

**LYNX**  
A Journal for Linking Poets

XXIV:1  
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Haiga by Dawn Bruce

## BOOK REVIEWS

White Petals by Harue Aoki. Shichigatsudo Ltd. Tokyo, Japan. ISBN: 978-4-87944-120-1. Perfect bound with glassine dust jacket, 5 x 7.25 inches, Introduction by Sanford Goldstein, 130 pages, ¥1500.

The Unworn Necklace by Roberta Beary, edited by John Barlow. Snapshot Press, P.O Box 123, Waterloo, Liverpool, United Kingdom L22 8WZ: 2007. Trade perfect bound with color cover, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 80 pages one haiku per page. US\$14; UK£7.99.

Seeing It Now: haiku & tanka by Marjorie Buettner. Red Dragonfly Press, press-in-residence at the Anderson Center, P.O. Box 406, Red Wing, MN 55066. Cover illustration by Jauneth Skinner. Introduction by H.F. Noyes. Perfect bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 44 pages, \$15. ISBN:978-1-890193-85-0.

Songs Dedicated to my Mother – Julia Conforti by Gerard J. Conforti AHA Online Books, 2008.

Kindle of Green by Cherie Hunter Day and David Rice. Letterpress on emerald Stardream cover and

hand-sewn binding by Swamp Press. Illustrations by Cherie Hunter Day. ISBN: 978-0-934714-36-5, 48 pages, 5.5 x 8 inches, \$13 ppd. USA and Canada. \$15 for international orders. Write to Cherie Hunter Day, P.O. Box 910562, San Diego, CA 92191.

Because of a Seagull by Gilles Fabre. The Fishing Cat Press. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5, unnumbered pages, two haiku per page. Includes a CD with a French translation of the poems. 2005. ISBN:0-9551071-0-5.

Gatherings: A Haiku Anthology edited by Stanford M. Forrester. Bottle Rockets Book #13. Published by Bottle Rockets Press, P.O. Box 189 Windsor, Connecticut, 06095. Flat spine, color cover, 5 x 6.5 inches, 78 pages, ISBN:978-0-9792257-2-7, \$14.

Opening the Pods by Silva Ley. Translation from the Dutch Ontbolstering by Silva Ley. AHA Online Book, 2008.

In the Company of Crows: Haiku and Tanka Between the Tides by Carole MacRury. Edited by Cathy Drinkwater Better. Black Cat Press, Eldersburg, Maryland: 2008. Perfect bound, 140 pages, sumi-e by Ion Codrescu, author and artist notes, \$18.

The Japanese Universe for the 21st Century: Japanese / English Japanese Haiku 2008, edited and published by the Modern Haiku Association (Gendai Haiku Kyokai) Tokyo, Japan. Perfect bound, dust jacket, 220 pages, indexed, bilingual with kanji and romaji for each poem. Translation of haiku by David Burleigh and prose by Richard Wilson ISBN:978-4-8161-0712-2, \$25.

Haiga 1998 – 2008 Japan Collection by Emile Molhuysen. Binder bound, 8 x 12, unnumbered pages, with a CD included. E-mail for price and shipping. Website.

Haiku, Haibun, Haiga – De la un poem la altul by Valentin Nicolitov. Societatea Scritorilor Militari, Bucuresti: 2008. Translated from Romanian into English and French. Flat-spine, 5.5 x 8 inches, 142 pages. ISBN:978-973-8941-34-2.

Floating Here and There written and translated by Ikuyo Okamoto. Kadokawa Shoten. ISBN:978-4-04-52039-5, US\$15. Perfect bound, 4 x 7, 130 pages, bilingual with poems in kanji and English.

So the Elders Say – Tanka Sequence by Carol Purington and Larry Kimmel. Folded 8 x 11 inches single sheet with color photos. Winfred Press, 2008

The Irresistible Hudson: A Haiku Tribute Based on Yiddish Poetry by Martin Wasserman. Honors Press, Adirondack Community College, State University of New York, 640 Bay Road, Queensbury, New York, 12804. Flat-spine, 28 pages, 5.5 x 8 inches. No Price, no web access given.

The Tanka Prose Anthology, edited by Jeffrey Woodward. Modern English Tanka Press, PO Box 43717, Baltimore, MD 21236 USA. Perfect bound, 6 x 9, 175 pages, biographies of contributors, bibliography, \$12.95. Available through Lulu.com

Tanka written and translated by Geert Verbeke. Cover photo by Jenny Ovaere taken in Nagarkot Nepal. Printed by Cybernit.net, in Govindpur Colony, Allahabad, India. 2008. Perfect bound with color cover, 5.25 x 8.5 inches, 48 pages, with two poems per page in Dutch and English. Contact Geert Verbeke for purchase information. He often will do a simple trade; send him your book and he will send you his.

## NOTES OF OTHER BOOKS AND REVIEWS

Curtis Dunlap has written a book review of Basho The Complete Haiku that you can find at:  
<http://tobaccoroadpoet.blogspot.com>

</2009/01/basho-complete-haiku-book-review.html>

Modern Haiga is an annual journal—both print and digital—dedicated to publishing and promoting fine modern graphic poetry, especially but not limited to, haiku, senryu, tanka, cinquain, cinqku, crystallines, cherita, and sijo. Many writers and artists around the world have generously shared their work in Modern Haiga.

Jack Fruit Moon, haiku and tanka by Robert D. Wilson, Published by Modern English Tanka Press. Available from Lulu.com, from major booksellers, and from the publisher. Complete information and a mail or email order form are available online. Trade paperback price: \$16.95 USD. ISBN 978-0-9817691-4-1. 204 pages, 6.00" x 9.00", perfect binding, 60# cream interior paper, black and white interior ink, 100# exterior paper, full-color exterior ink.

## **LETTERS** from

Curtis Dunlap, Christopher Herold, Salvatore Buttaci, Mike Montreuil, Renee Owen, Sheri Files, Linda Papanicolaou, . Rabbi Neil Fleischmann, Robin Bownes, Allison Millcock, Dick Pettit, Patrick M. Pilarski

## CONTESTS AND CONTEST RESULTS

ukiaHaiku festival

Kikakuza Haibun Contest - English Section

Pinewood Haiku Contest

## ADVERTISEMENTS OF MAGAZINES, BOOKS AND WEBSITES

White Lotus – A Journal of Short Asian Verse & Haiga

Wollumbin Haiku Workshop

Rusty Tea Kettle

Proposing to the Woman in the Rear View Mirror by James Tipton

The Heron's Nest

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS by Gillina Cox

Allison Millcock's blog @ <http://millcock.blogspot.com/>

Curtis Dunlap's blog at Curtis Dunlap

Modern Haibun & Tanka Prose,

bottle rockets press

MET 10, Winter 2008, has been published in print and digital editions.

Call for Submissions Modern English Tanka. Issue Vol. 3, No. 3. Spring 2009

Pat Lichen's new website.

Gene Doty's The Ghazal Page. Ghazal blog.

Marlene Mountain

December of CHO issue

website of Isidro Iturat.

Sketchbook

Simply Haiku:

John Barlow Editor, Snapshot Press

The new issue of Shamrock Haiku Journal,

## **ARTICLES**

A TALE OF A FESTIVAL

Kate Marianchild

THE FIRST ENGLISH-LANGUAGE HAIKU ANTHOLOGY

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARGOT BOLLOCK

Jane Reichhold

Margot Bollock

THE REVOLUTION IS SETTING THE CHILDREN OUT ON THE RAPIDS WHERE THEY KEEP  
FLOATING ALONG

Werner Reichhold

This issue of Lynx is dedicated to two founding fathers of haiku - Mario Fitterer in Germany and William J. Higginson in United States.

Mario Fitterer

died on 13. January 2009

and

William J. Higginson

1938 - 2008

## SYMBIOTIC POETRY

### YEAR OF THE OX

Linda Papanicolaou, US (Linda)

Kathy Earsman, AU (Kathy)

Moira Richards , ZA(Moi)

Lynne Reese, UK (Lynne)

Denis Holmes, US (Chibi)

champagne glass  
in the kitchen sink –  
Year of the Ox                      Linda

dong dong dong  
warm scents trail the bell              Kathy

cherry blossom waves  
from street to street  
it's a petal pink-out              Moi

the blush that lingers  
after his touch                      Lynne

summer moon  
two eyes peer through

the screen door	Chibi
graves of the stars on a Hollywood tour	Linda
so many ice floes and so few polar bears	Kathy
so little grain so many cars to feed	Moi
we wipe our plates and wipe away our tears	Lynne
the insightful placement of the last go stone	Chibi
in tall dry grass the archaeologist sifts arrowheads	Linda
from these chrysalis a thousand butterflies!	Moi

Renku board at HaikuHut, December, 23 2008-Jan 1, 2009.  
It was directed by Chibi (Denis Holmes).



bergman

## Haiga by Maya Lyubenova and Colin Stewart Jones

### SHE TREADS LIGHTLY

Frank Williams  
Vanessa Proctor  
Dick Pettit

two days on...  
leaves on the pavement  
have changed to filigree           FW

paint peels off  
the verandah rails                   VP

misty moon  
a girl goes up the steps  
to a lighted room                   DP

is there a secret code  
in this ancient text?               FW

\*\*\*

the papermaker  
smoothes his washi  
onto drying boards                 VP

True Love is distributed  
every second Tuesday             DP

after the wedding  
the groom goes missing  
for an hour or two                 FW

in the station waiting room  
the tick tick of the old clock     VP

effortless!  
a skylark haunts the crags

along and back DP

stunning views distract us  
from our picnic spread FW

\*\*\*

in the pile  
of blood oranges  
one grapefruit VP

the scrum half seized  
and thrown up in the line-out DP

row after row  
of war graves stretch  
into the distance FW

frosty breaths mingle  
as arms link on the common VP

pub lights  
welcome the frozen group  
out of clear moonlight DP

trickling into the dusk  
the church choir's song FW

\*\*\*

mum shakes out  
the heirloom robe  
this christening morning VP

no-one has given a name  
to the orphaned lamb DP

on her first date  
she treads lightly  
over jacaranda blossom VP

my yellow duffel coat  
keeps off the April wind DP

Composed via email  
Started: 17 November 2008  
Finished: 2 December 2008

DEEP-BLACK FRAMED

Silva Ley  
Jacques Verhoeven

mirrors of a hundred years  
writing around the image  
                                from faces to abstractions  
                                an aquarium for shapes

lines of glue  
along transparent floors  
type settings tumble  
                                old plague house -smell  
                                faded away in lead dust

books lie open  
collections behind glass  
inventions in time  
                                thousand things together  
                                the on-looker gives sense

a cry for attention  
valuables are polished  
eyes fill with tears  
                                behind window bars, the town  
                                silent as an illiterate

^^^^

finger locomotion  
the leap from animal to man  
the spot above our left ear  
                                up to a new fashion  
                                cocks crow victory

voices and public  
to drink art eagerly  
in all the signals read  
                                lured to the miracle room  
                                a thunder of embracing

pass on the message:  
no hierarchy here  
no law but clarity  
                                no search for secrecy  
                                no grope for the mystic flash

in the middle of the hall  
as the diva of the Opera  
a Harley Davidson  
                                shops with neon texts  
                                don't leave with empty hands

^^^^

letters, funny figures  
to stick onto walls  
in the children's room  
                                snake trees twist and turn  
                                waving aa, bee, cee, dee

household articles  
in Martin Parr's collecting room  
a case full of watches  
                  an orderly caboodle  
                  the rose-red traveler came  
the borders shove  
to log - poster - picture  
emotions break down  
                  metal frames fall apart  
                  the command of laughs  
slow scratch of the pen  
vague flat-screens move  
danger area  
                  al life's signatures  
                  watch with all your senses.

Written in the National Graphic Design Museum, Breda NL           01 - 10 - 2008  
Recently the ancient building, a mediaeval plague hospital, was partly renewed and re- opened by our  
Queen Beatrix. Because of the 'week of Breda Photo' two rooms showed work of Photographer Martin  
Parr, known all over the world.

#### HAIKU IN TRANSLATION

Volker Friebel – German

Jane Reichhold – English

Eine Buchecker  
tiefer treten, in den Schotter  
des Waldwegs.

                  a beechnut  
                  stompt deeper into the gravel  
                  the forest path

Niesel in die Karre  
des Straßenkehrers. Der Klang  
seiner Schaufel.

                  drizzle in the cart  
                  the sound of the road sweeper's  
                  shovel

Den Schlitten zieht die Mutter,  
der Junge steht,

staunt in das Funkeln.

pulled by a mother  
the boy stands marveling  
at the sled's sparkle

Verschneite Weite.  
Den Weg  
zeigt der Bach.

the path  
in the snowy distance  
a stream

TRAVELLERS' TALES  
Dick Pettit – Denmark  
Paul Merken – Holland  
Francis Attard – Malta

Term begins  
travellers & their tales return  
the wide world over                      Dick (autumn)

please accept these humble gifts  
turmeric and liquorices                      Paul (autumn)

one-year old's babble  
makes of grandpa's giant panda  
a welcome guest                      Francis (non-season)

jar jef I say - the native  
corrects me: that's thank you in Wolof\*      PM (n-s)

the cry of a fox  
icy moon  
at nightfall                      FA (Wi Mn)

singing all the way home  
in patches of steaming breath                      DP (Wi)

what is going on  
behind the imposing fan  
of the royal palm?                      PM (ns)

gambling debts press,

he begs for the price of a loaf	FA (ns)
summer evening on a bus station bench throwing crumbs to pigeons	DP (su)
kite rides a cool current paper wings beat the air	FA (su)
his hand on mine my heart turns soft, hugged by the Beaujolais	PM (love)
I feel his guidance heavy his presence a constraint	DP (love)
bitten once too often the cigar between the sculptor's teeth	FA (ns)
a fire in the pile of sheaves stacked for the harvest service	DP(au)
dragon dances at the Mooncake Festival and floating lanterns	PM(au mn)
last days of autumn, cries of insects its requiem	FA(au)
starry skies back in the village nothing but skeletons	PM(ns)
on the terraced mud beds a few dry stalks	DP(ns)
black coffee & the least denomination coin for a tip	FA(ns)
hot-pants and miniskirts define Spanish spring collection	PM(sp)
lambs play and run back to mother orange blossom	DP(SpBl)
hoist the Blue Peter	

the carnival is over                      PM (ns)

\* Wolof: a language of Senegal & The Gambia

## TRACKLESS SHADOWS

Andre Surridge

Owen Bullock

catching  
his bald head  
silver light  
a full moon shines  
through the tops of trees

the clouds  
a deep grey tonight  
but they don't perturb  
my new found  
ordinariness

homeward  
through the park  
listening  
for the owl  
he saw last week

learning to be silent  
with no opinion  
it's like  
being in a cage  
with no walls

tiptoeing  
along the hallway  
the dog  
gives me away  
with a loud bark

sadness  
comes in many guises  
this was  
the night one  
that creeps up unawares

sitting on the stairs

a little girl with big eyes  
like her mother  
clutches a teddy  
“waiting for a story, grandpa”

there are so many  
that clamber at  
the edge of your mind  
this is how I see it  
this is how I see it

taking her hand  
slowly we ascend  
hushed voices  
in the half-light  
these trackless shadows

and tomorrow  
is the day  
I grow  
less anxious  
about my children

before  
the story ends she falls  
asleep  
I pull up the duvet  
kiss her golden head

something in her step  
that speaks purpose  
it doesn't matter what  
her hair or clothes  
are doing

this dream  
with no boundaries  
the cast  
and outcome uncertain  
even when it's over

we go on  
to other lists  
of things to do  
the ones we must tick off  
to die peacefully

a new day  
brings fresh prospects

despite grey skies . . .  
a heart warming smile  
the touch of your hand

incalculable  
the possibilities  
one side  
of the world  
or

the phone rings  
my mother's voice  
twelve thousand miles away  
the line so clear she could be  
here in the garden

something that connects  
this growth with  
that growth  
this green  
with that green

such a fleeting thing  
this life  
is it any wonder  
we're so fascinated  
with butterflies

there's a kind of music  
when I drop the pebbles  
into the stream  
and they make their way  
to the bottom

swimming slowly  
against the current  
a small fish  
thinks I'm throwing food  
I wish I knew its name

drowning  
like a particle  
slipping out of shape  
the moments  
I yet survive

taking  
a deeper breath and thinking  
is this at the other end

of the spectrum  
from a sigh

cold days  
are the best  
tucked up inside  
I do the little work  
I can do

hands wrapped  
around my coffee cup  
I study  
today's emails  
for something uplifting

a question came  
asking what kind of wind it is  
that blows –  
a day later  
I still haven't answered

