

**LYNX**  
A Journal for Linking Poets

XVII:3 October, 2002

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## **BOOK REVIEWS:**

Collected Tanka of AKITSU EI translated by Leza Lowitz and Miyuki Aoyama. Just click on the title to see what you think of this book.

The New Haiku, edited by John Barlow & Martin Lucas. Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS, United Kingdom. ISBN: 1-903543-03-7. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 224 pages, Preface by John Barlow, Introduction by Martin Lucas, An Introduction to the Origins, Mechanics and Aesthetics of English-language Haiku by John Barlow, Resources, Authors' Biographies, and Index of First Lines. £9.95 US\$15.00.

Canoe Cheia – The Full Canoe by Rosa Clement. Edited by Jerry Jenkins. Helionaut Press, Louisville, Kentucky: 2002. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 36 pages, US\$7.95. Contact Rosa S. Clement, Rua Pe. Antonio Vieira 126, 69.011 Manaus, AM, Brazil / Brasil.

Eucalypts and Iris Streams: Poems by Amelia Fielden, translated by Saeko Ogi. Charwood, Australia, Ginninderra Press: 2002. ISBN: 1-74027130 0. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 120 pages, English – Japanese. Contact for more information. M.A.Fielden,10 Delasala Drive,Macquarie Hills,N.S.W.2285 Australia,for US\$10,including airmail postage.

The Tree It Was by Sandra Fuhringer. King's Road Press, 148 King's Road, Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada, H9R 4H4. Saddle-stapled, 16 pages, 8.5 x 5.5, US\$2.00 ppd.

How Fast the Ground Moves by D. Claire Gallagher. Saki Press, Normal, IL: 2001. The Virgil Hutton Haiku Memorial Award Chapbook Contest Winner 2001 – 2002. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 4.25 inches, 20 pages, \$5.00 ppd. Contact D. Claire Gallagher.

Wolf Walk by R. Gray. Philadelphia, Pa, Infinity Publishing.com:2002. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5, unnumbered pages, \$9.95. ISBN: 0-7414-1182-2. Contact or call toll-free (877) BUY BOOK.

Blush of Winter Moon by Patricia J. Machmiller. Jacaranda Press, San Jose, CA, 2001. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 9 inches, 100 pages, sumi-e by Mary Hill, translations into Japanese by Kiyoko Tokutomi. \$16.00 plus \$2.50 for mailing in the US and Canada. It can be ordered from amazon.com or jacarand.com.

just enough light: Haiku and Tanka by June Moreau. Koyama Press, 84750 St. Martin de Castillon, France: 2002. Hand-tied, 16 pages, 10 x 13 inches, handmade paper. US\$15.00 plus \$6.00 air postage.

Sun Leaves by Predrag Pešič. Published under the auspices of the haiku magazine Lotos in Smederevo, Srbija, Yugoslavia. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 56 pages, bilingual Slovenian and English. Contact Predrag Pesic, Prote Mateje 86/1, 11300 Smederevo, Srbija,

Candy in the Rain by Edin Saračević. Haiku Balkan, Kranj, Slovenija: 2001. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 76 pages, tri-lingual, US\$10.00 ppd. Contact Edin Janeza Puharja 6, 4000 Kranj, Slovenia.

If Someone Asks. . . by The Shiki-Kinen Museum English Volunteers. Published by the Matsuyama Municipal Shiki-Kinen Museum, 1-30 Dogo Koen, Matsuyama City, 790-0857 . Perfect bound, 8.5 x5.5, 76 pages, illustrations, a biography of Shiki's life, 124 haiku in English and Japanese.

Discovering English Ghazal and Uncovering English Ghazal: Journeys into Poetic Forms, Volumes I and II of Series I by Erin A. Thomas. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5 inches 34 pages in each. Contact: Erin A. Thomas, 657 Leslie Street, Ukiah, CA 95482.

**LETTERS:** David Bachelor, Debi Bender, Francine Porad, Marlene Mountain, Carlos Colón  
**CONTESTS AND COLLECTIONS:** Call for Submissions To A Tea Anthology, The Japan Tanka Poets' Association contest for the 4th International Tanka Convention in Bangkok, Thailand, and TANKA SPLENDOR deadline is September 30th.

**PARTICIPATION Renga** by AB - Alice Benedict; CC - Carlos Colón; CF - Vikki Maldonado; cg - Cindy Guntherman; CSK - Carol Stroh Kemp; dht - Doris H. Thurston; DR - David Rice; DWP - Darrel W. Parry; EF - Eric Folsom; ESJ - Elizabeth St Jacques; FA - Fay Aoyagi, FP - Francine Porad; FPA - Francis (Paul) Attard; GD - Gene Doty; GM - Giselle Maya; GR - George Ralph; JAJ -Jean Jorgensen; JC -Jeanne Cassler; JMB - John M. Bennett; JR - Jane Reichhold; JS -John Sheirer; JSJ - Joyce Sandeen Johnson; KCL - Kenneth C. Leibman; LCG - Larry Gross; LE - Lesley Einer; LJ - Lael Johnson; MHH - Madeline Hoffer; ML - Minna Lerman; MM - Marianne Marks; MWM - Mary Wittry-Mason; N - Nika; NA -Nasira Alma; PC - Penny Crosby; PGC - Pamela Connor; PJS - P.J. Sharpe; PS - Pat Shelley; R - Ronan; RF - Robert Flannery; SCH - Suzette Hains, SD - Simon Doubleday; SMC - Steve McComas; TLG -Terri Lee Grell; TV - Teresa Volz; TW - Tundra (Jim Wilson) Wind; WEG - Elliot Greig; WR - Werner Reichhold; YH - Yvonne Hardenbrook; ZP - Zane Parks.

## SYMBIOTIC POETRY

### APPROACHING SPRING

Fay Aoyagi - renkumaster

Roger Abe

Donnalynn Chase

Anne Homan

June Hopper Hymas

Patricia J. Machmiller

Carol Steele

Kiyoko Tokutomi

Alison Woolpert

the measured advance  
of each gray-green wave  
approaching spring

jhh

Young strawberry plants  
float on shimmer of plastic

dc/cs

soap bubbles -  
child's peaked hairdo  
causes shrieks

aw

from the police station door  
he walks to a reggae beat

ra

a circus tiger  
looks up at the moon  
then deeply sighs

fa

fog covers the city  
up to the 50th floor

pjm

autumn dream  
flying through colored leaves  
with bird's wings

ah

the dancer's program  
ends with a steamy move

ah

matching cutoffs and  
identical tattoos, but  
their earrings differ

jhh

alone in a hotel  
sleeping on her side  
of the bed

dc

rainy day - boys and girls up and down on the trampoline	kt
Afghanistan - who is not fighting?	ah
leftover pie still smells delicious - summer moon	kt
as the windsock shifts the hum of lightning	ra
father of lies the diligent shredder of Enron	ra
demons chasing her she's caught in old lace	cs
cherry tree too spindly to blossom maybe next year	kt
a three-headed kite dips and darts to everyone's Ah. . .	pjm
earthmover stuck in the muddy road my good intentions	ah
who in hell cares? she sets her watch back	aw
tires screeching the octogenarians flee the TPed house	ra
how do they carve these Chinese rugs?	jhh
ice fishing - my grandson so excited he can hardly talk	jhh
the owl's head turns almost a complete revolution	aw

bonfire flames  
rising higher through the lens  
of a whiskey bottle ra

the famous painting  
of the gypsy lovers ah

new romance  
she has to move her car  
before he can leave aw

hidden by their white lab coats  
they steal feels in the stockroom dc

the moon so close  
it might fall  
into the boat jhh

friends preparing sushi  
a lone cricket sings cs

gathering mushrooms  
what about the ones  
by the front door? ra

new possibilities with  
teeth recently cleaned dc

just a short walk  
to not fall too far behind  
Monastery Beach ra

back country road  
winding through the hills ah

the petals fall  
where they will  
so step lightly aw

as if to touch the sky  
I pump the swing fa

Written on February 16, 2002 at Monterey Dunes, California

## **TWICKENHAM HOMESTEAD**

Catherine Mair

Patricia Prime

ceramic vase's riderless horses  
slightly tarnished - the waitress's silver tray  
selecting radishes from the salad with my fingers  
red hot poker's looking decidedly green  
on the bread roll's crust a hint of lipstick  
girl's matching pink clothes, hair tie & backpack  
sun shining on the "nursery this way" sign  
arranged on the wall a row of walking sticks  
"beverage selection" still displayed on our table  
on the backs of chairs - winter jackets  
tinkle of dropped cutlery from the kitchen  
too busy eating, we've no time to talk  
politics drawing out their lunch  
empty plates - only the lettuce remains

## **THE DAY'S SHAPE**

Catherine Mair

Patricia Prime

sunshine at last  
catching the leaves  
bent from the storm's blast:  
I escape his voice  
rambling on about cars & boats

the day's shape  
changes with a 'phone call:  
sun's up & lamb with apricots  
simmer in the crock-pot -  
yes, we can wait

white-faced heron  
stalks the river bank  
dipping its beak -  
restrained by her lead  
the dog is subdued

evening walk  
jogging along in front  
my daughter's white socks  
disappear  
into the distance

## **THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN**

Giselle Maya  
Jane Reichhold

a worn mountain trail  
shaggy trunk rising  
frost-covered cypress

through falling snow  
the glow on hiker's faces

serpentine spirals  
from the earth energy drawn  
limbs swiftly reviving

leaves drifting down  
their circles in the air

chance meeting at dusk  
the moon sways through brilliant clouds  
sharing from the heart

letters exchanged over the sea  
the stamp of the crane's art

back to school  
the older woman wins  
a student's praise

shadows of shaven heads  
on the shoji

lovers' itch  
the tryst in the meadow  
no longer romantic

hands become bees, deer, sacred  
beings dance the world

incense curls  
I remember nothing  
forget everything

still sitting on the zafu  
clouds come and go

in the heat  
the moon shimmers  
a blessing

ripe raspberries  
from hand to mouth

a scratching sound  
the lost children freeze  
with wide eyes

the desert story teller's  
hands become eagles

endangered  
still the cherry petals fall  
among the roots

the dark crumbly earth of spring  
scooped up in my palms

turning the soil  
a lively worm wriggling  
out of sight

the snail disappears  
into a whirlpool of shell

luminous clay vessel  
raised for an instant  
by earth-crackled hands

grandmother's heritage silver  
lining the festive table

a white candle  
lit by an almost burned one  
dead of winter

an evergreen lends itself  
to be our Christmas tree

gleam from the kama  
teabowl received as a gift  
filled with sunlight gold

how I loved him  
and yet he left so little

finding my shadow  
and moving along with it  
year of the horse

power and freedom  
perfectly balanced

across the moon's face  
cloud dragon tilting  
with glittering branches

loud on the radio  
suicide bombers again

the hollow  
in the World Trade Center  
towers

a rabbit stops and stares  
into monstrous headlights

the picnic place  
you cannot go back to  
childhood

glistening grasshopper  
traversing a lily leaf

not yet blooming  
the colors of sleep  
within the bulb

for the sole sake of the dance  
cat stalks wind-born leaves

February 27 to March 16, 2002

**PROBABLY: Three 'real' renga sorta**

Marlene Mountain - Tennessee

Francine Porad - Washington

first snow therefore 1/7-12/02

first snow therefore first snow in therefore at home as usual

art opening at one table Leon & Teiko, Taeko, tacha\*

haiku book in english but i can't bear to find the right moment

he brags: fastest in the world at 1.5 gigahertz

a shrub's life 'not over my dead body will they raise your taxes'

obituary: A Celebration! Please bring a memory.

