

I, like my mother two kindred spirits remembered
 sharing one sensitive soul of artistic creation
 Two souls as one locked in a yin yang of creative nurturing
 Feeding each other the building blocks to create and develop
 our own unique creative voice within our own special world

My mother had the gift of creative vision
 In her all knowing subconscious demeanor
 She lit my spark for artistic creation and started
 a wildfire of passion in her all to eager son

Beverly was intimidated by an outside world where her artistic navigation
 faltered inside cages of deep rooted psychological challenges
 My Mother struggled with the reality of the person who she really was
 versus the pseudo reality of the person who she thought my father wanted her to be

But my Mother Beverly Rochlin had a special bond with me, her only son Jeffrey,
 and within that safe zone of love and care she felt free to expose the beautiful
 reality of who Beverly really was
 My Mother blessed me with the rare privilege of knowing her true inner self

I can remember being together for hours playing hangman and working on the various
 creative projects Mom had devised to teach me the power and beauty of words
 Projects designed to explain intuitive concepts as they related to the reality
 of truth and beauty within the framework of learning right from wrong, honesty,
 and good citizenship

In character building parables Mom would tell me about the childhood dreams
 of an impoverished little girl dancing in her prized tap shoes on the tile floor
 in front of a big mirror in the old tenement building where she grew up dreaming
 of singing and dancing her way into the hearts and minds of an adoring public

As a young baby I loved being held in my Mothers arms while she
 loving told me life affirming stories from fairytale worlds of wonder

We spoke softly and lovingly to one another creating our own special world
 where I was Ba-ba and she was Mommala and in her eyes I could see the
 love and feel the warmth of a Mothers unconditional instinct to protect and
 nurture her first born son

Lost inside this tranquility within our own little world, my Mother
 would bath me in a warm tub while singing to me softly,
 "Let me call you sweetheart I'm in love with you"

In those precious moments in time to this very day
 I can reflect on the pure goodness of my Mothers love
 which supercedes all the hurt, pain, and insecurity life
 had to offer Beverly Rochlin on the journey of her lifetime

I will always remember those special moments in time
 when the clarity of our understanding for one another
 was the ultimate force that forged our unconditional bond
 The tenderness of touch, the warmth of a smile
 Words need not be spoken this bond could not be broken

I will never forget a specific incident from a lengthy point in time
 when we were at odds with one another, and in one of those special
 moments of clarity my Mom said to me, "Jeffrey throw out the garbage
 and don't let go!" we both laughed until we cried, and in that instant
 we knew instinctively all was forgotten and forgiven

Remembering Beverly



As a young man struggling with my own muddled psychological insecurities
 I was troubled by my true search for self, but in one instant of clarity,
 my Mother gave me the confidence and self assurance that will last me
 and propel me throughout my darkest times of insecurity, pain, and
 self doubt

As vividly as if it just happened a remembrance of Beverly comes to mind
 After a morning of running errands together, we were driving to one of my
 Moms favorite restaurants for lunch The Cheese Cake Factory in Brentwood

As we drove along in another one of those moments of true clarity
 my Mother Beverly Rochlin looked me straight in the eye with the
 sincerity and conviction of a Mothers pure unconditional love and
 said to me, "Jeffrey I have always known you are truly a genius"

In that instant I became this creative person you see
 standing before you on this stage tonight
 the featured poet at the Cobalt Cafe

Thanks Mom, I know you can see me, look it's your son Jeffrey
 and I am the featured poet at the Cobalt Cafe tonight
 I know you're with me Momma and I owe it all to you
 You told me I'm a genius and thats all I needed to become
 this creative soul you nurtured so lovingly

Look at me Momma I'm the featured poet at the Cobalt
 and I'm so proud to be up here on stage tonight knowing you loved me
 I know you can see me, look it's Ba-ba and I know you're with me
 Mommala, I could not do this without you

The memories of my Mothers love and nurturing inspiration
 kept my creative soul alive
 Because of you sweet Beverly I am the featured poet at the Cobalt Cafe tonight
 I know you're with me, together forever two as one our creativity is limitless
 Thanks Momma I love you unconditionally and forever

Look Mommala it's me Ba-ba featured poet tonight at the Cobalt Cafe

Remembering Beverly I will never forget her beautiful smiling face
 Two kindred spirits bonded in eternal love
 Remembering Beverly, you are with me on stage tonight and always

Remembering Beverly, a recollection of a Mothers affection
 An introspection in your reflection on every facet of my life overflows
 every section in my priceless collection of scrapbooks "Forever
 Remembering Beverly"

Hold me close in warm embrace
 The beauty in my Mothers face
 Memory banks will not erase
 Remembering Beverly

In a warm tub you bathe my skin so soft and gentle
 Sing me songs so soft and sentimental
 "Let me call you sweetheart I'm in Love with you"

You bare witness to my first breath
 I bare witness to your last breath

"Beverly Rochlin Born August 24, 1920---Died September 18, 2004"
 "Beloved Wife, Loving Mother, Beloved Sister and Aunt"
 "Her Smiles Hid Her Fears"
 "I Love You Momma Forever"
 "Forever Rest In Peace"

My parents were first cousins. My grandmothers were sisters. A classic Springer Show long before the genre existed. I guess timing is everything, thank God! Born in Chicago, raised in West L.A.. Alumni of Grandview Elementary, Venice High School, and Pierce College. My fraternity Sigma Delta is the archetype for the movie Animal House. It's all true and then some! Earned my diploma as a graduate of the infamous KIS Broadcasting Workshop. Started performing and still active in the artisaton.com group for the past 5 years. Have a poem "Blood In The City" in a poetry compilation CD, "Unsung" on the now defunct Shattered Music label. Joined ASCAP and currently have a poem "88 Keys" on the CD "A Better Place" recorded by the late great New Orleans piano player Jeff Naideau. Produced in New Orleans by Altered Records and is available through Jeff Naideau.com official website. Child of the sixties influenced by the peace, love, and freedom genre of musical activism. Influenced by the "Last Poets", and the "Beat Generation" of poetic expression. Many singer songwriters such as, Pete Seegar, John Lennon, Woody Guthrie, Bob Dylan, Bob Marley, Phil Ochs, Neil Young, and Joni Mitchell (to name a few) have been my constant muse for the aspiration and inspiration for me to write.

Jeffrey Alan Rochlin