I put on  
my coat and scarf  
go for a walk  
by the waterfront  
to clear out the cobwebs

last night  
you said the cool air  
cleansed us  
we talked about the family  
you, my youngest, now an adult

winter sunshine  
how lucky we are to be  
here right now  
living on an island  
without the weight of war

stronger thoughts  
than passive aggressive:  
"I want to do this"  
the colonel stops arguing  
the friend backs off

has the world  
every really been  
at peace  
someone fighting somewhere

since that distant Fall

I pick up  
old letters and try  
to sort them  
but in my heart  
they all need to go

you have to do  
what you feel is right . . .  
when the power fails  
someone has to brave the dark  
to find a candle

how little it takes  
to be happy,  
as Nietzsche said –  
I see dark clouds, bright sun  
the tips of leaves lit up

even in winter  
buds are thickening  
on the cherry tree  
thoughts of hope  
of little blessings that grow

time for goodbye  
there will be tears  
and later  
there'll be laughter  
as life begins again



Haiga by Jerry Dressen and Mark Smith

LOVERS  
Mariusz Ogryzko

Jacek Margolak

an evening cocktail  
frozen strawberry  
wet in her fingers

moonlit garden  
only a scent of his perfume

touching her breast  
uncovered  
full moon

the flock of crows  
darker than the dusk  
between two hills

pair in love  
Buddha on the table... smiles

cherry blossoms -  
the empty mat  
of a mendicant monk

November 2008

CREATING OUR WORLD  
Mariusz Ogryzko  
Jacek Margolak

end of November  
Santa Claus in my mail box  
promotes TV sets

the gust of wind –  
cartoon Spiderman moves

fight in Bombay  
my son removes the dust  
from 'Superman' comics

home again  
my garden gnome  
among the newspapers

looking for Christmas lights  
an old plastic Jack O' Lantern

after the 'Clone Wars'  
my brother counts  
the stars

December 2008

ROAR

Werner Reichhold as LEATHER

Jane Reichhold as BANDANA

Act I

Scene: Oakland, when it still had its oak trees. Even then there were roads carving paths where cows once ambled.

LEATHER: my 1.6 liter  
two-cycle engine  
gas baby-feeding its mileage  
then the burst of a tire  
and the interior angle hit

Look, the seat behind me isn't vacant, it's yours, in case. You may share the danger. What other cycles would you like to part with?

BANDANA: The noise of heat. Even in the shade noise and heat snuggle up together. It is too hot to think or to want to feel.

LEATHER: What does the tree experiences when we suck up its juice giving the tires of our trip a more gluey profile passing through tight curves?

BANDANA: Did you realize that trees are actually nourished by CO<sub>2</sub>? As you drive your bike by they see your exhaust puffing out great clouds of warm, salty broth. No wonder their roots spread out, reach out, and crawl toward the pavement.

LEATHER: What's the speed of darkness when we roar away from those marks the brakes left on asphalt?

BANDANA: Exactly in a ratio of 1:1 in the reverse of light. However it always feels as if darkness is fatter, larger, and more dense than light. Therefore it is the miracle of the universe that in spite of its size and weight, darkness can move at the same speed of light – so they say.

LEATHER: I can hear my comrade's "Dude" when at a sudden start I push the gas and the front wheel of my Dukati rises up. Why just then a pick-up lady-driver's mouth next to me switches from a soft smile to an open-mouth gesture?

BANDANA: Hmmm. Shall I let the metaphor tempt me to kiss the tire – the rubber one?

LEATHER: Leather, a second skin? How tough, why mostly black and why brown leather doesn't do the job, implies the wrong connotations? Black: that's the color of true light wants for desert – chocolate ice cream, ice scream?

BANDANA: Interesting that your two favorite things come from cows. Mother milk and all of those implications.

while driving the gods and powerful do not need you  
ill luck gathers and crosses its toes into New Mexico

as the heavenly first light breaths me I wake to  
the mother-of-pearl buttons jailing the last of the sun

this emptiness you now hold to your ear as a shout  
saying, "Hello, ah, Hello there Honey" no place to flee

when it appears nothing is happening languages undress  
a relic of St. Rita's thorn as chickens scratch in the dust

outlines of time and space against the Holy Spirit sees  
one in a giant wheelchair, diapered, dreaming and funny

did you know how the living fight over the dearly departed?  
from a distance my mother watches us - everyone hated her

as a three-legged toad hiking the woods of California  
a scene to be acted - shielded the bronze glint of a knife

clothes disappearing in the faith incense of veiny stream  
in calico as if going to a dance so moth-like they never

found a homeland

LEATHER: Seems we watch a chrome-glossy-chronology of relations when my dream meets the release of others sparkling. The ignition of an engine – the noise of a genetic lottery at work, in progress?

BANDANA: Freud is rolling over in his grave and for that reason, refusing to reinCARnate.

LEATHER: The 'slow-speed-contest winners' laughter – then the 'operational calm' before the high-impact-season's salty air at ebb tide on a September shore line at Point Arena, California. Well, it is fall, we may not undress. Anyway, the 'aurora antenna' to the Far North is set - see the skin-like interchanges between the reds and violets where there is only one sky possible, the one you build behind your eyes?

BANDANA: An English major on a bike? And you are inviting me to go with you to the "Beat the Heat" rally?

LEATHER: What part of 'no dear' you prefer not to understand when we enter the deaf-made-pleasure zone at the end of a tunnel where the smell of CO2 needs your hand-knitted oxygen-mask, the kind you like interwoven with African beads, pearls and shell-splinters?

BANDANA: Ah the joy of a double negative lets me get out of this heat. I love how you love me with your words.

LEATHER: Dependency: The word you would like to ignore when the price of gas rises. "Green fuel from kelp," you whisper, "is a Harley without a howl like a lioness' captivity in a zoo?"

## Act II

Scene: The wharf in Point Arena. Behind the pier jutting into the rocky bay is a long building with restaurants and gifts shops. Balancing this is the emptiness of the huge parking lot – big enough for boats and trailers and a party.

BANDANA: Wow! Look at those hogs! When does a toy stop being a luxury and becomes a necessity?

LEATHER: Well, just try to run away from a too holy held house-hold-position. Real amazons wipe out their heavenly bank accounts

shop shop   Mercury   the girl's best friend

BANDANA: We look so old-fashioned in leather! When can I get one of those nylon motor-cross outfits with pink puffs and star-bursts?

LEATHER: It's common sense to play with five or more credit cards, juggle three kinds of dope and consult smiling doctors twice a week

I phone  
you nurse  
the stem cell twins

BANDANA: (sitting on a rock and staring into the distance) That's why they call her the Great Mother. She pulls women's souls out of their bodies and takes them home with her. And swimmers? Do they come back out of the water as slightly different people?

LEATHER: There is a salty low tide smell in the air. GM (Great Mother) shows up remodeled. Boy, do we like it! Swimmers may get neptunized. Watch the motor bikers: they fray out with fringed shawls, it looks like seaweed blowing with the wind.

BANDANA: It is so deliciously cool here in the fog. Why are all those people wrapped in sweaters and coats?

LEATHER: I am stuttering - may I confess what I just learned? Those guys you see are back from a boat trip, diving and harpooning for swordfish some five miles out from the California coastline. They met a 120 yard long submarine. Right, they came home as slightly different persons, chilled.

BANDANA: And gloves. The hand of the leather giant?

LEATHER: glove-love  
as Virginia Woolf wrote  
"I the nymph  
of the fountain  
always wet"

BANDANA: When you give me your hand I will follow you. But as a modern woman, when I swing my leg over the seat of your cycle, I become something absolutely new. Have you noticed?

LEATHER: Yes dear. Listening through head phones to a follower behind us who is working for 'DOLCE & GABANA', he said "get dressed anew you'll be feeling anew. It's the extra fold leather creates between the legs."

BANDANA: If riding motorcycles is like dancing, then who is leading?

LEATHER: Right after the start mostly I with my sense of molten asphalt and indefinable ambitions. Then you click in contemplating the ride, calculating the dance as a gift for the two of us. Out after sunset you are making the most illuminating swings.

BANDANA: If I could sing this song to you in the night, where would it take you?

A little like the metaphor that mashes potatoes  
really a stream, really a trickle, slice

of kindling or fat start of a load of cedar  
whose door-stopping growth I could hear

over the hill there are dancing lights of  
it, (They have not even pickled it, yet.)

which is why we're a little embarrassed  
ashamed even when my face stares back

down a birch lane yellowing to autumn death  
that strips October bare of the trees in which

it was born and relies entirely on absence.

LEATHER:

The minnows swarm drawn South in love a seat to the North

Act III

Scene: The cycle rally is over and everyone mounts a bike to go on their way.

LEATHER:

Entirely the provenience and the privilege of an automatic  
cooling system occurring as an overheated rapture of benignity

the experienced logger stops the chain saw's well oiled cut  
on the weekend his bike and he himself leans at a pub

now fish and now chips phrasing their own satisfaction  
the bubbling beer remembers a yellow corn field

News lingering over New York's fluctuating stock market  
the win-win senses widening the loose-loose knowledge

deregulated the foot still on the break touch and go gassed

BANDANA: I am always amazed, when I go back home, that the rest of the world has continued on its own way even when I am gone. Somehow I have the feeling that when I leave a place, the electricity should be unplugged and everything remain as still as a photograph until my life comes back into it to give it energy again. I suppose some could accuse me of being ego-centric or maybe I am too touched

by being accused?

LEATHER:

here is the lonely  
tree bark and a cycle's  
wreck attached  
by accident traveler  
is there much left in the pipes

amusing  
the nurse a real lover  
a stethoscope plus butterfly  
her necklace

Sunday left helpless  
my doctor is out fishing  
for the hungry eel  
in his lungs  
the six-gear song  
of the exhaust fumes' particles

Monday why is the quarter moon's yellow coming down appealing?

BANANA: Probably for the same reason we feel that having a doctor available means a physical problem is being taken care of. While alone with an injury, we cannot help but feel that if we just got a doctor to look at it, improvement would be on its way. In the same way that the yellowing of the setting moon in no way changes the moon, also having a doctor taking notice of a wound or physical condition does not change the actual trauma area but does make the injured and the caretaker feel vastly different. This makes me wonder what I want the last thought to be before I cross the threshold of death. . . Your thought?

LEATHER:

The thought too great so a harp's Lied takes over vibrations

captivity what a delight holding the iPhone lower

honey the condition in a dormitory sweetly guided noses

firmest wave-mechanics select one dream not to end in bed

ritual the cry of a loon moving my hat's feather a laughter

clean drinking water and your dew-wet shell-like mouth to lick

DINC – double income no child – the engagement ring to shove

taken afar than barely let go the ocean's kelp proliferation

mid day by a butterfly's wing-wind her hair begins to curl

our engine rattling along with olive oil we used to cock with  
by bits & starts is chain-mail trendy or a web-search stickier  
ritual the jogger breathless cramps helped against a tree  
so home-loaned so hit by a 2:4 recession into depression  
attended by a drunken party a nuclear submarine diving up  
why do my jaws move too when a camel kisses Buddha's finger  
a straw shadow parts the white mane on top of my ice coffee  
ritual the wet land's brown alligator turns its belly to the sun

BANDANA:

Ah, the perfect way to beat the heat! without a stick. . .

LEATHER:

lifted

Libra liltng

level-headed liaison



## SOLO POEMS

### GHAZALS

#### CRICKETS

Yu Chang

Fading light between fallen stones, the call of crickets;  
Scattering leaves on the towpath, the sound of crickets.

Harvest moon in the apple orchard, wish I took the dare;  
Fresh snow on the weeping willow, no sound of crickets.

Milky Way in the mountain lake, she squeezes my hand;  
Sharing secrets under a starlit sky: our fondness of crickets.

Sunny morning on the way to market, we hum together;  
Antique store – a bronze lizard with a mound of crickets.

Christmas eve, a candle flame suddenly brighter:  
Listen, Changy, you always have, the song of crickets.

#### FAUSTIAN

Gene Doty

he thought he was being Faustian  
when he was only clothed in fustian

unread books piled in stacks on shelves  
and floor—a deal less than Faustian

"oh" he muttered too many times  
just past midnight, wrapped in fustian

waking before the sun rises  
he sees the sky in colors Faustian

no single pair of words can bracket  
the cosmos, a truth that smells of fustian

hostas and gladiolas keep  
the back door angels freely Faustian

which will it be, Gino, a deal

like Faust's or a cloak of fustian?

## AS IT HAPPENS

James Fowler

I breathe in slowly, breathe out slowly, by tens,  
release the desire for control of what happens.

My hair lay between lightning and the pull cord.  
I hope I laugh again the next time that happens.

Every morning I rise and my mind remembers,  
but every time I change rooms, forget happens.

Come, my sweets, let us take off our clothes,  
douse the lights, see what kind of fit happens.

In the cellar a scorpion shell sits on the shelf.  
Upstairs a door slams, vocal combat happens.

Bigotry resided and multiplied behind his teeth;  
now everytime he opens his mouth hate happens.

When The Lady's arrow strikes and Squirrel dies,  
she'll gather his energy and a new state happens.

## CALLS TO ME

c w hawes

The soft notes of the flute call to me;  
the chanter of the adhan calls to me.

From out of the desert I hear the wind,  
the voices of the saints call to me.

The lips of the shaykh drip with honey;  
the siren voice of the mosque calls to me.

My glass is empty and I'm parched with thirst;  
the pretty one with the wine jug calls to me.

The Beloved has kissed my lips, touched my cheek;  
the voice deep within very softly calls to me.

## SAY

c w hawes

What is it you say when the sun is rising?  
Indeed, is there anything you need to say?

The sidewalk is full of people rushing by  
And once in a great while one will say, "Hello".

Words, so many, many words filling the ears,  
Yet with a touch of your finger you say more.

Walking in the woods on a brisk autumn day,  
The crisp leaves say many things in their rustling.

Everywhere I look there are the fingerprints  
Of God, yet I heard someone say He was dead.

The tales of the past are such intriguing stuff,  
Yet isn't all of it simply someone's hearsay?

Enough! Akikaze's ears are full of sound –  
Let the silence of a winter day have its say.

## THE TASTE

c w hawes

Oh! The taste of the samosa from your hand –  
it's the taste of morning straight from the Friend's lips.

I lick your fingertips, as though honey dipped;  
the taste of this sweetness is all in the mind.

The mountain's river wildly dashing through me;  
the taste of delight in its icy freshness.

Lying upon the brown earth of your body,  
touch of mouth to skin, the taste of creation.

The One is one and so the One is not two;  
and from one leaf the taste of many teas.

## FRIENDSHIP

Ruth Holzer

There's a chance in every friendship  
that it will go south to romance, not friendship.