'My mom toled me a kupal days latter so I new just to tell you.'

mailbox farther down the blacktop below freezing

dressed for Siberia to find IRS 1040 Forms and Instructions

a nondrip-dry blanket hangs out as the roof drips dry

sunglasses block the bright glare reflecting off wet pavement

basho nor i base all form on a crow in autumn dusk

abstract painting my search for a dreamy image to use as title

computer icons shy of those which mean hard work

'Oh! you take the high road and I'll take the low road...' contented

hockey dad's son testifies to save his and his hides

women today's heroes sign onto [www.angelarmsworks.com](http://www.angelarmsworks.com)

the three faces of eve\*\* one's named jane

ice-melt will a 2000-year-old church truly root out its pedophiles  
'out of the closet' with Alzheimer's  
those far-off dirt patches i think of you and thank you my pretties  
latest non-digital photos flying your way  
homemade soup well homemade in that i cut up the vegetables  
all of us with food issues candy under the couch  
run dick run or go deeper into that bunker investigations begin  
biorhythms I'd rather research the rhythm system  
what's with the weather have humans destroyed the seasons  
paranoia close to Seattle flesh-eating bacteria  
almost a thousand bucks on the beagle the vet can't go figure

'a case of rage' 234 stab wounds  
sanctuary converted to live-in studios hot-hued window sashes  
buddhas put up and taken down by extremists  
breaking news in the mood to indulge my VCR addiction now  
repressed creativity repressed creatively  
a gift of encouragement HSA Merit Book Award First Place\*\*\*  
to be understood midwinter

\*Devoted couple Leon Applebaum and artist wife, Teiko Shimizaki, one never seen without the other. They often escort Taeko, a writer friend, to art functions. Tacha (Yiddish) means emphatically this is so.

\*\*1957 film

\*\*\*to find the words, Haiku Society of America Northwest Region Members' Anthology 2000; art by Francine Porad

storm headed this way 1/22-26/02

quick trip for blood draw and med pickup storm headed this way pell-mell

computer break leaves raked from nature icons

down to bare concrete on the entryway Big Bad Wolf doing his darnedest\*

in the bowels of enron all this time dick with a shredder

WARNING: I HAVE AN ATTITUDE I KNOW HOW TO USE bumper sticker

ego written on the losing player's racket

the fire dies out a chill returns in the afternoon quarreling of crows

lawsuit settled U.S. military women minus abayah\*\*

superiority and righteousness ingrained in the mouths of countries a to z

beginning reader self-congratulations

to make up for too many love & miss you poems i've turned to sarcasm

hardly trivial trivia: Laotians don't press lips

out of reach to the media the 'x-ray' camp of whatever they're called

better off than hundreds of thousands dying of hunger

a creature of the night up the wall to leftover bird seed on the ledge

wide-eyed stray cat thirty-mile winds

a battery that won't go belongs to a woman who doesn't wanna go

Hawaii photo viewed with longing the Texan's grin

entry arrives a western theme painting for an abstract exhibit

bath color-combo only matisse could inspire

full tub of hot water he claims he's turned into a block of ice  
not more snow and more snow more rain and more rain  
three teatjerkers in a row oh dear! tearjerkers three tearjerkers  
just a hard-hitting haiku with a romantic sunset  
Valentine's Day wedding planner books a tropical island rendezvous  
condit on the campaign trail did he become innocent  
Murder She Wrote little does he know he has four minutes to live  
heaved from the earth the impatience of green and me  
truly annoying/enraging posts on World News Speak Out board  
freedom of speech in a dry spell maybe on Mondays

toward the full moon when even more clashes rise up in arms  
turmoil abroad my sunshine Jay at the door  
juice from a grapefruit edge off a bunch of refuse-to-work things  
unrestrained abandon frenzied dance to jazz  
accompanied by the splatter of mud to the little valley i crave  
God and Mother Nature hand in glove

\*Spellcheck suggests 'damnedest'

\*\* traditional long robe worn in Saudi Arabia similar to Afghan burqa

conversation 1/27-2/1/2002

telephone wires loaded with first snow and conversation

sixty-one new scans for the website idle hands

seated in front of the monitor what happened to yesterday

a moan and a couple of groans as i miss the sun

pan group tightwad circles on his but we love him just the same [sic]

two-inch daffodil sprouts not likely to tame this shrew

steam rises from the pond footprints scuffled around the edge

mottled mounds of ice like some outer-space landscape

bordered by little hills that only go up i forget to be on high alert

somewhere in Afghanistan? Marci's pilot friend

loyalty to one's right-or-wrong country the only brainwashing allowed

I ignore politics today a passion for trees

winter off track what will these early buds get for their effort

living room-dining room-kitchen-and-hall walk around

a quiet evening a few red walls in a red house somehow fitting

new paintings in a row for my appraisal

piles of leaves hand-raked from the primrose patches by the path

a light dusting of flakes on dampened flagstone

tempting groceries from a big shopping spree dinner at 4:00 p.m.

it's the economy dubya

the duty of citizenship patriotism is not a four-letter word

roots 25th-anniversary rerun of the struggle to survive\*

to know oneself list 10 defining moments 7 choices made 5 people\*\*

next time i could tell him oh go fly a kigo

should I start a haiku with 'dead of winter' or 'borne on the breeze'

intrigue on the airwaves the eroticism of sabers  
discussion of lovemaking for one...lovemaking for two and three  
just across the road their brush fire out of control  
tantrum a little kid kicks her mom's hand off the steering wheel  
a long day unable to think aloud or 'unaloud'

from habit just one meal a trout rises to the weather of an insect  
photos of stream steelhead in Fishing News  
eyes of the oxeye daisies in the jumble spring's to sort through  
neighbor's gift plant clumps surround our yard  
a cold snap in february but nothing planned re groundhog shadows  
Valentine's Day along with love Maui sunshine

\*based on the book by Alex Haley

\*\*Dr. Phil McGraw, Self Matters: Creating Your Life From Inside Out

### **WEIGHTED AIR**

#11 one-line linked haiku

Francine Porad

Marlene Mountain

country air weighted with summer and angst a year since 9/11  
suspended from school with her 'war sucks' t-shirt  
recycling books a friend covets The Complete Works of Shakespeare  
old ideas remain in the old-fashioned daylily  
plump tomatoes part green part red what can I say that a bee hasn't  
in a patch of soil only mother nature and i could love

wouldn't do 'til the world learned the found teenagers were raped  
reality and fantasy on TV double-sided coin  
past midnight the computer wants another game of dominoes  
don't call him 007 we meet Jim Bond  
hyped charges dropped he was overtaken by god not terrorism  
prayer day world peace an impossible dream  
new yellow bulb for the porch still moths flutter in their patterns  
birds twitter over the dauntless Blue Angels maneuver  
reflected at the pond's edge something within the milkweed family  
speaking of family the whole bunch on hand to party  
too hot to talk too hot to listen most of the week goes by alone  
hometown...remembered houses smaller

a noisy tractor clears the hillside leaving two trees centered  
'fight fire with fire' gone up in western flames  
removed from Seattle airport foreigner with razors in his shoes  
cut-back stems another inch toward winter  
August trip to Oregon with a bachelor alongside Mount Bachelor  
raw garlic and cucumbers how 'bout a big smooch  
we like the GP's advice: ignore fluctuating blood data  
still in a bucket rescued irises  
kindergarten eye chart Brian sings out 'heart...star...flag'  
a somewhat bright thought falls on no one around  
'new blue jeans with spreadid pink dert thats how thay come'

fingerprint the world just in case

identified flying object does she carry that spooky west Nile virus

a spider climbs our grapevine or is it Jack's beanstalk

whatever the mainstream i'm up a creek with touch-me-nots

his brand of shorthand: tanx 4 all yr efforts fra

haiku chat group someone still clings to the work ethic of 5-7-5

prelude to serenity looking up then inward

notes:

2) Katie Sierra

3) The Complete Works of Shakespeare (italics)

29) IceCreamKiddo describes a favorite outfit

Started: August 1, 2002 Ended: Aug 14, 2002

### **DID DUBYA SAY**

#10 one-line haiku

Marlene Mountain

Francine Porad

did dubya say bin could run but not hide or hide but not run

Afghans advised to sleep with one eye open

an ear to the sweet ground as nuke talk flies through the air

snowflakes just starting to fall

mushy haiku for the old editor who'd probably say not quite

'will consider new material with a fresh eye'

'on the offensive' can be offensive depends on one's point of view

taped to the door of the 'run-in' photos of dead deer

from different countries but looking the same anguished women  
full of themselves two men shake hands  
mission of envoy Zinni...for artists the journey is the destination  
down the slick road backwards until tomorrow maybe  
St. Patrick's Day at the theater Irish dancers' precision tapping  
what's left of the sun on what's left of colored shirts  
mail pickup service down to one a day my car alone on the street  
i've nothing new to say but slower at it  
on my mind Palestinian children filled with the disease of hate  
spooky how gods showed up

true to form after the yellow crocuses a bunch of purples  
so many hues and shades in the box of pastels  
the tone of his speech borders on stupidity no doubt re the rest  
try reading AOL International News Message Boards  
back to capitalized nature if the rain weren't so capitalized  
bare branches cast long shadows  
too early thoughts of hot pepper seeds in a napkin somewhere  
at least one cockle of my heart warmed  
feuding brothers more to feud about as one wants to build a bridge  
Jeff and Jay like as well as love each other  
my least favorite errand to leave the land for any reason  
paradox of wanderlust and wanting to stay home  
  
just learned 'I' own Bush, the U. S. government, media and movies

don't want a pardon but how 'bout a loan  
yours for the asking I like to help people realize their dreams  
'operation candyman' a pack of pedophiles busted  
torn into smaller and smaller pieces the concept of one world  
neat and clean again before reptiles and females  
Started: 3/14/02 Ended: 3/19/02

## **WHITE FLOWERS**

Micheline Beaudry  
Daniel Py

the plum tree  
its white flowers over  
my fence

a pregnant woman's dress  
swells on the clothes line

the moon  
finishes dawn  
in the lime-tree

preparing herbal tea  
in the fresh study room

murmuring accomplice  
throughout the night  
the computer fan

clear summer morning  
shadows glide on the fridge

cardinal's song  
while taking my first coffee  
another day

over black undies  
she puts on a flowery dress  
to go to mass

## UNI - SHUFFLINGS

Words by Richard Kostelanetz,  
composition and typography by Werner Reichhold

I

Night

Thing

Junta   jaunt

live  
veil  
vile

EVIL

P o s t a g e

G e s t a p o

parent  
e n t r a p

flesh   wrong  
shelf   grown

printer   reprint  
finger   fringe

bowel  
below  
elbow

obverse  
observe  
verbose

g l o s s  
s l o g s

II

Nest    Nets  
sent    tens

thicken kitchen  
snail slain  
slug lugs  
lump plum

peels

s l e e p

sphere  
herpes

Step pets Pest

o r d e r l e s s

s o l d e r e r s

spoon snoop

keen  
knee

seldommodels

III

OPUS SOUP

mope poem

spas pass

mansion o n a n I s m

bars bras

WHORES SHOWER

SPICE

EPICS

ginger  
nigger

kind  
dink

NEOTERIC ERECTION

purest  
erupts

remote

METEOR

IV

CHANT NATCH

hoes  
hose  
s h o e  
cork rock

snober bors ropes

LION Loin  
Argue Auger  
(outside tedious  
couth touch)  
S m e l t M e l t s

Net Ten  
serve veers  
knitsstink

V

Bugle Bulge

law awl  
defer  
f r e e d

Alpines Spaniel

Own now won  
slowness snowless

carp - crap  
builder rebuild  
I s m s miss

pot North  
top Thorn

Break Brake Baker

VI

LAST SALT SLAT  
(dusty study)

fighter freight  
jets jest  
dingy dying  
slag  
lags  
gals

MINUTE MINUET  
p a c e  
cape  
t a s t e  
t e a t s  
s t a t e  
corns scorn

eat

ate

tea

plane

panel

VII

ScitITCH

same seam mesa  
war raw  
sleuth hustle

NOISIER SENIOR  
(dozen zoned) protein pointer  
kiss skis  
weld

lewd

Dawn      Wand  
Faker      Freak

## **SOLO WORKS**

### **GHAZALS**

#### **DUMPLINGS**

Ruth Holzer

The dumpling you may eat in a dream  
are warm and tasty, but still a dream.

