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## Andrea Neidle: A life in poems

Author:  
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Photo:  
(Stock, Private archive)

Andrea Neidle shared with us that she has always loved poetry and has been writing poems since the age of ten. In her late teens and early twenties, she was a regular reader at poetry workshops in London, alongside such established writers as Bernard Kops, Dannie Abse and Stevie Smith.

She told us her first career was in advertising, where she made her mark as the creative mind behind the original Cadbury's Milk Tray TV commercials. After raising three children, she returned to education, running the Postgraduate Diploma in Advertising at West Herts College in Watford. Her influential book "How to Get into Advertising" grew out of her master's dissertation at the University of London Institute of Education.

Over the years, Andrea's poems have been published in respected journals including The Jewish Quarterly, and she has read her work on BBC Radio 3's Poetry Now, Radio London, and Harlech TV. More recently, Andrea has given public readings at venues across

Bushey, Watford, and beyond – including at EHRS.

As she told us, Andrea is an active member of "Watford Writers," a well-established group of poets and prose writers. Her work was featured in two local anthologies published during the pandemic, and she has also won multiple writing competitions in the Watford area.

Much of Andrea's poetry is drawn from personal experience. Since 2011, she has been sharing her poems, stories, and reflections on her blog My Life in Poems.

[andreaneidle.wordpress.com](http://andreaneidle.wordpress.com)

Andrea says she's always delighted to read her poetry to an audience, so please do get in touch if you belong to a group that would enjoy a poetry reading from her.

Here's a glimpse into her poetic world. For those wishing to dive deeper, her anthology Wonderland is available through her blog.

### The Wailing

A wall like an  
you might say  
Way above us  
the doves of  
Look down at  
the scraps of  
messages left

For this is no  
And these are

When you press  
close to the wall  
it is warm  
and smells of  
who have stood  
and done as

For this is no  
And these are

By my side  
a woman so  
caressing the  
like someone  
I stand a little  
How do you  
if you've never

The air is sweet  
and scented  
and filled with  
of singing a  
Suddenly  
I find myself

For this is no  
And these are

## The Wailing Wall

A wall like any other wall  
you might say.  
Way above us in the cracks  
the doves of peace are sleeping.  
Look down and you will see  
the scraps of paper  
messages left for God.

For this is no ordinary wall  
And these are no ordinary people.

When you put your face  
close to the wall  
it is warm  
and smells of all those  
who have stood here before  
and done as you are doing.

For this is no ordinary wall  
And these are no ordinary people.

By my side  
a woman sobs and prays  
caressing the wall with her hands  
like someone blind.  
I stand a little lost  
How do you pray  
if you've never prayed before?

The air is sweet  
and scented and warm  
and filled with the sound  
of singing and sobbing  
Suddenly  
I find myself crying.

For this is no ordinary wall  
And these are no ordinary people.

## This C

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and l  
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askir  
grave  
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Vere  
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Sab  
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### This Candle

This candle I light because we are without power. I nurse our new born son in the dark.

This candle I light because it is my birthday. Make a secret wish. Don't tell a soul or else it won't come true.

This candle I light just for fun. And because I like its fragrance.

This candle I light for romance.

This candle I light in a student bedsit and listen to the gravelly voice of Bob Dylan for the very first time.

This candle I light in a village church asking for prayers for someone gravely ill. I've never done this before.

This candle I light is a centre piece at our firstborn's wedding feast.

This candle I light at the opera in Verona. A giant amphitheatre lit by a thousand candles glowing in the dark.

This candle I light to welcome in the Sabbath. We break bread, drink wine and count our blessings.

This candle I light in memory of a loved one on the anniversary of their passing.

This candle I light to remember all the loved ones we have lost during Covid.

This candle I light for all the dead souls of Ukraine. May their memory be a blessing.

This candle I light as a Memorial for the 6 million men, women and children who were murdered in the Holocaust just for being Jewish.

This candle I light for all the Palestinian people used as human shields by Hamas terrorists in Gaza.

This candle I light for all the families in Israel who were torn apart on October 7th 2023.

This candle I light for all those who were brutally raped, mutilated, murdered and burnt alive by Hamas terrorists on 7th October.

This candle I light for all those men, women, children and babies who are still being held hostage in Gaza by Hamas.

This candle I light to light all the other candles on the eight branched Chanukah menorah that belonged to my mother.

This candle I light is a symbol of love and peace and hope and grief and remembrance.

This candle I light today.