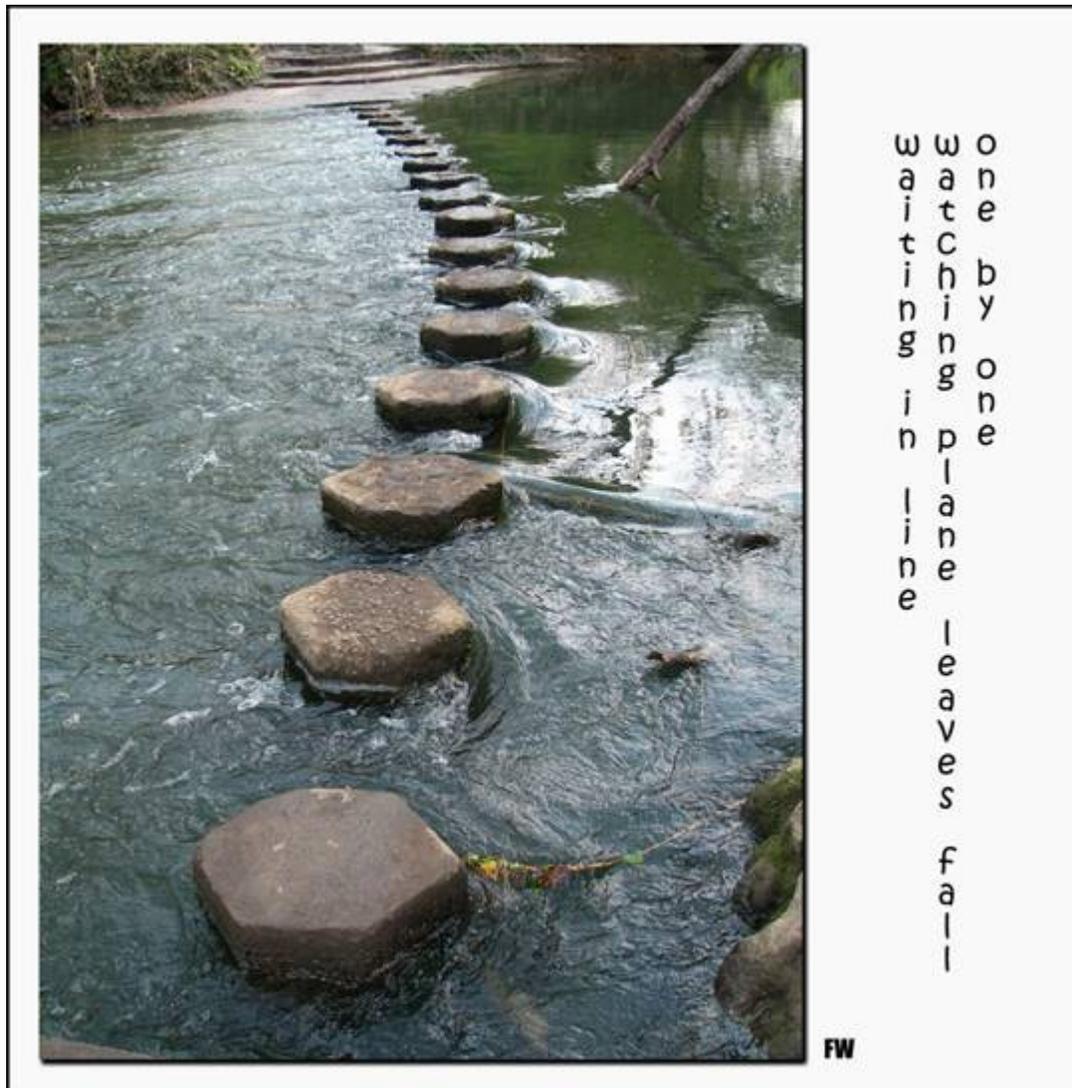
A minor arc on someone's wheel of need –  
one revolution stamps out friendship.

You'll try your best to fix your face,  
assume a mask to enhance the friendship.

You pay in thin coins of disappointment:  
the price for joining the dance of friendship.

Ruth's acquaintances change into strangers;  
waste and distance supplant all friendship.

stones



**haiga by Frank Williams**

## PROSE AND POETRY

### WINTER HIBERNATION Cindy Bell

The cold creeps back in. It makes me want nothing more than to flee this place, to blaze out of this latitude like the last ray of summer's light. I'm not ready for the winter hibernation. Not ready for the solitude made lonely by the absence of sunshine. Or for the firing up of the wood stove, the huddling by it in my down jacket, chills through my body, while I wait for my one room cabin to warm to above

freezing. I'd prefer another sun cradled afternoon reading on my porch, a light breeze swaying through the Devil's Club and Cow's Parsnip in my front yard.

reading a  
mountaineering memoir –  
silence

So now I'm left wanting to cry out, in an all out, on my knees kind of desperation. Couldn't there be room for just a minute more of summer? That single spark of hope to see me through all those midnight outhouse runs...

icicles hang –  
a spider  
crosses crystal-

ine snow

Perhaps I'll defy winter all together. I'll crank up that stove and delight in the roar. I'll wear my swimming trunks, the ones with the red and yellow stripes down the sides, and dream of break up, the time when Winter's depths will once again fade into the lightness of summer.

waiting again –  
double tap of rain  
on the roof

ROTTING  
c w hawes

Reset. They keep saying the program must be reset. Yet they won't do it and I do not know how. Nothing will get them to move. I am impotent. Ignorance and lack of security clearance make me a pawn in the bureaucratic chess game. Expendable. The odds against promotion: many to one.

humid, wet weather  
the blossoms on the rose bush  
balled and rotting

CHANGING TIMES  
c w hawes

I think of Basho grinding his ink bar with a little water upon the stone, then dipping his brush into the ink and writing his poems. A laborious process when compared to writing with a disposable ballpoint

pen.

For myself, I have never liked ballpoints. The ink frequently comes off in stringy blobs on the paper. They frequently skip. The selection of ink colors is quite limited. The pressure needed to make the pen write fatigues my hand and arm. I much prefer a fountain pen.

But on occasion, to get closer to the Master, I write with a steel dip pen.

November sun sets  
all day they cleaned the old man's house  
and throw away junk

## SOLITUDE

c w hawes

Basho, in one of his haibun, noted when someone stopped by, there was useless chatter. He went on to write, when visiting others he was afraid he was disturbing them and declared having no friends at all would be his true friend. But being a recluse did not suit the old poet and eventually he unlocked his gate.

I find myself sympathetic to the Master's plight. My quest for solitude is never ending. The cacophony of modern life is, at times, overwhelming. Frequently misunderstood, how does one explain the joy of self-companionship?

Most do not understand the value of silence. Indeed, I think most are afraid of silence and fill the sound-empty spaces with vacuous and inane chatter. Lives chattering away, strangers to the bliss of being one with silence.

the sun crests the hill  
bright flaming the clouds scarlet  
only the snow's crunch



## Haiga by Mary Davila

### REINCARNATION

c w hawes

Early winter is now upon us. Snow has fallen twice, but did not stay. Each morning, however, the frost turns all things white. Soon, the snow will too.

I sit in my chair, drinking tea, and gaze out the window of my apartment. Below are the ponds, trees, and houses of my new suburban home. I gave up a life in the country to seek a new path. I found a new path and love.

What a joyous feeling is love! All things have once again become new. The demons and ghosts of my former life are gone. I have experienced reincarnation and life is alive!

frosty cold morning  
way up in the sky the hawk

serenely gliding

ANY COLOR SO LONG AS IT'S . . .

Linda Papanicolou

I.

car bingo –  
in the back seat  
I'm wedged  
between the dog  
and picnic basket

It's 1956, and in the summer twilight we're on a narrow road that winds past farmhouses, dairy barns, and one after another AAA motor court with its neon No Vacancy sign on. Daddy's angry and he's oversteering. Mother had been telling me about vacations in her father's Model-T, but now she's silent, clutching the thermos. "Do we have enough gas?" she asks.

I don't know it yet, but President Eisenhower has just signed the Federal-Aid Highway Act. Someday this will be an interstate.

II.

high beams –  
the late night dj's  
smoky drawl

We enter the next construction zone, our little VW bouncing over an asphalt patch as four lanes narrow to two, then some miles later, back to four. I crack the window to a blast of heat still radiating from the sand although it's well past midnight. How did the settlers cope before cheap energy or air conditioning?

Ahead, low humps of mountains underscore a garish red blaze in the sky. "Las Vegas," says my husband. He turns on the radio. Now it's too late baby, now, it's too late, wails Carole King. Like this desert, her languor seems interminable. I glance at the fuel gauge, assuring myself we have enough to skip the next rest area and push on to California.

trailing  
behind a big rig  
mile after mile –

Love it or Leave it  
and How's my driving?

III.

"Pit stop," I nudge my son. "Ready to take the wheel?"

We lean against the SUV and share a bag of snack mix as the gallons ding one by one into our tank. The price has almost doubled in recent months—more at stations on the freeway. Gouging, they say, but what can you do? I tell him another of my 'fifties anecdotes about a garage charging nineteen cents a gallon—I can still hear Mother's outrage and I imitate her at the punch line.

He listens, thoughtfully chewing on a pretzel.  
“Ever heard of L. King Hubbert—Peak Oil?”

Vaguely I nod—I've seen it in a magazine, though didn't stop to read.

“Petroleum supply is a bell curve,” he explains. “Initially, demand drives exploration. Supply increases till the easy fields are drilled. After that, production declines, while cost and demand still rise. In 1956, Hubbert predicted US production to peak in the early 'seventies. Globally, it'll within the next two decades. From here on out—rising prices, scarcity and resource wars . . .”

One hundred twenty five years to use the first trillion barrels, next trillion in just thirty—I knew that, but it seemed so abstract, so far off. Surely they'll have fixed things by then, found alternatives. . .

What do I say? That I'm sorry?

Have I prepared him for the world he will inherit?

canyon wind  
across the slope cut –  
sandbars  
of an ancient riverbed  
laid open in the cliff

pumping gas –  
the guy with the woofers  
car dancing

## APPLICATION

Tom Cunliffe

Street-cleaning looked complex so I applied for the post of dishwasher, doubling up as kitchen porter. She offered me a job as an ant. Overcome, I swiftly accepted, admiring ants for their bitter selflessness— a quality sure to look good on my CV. That night I scoured pans but success followed as soon as I discovered candle wax. Promoted, I had privileges; I became sexless, I fed her, kept away the riffraff, tidied up. Later, I fulfilled her stronger desires, I massaged her scalp, ripped up the photographs, sharpened the scissors, blew out her candles.

in every box  
an egg—

such a quiet room

### FATHER FROM REST

Tom Cunliffe

Kiss her all night, all day long, take no rest. People will pass, burdened with suitcases, throw them some rope so they can bind their packages. Listen for the cold freezing their breath— infant splits and cracks— it will be icicles forming on the words of the women. Hold your tongue to the sun of her breast, blue veins, downy white skin. Nuzzle in, journey between her thighs, holiday in the inlets of her toes; taste the cherry of her neck, the cinnamon of her vulva, the mango of mouths open. Close her eyes with tiles, her nostrils with mortar, only stop when feathers sprout from her shoulders and your own lips turn golden.

Outside they pass, their suitcases dragging them down. And yes, they will pause, perhaps peer in, but you will never hear their smiles. They do that later, when alone— very alone.

they pass weightless as sleep— flying over regret

### THE NEWS

Roger Jones

Dad's friend Patrick, dead of a sudden heart attack at age 55. The phone ringing in the middle of the night forty years ago. We were a thousand miles away, another time zone. Mother took the call from Pat's wife Mary, then handed the phone over. Dad trembled as he took the news. Even now, a phone call in the middle of the night sends through me a jolt of ice-cold fear.

autumn morning  
first chill air  
grazing wind chimes

### SNOWSHOES

Patrick M. Pilarski

A trail through darkening woods. Branches hang: sharp black fingers on heavy clouds, pink with slivers from the setting sun. The path narrows to a thin slit between ink-spot trees; white fades to thick blue— the frosty ocean of early twilight. Then night-dark forest, our soft footfalls kicking up plumes of snow.

white birch,  
their frail arms  
lifting the sky

Mounting a rise, the trees part. Marshland spreads out, at and dry, lingers, gets lost in the night; grasses

and low brush. We make our way out onto the flats, snowshoes slipping through the drifts. A backbone of snowmobile tracks carve their way past ice-drenched cattails—ley lines for slow silence. The creek is a frozen highway at the edge of the reeds.

Waiting.

spring thaw—  
a duck's footsteps  
on still water

#### TIDE LINES

Patrick M. Pilarski

There is a place on the shore where a line becomes a question, a mirror for the sky. The tide walk—a place for ghosts, lost in the spray, steps measured by slick shells and the flitting shapes of shore birds.

one feather  
carried though the haze  
a gull's cry

Pinned between the forest's gnarled edge and the crashing surf; a middle-land of drying froth—parallel, liminal, smooth as feathers from a raven's wing. A highway for us to walk, tired and without footsteps, the thinning edge of the world.

#### ICHIBAN ON NICOLETTE

Patrick M. Pilarski

Nothing in this place is real. Imitation kimonos; Christmas lights on plastic trees; fabriform Shinto shrines. Even the waiter speaks with a southern drawl. Water trickles, knives flash, grills flare; a lemon refuses to impale itself on waiting tongs. Is the wooden Buddha howling or grinning? Small spark on the charred cooking grill. Small wooden bridge leading nowhere and made of painted plastic. But wait. Wait. Hidden behind the cheers and the clatter of cutlery... something here is real.

soft curses—  
the sushi chef  
drops his knife

#### EVENING SHADOWS

Trish Shaw

My daughter sits in her wheelchair by the window. It's been a bad day. It was upsetting to see the x-rays and hear the latest prognosis. After the tears there is anger, always fresh and hot. She's frustrated and depressed; she can't go back to work yet and has lost touch with friends. Always the optimist, I try to cheer her up - things will look better in a year.

Looking at the healing scar on her leg, I take a deep breath and leave the room. A few minutes later I set a bowl of warm water, a rag, and a small box by her feet. The chair squeaks as I pull it into position.

dark circles  
mar the beauty of her face  
bent in twilight  
using brush and palette  
I paint her toes Mauve-lous\*

\*OPI Anniversary Nail Polish Collection

## TAKING THE PLUNGE

Barbara A. Taylor

In 1989, in search of sun and solitude, I moved interstate, north to a weathered turn-of-the-century farmhouse. It came with five volcanic acres and a toothless jersey cow, (a supreme champion), called "Dairy Maid". My old dog and five broody bantams completed the ménage. Before I ventured on this new episode, a dear friend gave me a present: "Plant Dreaming Deep" by May Sarton. Her words encouraged me to embrace change, rediscover and challenge, create; to write whilst I still could lift my green wheelbarrow. From a job at the hub of politics, where you're sure the world won't turn without you, oh, what bliss, what freedom, what splendid joy to stop, live here and talk with the birds and the earth. Contentment at its best

unraveling jasmine  
I hear the mandarin tree  
breathe with me...  
the birdsongs and blossoms  
a blue tongue on the rocks

## TRUST

Patricia Prime

My mother trusted my sister and me (6 and 10) to take our baby cousin to the park while the grown-ups talked and drank tea. Father and two uncles had returned safely from the war in Germany, but the only time they talked about their experiences was when they visited each other.

We were pleased to be outdoors, unsupervised. The pram was a wicker carriage with sprung wheels that bounced over broken pavements and shattered roads. The handle came up to my chin.

through cemetery gates  
along wide avenues  
the pretty flowers  
and cute angels  
shown to the baby

We wandered into the allotments where people without gardens grew fruit, flowers and vegetables. Sixpence bought a large bunch of sweet peas for our mother and one of the owners gave each of us a ripe tomato.

The park was our last adventure. It was green, with swings, slides, and a roundabout. There was plenty of room to run and play. We parked the baby's pram under a tree while we played "chase he" and skip rope. Then we crossed to the drinking fountain for water and played bulrush with our friends.

Late afternoon. Halfway home we were overcome with horror. "The baby. We've left him behind!" screamed my sister. "He's probably been stolen. Mum will kill us!" We raced back to the park, found the baby where we'd left him. Hugged him and kissed his hands and face.

burrowing  
into my sister's  
pink woolly jumper  
my tear-stained face  
covered with tomato juice

with no dignity  
to worry about  
I untangle myself  
"Are you alright,  
are you alright, baby?"

filling ourselves  
with butterfly cakes  
and milk  
we tell no-one about  
our adventure.