Annihilation angel, his embrace forever  
devoted to dust, arose in a dream.

For a castle, it's not so bad a castle  
where they almost died of love – it was a dream.

The real mailman races across town to deliver  
another of your letters – bahalom – in a dream.

Press to your face, Ruth, that yellow sweater,  
his chaos ray of sun, and wake from your dream.

#### **A FACE IN THE CROWD**

Ruth Holzer

Pale men in black overcoats seek others in the crowd  
for afternoon prayers, and worship in a crowd.

Ladies chat and wave – PEACE NOW -  
while looking for handsome strangers in the crowd.

Children of privilege are collection coins  
in buckets for victims, begging through the crowd.

Ten thousand, straining to hear the distant oration -  
ten thousand opinions in the crowd.

You are there too, Ruth, holding a white flag  
with a blue star, you are lost and found in this crowd.

## **NORTH**

Andrew MacArthur

Like a truant bird returned to North,  
your naked face is turned toward North.

In many sparrows you'll weigh your worth,  
passing above from South to North.

In time you'll know how pleasures drown.  
An icy stream flows down from North.

You'll find that pain s not far from pleasure:  
Tight longitudes must measure North.

So Andrew s Northern Lights must fall;  
his compass needle pull toward North.

## **PAPER**

Andrew MacArthur

He opens with a snap, the paper.  
His deadly pointer taps the paper.

Each village, town, city or harbor  
is captured with a slap on paper.

He lists the wounded, missing and dead.  
In War, the lost are mapped on paper.

Like boys who play with sticks and brooms  
and homemade Tricorn caps of paper,

We fashion versions out of words  
and lose the truth that's trapped in paper.

## **CYCLE**

Andrew MacArthur

In Spring, the cyclists surround your town:  
This is a pattern found in towns.

The patter of spokes, a tire's hiss:  
These sounds are common now in town.

If stars approach, their light will miss.  
Dark rains have soaked the grounds in town.

No stars, no moons, no suns exist:  
A pleasing mist beclouds your town.

I ride your names around. I kiss.  
This is my pattern in some towns.

## **LIVING WATERS**

Erin Thomas

Roaring voice of nature sings in the crashing waves,  
Full might of her heart expressed through the dashing waves.

Despite their all encompassing thunder of din,  
What wonderful peace is wrought by the clashing waves!

Nature's essence reified as living waters,  
Her spirit flows in the sanative plashing waves.

Unparalleled in all the lands upon the earth,  
Beauty unbridled forth leaps in foam flashing waves.

Ageless bound in dance with the encircling moon,  
So rise and fall in succession the smashing waves.

What, of all viable forces, could inspire more  
Than the sheer power and grace of the pashing waves?

Steadily shaped through the endless courses of time,  
Ever reformed are the shores by great lashing waves.

Often, alone, has Zahhar stood watching in awe  
Terrible wonder and life of the thrashing waves.

## **ROAD**

Erin Thomas

Ever there spanned the long wending road;  
Stretching aloft a life mending road.

Expanses unknown stirred mighty goad,  
Spurring ventures along trending road.

Drifting alone with great mental load  
Lost on vastness of peace lending road.

Changing lands made for phasing abode  
Beneath shifting skies of sending road.

Hopes found new form through steady erode  
Of useless views from strength spending road.

Mid moving seasons wandering strode  
Zahhar in learning on tending road.

## **EXPLOITATIONS**

Erin Thomas

The masses, forever by greed exploited,  
Like the blind follow on and cede, exploited.

At turns, each and all, formal texts are revised,  
And made to pay, starved students read, exploited.

Allusions to high fulfillment advertised,  
For vapors the unwitting bleed, exploited.

Despite advances, wondrous, in medicine,  
The impoverished die in their need, exploited.

Deep within their hearts an ageless blame instilled,  
The oppressed of soul live their creed, exploited.

Sadly seduced by a deeply wicked charm,  
On deadly smoke the enslaved feed, exploited.

Lands rich in resource swayed by greater powers,  
In hopeless vain their peoples plead, exploited.

Wishing he had strength to change humanity,  
Zahhar would see not one more deed exploited.

## **HAIBUN**

### **CASHEW**

Garry LeBel

A grueling week. One hundred or more degrees on the paper machine floor. Hours spent waiting

for one inspection. Ache of feet in leather workboots. Sweat-drenched clothes. And now home.

With a heart as big as the world, our dog greets me at the driveway before my children do. In his high-pitched whine, a thousand tomes of re-acquaintance. I always kneel down to level our heads as he plants his long-eared muzzle into the curve of my left shoulder, and then waits patiently for me to complete with my arm the circle of arrival. In two minutes' time he's told me all he knows, which is more than I've gained from a week-long social contract.

Our children each have friends over and there is joy in all the added, clamorous youth in the house. My wife does her artwork as summer light bathes the room in blue-smoke shadows, breezes lifting the paper on which she works. Words of catching up.

Wandering in the kitchen, I notice a can of cashews on the counter. On the side panel, their exotic origins are dully listed: Brazil, Vietnam, India, Indonesia. Images rush in like the sudden flood of a heart's misstep, all vicarious the trilling of strange tongues, scent of ancient flexing cities, the colors of doorways, roads flanked with shimmering lines of palms.

Eating a handful, a suddenly richer taste. What luxury! these things we take so completely for granted, food from distant places, rarities that once divided publicus from imperium, spread out upon a noble Roman's table.

Evening wind brings a refreshing coolness and I stand with eyes closed, listening as it builds, crests and falls among the young leaves of the old poplar beside our house. Pan's flute: the god we invented to remind us from time to time that we're not born with shoes.

a cashew: to think  
that within its moon-curved shape  
are the suns and skies  
of all those infinite worlds  
that begin with this street

June 27

Just returned from Dublin, GA

### **Excerpt from HER ALONE**

(a journal kept as my daughter sojourns three months alone  
in the high Sierra Mountains)

Jane Reichhold

Saturday 7/6/02

Today, as I follow Heidi's path across the map, I see she crosses the San Joaquin River to enter the Ansel Adams Wilderness. How young our country is to be giving large patches of landscape the name of someone who has lived in my lifetime. I even know people who knew Ansel Adams well - Mary and Jim Alinders worked for him and were friends with him in his last years. And yet great mountains and deep valleys bear the name (and refuse to name the bears) from this photographer. Will Heidi's camera know the connections through which it is being carried? Are there spirits in these lands that have been colored by a human existence? Only she can find out for me and she goes there alone. I have to trust

what she has learned in her lifetime, what she has learned beyond my small influence, and trust that if she is not adequately prepared, she will get a second chance.

somewhere on earth  
blazing gold and quenching purple  
dust is the secret  
like men and women shadows walk  
the sun went down and no one watched

## **HAIKU SEQUENCE**

For Eunice Baumann Nelson  
**INDIAN ISLAND, OLD TOWN MAINE**  
Barbara Robidoux

Last of her kind  
wild orchid blooming  
in winter.

Raven hair gone white  
memory flown away  
the loon cries on the river.

We laugh at ourselves  
eating fresh strawberry pie  
with plastic forks.

Chain smoking  
"Indians don't die of lung cancer"  
tobacco is sacred.

"Tell me when she leaves"  
I make her daughter promise  
and I will sing her home.

## **SOLO RENGA**

**AMONG RUINS**  
Miriam Sagan

Mushroom rocks,  
alkaline washed soil -

far mesa

playing twenty questions  
on the empty highway

Bible Church -  
Health Center -  
in Navajo

one sign sells:  
lottery tickets, fireworks

sad young couple  
caressing  
by a truck

my daughter's stuffed animals  
on the motel bed

gray sculpted badlands  
black crow -  
unrelenting blue

I don't get up to see  
balloons float above the lake

white jimson flower -  
in the ruined wall, green line  
of river stones

granary  
opening into  
empty granary

keyhole shaped kiva  
full of grass

the ant people  
underfoot of  
tourists

blue tail of the lizard  
flicks into shadow

my only child  
on the top of  
the ferris wheel

thorn through my sneaker

draws blood

Peruvian flute  
among tamarisk trees  
swollen river

Shiprock monolith  
sailing on desert

power plant smoke -  
jetplane leaves a trail -  
smudged sky

my hair so long  
I have to hold it  
out of the way

making love to you  
on the unfamiliar bed

picnicking  
among ruins  
again

little city of stone  
sleeps

swallows -  
round towers without tops  
in the cliff's alcove

a vision of the past  
across yellow mustard fields

what I gave -  
what I took -  
and this...

snow-capped peaks  
plum blossoms in the valley

the old couple  
plots their route on the map  
held between them

golden carp  
in the geothermal pool

mineral

stalagmite rising  
from the hot spring

Japanese tourists  
snap us instead

little apricot  
tree completely covered  
in green fruit

black cat regards us  
as if we had never gone

white guinea pig  
baby nurses  
its brown mother

empty mailbox -  
flag down -

asleep on the couch  
dreaming of ladders  
into the earth

how beautiful the mountains  
look in the rear view mirror.

Farmington, NM--Aztec--Cortez, CO.--Mesa Verde--Pagosa Springs--Santa Fe

## **SIJO**

### **CASCADA**

Debra Woolard Bender

Guitar music makes me weep, exquisite strings give me away.  
I'm cast as tides upon far-flung shores into places, stolen...  
Stolen again, this gypsy heart once danced to notes like these.

lover's moon  
though untouchable  
in my eyes

## **COMING HOME**

Victor Gendrano

("...morir es descansar"- Jose Rizal)

I've traveled many highways  
rugged, winding and worn-out hills

climbed steep mountains and distant vales  
crossed the seas in turmoil and peace;

now my journey is almost done  
home awaits for final rest

## **SOLDIER'S WIFE**

Victor Gendrano

She fingers absent-mindedly  
her diamond wedding ring

as she listens to their love song  
in the autumn afternoon.

Has it been that long already  
that he was sent to the front?

## **TANKA**

passionate bees  
stroking the thistle flower  
it is enough  
now to imagine  
your return

resting  
in the sunshine  
beneath the cottonwoods  
feeling the play  
of shadows on my face

high mountain meadow  
red-winged blackbirds  
call, flutter, mate  
you and I once  
walked in a spring park

in today's mail  
there was another rejection  
she phones  
and tells me  
she needs to talk

David Bachelor

**TANKA**

Debra Woolard Bender

Deep night sleeps  
not, but wraps, softly  
around places  
black, between our limbs,  
the fragrance of jasmine.

Growing up  
with A-bomb ceiling  
in my bedroom,  
I dreamt of falling stars  
at the end of the world.

This taper burns  
down to a tallow pool,  
melting away,  
I open my hand, released  
to a curl of smoke.

