I helping myself by writing well and showing nothing that has anything to do with altruism? Writing is not an altruistic activity unless it benefits others and has nothing to do with the writer: hence, it is nonsense when it comes to writing.

A random act of kindness would do the trick.

I am often both elated and perplexed by people who insert themselves in harm's way to help innocent civilians in war zones. When interviewed they describe the events as if they're merely there to excise the victims because that's the only thing to do. There's no claim that, for crying out loud we're the only ones here doing it, nor any sense that they'd rather be drinking a beer in front of their weekly soap opera. Nor do they offer an explanation that life will be better for them in the next one. The task at hand, getting safety, food and shelter are all that they're there for. It's the only thing one can do in those circumstances. When queried by the drama queens of the media about their heroic contributions, many almost look perplexed by the media-driven question. Their reactions and look betray the nature of altruism

at its core: these acts of humanity have nothing to do with me; your question may have to do with what's wrong with the world. There is nothing else a person can do. Many Belgians were asked during WWII why they risked their life helping Jews avoid being taken prisoner by the invading Germans. More than legend has it that they simply responded, "What else is a person to do; it's the only thing to do." Here, effectively, lies a parallel to the Lamed Vovnik expectation: one just is, one needn't know what it's called: it just is.

The bus I'm on, just passed a giant billboard "Justin Brandford- Attorney at Law." He either just graduated law school and his parents are very proud of him, or he is helping to characterize the exact opposite of altruism.

Does an attempt at defining altruism also limit and destroy the intrinsic possible nature of what it could mean? Could it be that it is the given nature of a person who needn't have been told how to be by religious, political, or parental encouragement?

When asked to consider solidifying the discussion/argument about altruism, and to conclude it of sorts, this is what came to mind. Could it be that this common-place-need to draw a conclusive circle around every argument is at the essence of altruism being such an enigma. Is it plausible that the very nature of conclusion interferes with the notion of doing something for its own sake and not find it necessary to explain, or perhaps justify it? In the spirit of explanations being non-existent: The Lamed Vovnik doesn't know s/he is one, and her/his need to know would nullify her/his existence. As a species and its need to have an acceptable agenda, we have bargained for too much. Qualitatively, a deed needs strictly to address the need and the accuracy of the response, not who or why it was performed. It could be that an investigation of the reasons engenders questionable rationalization.

THE SILENCE

- A What's happening? It's snowing.
B And?
A It's white.
B And?
A That's about it. I listened to a radio broadcast of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and now I'm watching the snow, from the tiny, fast flakes to the slow, thick ones.
B So there's more going on than you let on at first.
A I hold no secrets.
B But I had to pull teeth to get an answer.
A My teeth are intact. I'm just not in a talkative mood.
B Oh. Good to know. Shall I go now?
A We could sit in silence if you'd like.
B Just sit here? And say nothing at all?
A Yes.
B Well, what if I want to say something?
A Go ahead.
B And if I don't?
A That's o.k., too.
B Then what's the point of my being here at all?
A Good vibes.

##

—Judith McNally



Watercolor on paper by Will Pressler

Sojourns

it wasn't a time to gloat over anecdotes there were as many flowers blossoming as flocks of birds taking leave.

she had a habit of quoting theater playbills while she juggled sewing thimbles on the days the weather forecast didn't get it right

silent lotus

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The Invisible Man

Next to a row of white pines
I'm only a biped with a sore back
And a need to be unseen

While the winter fog coaxes
Out the trickiness in things

Like a songbird's off notes

Or mold on a deer skull

And all the letters of every alphabet
Stitched into the pine needle sampler
I'm standing on

Mostly Persian swirls
Telling me what?

If I had to guess it would be
Some kind of instruction manual

Something the ants have already memorized

—Wes Czyzewski

2 Short Covid-19 Poems

This Corona is a crown that I don't want to wear
Covid's messing with my my life
And messing up my hair
Messing with my mind,
In a panic and a scare
No one is out
Nobody
Nowhere
Venture out if you dare

—Claudia Luongo
5-17-2020

What does it mean
To be in Quarantine?
Living life like a looped
Science Fiction scene.

—Claudia Luongo
5-16-2020



RECYCLING DATES

June 9, 23
July 7, 21

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Comcast outage	1-800-COMCAST
FioS outage	(800) 837-4966
Wildlife Issues	877-927-6337

Contributors to the Bulletin 2020/2021

Contributions received after the 15th of the month will appear in the next Bulletin.