CONSTITUTIONAL  
James Fowler

Light creeps between the flakes that click on my old USS Midway flight jacket. The honking geese on the beaver pond paddle to keep from freezing in. Behind me, beyond Route 12, the factory whistle calls the morning shift. The ruffed grouse, hidden beneath the hemlock, mutters as I walk by. Gusts of wind lift swirls of snow and fill my tracks. I tilt my head to tongue the flakes and watch the storm clouds march across the skies.

falling ashes  
the bitter flavor  
of gunpowder

## ANOTHER ROOM

James Fowler

I close the door behind me and toss my suitcase on the left bed. The tiny refrigerator beneath the TV is empty, the machine in the lobby too far to go this late. As I unpack in the window lit shadows, the mirror over the bureau catches my eye. An enchanting face peers out, but the full moon is not what I want. I open the window a crack and pull the shade. I stare at the green light of my recharging laptop until I fall asleep.

blinking neon  
traffic on the highway  
whispers my name

## SEQUENCES

### SUMMER TANKA

Don Ammons

summer night the kids  
have left home "We are too old,"  
she laughs "No! No! No!"  
outside on a spread blanket  
under white stars we make love

insects hum I sit  
on flattened grass watching my wife  
wade into the stream  
she pauses nude pose looks back over  
her shoulder smiles I stand

television  
re-runs could flicker the length  
of white summer nights  
but no! pale hours spent with her!  
no time for black and white myths

August not autumn  
not summer packing leaving  
the cabin "Goodbye  
cabin" my wife quips a salty  
tear on her sun-burnt cheek

northern summers  
too short too cold not of my  
past a Florida  
childhood long hot hours recalled  
on cold Nordic summer nights

## THE BREAKERS

Ed Baranosky

A common gull poses  
Snowflake obsidian eyes  
Reflected in a shallow pool  
And pauses beneath arcing breakers,  
Crying out before unfolding flight.

Beach glass returns  
Exposed in the off-shore gales  
Home worn by sand and snow,  
Dunes drifting over  
Moon-burned contraband.

A beached dory,  
Bleached by drying days'  
Searing suns,  
Floats among blue asters  
Into wooden memory.

The scent of the surf's  
Constant pulsed onslaught  
Is the same at dry dock,  
Peeling mansion, or gilded  
Cottage corroded with salt.

Some call the grass spartina

That ripples in the marsh  
Torn roughly along its edges  
Swelling with sand and dulse  
In the turning of the tide.

MAROONED  
Ed Baranosky

Red sails sink  
Below the horizon  
Racing time for gold,  
God for sterling stories  
In the relics of strangers.

Memory's mariners  
Unfurl their canvas wings,  
The vessels of millions  
Of years, onyx carved  
Near the windblown tides.

Who, with rusted harpoon,  
Unravels the knot tied  
Onto a mystery anchorage,  
The lost meaning of scars  
Removed from vain wounds?

Do you know  
What secret contraband  
Lies buried beneath the surf,  
Sacred maps held for ransom  
And peddled as prophesy?

They may have expected  
Pearls the sea shapes  
To remain marooned  
Beneath muffled oars  
And muted beach music.

HAUNTING HER BEDSIDE  
(To the Memory of my Mother)  
Carl Brennan

Dazzle of August  
on mom's hospital window;  
shadows move within

Haunting her bedside...  
a health aide finds the TV's  
remote control

An oxygen mask  
distorting mom's classic face...  
a nightmare perhaps

I misplace my car  
in a vast parking lot...  
loneliness wakes me

One lung has collapsed!  
doctors leave us together  
in hopeless twilight

I wipe some sputum  
from mom's lips—suspending  
the priest's last prayer

Still in my wallet –  
my glamorous young mom's  
movie-star looks

James Bond on TV...  
holding mom's little fingers  
I breathe when she breathes

A nurse offers me coffee...  
also mentioning  
Mother's heart has stopped

Dawn breaking over  
the hospital's skyline—a  
dawn without verses

All the fairy tales  
mom read me—unhappy  
endings have converged

I lose our house keys  
in cemetery grass...  
no home anymore

UNTITLED  
Dawn Bruce

warship  
on the horizon. . .  
winter solstice

twilight  
grays the river. . .  
a heron waits

early evening  
through a frosted window  
the red-gold moon

forest grove  
the old cottage alight  
with laughter

light rain  
a kookaburra watches  
the pond ripples

flu recovery  
the flutter of petals  
and butterfly wings

clearing the attic  
grandmother's glory box  
empty

FOR LYNX  
Gerard John Conforti

Tears flow  
like they've never done before  
when ill they stop  
I don't know but the pain  
seems never to cease

If I could give you  
the world I would and it would be  
a gift from my heart  
like my poems have been  
and always will be

tonight  
I will rest calmly

like the night before  
beautiful dreams will come  
as they come every night

I view the stars  
from the terrace at night  
there is silence  
in the silence of the stars  
not to disturb anyone

I said I would give up  
writing for a little while  
but I have come to it  
in full force  
as it is supposed to be

How can I not love you?  
Jane you have been so good to me  
and showed me love  
I will never forget  
even in dying

#### WINTER REEDS Ruth Holzer

spattering gravel  
you drive away  
still angry  
in thin slippers  
I feel the chill

fall garden—  
everything toppled  
over  
only yesterday I was  
planning and planting

leaves  
of oak and hickory  
crunch—  
the doe and her twins  
somewhere nearby

dry reeds  
at the edge of the pond  
rustling  
with the joy

of being here

UNTITLED

Elizabeth Howard

fearing the chance  
of premature childbirth  
I'm drawn to the sketch  
your tiny head cradled  
in your mother's hand

okra makes me homesick  
garden fresh  
chopped, rolled in meal  
browned golden  
in mother's skillet

toxic clouds  
above the steam plant  
each spring lads  
trace the riverbank  
with stringers of fish

digging a well  
great-uncle tossed dynamite  
to blast rock  
wore pebbles in his face  
for sixty years

after the blowout wedding  
unity  
rests on one hand  
the hand he placed  
on another woman's hip

ILUKO HAIKU

Alegria Imperial

batbato inta  
kapanagan  
sabsabong ti sardam

stones  
on the riverbank  
dawn flowers

daluyon iti  
tengga't aldaw  
ararasaas mo

billows  
at high tide  
your whispers

bulan nga  
agpadaya  
magpakada kadi?

setting moon  
in the east  
did you say goodbye?

inururot  
nga Pagay  
tedted ti lulua

pulled strands  
of rice grain  
tear drops

dagiti bulbulong  
nga agtataray  
lenned diay laud

rustle  
of leaves  
sun set

PRISON SEQUENCE  
Antonio Laravie

fullmoon  
luminous in the black sky  
reflecting in my cup  
floating in black tea

bitter-sweet, I swallow every drop

facing the vastness  
tears streaming down my face  
they are for you child  
when you can, find your way home  
an old woman waits broken-hearted

winds blow endlessly  
even dreams tumble away  
I'm waiting for snow  
the cold, hard wind  
the struggle that comes with forgetting

autumn snow fall  
as suddenly as  
snow disappears  
sparrows flock to the empty field  
no hope – thoughts of her returning

autumn wind blows  
gray clouds blanket the sky  
sparrows dart here and there  
paying the cold no mind  
a sliver of golden sunlight

shadows long and dark  
on the yard below the guard-tower  
red and orange sky  
a solitary buzzard  
flying home before twilight

Singing Eagle Boy –  
beaded moccasins on your feet  
Hobo Creek flows  
where a leaf has fallen  
we will meet again in the vastness

Halloween night  
little ghosts, goblins walk the streets  
one small witch with them  
youngest of my fair brood  
a crescent moon watches over us both

under the moon-lit sky  
I am nowhere to be found  
only the vastness between stars  
and the forgotten winds  
not even headstones remain

flying flocks of white gulls  
coming over the hill  
above the power-lines  
spiraling upward to heaven  
a blessing to this moment

blue cloudless sky  
crows in the empty field cawing  
hopping and flexing their wings  
like children laughing and joking  
cup of black tea warms my hands

SKELETON RENGA  
Dick Pettit

Before  
the game begins  
Will you take white?

Let's set things up.  
Would you like black?

As you wish.  
Are you giving me  
advantage?

If you think so -  
depends on how we go.

Make a cup of tea  
for two ^ Whoa! that's enough  
for both of us.

Does the Moonshine  
come in here?

.....

You could draw  
the curtains if the light  
is too disturbing.

Hardly enough to see by,  
the day is fading.

It's no real help:  
take a sip of something  
more substantial.

Fine! I'm going strong.  
How about yourself?

The night is young.  
Are you sure you won't  
have a cigar?

Thank you. But  
you haven't any left.

Let us say,  
the box is never empty -  
Your move, I think.

I was about to, but now  
I'm not quite sure.

No.  
And the Moon  
is shining on the curtain.

That reminds me -  
May I pass behind you?

Another cup of tea.  
Use the flowered mugs  
this time.

Sure you'll be all right?  
It only takes a minute.

.....

If you don't mind,  
I need to think a while  
about our proposition.

Hmm....that could  
alter ones perspective.

Look! A spider  
crawling on the glass.  
Here's luck!

There's a dead fly  
in the casement

How ughsome!  
And Winter  
will soon be with us.

I think of Summer  
without a shirt and tie.

Mm... pass the cup.  
It's bitter! You've  
brought coffee.

Yes. I know you always  
take two spoons.

What's that tickering?  
Two lumps of sugar, yes -  
Do use the tongs.

They make a set. I see  
symmetry in the position.

double mirrors  
my friend, to catch  
the Moon

That's it! I'll go first  
and you precede me.

.....

Mind the cup!  
Don't spill things  
on the floor.

Careful- the board is at  
a delicate position.

They'll let me in.  
I only want to make  
a slight adjustment.

unnecessary refinement  
is cause of nations fall.

It's down.  
Remember the moves and  
no bouquets this time.

I'll do the scores -  
Have you any change?

ON EXTENDED LEAVE  
Rich Magahiz

L3 the purser calls umbilicals unsnapped

three hours out Diamond Jack ignores the lifepod drill

New Pondicherry slip a stop to refuel  
cheaper by the gross empty cannisters click-clack  
armored groundcar driver black against the arc lamps  
Thanatos-class twinhull waves flash to vapor abaft  
Sol dipping towards the west no need to shade one's gaze

BABY BOOK  
Jane Reichhold

At an estate auction in a small town, a battered box of books was sold for one dollar. Shoved down the side of a stack of cook books was a small leather-covered book.



You were born on a Monday, January 18, 1937 at 2:25 a.m. at Memorial Hospital in Lima, Ohio.

Dr. Charles Leech attended with nurses Cleone Monday and Arlene Smith.

jrbaby

Your first and favorite toy was a bunny rabbit on a rattle.

Aunt Ruth gave it to you along with a bassinette.

An imitation dog was another favorite toy.

But a live dog was your real favorite.

First words were “Mama, Daddy, kitty, dog, see, look.

First sentence was, “See at little bird?” at 17 months.

You were fond of birds, animals, and flowers or anything that had life in it.  
One of your chief delights was to get into Grandma Styer’s chicken yard.

lost in a forest of flowers  
sun-warmed blossoms press  
against bare legs begging  
to be touched

first a cupping of fingers  
to support a rose as one  
lifts the rounded breast

oh, yes the size and shape  
of the aureole soft and open  
reversing nature's flow a bud

inside the back window of the rear car a parenthesis  
of a monster with a tail of a python and deep valleys

clumsiness is hard to understand if not the first time  
there is nothing to falling down naked when you come

the culture in suburbs of feathers old enough to escape  
the cycle of addiction is continued but finally one says

"I saw them feel" (one might have to wonder what  
the poem's title meant; surely a pun on a sense of

verbal sensuality and withdrawing into an arch  
of trees filled with tiny worms – caterpillars perhaps

knotted with ridges firm  
yet still and always a flower  
the fountain of my pleasure

twinned so each hand plucks  
as on the taut string  
the song of honey in the heart

a bell tolls deep within  
the sacred chapel held up  
by legs quivering to the tone

the roaring of a wild wind  
as when the bright sun blinds  
unseen a letting down of wetness

2 years old: your first question:

Every time any part of your body itched you would come to me and say,  
"Momma, I got a bite." I'd say, "Scratch it." This time after you had  
scratched it you surprised me by saying.

jrgirl "Where did the bite go?"



Played a wishing game at school on December 1, 1943.  
You wanted to have all your gold in your heart.

When people would ask you what you wanted to be when you grew up you said:  
“I want to be a rainbow to show the world my colors.”

Years later, when I went back home for my mother’s funeral, the lady wearing an apron in the grocery store recognized me and told me she had something she thought belonged to me.

## FULL MOON

R.K.Singh

A crescent  
in the western horizon –  
missing the moon

The full moon  
behind the bare tree–  
branches curve

Squeaking  
under the full moon  
dry sky

Wet bodies  
of bathing women:  
full moon night

Splendid with the moon  
night in silver peace dreams  
through folds of light

Two long hours  
under the chinar:  
lost full moon

Aggravating pain  
in the legs and sleeplessness:  
blue moon

Winter allergies–  
staying inside to escape  
the wind in full moon

## BETWEEN THE SHOWERS

Barbara A. Taylor

autumn mists lift-  
the froth-fringed mountain  
reappears

this sky promises more rain  
to lash, flash, fall like comet particles

into earth's atmosphere  
prismatic lights in raindrops  
pulsating pearls

silvery laced fronds  
from web to web – clear marbles  
white opals

dancing diamonds –  
alternating messages flicker

from somewhere else beyond  
stimulating simulated  
frontiers of my mind.

## WORLD TOUR

A. Thiagarajan

no language problem  
for accompanying dog

another country–  
my dog answers  
the local bark

no one in the park  
jumping from one bench to another  
a grandpa

at the puddle  
with a broken comb  
a homeless kid

relocation–  
the maid takes a carton  
for what is left

holding my hand  
talking of my affairs  
the gypsy girl

sparse drizzle  
getting wet  
only the shoulders

late night—  
he removes his tie  
one hand ringing

graduation shots—  
putting separated parents together  
using photo editor

silent dawn—  
the lid of the pan making noise  
boiling water

waking up  
not hearing the muttering  
of neighbor's prayer

## OFF SEASON A. Thiagarajan

off season  
all the pleasure boats  
on the beach road

disturbed siesta—  
neighbors kids  
away on vacation

gathering momentum  
the giant wheel  
with kids' shrieks

so many ants  
around empty bottles—  
soiree over

windy evening—  
the way she bends to hold her skirt  
at each gust

bath tub overflowing–  
the kid tip toes  
in lizard's stillness

dawn–  
incense floats into my bedroom  
mom at Puja

## EARLY DAWN

A. Thiagarajan

cutting a leaf  
cutting a web

at the clinic  
assuming knowing the illness  
getting its name

she begs in English–  
in this Asian city  
in the expat district

kid asks dad to reverse the car  
to see the world  
forward fast

allowance at the drop box–  
the kid prays for  
an easy exam

caught in the branches  
the kid's name swings  
on the kite

## FOGGY SUNRISE

A. Thiagarajan

he wipes again  
his spectacles

incense stick almost done  
the kid not batting his eyelids  
for the tiny glow's disappearance

among dad's things  
strands of hair  
on mom's comb

cold night  
putting his legs over me  
my three year old son

plucking flowers  
she covers the dawn  
in the bowl

morning bhajan—  
the quiet moment  
of her child in the lap

closed factory—  
cooking of the homeless  
through the chimney

another coin  
the beggar counts  
all over again

still puddle—  
the farm labor washes her face  
with the sky

## SINGLE POEMS

A woman with a perfect body?  
I don't want one.  
The last one left me  
deeply depressed  
for three whole days.

James Tipton

RONDEL  
Gene Doty

I never thought it would happen to me.  
Furious storms boil out of the southwest.  
My mind was dark when they opened my chest.  
Blue winds shake limbs from the maple tree.

The sirens shriek "tornado" repeatedly;  
Awake again, I can't remember the jest:  
I never believed it would happen to me.  
Furious storms boil out of the southwest.

I forget myself and feel awareness flee.  
Sometimes the wailing sirens are a test;  
Sometimes they hail storms from the burning west.  
The nurse watches the screen: what does she see?

