



Rome Art And Community Center
308 West Bloomfield Street Rome, NY 13440
315.336.1040 www.romeart.org



Milton Dorfman Poetry Prize Awards Ceremony 2007

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PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 2007

1:00 PM

Welcome & Introduction by
Executive Director Lauren Marie Getek

Special Words from The Dorfman Family

Introduction, Awards & Reading by
2007 Judge Jackie Warren-Moore
and Honored Poets

Closing

Light Lunch Reception in Dining Room

Lisamarie Rahmer
Untitled/ "There's Just One Thing..."

There's just one thing
For you to know
Take all of me
When you go...

Take my kiss
Take my touch
Take my wanting you so much
Take my laughter
Take my smile
I won't use them for a while
Take the thoughts
That fill my head
That haunt me as a lie in bed
Take my soul
Take my heart
I won't need them once we part
Take all we had
Take I all knew
Take every memory of you

Then leave me
As you can at last
With no reminders
Of our past.

The poem "Black Isis" by Mona Tuscano will be
available for reading online on Rome Art And
Community Center's website, www.romeart.org, as will
all of the winning poems.

Eileen Malone
"To Pray For"

She hasn't prayed for many years
There was once a soft dark balcony
An instinct, a terrace, a drone, a chant
Her mind could wander into
Without effort of thinking
Restful and kind, a time of litany
Maroon liturgy, fuchsia benediction

But now there is hardly a day
Nodding off into the nap of the bored
When she doesn't put her rosary down
Fully intending to pick it up
And finish it later, unfortunately
There is hardly ever a later of solace
Or grace when she picks it up, finishes it

She has become too austere, too specific
About discount shampoo and generic deodorant
Not sure about what or who to pray for
What's the use anyway, has forgotten
How to enter the anonymous prayer-ether

Has reached a reformation of severities
Writes poem after poem, meant to be read
To be deciphered, seeks how to say
How she wishes it isn't like this
But it is.

ABOUT THE MILTON DORFMAN POETRY PRIZE

Celebrating excellence in the art of poetry

The Milton Dorfman Poetry Prize is an annual international poetry contest that was established by Mrs. Ava Dorfman of Rome, NY, to honor the memory of her late husband, Dr. Milton Dorfman.

The contest is sponsored, moderated, and hosted each year by Rome Art And Community Center with support from the Dorfman Family. Milton Dorfman was a long-standing patron of the arts and many community organizations, including RACC. Ava Dorfman continues the poetry prize each year as a living tribute to her husband, and affords poets nationwide and all over the globe a chance to have their poetry reach the public, as well as celebrate the art of poetry.

This year, Rome Art And Community Center received entries from all over the United States, South Africa, Australia, UK, and Canada. This year's winners represent the best of the United States, with four winners from right here in New York State! RACC is proud to sponsor this prestigious contest.

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AWARD HONOREES 2007

FIRST PLACE

Joan Burstyn
"The Water That I Swim In"
Syracuse, New York

SECOND PLACE

Gerard F. Keogh, Jr.
"What Is Truth"
West Milford, New Jersey

THIRD PLACE

Tom McFadden
"The Return Trip"
Austin, Texas

HONORABLE MENTION

Karen Dean, Rome, New York
"For These Thy Gifts"
Eileen Malone, Colma, California
"To Pray For"
Lisamarie Rahmer, Rome, New York
"There's Just One Thing..."
Mona Toscano, Newburgh, New York
"Black Isis"

Karen Dean "For These Thy Gifts"