**I READ AUTUMN POEMS**

Tom Clausen

a few leaves left

on the tree  
and me here unable to live  
with or without  
the love I so desperately sought

for ten years  
we've come to this lake  
for vacation-  
in the camera this year  
your smile a little less

in protest  
the dog sleeps off  
it's pillow on the hard floor,  
what shall I do  
to signal all that bothers me?

out of view  
I read autumn poems  
while my wife talks to a friend  
their light laughter  
lifts me from the page

I keep it ambiguous  
knowing full well  
a defined reason  
for feeling down  
can be dismissed

this long parade  
of selves  
morphing day by day,  
the comfort of cats  
so many through the years

it was the way  
she snapped at me,  
caught looking in the trash,  
our trash, my God  
at our house

without knowing why  
this Sunday morning  
I feel like being alone  
under a big top tent  
with nothing there to see...

the price to fly  
perhaps there

in the birds beak,  
such tiny morsels  
all day long

hugging  
perhaps too long  
but not long enough  
to remember  
her name

~\*~

morning glories  
enliven the view along  
the road to work  
everyday this old wish  
to pick some for my office

plastic daisies  
on the coffee table hold  
a bee for some time  
I can't teach it the way  
to my garden's blossoms

a dark trail  
lined by lily blossoms  
and no moon  
it's safe to trust the flowers  
to guide one's way

Rosa Clement

in the soft clear sky  
the shrub leaves  
seem to be outlined -  
a seagull disappears  
on the horizon

with opened wings  
the sparrows bathe  
in hot sand -  
my old schoolmaster says  
that rain is approaching

for the first time  
reading the manuscripts  
of a great poet -  
should I believe the trembling ink  
or the verses full of hope?

Coman Sonia Cristina

scientists say the blend  
of all lights in the universe  
is cosmic green  
here at Joe's Deli my daughter  
holds out a dollar

as dinner guests we  
are too polite to mention  
invisible sand  
clings to leaves in these mouthfuls  
chafing our conversation

flock of turkey hens  
gathers in morning on hill  
gold uterine gourds  
cluster on kitchen table  
where women sip tea and talk

Sandra L. Graff

pa said to ma  
excuse Momi from house chores  
she has a brain  
now in second childhood  
I still flunk housecleaning

Momi Kam Holifield

### **TOWER OF MIRRORS**

Elizabeth Howard

in the tower of mirrors  
the sun paints rainbows  
prisms of iridescence -  
reality transformed  
by a trick of light

alone in the forest  
a twig snaps in the shadows -  
eyes follow me,  
my heart pounding  
from this breathless pace

through beveled glass  
many reflections -  
arms laden with gay baskets  
lucent acres of gauze  
gathered about me

cooling by the pond  
this humid evening -  
a flash of lightning  
conceals fireflies,  
reveals the heron

deep snow in the curve  
rising mist hides ditches,  
the creek down below -  
the car skids  
me praying to a veil of white

shining in the creek path  
what I think a copper penny,

a good luck piece,  
a snail traveling  
trillium to trillium

yellow bulbs flashing  
in the dewy grass;  
when they fly away  
I perceive goldfinches -  
these old weak eyes

granddaughter's house  
a catalpa flowering  
a bobwhite calling -  
dazzled, I see myself  
a child on grandma's porch

~\*~

winter day  
in a shabby room  
scribble scribble  
not believing  
a word of it

stretching a wing  
to the morning light  
pet bird wakes up  
I lean close, my face  
convex upon his iris

beach at sunset  
surf purple and cream  
by a driftwood blaze  
lone clarinetist  
plays Amazing Grace

Ruth Holzer

our photographs  
of mountain wildflowers  
six months later  
they bring us such pleasure  
as the north wind blows

infant once so ill  
smiles at her with sparkling eyes  
all of two now  
he delights in fast music  
and hitting fly balls

a day filled  
with writing poems . . . revising  
such a treat  
to pick up the phone  
and hear your voice again

washed in  
with the incoming tide  
a child's shoe  
was it lost while making sandcastles?  
or lost when she went out too far?

this year, again,  
those on our Christmas list  
who have passed on  
for everyone crossed off  
an added sorrow

Jean Jorgensen

## OBSERVATIONS FROM A SAILBOAT

Kirsty Karkow

the rote  
of ocean swells  
endlessly  
I listen, listen  
to the pounding surf

overboard  
flotsam and jetsam  
empty shells  
from a bowl of beach peas  
collected for our dinner

I swam  
in turquoise water  
last night  
the sound of lapping waves  
coloured all my dreams

a sea duck  
swims between the pilings  
it penetrates  
dark weedy spaces  
hidden from my world

the boat shifts  
uneasily at anchor  
my watch  
windy blueblack clouds  
and bolts of lightning

~\*~

passing your building  
I glance to see  
if you're out  
in the garden swing  
empty again today

gone our wedding gift  
of the Japanese tea set -  
I ponder my ex  
over the rim  
of a chipped blue mug

this scented candle  
I've kept  
for a special occasion  
shall I light it now  
for this ordinary day?

jumping into  
a pick-up truck  
the girl  
with the swinging pony tail  
revs up spring

our memory  
suddenly sharp  
and fresh  
ink leaking  
all over my hands

my son  
singing songs from Oliver!  
as we walk  
through the long grass  
before the rain

Angela Leuck

**A SINGLE KEY**  
Thelma Mariano

it mocks me  
on this tranquil night

a half moon  
that's unabashedly yellow  
somehow whole, yet incomplete

a single key  
fits into a single lock  
on my door  
no matter how I turn it  
the only one home is me

my yearning  
on a quiet summer's day  
in the chugging sounds  
of a small yacht as it  
pulls away from the quay

by now wary  
of new beginnings  
I watch how  
a single star flickers  
in the blackness of sky

oh -  
for some clarity in my life!  
in the haze  
from far-off forest fires  
a pale outline of the sun

will my life  
always feel this unsettled?  
a flurry of pink  
peony petals scattered  
on the morning breeze

~\*~

this spring moon  
illumines your attraction  
so intense  
every line of your face  
traced by my hand

a loud frog  
outside my window  
keeps calling  
is there no answer  
is he lonely too

little did I realize  
that it would be the last time  
when we said goodbye  
now the trees are bare  
and home seems so far away

your birthday  
here flowers are in bloom  
still I wonder  
are they in bloom there  
or is it just another year

squirrels search  
the grass in preparation  
against winter  
my son drops a penny  
into his piggy bank

Keith McMahan

## **FLY ME TO MANY LANDS**

Carol Purington

Hospital walls were white  
mine bloom crazy-quilt bright  
patterned  
with photographs of where I live  
postcards of where I dream

The story of Jonah -  
narrow my bed in the belly  
of this iron lung  
yet wide enough for the dreams

any child would chase

My childhood room  
four-square but with a fifth corner  
no one ever saw -  
a crimson carpet waited there  
to fly me to many lands

Heidi in black-and-white:  
Shirley Temple with golden curls,  
Clara dark, like me,  
only she left her wheelchair  
on a mountain

Even in the dream  
marveling at the way  
my body floats -  
I who cannot move  
swim free of gravity

Garden party -  
taking home golden daylilies  
and the words  
tossed my way by another guest:  
"I'd rather die than be like her"

This sky I call mine  
weathered by wandering clouds  
no monsoons  
but enough of rain and rainbows  
to fill all the words I know

~\*~

dawn  
shares its pink  
with a winding path -  
i am on a train  
going to my hometown

listening to a song  
in a language

unfamiliar to me,  
i only know that  
it is sad

K Ramesh

### **ACCUMULATING REDOLENCE**

one night  
you emptied the sea  
trees standing by  
still know you

was this an early knot  
vocalic in its twist  
the bud reddening  
against her blush  
thorns barely dissolved

the opening gesture  
a sprinter at rest  
paring  
shoulder blades'  
isosceles triangles

bats the moon husked  
its weight may impel  
white out of balance  
out of traversing  
light on balconies

the edge  
recalled in curtains  
the fewest occasion  
possibly scheduled  
shadow-shy  
side by side

snake come pour  
your question marks  
into loose sand  
fleeing  
traces of her and mine

metastasized contour  
the fiber optics of a city

humming  
zero          one  
in a lake of messengers  
mouths don't shut open

Werner Reichhold

~\*~

wind-blown sand  
I awaken to gulls  
gliding  
and pretend they're dreaming me  
above my head

          pines grow cones  
          swallows feed young  
I sway  
with the waving branches  
as this poem arrives

two gray whales  
near shore with their baby  
its spout smaller  
  a pregnant couple follows  
  on the bluff above

David Rice

Coffee, a bagel  
At Downtown Sub -  
Spring days like this  
I know

You're really dead

winter nests  
revealed on bare branches  
as if your heart  
were what? - waiting  
for something to return

Miriam Sagan

### **NO MOIST SECRETS**

Ram Krishna Singh

Layers of dust thicken  
on the mirror water makes  
the smuts prominent:  
I wipe and wipe and yet  
the stains stay like sin

When I have no home  
I seek refuge in the cage  
of your heart and close  
my eyes to see with your nipples  
the tree that cared to save from sun

In the forest of your hair  
my finger searches  
the little pearl of blood  
that stirs the hidden waters  
and contains my restlessness

Crazy these people  
don't know how to go down  
with the swirl and up  
with the whirl but play  
in the raging water

The lips in her eyes  
and long hours in the mouth-  
no moist secrets  
between us to reveal:  
now our backs to each other

All her predictions  
could come true had I paid her  
the fees for writing  
psychic reflections on dreams  
I failed to realize in life

Wrinkles on the skin  
remind me of time's passage  
year by year traveled  
long distances renewing  
spirit and waving goodbye

Feeling the difference  
between a tin house and  
a weather proof tent:  
on the Yamuna's bank  
Kumbh deluge to wash sins

With black and white marks  
and nest of ants on its skin  
the tree grows taller  
shining through the geometry  
of sun, moon and halogen

My voice  
brown like autumn  
crushed in noises I can't  
understand days pass in colors  
buried

Before the foamy  
water could sting her vulva  
a jellyfish passed  
through the crotch making her shy -  
the sea whispered a new song

footnotes:

**YAMUNA:** One of the holy rivers for the Hindus, bathing in which is considered necessary for remission of sins. It rises from the Himalayas and flows for about 1380 km to join the Ganges at Allahabad.

**KUMBH:** Hindus assemble on the banks of the Yamuna in Allahabd every six and 12 years for a holy dip in the river, seeking release from their sins. The last Kumbh festival at the end of 2000 was the century's biggest, in which many foreigners also participated. They stayed in the weather-proof tents while the natives had to stay in tin tents. Over ten million people took a bath in the river.

## SUMMER IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

Aya Yuhki

watching  
a small stream at the intake  
of seeding fields  
running down  
murmuring and sparking

in rice fields  
not a figure seen  
under the sun  
perfect silence reigns  
over the green surface

sunshine  
effusing in early summer  
a bus goes  
along the river bank  
like a beetle

thicket of green reeds  
standing straight  
above turbid water  
at the curve  
of an inlet

in bed  
at dawn  
I slap at a mosquito  
buzzing about my cheek  
powerlessly

fog drifting  
from dark cedars  
on summer mountains  
tonight  
I really hate my timidity

## WITHOUT GENRES

### PARENTHETIC

Debra Woolard Bender

End of a respiratory flu:  
a night of coughing fits  
and I didn't take  
the cherry flavored syrup.

Past fifty last year,  
now every cough  
sounds like mother's.

(Mom's memory,  
past seventy years thinking,  
is better than mine  
: could be the mile-high  
Denver, Colorado air...  
I live at sea-level.)

Planting celosia,  
her elegantly curved thumbs  
my short, straight thumbs.