I never thought it could happen to me.

for some reason  
right now, right in the middle  
of all these reports  
I have an urgent desire  
to hold your face and kiss you

c w hawes

snow falling softly  
we drink tea and eat doughnuts  
on Sunday morning  
we dream together of where  
our retirement will take us

c w hawes

sitting together  
we're silent on the bus commute  
we just hold hands  
what need is there for words  
little sounds to misunderstand

c w hawes



snowclouds

sometimes

2 suns

john martone

wind--ice

each hones

the

other

you

john martone

backyard trash snowed-over for now

john martone

frozen

as garden is

there are turnips

john martone

subzero--not locking the door now

john martone

a buddha at the headboard looking down

john martone

books in his bed a neanderthal grave

john martone

CONNECTIVITY

sedoka  
Barbara A. Taylor  
from an ex  
an email message  
out of the blue

recharged  
into the valley of life  
by the click of a mouse

I am a guy with a severe physical disability from Bristol in the UK . Can't get out much but am inspired by your lovely website. I hope this finds you; it is my 1st attempt at haiku.

earthenware teapot  
spout fractured from a soft fall  
no longer useful

John Winfield

backyard ice-rink  
swept of snow  
letters to write

Joanna M. Weston

coffee and beer  
baseball scores  
dented cushion

Joanna M. Weston

protest-rally  
of seniors

church choir

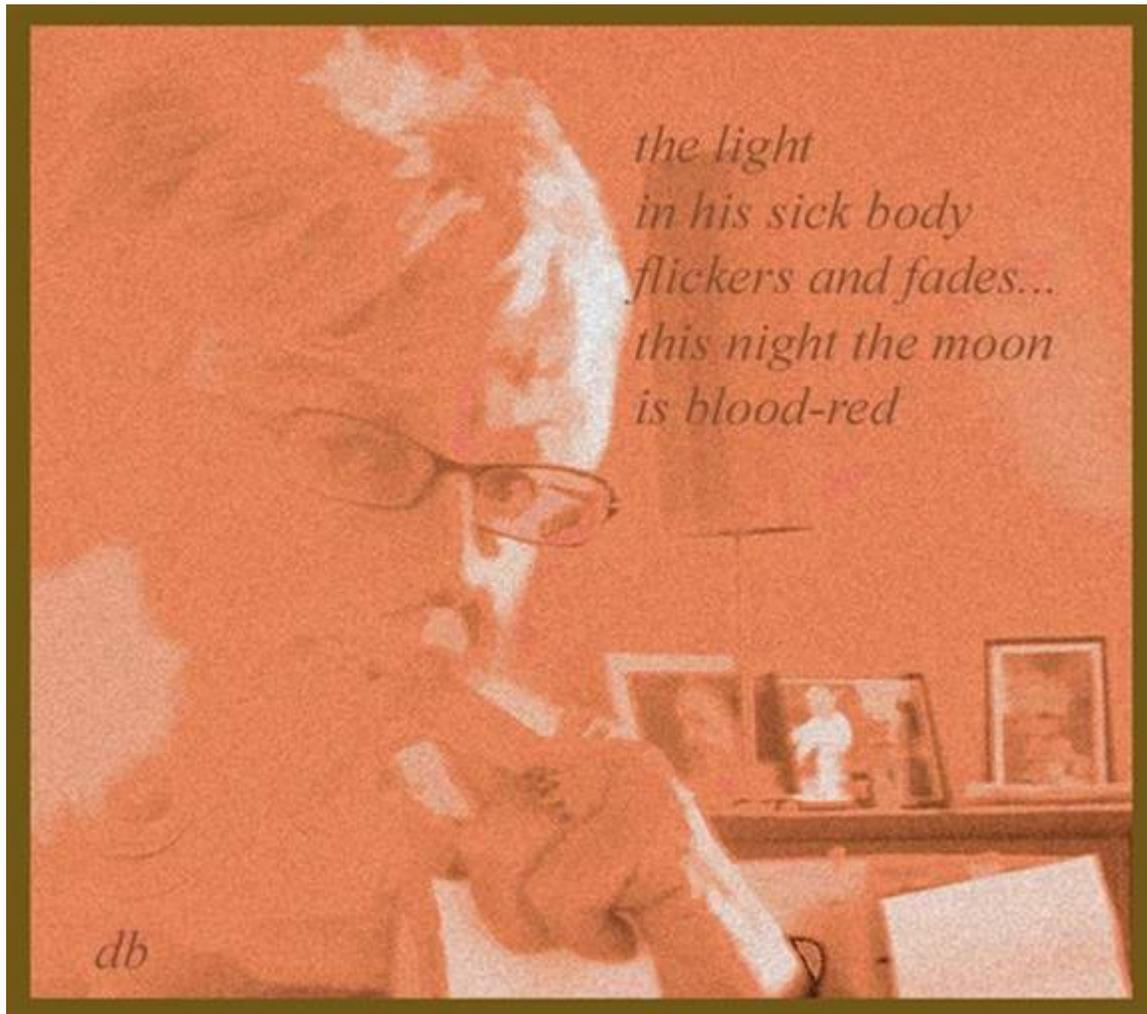
Joanna M. Weston

ale, wine, juice  
coffee, tea  
five poets

Joanna M. Weston

maple leaf  
quivers  
- echo after echo

Joanna M. Weston



Haiga by Dawn Bruce

## BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

White Petals by Harue Aoki. Shichigatsudo Ltd. Tokyo, Japan. ISBN: 978-4-87944-120-1. Perfect bound with glassine dust jacket, 5 x 7.25 inches, Introduction by Sanford Goldstein, 130 pages, ¥1500. Seven years have passed since Harue Aoki's first book of tanka translated into English, *Memories of a Woman* and now four years have gone since the second book, *A Woman's Life*. These previous books contained poems she had written in her thirties and forties with her thoughts and sensibilities of those ages. Now in her sixties, she has survived a divorce, raised her two sons, her father has died, she has taught Japanese in England and one of her sons has married and she has a new book of her tanka that she has translated herself – *White Petals*.

Sanford Goldstein writes in the preface: "When I began checking her poems in *White Petals*, I found that her English translations of the poems left out details that appeared in the Japanese, and I made changes. But later Harue rejected my changes, wanting to pare down her poems to a minimum. In other words, her own translations were not full versions of the Japanese. She asked me to correct only her English versions and I did, but many of my revisions she changed again, aiming for even greater simplicity, a bare quality that has a very special music. . . Certainly Harue Aoki is one of the few Japanese women poets making translation into a real art – and for the most part doing it herself."

I was eager to read this book of Harue Aoki's poems because I remember being extremely unhappy with her previous books. I felt then that her poems were self-indulgent, full of self pity and overwrought pathos. Just flipping open this new book, the first poem to come into view was:

end of the year  
walking through town  
feeling listless –  
I caress my hair  
with my red gloves

and found myself silently cheering Ms. Aoki onward! At the bottom of the page was

kure no machi  
kokoromoshino ni  
yuku ware no  
kami kakiaguru  
tebukuro akashi

and I gave her another cheer for doing such a good job of translation.

Other poems are much more difficult to translate, but still I found her translations to feel complete and full of the detail needed to carry the poems in English. I am puzzled why Goldstein, given the honor of working with Aoki's poetry, should portray himself as he did in the preface. I find her poetry much better, more true to life, more evenly presented, as if seen from afar in *White Petals*.

Obviously Harue Aoki has gone through what has seemed to her to be difficult times and situations, though what modern woman has not made a similar journey? However, it seems these difficulties have done their good work and made her a richer, deeper more alive woman. Now is the time for her tanka.

the calm park,  
cherry blossoms gone –  
in the rain  
the trees full of leaves  
so vigorous, so green

Harue Aoki could be speaking of herself. This is what tanka is for and why it is in our lives. Celebrate and get White Petals for yourself.

The Unworn Necklace by Roberta Beary, edited by John Barlow. Snapshot Press, P.O Box 123, Waterloo, Liverpool, United Kingdom L22 8WZ: 2007. Trade perfect bound with color cover, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 80 pages one haiku per page. US\$14; UK£7.99.

This, the first collection of the haiku of Roberta Beary, was one of the nominations for the William Carlos Williams prize in 2008. This should come as no surprise since Roberta Beary has won first place prizes in the Brady, Haiku International Association, Kusamakura, Penumbra, and Tokutomi contests along with numerous other prizes. These honors included the manuscript winning the 2006 Snapshot Haiku Press Haiku Collection Award 2006. She is on the editorial staff of the Red Moon Anthology. These spare and finely honed haiku sit one to a page, perfectly centered exactly above the middle and yet they, combined, tell the story of a break up of a marriage with small children. The opening poems briefly portray the author as a child within a perhaps less than happy marriage:

piano practice  
in the room above me  
my father shouting

The poems about deceit and lying soon morph into those her own husband is telling her and the situation between them.

blizzard –  
the space between us  
in the king-size bed

By page 35 we are into the divorce and by page 43 there is a new wife and by 49 there is mention of the “first date” and children “two continents away.” I will not give away the rest of the story and will only add the last haiku in the book.

empty room  
a teacup holds  
the light

Penny Harter’s words in the blurb on the back of this beautifully produced book:

“. . . Beary’s haiku record life passages – love and loss, anger and forgiveness, family and solitude – linking human nature and the natural world with exquisite sensitivity and striking clarity. A stunning collection!”

To which I can only add, “Amen” and “Go Girl!”

Seeing It Now: haiku & tanka by Marjorie Buettner. Red Dragonfly Press, press-in-residence at the Anderson Center, P.O. Box 406, Red Wing, MN 55066. Cover illustration by Jauneth Skinner. Introduction by H.F. Noyes. Perfect bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 44 pages, \$15. ISBN:978-1-890193-85-0.

Among its many attributes, in the back of this book there is a listing of each poem by its first line. With this is the information about where the poem was published or the prize it won. I am blown away that someone would 1. so carefully keep track of each poem, and 2. publish only poems that had been first published elsewhere. Yes, in the beginning haiku authors did this 30 years ago as proof that some editor judged the work to be fit for print. I did not think that anyone still did this. Because I love Marjorie's work, I find this charming and the right thing for her to do – it fits with who she is and how she writes.

first buds of spring  
I change the washer's setting  
to delicate

I find this poem, picked from the top of the page that opened, to be simply perfect. Now looking in the back to the acknowledgments I see the poem was awarded Honorable Mention in the Harold G. Henderson Haiku Award, 2004. Reading that I began to wonder, if this poem got HM, what poem was better? I find after a Google search: The judges for the 2004 competition were William Cullen Jr. & Brenda J. Gannam who gave First Place to w.f. owen with "Indian summer / a spent salmon / washes ashore." Go figure.

Back to the good stuff. The tanka on this same page is:

fading dream  
through gossamer shade  
early morning light  
if I were a flower now  
these petals my morning poem

This poem is a far better tanka than 90% of the work presently being published as tanka. We need to see more of Marjorie Buettner's work to keep us, all of us, on the best – straightest and narrowest – paths for writing haiku and tanka. Still open to the same page I find a haiku that I hope remains with me the rest of my life.

morning fog  
the sound the river makes  
when I close my eyes

And below that:

am I falling, too. . .  
cherry blossoms  
in rain

I am afraid to turn the page for fear that I will stay with this book and its marvelous poems and be unable to read another book for the next review. I am so tempted this beautiful morning made splendid by the poetry of Marjorie Beuttner.

Songs Dedicated to my Mother – Julia Conforti by Gerard J. Conforti AHA Online Books, 2008.

This fifth book of tanka by Gerard Conforti demonstrates an even greater sophistication with the form. Each of his collections has had the effect of peeling away layers of his being and his observations until this one approaches the very core of his being. The poems, or songs as he calls them, are the result of his outpouring of love for his mother who has been locked up in Rockland State hospital since Gerard was four years old. Though she is unable to recognize or see him, Conforti continues fling his love out across the universe to her in his poems.

As a gift, you may read the book on your computer monitor, download it to save on disk or print it out to have and return to for repeat readings. AHA Books is happy to be able to share books of poetry with a wider circle of admirers through the Web.

Kindle of Green by Cherie Hunter Day and David Rice. Letterpress on emerald Stardream cover and hand-sewn binding by Swamp Press. Illustrations by Cherie Hunter Day. ISBN: 978-0-934714-36-5, 48 pages, 5.5 x 8 inches, \$13 ppd. USA and Canada. \$15 for international orders. Write to Cherie Hunter Day, P.O. Box 910562, San Diego, CA 92191.

Just touching this book one suspects that it is a product of Ed Rydner's Swamp Press. A glance at the graphics on the enclosed note of book specifics (thanks so much for writing them all out!) and the reader knows this is Ed's perfectionist way of doing everything a book needs to be a gift and a blessing to the senses and sensitivity.

The Preface, short but necessary, explains how the collaboration between these two excellent tanka writers began in October 1999, and continued for over three years. In that time they wrote 216 tanka in response to each other's work. From that number they have selected 72 for a Kindle of Green.

The presentation of the poems in this book have been stripped of the titles of any collaborative poems and it feels as if the initial leaps have been replaced. Here the poems are mostly presented two to a page. Each set has a definite and innovative connectedness that carries the reader through experiences as if the book is one new collaborative poem. Even the identities of the authors have been suppressed so the reader has no clue about who wrote which verse.

Still, reading the stanzas, there is a strong feeling of being within two different persons.

bees congregate  
on the twisted spires  
of bugloss  
all blue and complicated  
I feel a little neglected

for three years  
no matter what color the sky  
we corresponded  
the day we agreed to stop

I stayed indoors

And on the last page:

choosing a brush  
from the forest on my desk  
I dip into the jewel tones  
of when we were close –  
so much left unsaid

two sparrows  
call back and forth  
at first light  
if you start singing again  
I will recognize the tune

This new poem they have made of their tanka is a memorial to love that exists, but remains outside of a relationship. The reader can only make a deep bow of honor to the decisions these two have made and one of gratitude that they have shared it with others in such a beautiful way.

Because of a Seagull by Gilles Fabre. The Fishing Cat Press. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5, unnumbered pages, two haiku per page. Includes a CD with a French translation of the poems. 2005. ISBN:0-9551071-0-5.

This first collection of the haiku comes highly recommended by such haiku luminaries as James W. Hackett, Alain Kervern, Ban'ya Natsuishi, Susumu Takiguchi, George Swede, David Cobb and Ion Codrescu. If these men have read Gilles Fabre's book, and approved it by writing a blurb for the back, why have you not yet read it?

The first poem in the book:

Even in my pocket ~  
it is everywhere  
this morning's spring wind

and the last one:

Two swans took off  
over the frosty canal ~ again  
no sign of life

Gatherings: A Haiku Anthology edited by Stanford M. Forrester. Bottle Rockets Book #13. Published by Bottle Rockets Press, P.O. Box 189 Windsor, Connecticut, 06095. Flat spine, color cover, 5 x 6.5 inches, 78 pages, ISBN:978-0-9792257-2-7, \$14.

Stanford Forrester continues his good work by publishing a collection of haiku on the theme of amusement parks, carnivals, and country fairs by over fifty poets to add to the shelf-full of these

colorful little books. A generous collection, with up to five poems from one person, gatherings portrays happy times at circuses and carnivals by poets around the world. Many of the pages are decorated with photos and cuts from copyright-free books.

village fair  
after much haggling I win  
the laughing Buddha  
kala Ramesh

hazy afternoon  
cloud shapes half dreamt  
at the wine fiesta  
H.F. Noyes

street fair  
the artist's red outfit  
prettier than her art  
Robert Epstein

I could go on picking out delightful poems from this engaging collection to share with you, but would prefer you buy the book yourself. While you are at it, order lanterns, a collection of firefly poems and double your pleasure, double your fun. Check out the website for the other books available in this series. See what you have been missing!

Opening the Pods by Silva Ley. Translation from the Dutch Ontbolstering by Silva Ley. AHA Online Book, 2008.

In the late 1970s, in Holland, Silva Ley had her poems published in a book titled Ontbolstering. Now thirty years later, Silva opened those pages again and got the idea of translating her work into English with the hope that this would enable more readers to access her thoughts and ideas. The poems are not really haiku or tanka but they have the view and the tonal quality of such poems. There was the thought that when English writers finally abandon haiku and tanka, this may be the way we will be writing in the future. Pleasure yourself. It costs you nothing. Just click on the title above and you can read Silva Ley's poems and decide yourself what you think about them. You can even fire up your printer and make a copy for yourself to read and reread and to study and to think about the future as revealed in the past.