Thank you Lord for the gifts you bestow;
It's the simplest of things may everyone know.
For as the day breaks these gifts he will bring;
The sun will warm us and the birds will sing.
Many voices, each unique, what a joyous way to speak.
Now, I'm thinking of this circumstance...
If they can sing why can't I dance?
Why can't I dance each and every day
Celebrating life in a happy way!
In every life some rain must fall.
Please embrace it one and all!
Like muted drumbeats the drops hit the ground
Making tiny fairies dance all around.
Then we have the freshest of air,
Left behind for us to share.
Look at the trees in the midst of the fall,
The beauty of color; a mural for all.
Listen to the rustle of new fallen leaves,
Like a wonderful carpet through our pathway it weaves.
How about the gift of nature's Monet?
Reflecting from the water at the end of the day.
Behold the miracle of snow with its intricate shapes,
The blooming of flowers, the ripening of grapes.
Digging your toes in the beaches warm sands,
The softness of a baby as is lies in your hands.
The joy of a puppy, the purr of a kitten,
The coolness of a breeze, the warmth of a mitten.
The flight of an eagle, the coo of a dove,
The sweetness of a smile, the intensity of love
The curiosity that leads us to discover new things,
The fuzzy feeling forgiveness brings.
Then there's the feats that exemplify God's wonder,
Like the flash of lightning and the roar of thunder.
The majesty of wind as it rushes through the trees.
Beauty so profound, we're brought to our knees.
These gifts surround us every day of the year,
Bust the best part of all is they're for all of us here.
Don't ever feel in this life that you are poor,
For the greatest of riches are left at your door.

Tom McFadden
“The Return Trip”

In a way, I am carrying air through the corridors,
A security guard who has been requested
To escort nothingness and emptiness from the healthcare
side,
Back to an apartment on the independent end.
I remember these cloth frames
When they were hosts to movement
That still wished and tried and even, at times, fell down.
I recall the many times I rushed to where they were
In order to pick them up, off the ground.
I remember how wrong it felt that they fell more and
more,
While the wishing stayed strong inside them.
It seemed so wrong that they could not stay high,
And have the spirit keep them off the ground.
But, the strangest comprehension, just days ago,
Was seeing they could no longer even posture
Upright
In a wheelchair to be pushed to the healthcare side,
But on a gurney were compelled to repose.
Toward that healthcare side I saw them go,
Carrying their spirit within to that far, other side.
Now, in the aftermath,
It is I who must travel back to the start,
A surrogate on the long, return trip.
From the complex's very ending end,
Back to the once living start,
I keep walking, with these in my arms.
I must carry the nothingness back through the halls,
Really escorting nothing at all.
But, while memories dance towards the empty
apartment,
As gently as I humanly can,
I do escort the air...
to take his empty clothes back there.



Gerard F. Keogh, Jr.
"What Is Truth"

The truth or what we know as such,
Is still for some a bit too much.
They push and pull or try to tilt
The cornerstone on which it's built.
They point to where each corner ends,
Then swear to God they saw one bend.
And those who doubt will never quit,
They claim that one piece doesn't fit.

Aloft on ancient wings of wisdom,
Soar high above the crowd.
The truth was never needed more
Than it is right here and now.

The truth or what we're sure is so,
Brings forth from every crowd one "NO!"
You walk them out to point: "It's there!"
They dare to turn and ask you: "Where?"
And if the truth should catch their eye,
Some philosopher still questions: "Why?"
"It might be truth, but show me more,"
"I must peer down right to the core."

Aloft on ancient winds of wisdom,
Glide far beyond the crowd,
The truth was never needed more
Than it is right here and now.

The truth or what's been so defined,
With passing years, must be refined.
They grumble that what's true today,
In the coming years must fade away
For the truth you have is surely wrong-
It's been around for far too long.
In changing times, truth must evolve,
They have issues truth can never solve.

Aloft above the fools of fashion,
Fly far beyond the crowd.
The truth was never needed more
Than it is right here and now.

The truth or what comes very close
Is still for some a fatal dose.
You can yell until your face turns blue,
But only they alone can know what's true.
On the points they can not answer, though,
They won't concede that they don't know.
And when in doubt or not quite sure,
They'll boldly serve up stale manure.

Aloft above unyielding zealots,
Sail surely past the crowd
The truth was never needed more
Than it is right here and now.