### GIFT

John M. Bennett

F laze 'n f licker, sord a temptonitious  
p lace dans ton regard  
cadeaux you's eating cross the eye lake

### OH

John M. Bennett

stance shut spake loop gut  
shed head  
strut soup lake's cut pants

## **OUCH**

John M. Bennett

lout itch gut nap steam  
loop soup  
dream slapped hut ditch cloud

## **UNSCHEDULED STOPS**

Gary Gach

waiting for a bus  
a chinese neighbor speaks  
to me in chinese

you can keep talking forever  
we're finally leaving:  
are we there yet?

ok, dawn's over!  
the day's now truly begun:  
the sun's... above the bus!

is it sunday or monday?  
people commuting as we speak

the hoses off his head  
before this car  
inside  
the market: Elvis

talk show, graveyard shift.  
that guy who'd vowed suicide...  
calls back one more time

women pose on the hood  
of a stranding white nova

the boss comes to rescue  
the guy who came to rescue  
the guy who couldn't

noah notices: women  
went topless at the hot springs

hearing them not hearing them

birds calling the river rapids

iridescent blue  
baby dragonflies  
perch / hover / perch  
around blades of pampas plumes  
grown-ups zoom all around the shore

big round gray stone  
on an oblong gray boulder  
sunning itself

even a tiny pebble  
hosts barnacles & moss

fly lands on my wrist  
reads, flies off as the page... turns

all slides into a black void  
but our candle-lit faces

4 am, july 14 4 am, july 16, 2002  
russian hill, san francisco big bend,  
pitt river, and back, via lola, el volado;  
para richard valadera y antonia.  
M a s v a l e n u n c a q u e t a r d e.

### **SOME OF THE TALL GRASS**

Sheila Murphy

some of the tall grass grows

she watches her C drive be

defragged, a near-full moon,

still shadows very quiet traffic

evening mass pale as these hills

more gray space filling space  
Across are layers of evidence become the small

intended sky redeeming its dark screen.

Impressions house the gloss where too few curfews have  
been listed on a warden's resume  
one thinks to have ingratiated citizens.

Who's listening to the cue cards sing on point  
to confer with in avoidance of confusion  
fused with depth to limit some surpassive entity  
still strung alongside vacuum qua vacuum  
bracketed and summed and torqued within the confines  
of confinement.

Does it matter what to visit where?

Who mentions the squeals informally having mirrored butterflies? Sensations themselves accumulate toward sky No better than unguarded moments beaming their momentum. When collective inter-mention vaults over a comma then the sentence is fulfilled.

The sentence is approximate.

The syllables occur in fine obliquity  
at rest within a formulating context  
that bespeaks informal confidence.

## **SCHWA**

Sheila Murphy

one selected gravity  
in place (what else)

of rising

never to be heard

from again

## **HOMILY**

Sheila Murphy

arrogance is pretty fat

it lags behind the 200-day moving average

squinting through the short end

of the telescope at something

that resembles arrogance the noun

placed next to arrogance the platinum

recording that still skips

afterimages retain water you know

versus air that you do not

one of your children insists on breathing

in your previously hoarded atmosphere

it's tough to be resilient because

everyone takes advantage plus

you stretch yourself like someone who insists

on talking duties as though they lived

on one big plate

that loft where one breastfeeds

narcissistic emblems one pretends  
exhibits an unselfishness  
but it is not that  
it is the unfettered lust  
for mirror  
after mirror after mirror

I gave advice today  
a form of blood and guess  
near midnight this green tea  
has steeped enough  
tonight when I held the door open  
some of the light fused  
with the temperature  
we said goodnight, the C drive  
still in fragments, gradually  
diminishing under her gaze

### **REQUISITE SEAMS**

Sheila Murphy

Thatch voices its approximation to protect the house  
as an intended voice  
Shards of enclosure mean the lack of an enclosure  
Look toward sequined sky eliciting the givens,  
various.

## BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

**Collected Tanka of AKITSU EI translated by Leza Lowitz and Miyuki Aoyama.** Online for your immediate pleasure. Just click on the title so you can read this book.

Like the question of what came first – the chicken or the egg? one cannot separate the tanka poetry of Akitsu Ei from her involvement in the feminist movement. Not only have her words reflected her ideas and philosophy, as they do for any writer, but she seems to consciously augment her political stand with the surprising grace of poetry. Still, if one only knows her by her tanka, one would probably only think one was reading the work of a one intelligent woman with the courage to question what she has been told about the place of a woman in society and in relationships with men.

In a country which in ancient times was called Queensland, because it was ruled by women, but which has stayed patriarchal in spite of so much progress in other areas of society, it is good news that Akitsu Ei's tanka has not only won several prestigious poetry prizes in Japan, it is also valued as a reflection of her engaged efforts for the rights of women. She has helped her sisters take a huge step and her fellow countrymen have applauded her efforts.

Having her feministic tanka translated by two outstanding poets adds an additional gloss to her shining efforts to become a powerful statement of the place of women in tanka poetry. Leza Lowitz and Miyuki Aoyama have worked together to critical acclaim for translation before in the two-part poetry series of contemporary Japanese women's poetry culminating in *A Long Rainy Season* by Stone Bridge Press.

From the Introduction by Hatsue Kawamura: "Akitsu Ei ironically criticized the modern matrimonial system, which brings such inequality to women. She is the first to write tanka by using colloquial terms for sexual words which have been thought, until now, to be unsuitable to this form of poetry. By excluding emotional and poetical beauty from her tanka, she demands that we think about the questions; what is a woman?"

Through the centuries it has been the women of Japan who have made the leaps of innovation in tanka poetry. Akitsu Ei joins this esteemed group as she brings the honesty of her up-to-the-moment feelings into today's language. Her astonishing work places the poetry form into a fast forward so the reader can see today where the genre can go. No longer mired in outmoded concepts of constrained poetry, these tanka rock!

**The New Haiku, edited by John Barlow & Martin Lucas.** Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS, United Kingdom. ISBN: 1-903543-03-7. Perfect bound, 8.5 x5.5, 224 pages, Preface by John Barlow, Introduction by Martin Lucas, An Introduction to the Origins, Mechanics and Aesthetics of English-language Haiku by John Barlow, Resources, Authors' Biographies, and Index of First Lines. £9.95 US\$15.00.

With over 300 haiku from 100 writers, *The New Haiku* attempts to show, in a very classy fashion, that haiku has finally arrived in England. Not only are excellent haiku being written by the English authors, the editors also recognized the good haiku of other writers in former English colonies – Australia, USA and Canada.

The haiku are arranged alphabetically by authors' last names with each author given one to five pages with one to three haiku per page. As always, John Barlow exhibits his excellent and modern sense of graphics by placing a wide gray field on the outside edge in which the author's name is printed in large darker gray letters. In black, the properly sized haiku are easy on the eye with just enough space for the imagination to catch fire.

The haiku were picked from those in various British haiku journals that appeared in a two year period, with the exclusion of verses in sequences and haibun. Not only did the editors consider their opinion of the worth of a haiku's excellence, they also took into consideration how many haiku a certain author published. Thus, those who published more had a greater chance of being included in the anthology and also were then represented by more works.

Because of these parameters, a large number of well-known and currently acknowledged experienced authors were excluded in the book. In their place is a greater number of relatively unknown poets making their early attempts with the form. As positive as this is for the fledging haiku scene in Great Britain, the beautifully-made book could have less importance for new or accomplished haiku writers elsewhere. This does not say that the book does not contain a goodly portion of excellent haiku; it does. Among the one hundred names, over one-third of them would be instantly recognized by a Lynx reader. Knowing how much hard work and money goes into such an impressive anthology, here are two haiku from the editors, who are to be complimented on for not including more of their work than they afforded space to the others.

funeral morning –  
saturday's confetti  
blowing around the hearse

John Barlow

early spring  
in the city square  
a loosening of ties

Martin Lucus

In the hope that this book will serve as a resource for writers new to the form of haiku, John Barlow has appended an introductory essay on the origins, mechanics and aesthetics of English-language haiku, along with a bibliography. I loved the final paragraph in Barlow's preface "We have come a long way. We have reached a new beginning and its seeds are already scattering in the wind." This relates to the photo on the cover by Garry Gay of a milkweed pod exploding with fuzzy seeds. Due to the composition, the picture seems to have two dark engaging eyes staring into the face of the reader, daring one to get acquainted with *The New Haiku*.

**Zen Poems, compiled by Manu Bazzano.** MQ Publications Ltd., London, England: 2002. Hardcover with dust jacket, illustrations by André Sollier, 256 pages, 5.75 x 5.75 inches, price is £ 6.99, US\$ 14.95, Amazon.com's price is \$10.47. ISBN: 1-84072-327-0.

This is the book I have been waiting for. Finally the English poetry barriers have been blasted into

smithereens by this anthology. Under the concept of short poems representing the world as it is, without theories or philosophies, just the is-ness of things, as put forth in Zen thinking, the editor, Manu Bazzano has successfully combined all genres of poetry without borders. Though a large portion of the poems is haiku from contemporary writers whose names you will recognize (a virtual who's who of haiku), along with a goodly number of translations of Japanese masters. There are even several translations of Japanese tanka, (but no contemporary English tanka). But what is truly surprising that here is an editor willing to combine to this mix, the short poems of the Western literary scene from Wendell Berry, William Blake, Emily Brontë, René Char, Emily Dickinson, Friedrich Holderlin, Federico Garcia Lorca, Amy Lowell to Jack Kerouac, Joni Mitchell, mixed in Basho and Issa and less recognized Japanese names – well, you get the idea.

Suddenly someone has the courage to combine into one book the best of both the East and the West in a commonplace juxtaposition. If you needed only one reason to buy this book, it would be for the astounding opportunity to enjoy the abundant fruits of both worlds. Just about the time the reader is lulled by one style of thinking and writing, the editor makes a cunning sidewise step and opens up another window of delight and appreciation with a new viewpoint on life. It is enjoyable to see how some Western poets, in parts of their poems, were already investigating the sensibilities of Oriental poetry before it arrived en masse.

As one could say about any anthology of poetry, this book may be best taken in small visits. The book is laid out in the typical Japanese method of starting with spring poems and proceeding through the seasons to winter. Thus, if inclined to want a poem appropriate for the current season, it is easy to flip to the page to grab a poem or two at random. However, with careful reading, one finds each season is actually a finely constructed series, beginning with comments by the editor. Again and again I was charmed by the improbable mix of the various genres – each which had its own appeal and purpose in the hands of such professional poets.

Zen Poems is listed as a Poetry/Gift book and as such, it again sets new higher standards for the market. The small, square size fits so comfortably in one's hand. The thickness of the book, due to high quality papers and many pages, feels as if you will have enough poetry for a long, long time – an endless treasury of word-riches. The graphics are modern without being overbearing or unusable.

A deep bow goes to the illustrator, André Sollier who has completely mastered the sumi-e style of painting. Time and time again I was sure I was seeing a portion of an ancient Oriental painting. The graphics allow the reader to enjoy special parts of his artwork by enlarging and repeating certain motifs on various pages. The print, in soft grays, or white on a gray page is totally correct for creating an atmosphere of gentle calm. Each time I pick up the book I am surprised again what peace and goodness it radiates.

The book is already in its second printing and is being translated into French. MQ Publications also has two other anthologies with a similar vein in the works.

**Canoe Cheia – The Full Canoe by Rosa Clement.** Edited by Jerry Jenkins. Helionaut Press, Louisville, Kentucky: 2002. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 36 pages, US\$7.95. Contact Rosa S. Clement, Rua Pe. Antonio Vieira 126, 69.011 Manaus, AM, Brazil / Brasil.

Rosa Clements, Jerry Jenkins and I have only met on the Internet. It was surely in 1996, on

CompuServe's seminars in poetry where we first explored together the mysteries of haiku and tanka in a flurry of e-mails. Only with the arrival of her book, *The Full Canoe*, did I learn that Rosa has studied literature at the Paulista University and has two cookbooks out on ethnic Brazilian cooking in addition to having several of her poems in anthologies. *The Full Canoe*, reflecting native-born Rosa and her husband from Connecticut, is bilingual Portuguese and English with both versions next to each other so the reader gets a feeling for both languages. Rosa Clements's haiku look, sound and work as do the best in any English haiku magazine. She presents her work without punctuation and no caps so it looks as modern as it is.