Oh, Silva was a teacher for many years so her poems come from that perspective. Maybe as we learn to honor teachers, such poems will explain to us why we now should give them their due.

In the Company of Crows: Haiku and Tanka Between the Tides by Carole MacRury. Edited by Cathy Drinkwater Better. Black Cat Press, Eldersburg, Maryland: 2008. Perfect bound, 140 pages, sumi-e by Ion Codrescu, author and artist notes, \$18.

I am not above temptation. Enclosed with Carole MacRury's beautifully made book was this perfect book review. I quote:

“Released in December 2008, *In the Company of Crows* contains more than 200 individual haiku and tanka, poem sequences and illustrated by renowned sumi-e artist Ion Codrescu of Constance, Romania. The poetry was inspired by my experiences living in a unique coastal region straddling the U.S. / Canadian border just south of the 49th parallel. My work captures the spirit of the beach on which I walk, play, and meditate, the pastoral setting of the island’s interior, the nearby river delta, the ocean; and even the coyotes, migratory birds, and Orca pods that visit offshore.

[Yes she does and she does it with heart and excellent writing skills.]

*In the Company of Crows* was designed and produced by Black Cat Press of Eldersburg, Md. The book was edited by award-winning poet and journalist Cathy Drinkwater Better, co-owner, with her husband, Doug Walker. . . It features an introduction by Beverley George, president of the Australian Haiku Society and editor of the highly acclaimed Eucalypt poetry journal.

Many of the poems in this book were published previously in literary journals in the U.S., abroad, and online; and a number were honored with a variety of poetry awards. I am also an avid photographer, and my photos have been featured in gallery shows and have appeared on the covers of literary journals. . .”

In her foreword, Beverley George writes. “The clarity of [MacRury’s] images and the accuracy of her word choices are signatures of a mind that engages with the natural world with eyes wide open and a blend of curiosity and awe.”

heat shimmer  
at the tip of a reed  
red dragonfly

I watch a bee  
burrow into a flower  
remembering  
a time when words  
were lost to ecstasy

And this special one from “Cemetery Walk”

this overblown rose  
supported by two buds  
yet to bloom  
will my children tell me when  
I wear too much rouge?

*The Japanese Universe for the 21st Century: Japanese / English Japanese Haiku 2008*, edited and published by the Modern Haiku Association (Gendai Haiku Kyokai) Tokyo, Japan. Perfect bound, dust jacket, 220 pages, indexed, bilingual with kanji and romaji for each poem. Translation of haiku by David Burleigh and prose by Richard Wilson ISBN:978-4-8161-0712-2, \$25.

*The Japanese Universe for the 21st Century* is part of the celebration of the 60th anniversary of the Modern Haiku Association of Tokyo Japan. As Tōta Kaneko writes in the introduction, “haiku had spread around the world, but Japanese haiku [one should say contemporary Japanese haiku] lacks the exposure to a wider world of readers.”

Thus 245 poets, all born after 1945, have their poems arranged to show the historical development from

modern to contemporary times. Included are “free-form haiku poets” who were active during the transitional period, as well as “challenger” poets who question the developments that have led to haiku in its contemporary form. This book enlarges on the anthology of 185 poets published in the 2000 by the organization.

The book opens with the story of Masoka Shiki and his belief that the hokku and haikai of Basho, Buson and Issa were “unexciting literature, full of trite expressions, and with little artistic flavor.” Shiki insisted that haikai must be modernized in order to suit a modern Japan. Through his articles in the newspaper Nippon he was able to become influential, and his thinking was further advanced by the magazine Hototogisu edited by Kyoshi Takahama, which continued after Shiki’s death in 1902.

As is traditional in Japan, every literary movement has an equal and opposite faction. Hekigotō Kawahigashi (1874 – 1937) then took over Shiki’s newspaper column. Instead of using his position as disciple of Shiki he diverged by advancing his own ideas and promoting the idea that haiku should depict “inner phenomenon by subjective expression that he called “Shin-keikō” – which became so popular any haiku that failed to demonstrate the “inner phenomenon by subjective expression” was not considered a “real haiku.”

I have tried to figure out what this means – Kimura maintains it was Shiki’s ‘style’ but one of the two examples by Hekigotō’s is:

Cold spring. . .  
clouds without roots above  
the paddy fields

which is much better than what Shiki wrote and I find to be excellent. The other example:

A red camellia  
and then a white camellia  
falls down

is a faithful reproduction of Shiki’s style that we know as “shasi.”

Later in his life Hekigotō introduced another style known as “muchūshin” (without a center of interest) which Kimura states “the idea of having doubts about the existence of the center or the whole in haiku was too early to be understood. . .and made his haiku difficult and did not come to fruition.”

Soon this style was overwhelmed by the activity in jiyūritsu – free form haiku – which tossed out the seasonal themes (we know them as kigo), a fixed form, or old literary expressions, which sounds very much like present English haiku. From this literary tradition came the hermit poets Santōka and Hōsai who remain so popular that we have their works in translation.

At the same time Kyoshi Takahama (1874 – 1959) as student of Shiki and editor of Hototogisu, was poised to reign over the haiku scene, but at the critical moment, he turned to writing novels and changed the magazine into a literary magazine instead of a haiku publication. In 1913, however, he realized what was happening with the popularity of the free-verse haiku and returned to his old ways, his belief in Shiki’s theories of haiku and shasei and switched his area of literary endeavors.

It is interesting to note that all the ‘famous’ haiku poets writing in this style are now not known outside of Japan. Even though Takahama “eagerly published” – as Kimura states – women haiku poets, none of them are known to us either. Only near the end of the 1920s came the works of Teijo Nakamura, Tatsuko Hoshino, Takako Hashimoto and Takajo Mitsuhasi – known as the four T’s – and women poets began to become editors of the haiku magazines Suimei, Tamano, Hana-goromo, Komakusa and others.

In opposition to this large and growing group of conservative and conventional poets, in the early 1930s, Shūōshi broke away and began a magazine, Ashibi, to promote his ideas of romantic lyricism

through “rensaku or serial haiku.” This style of writing, because the haiku were linked or put into a sequence, did not need the dependence on kigo or seasonal themes so new arguments arose over this use of non-seasonal haiku. Several new publications rose in opposition as the writing in sequences became very popular.

Due to these explorations, and the incoming poetry from the world beyond Japan, a new idea for haiku writing was introduced in 1935 and called “Ningen Tankyū-ha – Human Inquiry School. Suddenly humans, their ideas and feelings became the focal point of the haiku. This led to the proletarian haiku, much influenced by the communist revolution in Russia, in which haiku such as this one by Takeji Ozawa:

Smokestacks  
belching out  
black blood

This led then to war themes by both the conservative and non-seasonal proponents as Japan entered the Japan-China War of 1937. Their expressions became so fierce that haiku poets of both movements were arrested for violating the Maintenance of Public Order Act. The magazines publishing their haiku were also shut down which only increased the fervor of their writing.

After the war, Japan was gripped by a fever to modernize itself and become a part of the global community. An article by Takeo Kuwabara declared that it was difficult to distinguish between a haiku written by anyone and a teacher or master of a haiku school and thus haiku was a “secondary art – distinguished from real art because haiku was not an art but a kind of skill.” This sensation shook the haiku communities to their very cores and forced them to reconsider their attitudes toward composing haiku.

Again various groups reiterated their belief in socialistic (humanistic) haiku which caused another split. One group tried to relate positive attitudes from humans and the other, opposite and equal faction returned to “keep poetical beauty in its works.”

Kimura’s fascinating preface goes into the names of various magazines, their publishers and proponents (get the book if you wish to get deeper into this). All of these schools of haiku philosophy maintained the fixed form but accepted non-seasonal haiku. Then even the form was attacked and they tried the “four-line” haiku such as this one by Tōta Kaneko:

Twisted and burnt  
at ground zero of the  
Bomb -----  
a marathon

Come on guys, this haiku has the perfect syntax of a three-part haiku! and the example by Shigenobu Takayangi:

The sun  
going down. . .  
the words called  
a mountain range

is simply a two-part haiku perfect for a linked work. Giving the poem new typesetting line breaks does not make a four-line poem.

All of this finally brings us to 1947 when the Gendai Haiku Kyōkai was founded which accepted all kinds, styles and philosophies of haiku writing. Typically, and traditionally, the opposite and opposing

faction was founded in 1961 for the traditionalists for fixed-form haiku with season words. In 1987 the Nihon Dentō Haiku Kyōkai was formed by persons who felt the traditionalists were not traditional enough for them. Again, as Japanese poets take one step toward experimentation and new ideas, more of them take two steps backwards and together they numbered over 20,000. Now the number of haiku writers in Japan is estimated to be well over a million “and greatly surpasses the total number of tanka or modern free verse poets.” There are, according to Kimura and he should know, over 800 haiku magazines in Japan.

One of the changes in haiku publishing has been the acceptance of children’s poems as haiku as well as that of “haiku fans [who] compose haiku mainly with colloquial expressions and do not stick to using season words, [but] they are inclined to be absolutely conscious of the 17 –syllable fixed form ( 5-7-5).”

Kimura briefly outlines the spread of haiku beyond the islands of Japan and notes that the “spirit of innovation has become weaker and only one stable condition lasts: poets focus on themes related to the inner world of their own souls.” At this point Kimura cannot see the future of haiku as it moves into the hands of non-Japanese.

Then begins the anthology divided into categories of Pioneers, Promoters, Challengers and ends with a Kaleidoscope of Contemporary Japanese Haiku. If you have the slightest interest in haiku, where it came from and where it is going, who is writing what in Japan, you must have this book.

Haiga 1998 – 2008 Japan Collection by Emile Molhuysen. Binder bound, 8 x 12, unnumbered pages, with a CD included. E-mail for price and shipping. Website.

hermitEmile Molhuysen is not interested in informing the reader of this book about himself or giving an explanation or lesson in haiga. Instead he simply wants to present you with his work. This he does by printing out, one to a page, his haiga on glossy photo paper. As the title informs one, all the photos are taken by arrangements of Japanese art or artworks. To these are added Molhuysen’s haiku. Most often the haiku are about what seems to be happening on the picture with Issa-like wistfulness or playfulness. He has a charming way of talking to his art objects and letting you in on the cowhatevernversation.

I guess I have spent too much time on the haiga forum at AHAforums, as my mind, instead of enjoying what I am given with this book, wants to be making suggestions about chop sizes, font choices, information included. However the beginner with computer graphics in me wants to praise and honor Molhuysen for the immense amount of work he has put into this project. How could I criticize something I could not do better myself? I hope you will at least get the disk and take a trip into Japanese culture.

Haiku, Haibun, Haiga – De la un poem la altul by Valentin Nicolitov. Societatea Scritorilor Militari, Bucuresti: 2008. Translated from Romanian into English and French. Flat-spine, 5.5 x 8 inches, 142 pages. ISBN:978-973-8941-34-2.

This book is divided into three parts as indicated in the title with a forward to each in which the genre is explained and illustrated by the works of a wide range of authorities around the world who work closely with this group in Bucuresti. The collection of haiku poems by Valentin Nicolitov are presented, one to a page, in Romanian, French, and English.

Prima zi din an-  
privesc fotografii  
de asta-vara

Jour de Nouvel An  
je regard aux photos  
depuis le dernier été

First day of the year –  
I look at the photos  
since the last summer

The center section, dealing with haibun, has considerably more problems with the translation of long sections of prose that precede or wrap around the haiku. Again these enthusiastic poets of Romania need a keeper – someone to help them with the target language. The extent and number of language missteps seriously impairs a reader's enjoyment of the works.

Thank goodness for haiga, where the heavy lifting is done by illustrations. Pencil drawings, a few are quite good, are placed on the right-hand page, and on the left side is the poem in the three languages. It seems the author was involved with translating the images into words as most of the haiku simply echo or follow the author into his feelings about the objects illustrated. Though one wants to applaud Nicolitov for his adventurous spirit in exploring these genres foreign to his culture, there needs to be more research in how they are currently being employed and choose better examples to copy.

Floating Here and There written and translated by Ikuyo Okamoto. Kadokawa Shoten. ISBN:978-4-04-52039-5, US\$15. Perfect bound, 4 x 7, 130 pages, bilingual with poems in kanji and English.

Ikuyo Okamoto has a long string of prizes for tanka, holds important positions in several tanka groups, and has published five collections of tanka works. From the last one, Floating Here and There, Okamoto has, after 20 years of studying English, translated 120 of the poems. The title poem from the title sequence:

I floated  
and I floated again  
as if my back was pushed  
by a power I could not see  
.....I'm now in grief of life

The poems are all gathered into sequences that verse by verse tell little stories about the life and feelings of Ikuyo Okamoto. The final verse in "Floating Here and There" ends on a positive note:

this is my new town  
where pussy willows  
are shaking  
in the breeze of spring  
splashing silver light

and show Okamoto has settled down to the point where the English and the tanka form combine into a happy union. From here on, the poems get much better and I found many that delighted and inspired me. The leaps between verses range from the obvious to the very sophisticated.

even in the things  
which are put into a mess  
there is a rule for me  
and all of them calm down  
on my desk successful

a[n] eraser rolled  
struck a book  
and oddly enough  
it stopped  
where I wanted

if you look at the face  
of an electric fan  
you will begin to see  
something like a sunflower  
and soon see yellow

Only by reading the biography in the back of the book did I realize Ikuyo Okamoto is a woman. I would not have guessed this by reading her tanka poems. Yes, they are sensitive and introspective, but there is none of that whining that I find so irritating in other female Japanese tanka writers. These are good tanka poems that deserved a wider audience.

So the Elders Say – Tanka Sequence by Carol Purington and Larry Kimmel. Folded 8 x 11 inches single sheet with color photos. Winfred Press, 2008.

Okay, this is technically not a book and maybe should not be given a book review, but I find the five collaborative tanka sequences written by Carol and Larry to have more quality on this one sheet than many of the books still lying in a pile waiting to be reviewed. I find the couple's need to share this portion of their working together, before it grows into another book, to be charming.

How often could you have shared your writings in a beautifully made brochure instead of adding them to that drawer stuffed with unpublished and unpolished works? If I am describing you, please do write to Larry Kimmel, for a copy of "So the Elders Say" and get yourself inspired by this work and get off your duff and do likewise.

The work of this pair will, I am sure, in the future be seen as a very special collaboration. They work and write together so seamless one cannot imagine siblings doing it better. They have successfully melded their separate egos into one writing machine. Here is one small, delightful example from the title poem:

A jade kayak  
on the Connecticut River  
like Icarus

steering toward danger  
how his father would have grieved

Carol

That Li Po, drunk  
leaned over the boat's side  
to embrace the moon  
and drowned. . . ?  
sure, I believe it

Larry

The surety and rapidity with which these two spin out and around the tales is a marvel to the reader who spends the time to make the connections.

The Irresistible Hudson: A Haiku Tribute Based on Yiddish Poetry by Martin Wasserman. Honors Press, Adirondack Community College, State University of New York, 640 Bay Road, Queensbury, New York, 12804. Flat-spine, 28 pages, 5.5 x 8 inches. No Price, no web access given.

This slender book is a tribute to Chiune and Yukiko Sugihara, a Japanese couple in the Lithuanian embassy in 1940, who by disobeying orders, issued travel visas to an estimated 40,000 Polish Jews permitting them to escape from the advancing Nazi troops. Martin Wasserman wrote these poems as haiku to honor this couple.

From the introduction the reader understands that Wasserman bases his concept of what a haiku is and how to write it on the works of Jack Kerouac. Going beyond the often unhaiku-like examples of Kerouac's haiku, Wasserman takes the idea that embedded in Kerouac's prose are other haiku, and it is these that he uses as models for his work. Thus we are given:

This bird-like bridge  
soars over the river  
in search of skyscraping wonders.

Or on the same page:

On fast steamships  
winds blow hard  
over the joyful waters.

Or on the opposing page:

The Hudson croons  
great big songs  
to the heights of the city above.