Mary & Carlo Alfare	Anne Hayden	Petrillo family
Sam & Nicole Ashburner	Al Hepner	Gregg & Elizabeth Possiel
Wisam Atieh	Constance & David Herrstrom	Richard & Hope Pressler
Robin & Robert Axel	Daniel Hoffman &	Sara & Paul Prestopino
Richard & Janet Bernardin	Assenka Oksiloff	Steve & Peggy Ring
Linda Block	Louise and David Hoffman	Merle & Irv Rose
Marvin & Karen Block	Gail Hunton & Wes Czyzewski	Kirk and Jane Rothfuss
Alexandra Bonfante-Warren	Cynthia Imbrie	Susan Schwartz & Jim Alt
Ulrich & Stacey Bonna	Sheila & Phil Jaeger	Kelly & Ronald Scibetti
Charlotte Bondy	Michelle & Ricky Jaeger	Helen Seitz
Bondy/Vuole family	Henry & Kate John-Alder	Nona Sherak
Jacqueline Carpenter	Anna & Ben Johnson	Shirley Sokolow
Susan & Robert Cayne	Susan Jones	Michael Szewczyk
Maureen & Bob Clark	Ingrid Jordan	Jeb & Jonathan Shahn
Keith & Patricia Clayton	Bahiru & Ann Kassahun	Emily & Steve Taylor
William & June Counterman	Kosa family	Michael & Marilyn Ticktin
Paul & Elise Cousineau	Naylon Larane	Mary & Rod Tulloss
Ana Debevec	Lynn Lawson	Kerry Watlington
Kay Drury	David Leff	Karen Ward
Frances Duckett	Claudia Luongo	Ralph & Nancy Warnick
Lou & Irma Esakoff	Steven & Mary Macher	Carol Watchler
Richard & Heather Giske	Julia & Jim McArdle	Judy & Bob Weinberg
Judith Goetzmann	Kerri & Steve Magee	Frank Wiesinger &
Jay & Ann Goldman	Geraldine Millar	Theresa Secks
Robin Gould	Edward & Rose Murphy	Zahora family
Len & Michele Guye-Hillis	Teri Nachtman	Tony & Gail Zelenak
Marcia & Tommy Hannigan	Parsons family	Mark & Judith Zuckerman
Timothy & Lorraine Hartley	Alison Petrilla	

Notice from the State of New Jersey Department of Community Affairs Office of Local & State Code Inspections

Dear Roosevelt Borough Resident,

Recently the State of New Jersey Southern Regional Office of Local Codes have encountered numerous situations by where construction projects which fall into the governance of The Uniform Construction Code have been performed without obtaining construction permits in accordance with N.J.A.C. 5:23-2.14. Or in some cases the contractor and owner never called for construction inspections in accordance N.J.A.C. 5:23-2.18. As a result, many residents have experienced difficulties with the resale of their property. Having said that, we are asking all residents to obtain all required permits and prior approvals before you begin your construction projects. In the event you have already engaged in a construction project which does require construction permits we are advising you to kindly contact us to obtain the proper permits and prior approvals. At this time, I extend the olive branch, as our office will not issue Violations, Notices and Orders in accordance with N.J.A.C. 5:23-2.30 if you are forthcoming and contact our office in good faith. The process is easy and ensures your structure is constructed safely.

In closing, I'd like to take this moment to thank you for your cooperation as it's greatly appreciated. Together we can achieve code compliancy.

Best Regards,

William Patterson, Acting Construction Official, Plumbing Subcode Official, The State of New Jersey;

DCA Southern Regional Office,

Ph: 609-567-3653, Fax: 609-704-1510

BUSINESS SPONSORS

The Bulletin publishes free-of-charge public information listings from Roosevelt residents and businesses, and from those in the immediate vicinity with ties to Roosevelt. Write: Roosevelt Bulletin, Box 221, Roosevelt, NJ 08555. Contributions are appreciated and are tax-deductible (suggested: \$50.00/year, \$60.00 if over 5 lines.) Deadline is the 15th of each month

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JUNE

- 1 Tues. 7:00 pm Planning Board, meeting conducted by video conference. See online agenda for details: <https://www.rooseveltnj.us/planning-board-agenda>

- 7 Mon. 7:00 Council Meeting, by video conference. See online agenda for details: <https://www.rooseveltnj.us/government/council-agendas-minutes> Peggy Malkin, Mayor

- 9 Weds. Recycling Pickup 

- 12 Sat.. **1:00 pm- The Roosevelt Arts Project**
4:00 pm Garden Tour. See announcement in this issue.

- 17 Weds.. Environmental Commission, conducted by video conference. See agenda for details: <https://www.rooseveltnj.us/ec-agendas-minutes>

- 21 Mon. 7:00 pm Council Meeting, by video conference. See online agenda for details: <https://www.rooseveltnj.us/government/council-agendas-minutes> Peggy Malkin, Mayor

- 23 Weds. Recycling Pickup 


- 24 Thurs. 7:30 pm RPS Board of Education, Roosevelt Public School Ken LeCompte, President

JULY


- 4 Sun. Independence Day

- 6 Tues. 7:00 pm Council Meeting, by video conference. See online agenda for details: <https://www.rooseveltnj.us/government/council-agendas-minutes> Peggy Malkin, Mayor

- 6 Tues. 7:00 pm Planning Board, meeting conducted by video conference. See online agenda for details: <https://www.rooseveltnj.us/planning-board-agenda>

- 7 Weds. Recycling Pickup 

- 19 Mon. 7:00 pm Council Meeting, by video conference. See online agenda for details: <https://www.rooseveltnj.us/government/council-agendas-minutes> Peggy Malkin, Mayor

- 21 Weds. Recycling Pickup 

- 21 Weds.. Environmental Commission, conducted by video conference. See agenda for details: <https://www.rooseveltnj.us/ec-agendas-minutes>

- 22 Thurs. 7:00 pm RPS Board of Education, Roosevelt Public School Ken LeCompte, President

Zoning Officer, Code Enforcement, and Housing Inspector

Jeremy Kuipers

email: zoning@rooseveltnj.us

Office Hours:

Wed. 5:00 pm - 6:00 pm

Inspection Hours:

Wed. 6:00 pm - 7:00 pm

609-448-0539

Please send notice of your events to the Roosevelt Borough Bulletin at P.O. Box 221 or email to RooseveltBulletinSubmissions@gmail.com.

Construction and Permits

The Construction Official has Borough hours on

Wednesdays from 1:00 to 3:00 pm.

Questions regarding building permits should be directed to:

Department of Community Affairs - 609-567-3653

Monday-Friday 8:00 a.m. – 4:30 p.m.