Rosa Clements has been active in teaching and furthering an interest in haiku in Portuguese with her Web site.

picnique  
os futos da laranjeira  
refletidos no prato

picnic  
the orange tree's fruits  
reflected in the plate

**Eucalypts and Iris Streams: Poems by Amelia Fielden**, translated by Saeko Ogi. Charwood, Australia, Ginninderra Press: 2002. ISBN: 1-74027130 0. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 120 pages, English – Japanese. Contact for more information. M.A.Fielden,10 Delasala Drive,Macquarie Hills,N.S.W.2285 Australia,for US\$10,including airmail postage.

If you participated in last year's Tanka Splendor 2001 Award the name of Amelia Fielden will bring to mind the tanka which garnered the most votes:

from Europe  
your daytime calling  
my deep night,  
our voices making love  
along the sea bed

Amelia Fielden

Or maybe you remember that it was Amelia Fielden who translated Hatsue Kawamura's tanka collection *On Tsukuba Peak* that was reviewed in *Lynx*. Now readers of English and Japanese have a book full of her tanka, tanka series, haiku and free verse. Saeko Ogi's kanji translations appear on the left-hand page, with the English facing it so it is easy to read either language.

Amelia Fielden, though born in Sydney, Australia, and living much of her life in Canberra, has an uncanny association with Japan. Not only did she receive a Bachelor of Arts in Asian Studies, she has formed deep relationships with the people of Japan through her many visits there. Thus, her tanka and haiku exhibit strong ties to Japanese styles of these forms along with numerous references to things Japanese.

In Canberra, in June

smoke-swirled birds  
keening in the twilight  
from winter trees  
thoughts winging away to  
warm in Nara gardens

The single tanka are treated as little poems, each with its own title. The tanka sequences are engaging and easy to comprehend with their snapshot narrative style. For the readers who find many tanka or haiku difficult to read, one after another, Eucalypts and Iris Stream offers them in a mix of genres that work because they are all joined by the strong twine of poetry.

**The Tree It Was by Sandra Fuhringer.** King's Road Press, 148 King's Road, Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada, H9R 4H4. Saddle-stapled, 16 pages, 8.5 x 5.5, US\$2.00 ppd.

The Tree It Was is the fifteenth book in Marco Fraticelli's Hexagram Series based on the ideographs of the I Ching. For Sandra Furinger, the hexagram "The Source or The Well", which represents the deep, inexhaustible, divinely centered source of nourishment and meaning for humanity" seems an apt title illustration for a book of haiku. This, though, is more than just another chapbook. Between the lines, and the wide spaces haiku ask from pages, a triumphal story unfolds. Beginning in pain and hospitals, the glimpses in Furinger's life, open out, deepen and affirm renewal.

biopsy  
a few red petals  
the wind tore off

The booklet ends with the title haiku, that though dark, is radiant with enlightenment.

charcoal  
drawing the tree  
it was

**How Fast the Ground Moves by D. Claire Gallagher.** Saki Press, Normal, IL: 2001. The Virgil Hutton Haiku Memorial Award Chapbook Contest Winner 2001 – 2002. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 4.25 inches, 20 pages, \$5.00 ppd. Contact D. Claire Gallagher.

As it should be with a chapbook award winner, I found this haiku book filled with excellent haiku. With four to a small page the readers certainly get their money worth, not only in quantity but also in quality. Each of her haiku, though sounding simple, as they should, on the surface, has an undercurrent of truth, realization or even humor. Claire Gallagher's use of words and their deeper or associative meanings is truly marvelous.

autumn breakers  
the laughter of old friends  
with new hips

If your haiku have been feeling a bit stale lately, get this book to see how it should be done.

outside the polls. . .  
a child abandons one swing  
to ride another

**Wolf Walk by R. Gray.** Philadelphia, Pa, Infinity Publishing.com:2002. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5, unnumbered pages, \$9.95. ISBN: 0-7414-1182-2. Contact or call toll-free (877) BUY BOOK.

The shiny black, completely plain cover with the stark white Times Roman fonts does not prepare the reader for the wealth of colors, ideas and impressions in Robert Gray's book *Wolf Walk*. Even the two words "wolf" and "walk" on the cover had a sinister feeling. Yet inside the book I found a fine and sensitive author sharing a range of moments in a calm, dignified voice. There are a couple haiku and tanka sequences, but the main ingredient is the wealth of haibun. Some are as short as a title, a paragraph, and a poem, but others continue over several pages.

It is in his haibun that Gray is trying something new. For the past decade, since English writers have taken an interest in the Japanese genre of combining prose with poetry, there has been a search for a way of writing the prose that corresponds with the poetry in a new way. Instead of linking the two parts of the haibun with ideas, emotions or subject matter, a few people are trying to find either a writing style or method that is different than normal prose.

In a few of the haibun, such as the brilliant piece, "The Bye-Bye Man" Robert Gray takes the step to eliminate all the punctuation from his prose, just as many are now doing with their haiku and tanka. What an idea! How the reading eye is slowed down by the mind saying, "Now wait a minute. Does he mean this or that?" Here is a sample of the words on one page:

cooly goes his way and it turns out our man  
led tours of the city in several languages for  
many years and says he's an old friend of le  
Président and somehow I don't doubt it God  
knows huh and now like a perfect gentleman  
takes his leave and when he's gone we look  
at each other grinning and dig there is  
nothing to say man about the great contained  
sad joy in the old man's eyes looking off  
like so many who have graced our lives if  
we know it or not or remember so like Bye-  
Bye

we forget  
there's no space  
between us  
an elegant dance  
to fill the time

**Blush of Winter Moon by Patricia J. Machmiller.** Jacaranda Press, San Jose, CA, 2001. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 9 inches, 100 pages, sumi-e by Mary Hill, translations into Japanese by Kiyoko Tokutomi. \$16.00 plus \$2.50 for mailing in the US and Canada. It can be ordered from amazon.com or jacarand.com.

Of all the books lying on the desk for review for this issue, Blush of Winter Moon is easily the most beautiful. With its soft mauve cover, readable but very artistic fonts on quality paper that softly glows between the well-set poems and Machmiller's expert use of Mary Hill's simple, but expert sumi-e artwork, this book radiates quality and care. The addition of Kiyoko Tokutomi's translations set into kanji calligraphy adds to the strong Oriental feel of the book.

Patricia Machmiller is one of the last of a vanishing breed – those who still write haiku in five, seven, five. Often she can make her rule work for her:

. . . and now the cat comes  
in moonlight his shadow  
darker than himself

And even when she extends the verse to fill up the syllable count, one wants to forgive her for the excessive punctuation.

winter rains – late;  
I crack the patio door  
to listen, listen . . .

Yet one cannot argue with her ability to observe with the fastidiously correct haiku awareness that is missing in the work of so many new to the scene. Even Machmiller's written poems have the patrician dignity, authority and mounted grace that her voice carries when she reads.

wave on wave – purple –  
purple on blue – a rippling –  
dark sea – winter sea –

**just enough light: Haiku and Tanka by June Moreau.** Koyama Press, 84750 St. Martin de Castillon, France: 2002. Hand-tied, 16 pages, 10 x 13 inches, handmade paper. US\$15.00 plus \$6.00 air postage.

If there is any haiku and tanka writer who deserves to have her work given the honor of a book, June Moreau is the one above all others. Over many years she has published in such prestigious venues as the Christian Science Monitor across the board to the tiniest woman's literary magazines, and her name is well-known to LYNX readers. And yet, as far as I know, this is her first book. Giselle Maya, a friend of many years, has lent her good taste (she is an artist), her talents (she has done six other books), and her knowledge of haiku and tanka (Giselle also writes both and is a practiced collaborative writer with Moreau) to pick the very best poems for this collection, just enough light. Again, this is one of Maya's outsized books that will stand out on your bookshelves so June Moreau's poems are never far from you.

I want to give

it to you  
wrapped in tiny light  
from one star –  
the cricket's song

This is a good example of Moreau's gentle, down-to-earth feeling with a marvelous touch of whimsy and fantasy that makes her poems like those of no one else. Totally at home in worlds most people can only visit through her poetry, June Moreau knows well the wind that speaks, the animal that is a part of her, the life of the simple-living rustic. The book ends with a bold, wide-nibbed pen in a hand-written autobiography that reads:

don't ask me  
to write about myself.  
My life keeps changing  
from moment to moment,  
even if I stay  
in the same place.  
I don't have the kind  
of writing utensils,  
only the ink  
of pokeberries and a stem  
from a clump of sedge.

Even if we all cannot live such a life, the poems of June Moreau remind us that someone has or someone does know such an existence. Her haiku are as flawless as her practiced imagination.

inside the wolf's den  
how ancient it sounds –  
the ice melting . . .

**Sun Leaves by Predrag Pešič.** Published under the auspices of the haiku magazine Lotos in Smederevo, Srbija, Yugoslavia. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 56 pages, bilingual Slovenian and English. Contact Predrag Pesic, Prote Mateje 86/1, 11300 Smederevo, Srbija, Yugoslavia.

Predrag Pešič has won numerous haiku prizes for excellence in Japan and in his own country as well as having been published in haiku magazines in Japan, USA, Holland, Belgium, Canada, Australia, Romania and India. The haiku in Sun Leaves are arranged in seven sequences on the subjects of the sun, flowers, butterflies, animals, trees, sky and a path.

Rotten stumps.  
One part of a mountain  
is spreading towards the sky.

**Candy in the Rain by Edin Saračević.** Haiku Balkan, Kranj, Slovenija: 2001. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 76 pages, tri-lingual, US\$10.00 ppp. Contact Edin Janeza Puharja 6, 4000 Kranj, Slovenia.

We are just getting used to bilingual books of haiku and now we have one in Slovenian, Bosnian and English. One cannot help but be touched at how haiku is pulling together strange bedfellows. Edin Saračević's *Candy in the Rain* presents one haiku to a page in the three languages in large, easy to read print.

sharpening the axe –  
wind brings  
the smell of snow

Edin Saračević was born in Ljubljana in 1964 and is now a professor of philosophy at the Gymnasium at Ljubljana. He regularly publishes his haiku in haiku magazines in Yugoslavia and the USA. His "candy in the rain" haiku can be found online.

**If Someone Asks. . . by The Shiki-Kinen Museum English Volunteers.** Published by the Matsuyama Municipal Shiki-Kinen Museum, 1-30 Dogo Koen, Matsuyama City, 790-0857 . Perfect bound, 8.5 x5.5, 76 pages, illustrations, a biography of Shiki's life, 124 haiku in English and Japanese.

This is a very interesting book – one Shiki fans should make sure they obtain at any price. It came out of the collaborative work of sixteen people – the volunteers being trained to guide English-speaking tourists through the Shiku Museum at Matsuyama. As part of their preparation, the group began to translate Shiki's haiku and out of the over 23,600 haiku Shiki left, they have picked 124. Each haiku has the kanji and romaji version along with very valuable notes on either how Shiki came to write the haiku, his age at the time, the season word, or explaining some element in it.

Among the illustrations are three actual photos of Shiki which were new to me, and three of Shiki's sumi-e works. In addition, is ink drawing that shows a meeting at Shiki's home with the names written in of each of the persons. It is so good when a museum opens up a few treasure chests and lets the rest of us have a new peek at hidden materials.

The translations are very well done, without caps and only a minimum of dashes as punctuation. David Burleigh went over their work, as well as others so there are none of the common errors that often mar institutional translations.