It is rather engaging that someone wants to write haiku, and then does so, after researching the genre in his way, and then goes on to publish them without embarrassment. What really bothers me, is the idea that it seems Martin Wasserman is a professor at a university and that he has such a limited and outmoded idea of what haiku is. Increasingly I am discovering that it is the creative writing professors who lack the most elementary understanding of haiku is and yet think that because haiku are simple and small, that they can write them without even knowing more than they may have learned in the second grade. Some day maybe, in the way Black Studies have been adopted by college curriculum, haiku will be given a place in order to educate a population eager to understand and use the form.

The Tanka Prose Anthology, edited by Jeffrey Woodward. Modern English Tanka Press, PO Box 43717, Baltimore, MD 21236 USA. Perfect bound, 6 x 9, 175 pages, biographies of contributors, bibliography, \$12.95. Available through Lulu.com

(Caveat: When ordering from Lulu watch the shipping charges. At first they will show them to be over \$13 – what I paid, but if you keep clicking around, others have said you can find the option for cheaper shipping and handling charges.)

Jeffrey Woodward's comments on the back of the book are a brief and the best introduction to this new book:

“The Tanka Prose Anthology is a vital evidence of the first flowering in English of an ancient Japanese genre – tanka prose, the wedding of prose and tanka in one unified composition. The great diversity in subject and style of the individual writings in this volume testifies to the versatility of this new medium in the hands of skilled practitioners. Whether the setting is urban or pastoral, an elegant interior or rustic retreat, whether the time is contemporary and presently unfolding or archaic and retrospective, the revival of the ancient medium of tanka prose has proven equal to the immediate task. This first-of-its-kind collection draws upon the work of nineteen poets from eight different countries. The introduction offers a detailed survey of the genre's history and of its evolving forms while an annotated bibliography directs the reader to related literature. Why is tanka prose so novel? Because it is so old. The present anthology announces that it is her to stay.”

Jeffrey has given generously of his thinking and research for this book and we are all grateful that he has turned his attention, and the readers' minds, to the subject of prose and tanka. It is interesting that the combination of prose and tanka is so accepted, so much a part of Japan's long literary history, that we have not been given a Japanese name for the genre. The various resulting books, essays, diaries, have names to distinguish them, but the addition, or lack of, tanka does not earn a special term.

When Basho borrowed from this time-honored technique, to combine hokku and prose, as in his several travel journals, he gave the combination the name haibun (hai = crippled, joke, broken; bun = literature, essay, prose). This term is easily used in English for efforts written in that language.

In spite of Woodward's use of the term “tanka prose” – a true oxymoron – in this book, there are still on-going discussions of what the form should be called in English. A recent poll on the AHAforums come up with these results:

tanka prose - 18%

tanka + prose - 12%

tankabun - 37%

kabun - 18%

wakabun - 0%

tanbun - 12%

To say “tankabun” would be like referring to “haikubun” which may be more accurate but sticks in the

throat. Is it a time to change these names before we go any farther? It may already be too late as Woodward has now started a magazine using his term. Modern Haibun & Tanka Prose is a biannual journal—a print literary journal, a PDF e-book, and a digital online magazine—dedicated to the publication and promotion of fine English haibun and tanka prose.

Besides this point, The Tanka Prose Anthology does contain a wealth of valuable information that otherwise might be overlooked. The scholar Woodward carefully and completely discusses the history of tanka combined with prose in Japan and now in the English language. Then, using examples of the works of the nineteen contributors to the anthology, Woodward points out the various styles and methods current writers are employing in their use of this form in compact discussions of their work. For this we are very grateful to Jeffrey for separating out and defining this arm of Japanese-inspired writing. His scholarship is impeccable.

The anthology presents the works alphabetically by author and the very first one, by Hortensia Anderson, blows up Woodward's whole concept of trying to put modern prose and poetry into a box by her employing a ghazal-like couplet, prose, two five-line untanka and a haiku. Fortunately for Woodward, Marjorie Buettner comes on the next page with her classical examples of prose and perfectly written tanka which greatly deserve the eight pages they are given.

But then Sanford Goldstein immediately disrupts the tanka prose theory with eleven pages of journal prose that include his quirkiest use of the tanka form – many of which, if written correctly according to syntax would be haiku.

As welcome relief, Larry Kimmel's work appears and here again are the nearly perfectly formed tanka combined with varied and interesting glimpses into spots of life.

Yet on the next page Gary Le Bel continues with his imaginative prose (as letters written by a Southern man long-dead) to which tanka are attached. The reader, this one at least, felt whipped back and forth with trying to apply the principles of tanka prose as stated in the introduction and what has been written.

Other authors in the anthology are Bob Luckey, Terra Martin, Giselle Maya, Linda Papanicolaou, Stanley Pelter, Patricia Prime (who certainly deserved her many pages for her work), Jane Reichhold, Werner Reichhold, Miriam Sagan, Katherine Samuelowicz, Karma Tenzing Wangchuk, Linda Jeannette Ward, Michael Dylan Welch, and Jeffrey Woodward.

It is too late to rewrite the book, but I wonder if it had been better for Woodward's theory about tanka and prose to present first the writers' works that best illuminate his ideas and then later, deeper in the anthology, to show how modern writers are already moving beyond the concept. Also, I wish in the acknowledgements Woodward had given the web addresses of works, especially excerpted works, so readers could find and read the complete piece.

The book is beautifully made, and I see the two figures in the cover illustration as prose and its blue-faced tanka child.

Tanka written and translated by Geert Verbeke. Cover photo by Jenny Ovaere taken in Nagarkot Nepal. Printed by Cybernit.net, in Govindpur Colony, Allahabad, India. 2008. Perfect bound with color cover, 5.25 x 8.5 inches, 48 pages, with two poems per page in Dutch and English. Contact Geert Verbeke for purchase information. He often will do a simple trade; send him your book and he will send you his.

As Geert Verbeke speeds up his ever astounding production of books, Tanka feels as if the author is too busy to bother with including pages of title, introduction, preface or dedication. On the page facing all the normal book information, the poems begin. I wish I loved the tanka of Geert Verbeke as much as I admire his haiku. In his haiku, he mostly – but not always, remains subjective. Somehow in his understanding of the “objective” aspect of tanka he has mistakenly taken this to mean that in tanka he is

allowed to preach or show off the superiority of his life-style.

Verbeke is a very educated man who has traveled widely and absorbed religions and philosophies only to abandon them in his life. However, in his tanka he dumps in all the ideas he has thrown away or outgrown into five lines.

All too often instead of seeing tanka as a poetry form where the natural world connects with the personal world through images that are common to both, he uses his five lines to state again and again his personal philosophy on what we should think, do, or believe or envy about his sex life.

However, by page 6 he has this out of his system and his tanka become hymns of praise for Jenny his partner and their lusty love life. On page 16 she is abandoned for a travelogue to a place with plentiful berries, but he returns to her on page 26 more lusty than ever. The rest of the book of tanka are centered around Geert's newest passion – flying. His tanka take you on his maiden flight, into a helicopter, a flight over the Grand Canyon and obviously a trip to Japan. There the tanka return to hymns of praise for people and events there and ends one for his daughter Saskia:

my daughter draws  
a tiger with a long tail  
on the wet window  
he grins to the passengers  
in the morning train

It is fitting that Tanka ends on this poem. Geert Verbeke travels onward, and upward, with all his endeavors. May the gods of poetry protect and provide for him whether he believes in them or not.

## NOTES OF OTHER BOOKS AND REVIEWS

Curtis Dunlap has written a book review of Basho The Complete Haiku that you can find at:  
<http://tobaccoroadpoet.blogspot.com/2009/01/basho-complete-haiku-book-review.html>

Modern Haiga is an annual journal—both print and digital—dedicated to publishing and promoting fine modern graphic poetry, especially but not limited to, haiku, senryu, tanka, cinquain, cinqku, crystallines, cherita, and sijo. Many writers and artists around the world have generously shared their work in Modern Haiga. Included in the premiere issue print edition are one hundred and one outstanding works of graphic poetry. We are pleased to announce the publication of the print edition of Modern Haiga 2008. The digital edition with all accepted works is available, free, online. The print edition includes a subset of the works in the digital edition; specifically, one hundred and one works were included in the case-wrapped hard cover book, one work to a page.

The full-color, hard cover book is priced at \$49.95 and is available at our Lulu store, and at our MET Press website. Thank you, all the fine poets and artists who submitted their work to Modern Haiga 2008, and to the very hard-working board of editors, which included Alexis Rotella, Liam Wilkinson, Linda Papanicolaou, and Raffael de Gruttola. Alexis and I have resigned from the board for 2009, so we can have some fresh blood for the new edition. Liam Wilkinson is the new chief editor for MH

2009. We encourage you to send your submissions in to Modern Haiga 2009 - submissions are open and now forwards to Liam. best wishes and thanks for a great year! - Denis M. Garrison

Jack Fruit Moon, haiku and tanka by Robert D. Wilson, Published by Modern English Tanka Press. Available from Lulu.com, from major booksellers, and from the publisher. Complete information and a mail or email order form are available online. Trade paperback price: \$16.95 USD. ISBN 978-0-9817691-4-1. 204 pages, 6.00" x 9.00", perfect binding, 60# cream interior paper, black and white interior ink, 100# exterior paper, full-color exterior ink.

Jack Fruit Moon by Robert D. Wilson, his long-awaited new collection of haiku and tanka strings, is a captivating read, not to be missed. The book includes a Preface by Steven D. Carter and a Foreword by Sanford Goldstein is already being widely praised by poets and critics alike:

Renowned poet and translator Sanford Goldstein describes Robert Wilson's Jack Fruit Moon as "... the creation of a remarkable world unlike anything seen in tanka and haiku all these centuries. The book is filled with unusual images that make us feel we are experiencing a surrealist world. ... What seems to have happened in this amazing book filled with images never seen on sea or land is that the rationalism of the world is turned upside down or is sent whirling as on an endless merry-go-round."

"As exotic as its title, Jack Fruit Moon is an intriguing document, a lyrical stream of consciousness in the shape of alternating haiku and tanka style poems. It is rich with fantastical language and mysterious images. We can smell the tropics in Wilson's poetry :

sundown  
the old woman  
scooping  
fish paste  
into recycled bottles

and we can feel the heat of love there :

dancing with  
lights, your nipples  
lead me to  
the bed we broke last  
night in a haiku

An excitingly different poetic world to read and absorb."  
—Amelia Fielden, Australian poet and translator.

"The well-known poet and founder of the online literary journal, Simply Haiku, Robert Wilson, has written an epoch-making work of vivid tanka-haiku entitled Jack Fruit Moon. His web haiku, "Vietnam Ruminations," which I used in my college textbook, The Internationalization of Japanese Poetry, gave us a strong punch, challenging our lukewarm living. Through Jack Fruit Moon, he shows us his way of living in the southeast Asian nation, the Philippines, where he lives with his new wife and family. His poetry emotes vivid images of life in the Philippines. When I was younger, I recall the time when my Filipino friend recommended I try 'balut' saying that if I did, I would better understand the Filipino

mind and spirit. Enjoy this innovative new tanka and haiku collection. Please taste Robert's cooking in the Philippines!"

—Ikuyo Yoshimura, internationally recognized poet, author, speaker, and Associate Professor of English at Asahi University, Gifu, Japan

About Author: Robert D. Wilson lives in the Republic of the Philippines with his wife, Jinky. He's a retired educator, newspaper staff writer, magazine columnist, and Southern Baptist minister. Wilson's the co-founder and owner/managing editor of Simply Haiku. For years Wilson served as the master of ceremonies for monthly open mike poetry readings in Sonora, California. He's performed his poetry on radio, television, and in a variety of public venues. Wilson's poetry and haiga have been widely published throughout the English speaking world. His haiku and tanka have been translated in the Japanese, Romanian, Serbian, Italian, French, and Tagalog languages. Robert D. Wilson is the father of six children. Not bad for a 59 year old, hard to figure out, and definitely unpredictable "kano."

## LETTERS

Dear Friends, I have some very sad news this week. Bill Higginson died today. More information and a message from Penny can be read here:

<http://tobaccoroadpoet.blogspot.com/>

<http://tobaccoroadpoet.blogspot.com/2008/10/bill-higginson-has-died.html> I...feel like I've lost a friend and teacher. Curtis Dunlap

We are deeply saddened by news of the passing of William J. Higginson on Saturday, October 11. Bill's work on behalf of English-language haiku and his personal presence in the haiku community will be felt for years and it will be a long time before we take in the full dimensions of this loss. The Heron's Nest <http://www.theheronsnest.com>

The German haiku-poet Mario Fitterer (he lived with his wife Angela in the Black Forest, Germany) passed away on January 13, 2009.

Mario Fitterer co-founded die deutsche Haiku Gesellschaft. He published several books of his own and wrote countless essays on the subject of Japanese literature published in Germany and elsewhere. He will be remembered as one of the most influentially German poets of short poetry.

die ganze habe  
auf dem buckel des fremden  
im auge das meer

all belongings

on the back of the stranger  
in the eye the sea

Mario Fitterer  
Translation: Gene Rollin

in: LYNX, October, 2005  
<http://www.ahapoetry.com/ahalynx/203solo.html>

Dear Friends, I wanted to share the good news that I won second place in the annual Poetry Super Highway Contest! There were nearly 600 poets entering from all over the world.  
<http://poetrysuperhighway.com/pshco.html> , Salvatore Buttaci

Greetings from Ottawa Canada! Thanks for the lovely year of the ox card. I have a question for you. A haiku friend in Quebec has written a small essay on combining the form of a pantoum and with that of the renga to make a hybrid. To your knowledge, has anyone does this before? I thought I read that someone had done it before. Cheers, Mike Montreuil

Hi Jane: Just wanted to share how much I enjoyed meeting you and hearing you read last Sat. afternoon. I've thoroughly enjoyed dipping into both of the books (it was very generous of you to give the 2nd one). Your own haiku are truly masterful! I especially enjoyed reading your intro about how you and Werner wound up in Gualala –what an inspiring tale of a dream come true. Must admit I'm a bit envious of your chosen little spot of heaven up there! I promised to email you the info about Garry Gay & John Thompson's upcoming reading (for the release of their book of rengay), as well as the upcoming HPNC meeting. I know I wrote the dates down for you, but thought you might appreciate having the specific details. Given your challenges w/ getting over the ridge, I'm guessing we won't see you. But if you decide to brave the drive, it sure would be heavenly to have you join us. I've attached blurbs below for both events. Feel free to forward them on to any haiku lovers in your neck of the woods that might be interested in coming down. Warm regards, Renee Owen

P.S.

October 23rd, 2008: Garry Gay, creator of the Japanese linked poetic form rengay, as well as co-founder & president of the Haiku Poets of Northern California (HPNC), and John Thompson, longtime HPNC member and contributor to the popularity of the rengay form, celebrate the release of their first book of rengay, *The Unlocked Gate*, with a reading at Many Rivers Books and Tea, 130 South Main St., Sebastopol, in Sonoma County. For more information see: [www.manyriversbooks.com](http://www.manyriversbooks.com)

October 26th, 2008: Join the Haiku Poets of No. California for our quarterly reading & meeting. The featured reader will be Marianna Monaco, longtime HPNC member well-known for her brilliant senryu. There will also be a lengthier program (usually a presentation or workshop related to one of the Japanese forms), and time for all attendees to read and share haiku and tanka, along with news and announcements, socializing and refreshments. A book table is set up for the sale and purchase of HPNC and other books (you may bring your own publications if you have some to sell). Our meetings and special events, which are open to both members and nonmembers, are held quarterly at San Francisco's Fort Mason, building C, room 235, from 1 to 5 PM. For more information, or to become an HPNC member (which includes a subscription to the semiannual journal *Mariposa* and a quarterly newsletter) go to the HPNC website at [www.haiku-poets-northern-california.com](http://www.haiku-poets-northern-california.com).

