

MEMBER'S POETRY CORNER

My Mother's Brother

He prayed at the synagogue
Every morning, dovening in his white
Yarmulke and tallis.
He and I performed the unveiling service
At my father's gravesite,
Reading the prayers in Hebrew and English.
I took the part of the rabbi; he the cantor.
I took care not to plant
My feet directly on the frozen grave;
He stood on the gravesite without hesitation.
At the close of the service a monument in granite
Was unsheathed.

It was not his work that made him smile
But the pirouettes he played on the clarinet
That he meticulously cleaned and shined.
He produced a sound molasses-thick
As he blew on the horn that reverberated
Through his small house.
He marched in the Redskins Band,
And was a regular with a local
Dixieland combo.

He was buried at the beginning
Of the blizzard of the century,
The rabbi chanting the "El Maleh Rachamim,"
The prayer for the departed
Who are holy and pure of heart,
As the snow spilled down from above,
Blanketing the gravesite and
The family praying in chairs under a white tent
That was soon camouflaged in the whirling snow.

Bonnie Rucobo
Albuquerque Chapter

Editor's Note

In my first edition, the Winter 2009 issue, I inadvertently gave recognition to another poet for someone else's work. I shall reprint the poem in column three of this page and recognize the true author for the poem *A Most Romantic Couple* by Elaine G Schwartz.

Please accept my apologies for any inconvenience for both poets.

Sincerely, Annmarie Pearson

Love Ages

Where has the deep
love gone?
It's just not the same
We're like an old
exhausted song
Has the romance
gone away?

I've tried to rekindle your
fervor
To bring it back with a
spark
But you're lost amid a
sailor's dream
And the ship is not the Ark

Where has your deep
love gone?
It lingers every now
and then
To appear in a thoughtful
moment
But then it vanishes
once again

I will not give up hope
For I know it will return
Your love for me is strong
This certainty is how I cope

Where has the deep
love gone?
Where passion was
the norm
As two lovers physically
embraced
Creating a hot emotional
storm

Deep love has not
abandoned us
It just mellowed with
time and age
For years we've shared a
pulsating love
But now it must simmer
not rage

Annmarie Pearson
Rio Grande Valencia

Dr. Hermes

What have snakes to do with medicine?
Why does the caduceus have twin snakes?
The snakes' origin is a mystery
but wings on the caduceus stand for speed.
Both snakes and wings belong to Mercury
or Hermes as the Greeks preferred to say.
The errand-runner for the gods was fast
but not associated with physicians.
What has mercury to do with medicine?
There's mercury in the thermometer;
mercurochrome is used to dress a hurt;
No, not enough. The staff is a mistake.
The caduceus does not stand for medicine!
The staff of the physician has no wings.
Asclepius, or roman Aesculapius,
a doctor, then a hero, then a god
was often shown together with a snake
but his staff has only one snake and no wings.
If our physicians use the Hermes staff
instead of Aesculapius's club
do they give messages instead of medicine?
Are they more heralds than healers?
Do they trot more than treat?

Barbara DuBois
Socorro Chapter



A Most Romantic Couple

Between bites of lasagna
mi amor slips from her lips,
mi reina rolls off his tongue.
Two years married
and the language of love
punctuates
their every sentence.

Moving with the rhythm
of a couple long wed
they walk down my cak
ined street,
his long black braid sways,
her flowing burgundy waves
threaten to engulf them
both.

Separated by a
continent, by culture,
it was not an easy
courtship.
When they could no
longer live apart
he packed his medical
books,
sold two of his three cows
headed north, beyond
the Andes.

Now he brings red roses
on Valentine's Day,
feeds her chocolate
crepes
as their first child
somersaults in her
womb.
And, in my dreams,
a small voice calls
Abuelita, Abuelita.

Elaine G Schwartz
Albuquerque Chapter