I am still not a fan of Shiki's poetry but I do enjoy gathering information about him as a person because he was pivotal in Japanese literature at the turn of the last century. Picked at random from page 59 is this haiku:

young bamboo –  
having my hair cut  
on a chair in the garden

**Discovering English Ghazal and Uncovering English Ghazal: Journeys into Poetic Forms,**

Volumes I and II of Series I by Erin A. Thomas. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5 inches 34 pages in each.  
Contact web site or Erin A. Thomas, 27441 Coyote Place, Willits, CA 95490

As with haiku, a book of ghazals still cannot be published without considerable effort given to definitions and other educational material on the form. However, in this case, Erin Thomas delights in this task and does an excellent job of making this form from the Middle East understandable.

However, it is in his poems that he gives the reader, for the first time in my experience of reading English ghazals, evidence that all the demanding aspects of the ghazal can be combined to make an excellent poem. His power of words is so vast that he makes it seem easy to create and then maintain the repeat and the varying rhyme schemes. The reader can become so fascinated with his gyrations of thoughts and words to fulfill this demanding aspect of ghazal writing that there were times I was tempted to first scan the poem for the endings of the second lines to see how he did it. Again and again his virtuosity invited pure astonishment. For those who have never experience a true English ghazal, please read and note how this ghazal from *Discovering English Ghazal* works:

These Aged Pines  
(the remaining old growth redwoods)

Amid lush fern carpet stand perpending pillars;  
Into broad canopy rise impending pillars.

Shady gloom in quiet calm hangs perpetual  
Neath enshrouding shelter of attending pillars.

Ringlets firm encircle hearts of antiquity,  
Deeply shielded within great suspending pillars.

More than stately; more than magnificently made,  
High up into heavens reach transcending pillars.

Among elder giants Zahhar walks astonished,  
His heart held uplifted by extending pillars.

The booklets are divided into sections, with each one opening with prose comments by Thomas which provide insight either into the poems or his life and serve to offer the reader a break from the intensity of the poems. Volume I offers: Reason, Expressions, Trees, Women, Kismet. The poems in volume II are sectioned by Affliction, Condition, Passing and Realizations. Thomas has set for himself the goal of writing one hundred ghazals, which he has nearly accomplished, so the readers are assured they will have many more of his outstanding ghazals for study and enjoyment.

**Windbirds, by Edward Baranosky.**  
Reviewed by Sue Chenette.

Edward Baranosky has chosen, as an epigraph for his chapbook, *Windbirds*, a haiku by the 8th century painter and poet Buson: "afar, shorebirds are flying./ near, water ripples/ washing a hoe." It's in this coastal zone, where land, wind, and water meet and merge, that Baranosky centers exploration of the

themes named in his forward: lament, regeneration, and transmutation.

In this place of flux we find "a broken shark's jaw" but also, "whistling through breakers--/ flights of sandpipers." We feel "the salted humidity of haunted westerlies/ As they caress the insomnia of late-night drifters/ Fingering amulets of memory," but also "warm winds/ Stalking October or March or early May,/ Lifting the clouds from horizons / Of bitter seasons." Lament, regeneration, and transmutation are never far from each other; they intermingle, as do wind, land, and water at the shore.

In tracing the subtle shifts in these physical and spiritual landscapes, Baranosky makes skillful use of a variety of forms. Just as the fixed features of a seascape--cliffs and headlands, the curve of the shore--become the "bones" of the scene, around which our eye organizes varied colors and details, so the forms Baranosky uses become the bones of his poems. (The table of contents indicates the form of each poem.)

The book contains seven Tanka Series, the tanka being a Japanese form of 5 lines, often with a turn after the third line. In the beautifully evocative series "Preludes," suggestions of lament and regeneration sit side by side. Baranosky sequences five tanka, alternating between the physical world and the speaker's thought, and alluding in stanza four to T.S. Eliot's *The Wasteland*.

dark morning  
the sound of migrating geese,  
invisible.  
blue jays squabble and ravens.  
cardinals clink in the rain.

and I remember  
something you said for no reason  
we always return  
to the point the way was lost,  
second-guessing our book of myths.

gulls swarm around  
spars framing the hazy sun.  
the sea whispers  
beneath brief blasts of foghorns,  
two lights float above the waves.

you turn another card,  
a sun-flooded schooner lifts  
with the morning wind.  
what can the mermaids tell us,  
fear death by drowning?

the moon disappears  
as it climbs into the trees,  
falling maple leaves drift.  
blood-red rust flows from the wharf  
staining the rising tide.

Baranosky has also included in his book a pantoum, a ghazal, a sijo, a haiku series, two villanelles, and eight glosa. Four of the glosa are the book's title poems--Windbirds 1, 2, 3, and 4. A glosa, or glose, as described in Lewis Turco's *New Book of Forms* is "a commentary upon something; in this case, upon quoted lines that appear as a headnote or epigraph at the beginning of the poem...The first line of the epigraph finishes stanza one, the second stanza two, and so on..." Baranosky has woven his "Windbirds," and also the poem "Solar Eclipse," around lines from T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*. These glosa are wonderful poems, in which Baranosky skillfully harmonizes his rhythms, images, and the music of his words to those of Eliot, giving us meaningful tropes on Eliot's enduring lines. In "Solar Eclipse," he builds on Eliot's depiction of midwinter sun as Pentecostal fire to create a moment when the natural order seems suspended--a moment of crisis when the speaker of the poem gives way to deep lament that is the beginning of regeneration. Here is the first stanza (where he rhymes "rune" and "moon" with Eliot's "afternoon") and two lines of the second:

The ecliptic sunrise:  
Rippled bands of shadow and light  
Surge across forest embers,  
Animating winged antediluvians  
Carved into a broken rune.  
Free-falling.  
Nightmare trance.  
Icarus spirals past the ancient  
Dance of the sun and the moon.  
A glare that is blindness in the early afternoon,

The corona ignites a darkness  
Consuming the crescent sun,

Baranosky has used lines from Robert Frost in three other glosa. This form seems particularly apt in the book's landscape of shiftings and interminglings, where the windbirds of the title are not only gulls and shorebirds, but also the exploding Hindenburg memorialized in "Dirigible." That Baranosky values life's littoral zones--the beaches and tidal pools where life and idea are not fixed but constantly reforming--is clear in lines such as those which rail against sea dunes "locked and owned,/ Away from the small hands, toy shovels,/ And prying eyes...[barring] the sea from ideation/ In the eyes of conceptual beasts."

Like the haiku poet Buson, Baranosky is both poet and artist. Several fine drawings, as well as a photograph, mirror the moods of the poems. The black and white drawing of the exploding Hindenburg which appears on the cover, and also, enlarged and differently cropped, within the body of the book, is particularly strong.

This is a book to read and reread for its beauty of language and image, for its use of form, and for its supple explorations of grief and renewal. It is published by the author, and is available from him at 115 Parkside Drive, Toronto, Ontario M6R-2Y8, or at [ebaranosky@hotmail.com](mailto:ebaranosky@hotmail.com).

Sue Chenette is a poet and classical pianist who lives in Toronto. Her chapbook *The Time Between Us* won the Canadian Poetry Association's Shaunt Basmajian Award for 2001.

## LETTERS to LYNX

. . . Hello and Good Wishes from the sweltering Southwest. Hope fully we will not be burned out before the monsoon begins. To keep heart and soul together I submit the poems below for your consideration for Lynx. Every issue is a must-read for me. Enjoyment and learning are the results of reading your fine production. Thanks. David Bachelor

. . . Thanks for the reminder! I've been stressing out, happy and very nervous at the same time. I'm getting ready to go to Japan for the WHF2002. I've not been to Japan before. I'll be traveling to and from the USA, and rooming at hotels with another poet/artist, Deborah Russell, who writes on WHC's mailing list. I don't know how many people are going to the (several) events. There are two sightseeing options (Kamakura and Kyoto), and on September 20, 21, 22 is the conference in Akita.

I've lost summer to WHC Review and the computer. The WHF2002 trip will be from September 6-27...without my computer. I hope to enjoy scenery, although I don't think it's going to be a time of relaxation, exactly, though. Debi Bender

. . . Following are a four ghazals to consider for Lynx. I find ghazals very interesting and do my best to write as close to its traditional form as I am able. The name I use in the signature couplet is an old nickname of mine, and a long story to explain. But, I use it with precise consistency. Thank you for considering these works. Erin A. Thomas

Francine Porad, sends as her signature, the invitation for you to check out this site:  
<http://www.womenpainters.com/BIO/PORAD/Porad.html>

In the last issue of Lynx, in a there was a review of the book mother nature's heat / a desert snake by Marlene Mountain and Jean Jorgensen to which the following two letters responded.

Marlene Mountain's letter begins by quoting from the review:

"Marlene Mountain, with her demands that all the renga she participates in be done in her style and format - one-liners in all lower case letters on current events and personal commentary, and her righteous anger that out-leaps almost any linkage, puts quite a burden on her partners to retain their individuality and personal outlook."

jane i'm wondering about this comment and how you arrived at it. have you ask my friends if they have these feelings? i don't demand that people write with no caps. a closer look at the book will show that jeanne uses caps. and on your website you'll see that francine and kris do also. my first poems back in '63 on a portable typewriter were without caps and i guess it's something i never outgrew. i liked the idea that all the letters had equal value. perhaps you had similar feelings when you were using all caps in some of your writing.

over the years i've approached content in haiku in many ways. it's true that one-line has had a big hold on me. i really do love the challenge of it. the way it looks and all--what i see as a visual integrity. no one has asked that we don't write in one-line. some people have even thanked me for introducing them to one-line. since there are plenty of those who write in other lines no one is limited by writing in one-line with me. i've actually noticed that several write one-line with others too.

i've always worried about what i write and paint. of late i've worried i write too much about daylilies. i've also been trying to get beyond this worry stage. perhaps my writing is a burden to read--it often is for me.

in the long run each of us writes what moves us. we don't have to agree with the sentiments of each other in the pieces--that works both ways. 'tis my belief my writing mates have lots of individuality and personal outlook and that it all shines through. and as far i can tell we write with each other because we like doing so. marlene 5/31

Dear Jane & Werner, Thank you for reviewing Marlene & Jeanne's book of linked haiku. Having collaborated with Marlene on similar linked poems since 1994, I do want to emphasize that Marlene has never demanded to me that we stick to a one-line format and use only lower-case letters. In our first linked poem ("One Eight Hundred"), which you published in Mirrors, Winter 1995, a few of my links were much too long to be considered one-liners. I suppose a case could be made that these actually were one-liners, but some of them took up three inches of space on the page.

In "One Eight Hundred," I used capital letters in three links, and Marlene used all capital letters and numbers in one of her links. I also capitalized the title of the poem, which Marlene did not question one way or the other. In our third linked poem ("A Child is Born"), I used capital letters once and so did she. Again, I capitalized the title, too. Later, in "neglected" (written in 1999-2000), I used capital letters in one link. With every use of capital letters, there was a specific reason for us to violate the unspoken rule of using lower-case. It was obvious to me that Marlene preferred writing in lower case, and for consistency's sake, I usually but not always did the same. In the Lynx review, the reference to Marlene's renga style makes it appear that she is like a temperamental actor who will only work when everything on the set is to his/her liking (including the removal of all blue M&M's from the candy dish). I can only speak about my own eight years of writing with Marlene, but I have found her to be a gentle, kind, and wonderful collaborator. We have not had one argument about anything. Of course, we have differences of opinion about a number of topics addressed in each other's links, but to me this makes the collaboration even stronger.

Although the following criticism was not voiced in the Lynx review, some other critics have questioned whether Marlene even writes "haiku" anymore, or if it's all just "politiku" or "femku." There have also been complaints that Marlene's anger permeates her poems. If these critics read \*mother nature's heat / a desert snake\* or any of the \*rens\* books, they should realize she still has the power to write powerful haiku of anyone's definition, and if the critics haven't lost their own sense of humor, they will realize Marlene hasn't lost hers, either. Lastly, I would like to state that there have been only occasional times in the past eight years that I have been unable to see a link between what I have written and Marlene's response. These very well may have been instances of out-leaping linkage, but also I may just not have been able to see the link that Marlene made. Sometimes I wonder what Marlene thinks about my own method of linking. :)

Thank you, Jane and Werner, for "listening."  
Peace, Carlos

## PARTICIPATION RENGA

### AT THE BEACH

Rule: 3 – 2 lines alternating

Ends with 12 links

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
tourists wading in surf eyes open for sharks GD  
from afar calling her through both hands white teeth WR  
bright green thong between pale cheeks GD  
playing frisbee a mouth full of sand hair too JAJ

your eye  
low water JMB

splashes at the middle  
as a boat cuts the wave WR

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC  
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR  
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR

the ticking of the clock  
enough to drive you mad JAJ

eating ice cream  
in the dark no more blondes WR

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
missing the obvious he slashes his foot on a mussel-covered rock JAJ  
coming home quietly broken shells and I WR  
growing older yet the comfort of seeing Grandmother Ocean JR

a new set of dentures  
mom's perfect smile JAJ

calling – and calling back  
two seals WR

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
missing the obvious he slashes his foot on a mussel-covered rock JAJ  
coming home quietly broken shells and I WR

her new treasure  
a wagon full  
of driftwood JAJ

the stick I threw  
now in a dog's teeth WR

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
deep in the wave just as it breaks light glints GD  
I twinkle and I shut my eyes for in the dark appearing stars WR  
wearing sunglasses the Hollywood wantabee stumbles JR

on her hands and knees  
in front of Grauman's CC

### **GENTLY WIPING DUST**

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 100 lines

Theme: impermanence, transitoriness

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW

warm fall days chill at sunset BJ  
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC  
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR  
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC  
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM  
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ  
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG  
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM  
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL  
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ  
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG  
breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ  
father and son pause for a long moment RF  
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR  
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ  
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR  
finishing the school of hard knocks YH  
digital display counting the failing heart GD  
she tries to add up all the good times YH  
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD  
the new player late for the first game RF  
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD  
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC  
richer for the experience bottoms up YH  
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC  
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg  
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ  
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg  
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD  
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg  
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB  
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD  
listening to a star leaving the lake WR  
heaving light beneath the wave JMB  
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg  
bubblegum smack across her face JAJ

your mask  
your chewing JMB

wiping her feet  
at heaven's gate  
Pat Shelley CC

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW

warm fall days chill at sunset BJ  
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC  
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taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC  
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father and son pause for a long moment RF  
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR  
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ  
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR  
finishing the school of hard knocks YH  
digital display counting down the failing heart GD  
she tries to add up all the good times YH  
was never very good at math MHH  
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR  
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking out GD  
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB  
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ  
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD  
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH  
even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth! dht  
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF  
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC  
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA  
mackerel clouds reach every horizon piling the sea JR  
broken thermometer poisonous mercury scatters everywhere JAJ  
driving through a school zone spray of sparrows RF  
waiting at the end of the block police speed trap JAJ  
she remembers when fast was dad's Model T cg  
man on the running board the answering machine gun CC  
two Firestone front tires flat my personal "axis of evil" WR

stripped  
one lug nut on  
each wheel CC

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW  
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ  
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC

nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR  
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC  
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finishing the school of hard knocks YH  
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she tries to add up all the good times YH  
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD  
the new player late for the first game RF  
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD  
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC  
richer for the experience bottoms up YH  
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC  
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg  
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ  
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg  
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD  
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg  
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB  
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD  
The Great Lost Kinks Album needle stuck in the last groove CC  
"Just a little prick" nurse with a syringe GD  
suddenly all the puppies' eyes open cg  
trying to make sense of all that blue JAJ

Doberman  
licking clean  
the palette CC

from floor  
to ceiling  
open sky CC

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW  
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ

last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC  
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at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg  
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ  
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg  
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD  
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg  
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB  
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD  
listening to a star leaving the lake WR  
heaving light beneath the wave JMB  
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg  
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR

smell from next door  
something stronger  
than just tobacco JAJ

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW  
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ  
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC  
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR  
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC

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breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ  
father and son pause for a long moment RF  
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SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR  
finishing the school of hard knocks YH  
digital display counting down the failing heart GD  
she tries to add up all the good times YH  
was never very good at math MHH  
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR  
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking out GD  
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB  
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ  
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD  
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH  
even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth! dht  
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF  
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC  
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA  
mackerel clouds reach every horizon piling the sea JR  
broken thermometer poisonous mercury scatters everywhere JAJ  
driving through a school zone spray of sparrows RF  
waiting at the end of the block police speed trap JAJ  
another hole in the cheese CC  
small tear in the yellowed love letter folded, refolded cg  
anthrax scare the office smart-aleck CC

the infinite parallelism  
returns  
back in the saddle again WEG

taped to the lightpost  
a picture of the missing girl  
her gap-toothed smile JAJ

we go to bed  
goosepimples appear  
wanted WR

## JUST DAUGHTERS

12 links

theme: family relationships

In the graveyard a carved stone angel with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker turning clouds into faces cg  
"get water from the well" she said, wanting me out of the kitchen GM  
mother and son discuss making pickles JAJ  
sex education must, say the educators begin at home JR  
old uncle's eyes slowly derobe his niece ESJ  
out of the closet so many cases of family incest JAJ  
his face cut out of every photo – family album GD  
bickering siblings dys-ing each other CC

what's that you say?  
family all scattered?  
pity JAJ

~\*~

In the graveyard a carved stone angel with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker turning clouds into faces cg  
"get water from the well" she said, wanting me out of the kitchen GM  
mother and son discuss making pickles JAJ  
sex education must, say the educators begin at home JR  
old uncle's eyes slowly disrobe his niece ESJ  
out of the closet so many cases of family incest JAJ  
vodka or gin? or just male sin? JR  
no anesthetic mothers hold down daughters for cliterectomy JAJ

passing along traditions  
with the shame/blame JR

bar laughter  
as we clean second teeth WR

~\*~

In the graveyard a carved stone angel with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker turning clouds into faces cg  
"get water from the well" she said, wanting me out of the kitchen GM  
mother and son discuss making pickles JAJ  
sex education must, say the educators begin at home JR  
up on the armoire kids find the porno mag JAJ

sticky wings a moth JMB  
first time for lipstick, her mouth wider than her lips GD  
whispering "no" she turns a little more red WR

masked flesh  
the bone is  
face JMB

under my feet  
a spring of Spring water  
rushes over them WEG

"Yes"  
might have been easier  
but she didn't love him JAJ

### **LA RENGA LOCA**

Rules: This is an acrostic renga. Subsequent links must spell out some haikai-related word by reading the first letter of each word down the lines. Finish with 12 links.

La Renga Loca  
Your muses lock horns with  
Night Blooming Jazzman  
X-treme Poetry – Carlos Colón

She wouldn't be as  
Holy  
I  
F  
The neighbor's boy wasn't that shy WR

Kiss  
Incenses  
Grizzled  
Opponent CC

Soon  
Even the birds won't  
Nest  
Right by  
Your home you  
Ungrateful slingshot wretch JAJ

Turquoise  
Egret

Neck  
Stretched  
Into a knot  
On  
Niece's Big Chief Tablet CC

~\*~

La Renga Loca  
Your muses lock horns with  
Night Blooming Jazzman  
X-treme Poetry – Carlos Colón

How easy it is  
Always writing verbs that end  
In ing  
Keep it to a minimum and  
Use the present tense without JAJ

talking  
willingly  
in the manner of  
stereotypes used for a  
thousand times WR

Proper feelings  
Often  
Edges  
Thrust into a  
Reactive  
You JR

Right now she's had  
Enough of hot weather  
No doubt in winter  
Going to somewhere warm  
All that she will desire JAJ

~\*~

La Renga Loca  
Your muses lock horns with  
Night Blooming Jazzman  
X-treme Poetry – Carlos Colón

How easy it is  
Always writing verbs that end  
In ing  
Keep it to a minimum and  
Use the present tense without JAJ

talking  
willingly  
in the manner of  
stereotypes used for a  
thousand times WR

Seven between five & five  
You require seventeen total  
Lovingly  
Layered  
Any nonconformist had  
Better  
Look  
Elsewhere CC

Saying things  
About the world  
Brings  
Impressions  
Which  
Awaken  
Blessed  
Instincts JR

Zip, please  
Elizabeth hands back her phone  
Number WR

### **MOST BEAUTIFUL GAME**

7 Links (now extended to 12)  
Rule: each link is a question; no answers!

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF  
What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ  
Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM  
Do you see that very bright star? JAJ  
How about in five hundred years? RF  
Can I buy shares in stockings interneted WR  
what is the price of peers' pears palliated on a pair of piers? JR

where did your charm bracelet go? JAJ  
Can there be love stored in a bank safe? WR

Mrs. Ginko, is she out on another walk? CC

will it die with the heart? JAJ

~\*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF  
What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ  
Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM  
what's the joke about navel seamen? JR  
how many syllables does it take to screw up a haiku? CC  
does it come from your head or your gut? cg  
How can rain fall from empty sky? RF  
Will that be a C cup or a D? JAJ  
Wasn't this supposed to stop at 7? CC

This was where, wasn't it? JMB

Does 12 sound any better? JAJ

Will your poetry be a true salve? WEG

~\*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF  
What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ  
Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM  
what's the joke about navel seamen? JR  
how many syllables does it take to screw up a haiku? CC  
does it come from your head or your gut? cg  
How can rain fall from empty sky? RF  
Will that be a C cup or a D? JAJ  
or a U between? JMB

Shall we be tween-agers again? JR

## **SWARMING**

6-word links on the

Theme: swarming

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
just as the sunflower opens – bees! cg  
wind - did I ever run faster? WR  
bees smell an intruder JAJ

hate'im love 'im Barry Manilow CC

~\*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
carrying the birds' idea of food JR  
news of doughnuts in the break room cg  
children flipping raisins at the wall WR

flies rest on the burning floor JMB

~\*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
carrying the birds' idea of food JR  
news of doughnuts in the break room cg  
the case of the pedophile priest CC

memories of my own shame JR

## **TIME**

with 3, 2 liners up to 12 links  
Theme: time's length and limits

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
patches of snow mound of primulas in bloom JAJ  
the tension gone from his strings Howdy Doody CC  
how many neighbors don't "Make Room for Daddy" ? cg  
behind the screen on Sullivan's stage Elvis writhes GD  
Bob Dylan still waiting in the wings CC  
"A Hard Rain . . ." how time changed when the towers fell JR

Like Harold Lloyd  
another hanger-on CC

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
Nasira waiting for us at the edge of eternity CC  
oh to sit forever in the warm cradle of the moon ESJ  
the thinnest sickle of light beyond clouds GD  
sun rise the curve of a hill spreads the glow JR  
her breasts' curve slopes lower GD  
softer now like water: swimming JMB

out with the tide  
one hand not clapping WR

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
Nasira waiting for us at the edge of eternity CC  
oh to sit forever in the warm cradle of the moon ESJ  
even now we walk through the breath of angels cg  
spinning from the top of a wave my next shape JR  
45 rpms unturned for years GD  
aging hippie – rolling stoned and gathering moss CC

across a diminishing tundra  
the endangered moose JR

### **WITHIN/WITHOUT**

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 12 links  
Theme: interconnectedness

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery  
with jeans a belt of stars the radiance of a daughter JR  
tied shoelaces tug of war between two teams of Barbies CC  
in mirror: the head upside down JMB

turning the switch off  
the light still leaks a little  
alongside her breasts WR

jigsaw puzzle factory  
her missing  
timecard        CC

~\*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery  
left the hair combed my hand JMB  
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC  
he reaches down    to help him up a step JAJ

AIDS  
the joy of giving  
turned around    JR

**FINIS**