Jane~ I hope you remember me from our previous email correspondence. I just wanted to write and tell you some great news. Thanks to your kind vote of confidence in my haiku, I decided to step out into the haiku world and test the waters. So I entered one of my haiku in the Shiki Kukai of the Haikuworld website. When I saw there were 126 kigo haiku entered for this month's contest, I was kind of disheartened...mine was listed for voting at number 82. But the results were just released and I got 5th place. I don't have a lot of confidence in my poetry yet (despite your putting a few of mine in the upcoming edition of Lynx), so I imagined I'd get no votes at all. I'm writing to tell you about this because it was your book on enjoying and writing haiku and your website that have taught me what haiku is all about, and your words of affirmation that gave me the push to enter. Thank you so much! In case you're curious, here's my entry (we were required to use a species of tree in the kigo category):

abandoned house  
on the mulberry tree  
a cicada shell

Again, thanks! Sheri Files, Garland, TX

. . .Patricia Prime has an article in the new MET, "Irresistible Constructions: a tanka prose essay", MET Autumn 2008, p. 214. [http://www.modernenglishtanka.com/vol3/MET9\\_final.html](http://www.modernenglishtanka.com/vol3/MET9_final.html) (scroll down)  
In addition to Pat's own work, tanka prose by Jeff Woodward, Bob Lucky, Terra Martin and me are included. Linda Papanicolaou

. . . just wanted to thank you for your site and journal and contests. i have just found you after writing haiku for years and tanka too. i post a lot on my blog- rabbifleischmann.blogspot.com and sense that i have found a comfortable community. thank you and please continue what i consider to be sacred work. Rabbi Neil Fleischmann

Hi Jane, I have just read the very interesting article on your site concerning the varying lengths and forms of English & Japanese haiku. I think that the 5-3-5 pattern makes a lot of sense. One thing that puzzled me slightly - not sure if I'm missing something - is the following. "Much was made in the article of the fact that Japanese haiku can be "broken" at any point, even mid-word, due to the extreme flexibility of Japanese grammar structures; a flexibility that is not available in English. This is mentioned as severe limitation on English haiku. However, it is then later said that Japanese haiku are written in a single line, while for some reason, English haiku writers have chosen to use a 3-line structure; basically thus creating a limitation for English haiku that does not exist in Japanese haiku and seems to me to be unnecessary. My question is thus as follows:

Would not the use of a single line, 5-3-5 English haiku format provide a good cross-cultural "equivalent" that would, due to the lack of line-breaks, allow a much greater flexibility in terms of breaking syllables in mid-flow/idea, as is done in Japanese? Example (not necessarily good haiku - just made up on the spur of the moment. Slashes show 3-5-3 breaks.) Shade upon / my right hand light for / my travels

I'd really appreciate your comments. Although poetry in general is a personal vice of long standing, I'm quite new to haiku. (sorry for the inadvertent rhyme).yours poetically,  
Robin Bownes, Cape Town, South Africa

Jane, I just read that you want to get haiga in the next issue of Lynx, so thought I should give you some

feedback about my own reaction when haiga were published in a previous issue. I was disappointed with the layout - my own haiga was at a good size, however Gina had about three haiga published that were too small to view properly. I think this occurred mainly because she was new to creating Haiga. We did tell her when she workshopped her pieces that she needed to make them larger. I think it would be very useful to give pixel width/height specifications in the submission guidelines. You don't want to be fiddling around too much with resizing on your end because it causes pixelation. I hope this helps.  
Regards, Allison Millcock

As result of this letter, Allison Millcock was made the Haiga Editor for Lynx. In spite of her moving to Christmas Island, she picked and cared for the haiga in this issue. Thanks Allison! and Welcome! Jane & Werner

Dear Werner: Sorry it's been so long since the last submission. I've been writing with Californiphobes who vote for European, Australian, New Zealand, other online, even other non-golden states of US. However, for this, the secretary (me) has been given a free choice, so here we are, hoping the offering pleases. The 22 verse form, trivarshva, as you may know, was invented by Norman Darlington of Simply Haiku. Personally, I think if there is to be more breathing space between the prescribed verses than in a 20 verse nijuin, 24 is a better number. Also the prescribed verses needn't be as prescribed as they often are. The participants are Francis Attard from Malta, whom you're acquainted with, and Paul Mercken from Holland. Paul & Francis didn't know each other before. Dick Pettit

Hi Dick, Good to hear from you, and thank you for still working on new renga. We don't see many people going on with this form anymore. We like to publish your work with Francis Attard and Paul Mercken. "Travellers' Tales" will be published with our February issue of Lynx 2009. As you may have noticed, Jane and I are running amok when it comes to collaborative thinking. So far we see no limitations to go on. For us, Halloween is the state of mind an artist uses for his/her daily work - so accordingly, we didn't stop a minute working yesterday and used the spooky hours to add a few lines of the stuff laying around on our tables, sofas, bath tops and on the floor; one manuscript I didn't touch because the cat slept on it snoring. Jane sends her best together with my good wishes for you. Werner

Dear Werner: I've noticed the extraordinary productivity and originality of yourself and Jane, in collaborative poetry & elsewhere. It seems to me like forbidden delights, or maybe the Promised Land into which I shall not go. I'm still trying to reproduce links, as practiced, for most of the time, by the medieval & baroque Japanese. I feel the subtlety & variety of these, in pair and in sequence, have never been captured by Lynx or other writers. It's been a matter of "We all know what a link is: fire away, chaps." The result has been occasional victories, but much hit and miss poesy, justified perhaps by the notion of 'scent' links. So I'm lucky if one of Lynx quarterly offerings gives sustenance. (I much enjoyed the Ghost/Horror renga of two(?) issues back - "Continuous Fog" by Carl Brennan and Lewis Sanders

Unfortunately, "Travellers' Tales," though it has its moments, isn't an ideal; but there was one recent encouragement, which my partner voted to send elsewhere. One day, though, I will have something to lay at your feet. In the meantime, health and wisdom to you and Jane, whose Basho book I look forward to on receipt. I don't need to encourage you to keep going: May you both flourish in every way.  
Yours, in his somewhat reserved way,  
Dick Pettit

. . .p.s. I also have to say I thoroughly enjoyed Michael Evans's "The First English Language Tanka" in the last issue. It was a real gem, and a rare example of truly excellent short-form comedy writing!

Patrick M. Pilarski, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Patrick M. Pilarski lives in Edmonton, Canada, and is the co-editor of DailyHaiku. Patrick's haiku, tanka, and related forms have appeared or are forthcoming in a number of journals, recently including The Antigonish Review, Modern Haiku, Frogpond, Simply Haiku, bottle rockets, Ribbons, Modern English Tanka, Acorn, Wisteria, White Lotus, contemporary haibun online, and on CBC Radio One. His first full-length collection of haiku, haibun, tanka, and related forms, *Huge Blue* (2009), is forthcoming from Leaf Press (Canada), and he is the author of one chapbook of experimental haiku and haibun: *Five Weeks* (2007).

## CONTESTS AND CONTEST RESULTS

ukiaHaiku festival

haiku wing their way  
from distant lands  
spring migration

Ukiah is a northern California town whose name, backwards, spells "Haiku." In 2009 the City of Ukiah will hold its 7th annual haiku contest and festival. The festival encourages local, national, and international submissions of Contemporary Haiku.

Website Address: [www.ukiahaiku.org](http://www.ukiahaiku.org)

Fee: \$5 for 3.

Limit: Maximum 3 haiku per person.

Eligibility: age 19 and over.

Submission Guidelines:

EMAIL:

Follow instructions on website, or:

1) Send a separate email to [ukiahaikufest09@yahoo.com](mailto:ukiahaikufest09@yahoo.com). for each haiku. Send no more than three haiku. In body of email include: a) author's name; b) email address; c) the category (Contemporary); d) the poem; e) alternate/additional contact information;

2) Send the fee by snail mail to ukiaHaiku festival, POB 865, Ukiah, CA 95482.

SNAIL MAIL: Here you can download the form. Follow instructions on the form.

Deadline: March 13, 2009 (postmark or email date).

Judging: Internationally famous haiku poet Jane Reichhold will judge the Contemporary Haiku category.

Awards: \$100 first place, \$50 second place, \$25 third place, plus a booklet of winning poems and publication in that booklet.

Festival and Awards Ceremony: Sunday April 26, 2009, 2 p.m. Winners are strongly encouraged to attend the festival to read their poems. (Out-of-towners might consider visiting the Mendocino Coast before or after the festival. Mendocino is a world-class tourist destination 1-1/2 hours from Ukiah by car).

Kate Marianchild, Coordinator, ukiaHaiku festival

The text circulated by Nobuyuki Yuasa and Stephen Henry Gill follows:  
Kikakuza Haibun Contest - English Section

Kikakuza is a group of haikai (linked-verse) poets founded in 2005 in honor of Kikaku (1661~1707), Basho's celebrated disciple. We wish to help revive the tradition of haibun which gradually went out of favor after the Meiji Restoration. For this purpose, we have created a Haibun Contest and invite foreign writers to enter. The contest will be judged by Nobuyuki Yuasa and Stephen Henry Gill. The results of the contest will be announced in the Kikakuza Bulletin and on its homepage, and awards will be sent directly to the winners. All entries must meet the following conditions.

Conditions of Entry

1. Subject: Free, but discretion must be used to avoid slander and obscenity.
2. Style: No restrictions, but special attention must be paid to honor the spirit of haikai.
3. Length: Not more than 30 lines, each line of not more than 80 spaces long.
4. Haiku: At least one haiku should be included.
5. Format: Print on a sheet of A4 size paper and write at the bottom your name and your pen name if you have any, together with your address and telephone number. Your privacy will be strictly protected, and the judges will not see your names.
6. Deadline: All entries should reach the following address by 31 January 2009. Entries received after this date will not be accepted.  
Kikakuza (c/o Kifuu Futagami)  
117-1 Nakogi, Hadano-shi, Kanagawa-ken, Japan 257-0024
7. Entry Fee: All entrants residing in Japan are kindly requested to pay 2000 yen into the following postal money order account and send Kikakuza a receipt (or a copy of it) together with your haibun.  
Postal Money Order: 00250-4-95332 Kikaku no Kai  
No entry fee will be requested from those living abroad. We cannot accept personal checks because it is so costly to process them.
8. Questions: All questions should be sent to the Kikakuza address above or by fax to the following number: 0463-82-6315.
9. Sample haibun: Sample haibun can be read at the following sites:(click 'longer haibun' page) & (both in English and Japanese).

This is also a reminder the Pinewood Haiku Contest is open with entries accepted until February 14th, 2009. Total prizes are \$175.00. You may read the contest details. True Vine Press has a summer themed chapbook contest. Thank you for your past support & continued support, Tony A. Thompson, Managing Editor/Publisher

## ADVERTISEMENTS OF MAGAZINES, BOOKS AND WEBSITES

White Lotus – A Journal of Short Asian Verse & Haiga White Lotus is currently seeking haiku, senryu, tanka, and haiga submissions for issue #9. Submitters may send up to 10 pieces per poet for review to for consideration by December 31, 2008 or submit via online form. No previously published material

please. Subscription Rates: \$15.00/year US; \$20.00/year International; Single Copy: \$10.00. Make checks payable to "Shadow Poetry" or order online.

Wollumbin Haiku Workshop presents its sixth collection of haiku. Previous collections may be found on the site under archives. Do forward this email to anyone who might be interested. Feedback is appreciated. Nathalie Buckland

Rusty Tea Kettle is a quarterly online journal that is seeking the absolute best in English tanka. Each issue will feature no more than ten poets. Each of these poets will have no more than five of his or her poems showcased. The focus of Rusty Tea Kettle will be quality over quantity. Issues will come out in January, April, July and October. Rusty Tea Kettle cannot pay its contributors. Rusty Tea Kettle and its editors hope to publish an anthology of its finest poems in 2010. Please send no more than ten of your best poems. Rusty Tea Kettle does not accept postal submissions, nor is it able to pay its contributors. Note: Rusty Tea Kettle places most of its emphasis on subject matter, so form will not be held to any strict historical or contemporary guidelines. However, Rusty Tea Kettle's standards are extremely high, so please don't become discouraged. Just keep in mind that, in this day and age, boarded-up windows are perhaps a more relevant topic than cherry blossoms. Of course, the best poems are those that manage both. DAndrew Riuttaear,

a Dutch-English tanka book is just been printed.

Send me your haiku book and we swap.

Or send me 15 \$ and you will receive this new book.

Dear haiku lover, get a free copy of my haiku E-book: Amber on my website. (click on "Amber")  
Geert Verbeke, Leo Baekelandlaan 14, 8500 Kortrijk Flanders, Belgium

James Tipton's latest book, *Proposing to the Woman in the Rear View Mirror*, has just been released. It is a collection of haiku and senryu, three-line poems, some about the natural world, some about the human world. *Proposing to the Woman in the Rear View Mirror* can be ordered on line for \$9.95 plus shipping and handling.

The Heron's Nest Is Celebrating! We have published our Tenth Volume and are selecting work for year number eleven. It is time to pause and thank three kinds of Families for our success and endurance. First, the Staff Family with whom I have been privileged to work – and pleasurable work it is. Kudos to the all-volunteer staff, especially Christopher Herold and his vision. We, the current six, have successfully and amicably survived three retirements, found new folks to fill in, and kept on going under the fearless leadership of John Stevenson, new Managing Editor. Thanks also to the Families of the Staff for their patience and help. They know who they are. Some must smile at our seeming whimsy. "You type and read for endless hours for absolutely no money at all?" Forgive us a dab of pride. With December's edition, we have published our 77th Issue spanning 10 Volumes. We switched from monthly to quarterly publication after Vol. VI. Every scheduled issue of the journal has been on time. Unique among English-language haiku journals, The Heron's Nest is available in both print and electronic formats. We have publicly shared nearly 5,000 haiku (not including Memorials, we will go past that milestone with the next issue in 2009). These haiku have been rigorously edited, now selected by a panel of five Editors up from Christopher alone the first year. All works are available without charge, searchable by poet, at the web site archives. Yes, herons do puff out their feathers and can raise

their crests. Yet, I know I speak for all of us when I say that above all, as we celebrate, we humbly thank our contributing writers: our Family of readers and poets. Christopher Herold, the Founding Editor, has told me he had no notion that his dream for a journal would lead to the size and quality that has resulted. He especially is pleased, as are we all, that poets writing in English contribute from so many countries, regions, and cultures. Now, listen with us as the "virtual" champagne cork pops, see the bubbles rise in crystal stemware. Our noisemakers unroll with a kazooing "Whee!" Confetti is in the air . . . Paul MacNeil for The Staff, January 2009. The Heron's Nest

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS; summary 13 poets, 42 pieces, 4 countries  
much love, gillena

Hi everyone, While the removalist was busy packing all of our belongings I was busy adding entries to our blog site (from the one week I spent on the Island with Simon). I would love you to have a look: <http://millcock.blogspot.com/> . In time, I will add lots more. The best way to view the blog is to start at the bottom, because that's where the first post is. Enjoy :- ) Allison

A response to the Basho video I posted a couple of days ago is available at Blogging Along Tobacco Road. My sincere thanks to Edward Zuk and Modern Haiku for allowing me to post this reprint. I hope you're having a great week! Curtis Dunlap PS  
I've posted another video of Roberta Beary that I recorded last month. Roberta recites her haibun entitled Day After Christmas.

Announcement: Call for Submissions for Modern Haibun & Tanka Prose. Issue 1. Summer 2009. You are invited to submit haibun and tanka prose for the Summer 2009 premiere issue of Modern Haibun & Tanka Prose. The submission deadline is March 31, 2009. Submissions will NOT close earlier than the deadline. Modern Haibun & Tanka Prose is a biannual journal-a print literary journal, a PDF ebook, and a digital online magazine-dedicated to the publication and promotion of fine English haibun and tanka prose. We seek traditional and innovative haibun and tanka prose of high quality and desire to assimilate the best of these Japanese genres into a continuously evolving English tradition. In addition to haibun and tanka prose, we publish articles, essays, book reviews, and interviews pertinent to these same genres. All selection decisions will be made at the sole discretion of the editor. Previously unpublished work, not on offer elsewhere, is solicited. Editor: Jeffrey Woodward. Email up to five haibun, five tanka prose, and five short works to the Editor at [MHTP\(dot\)EDITOR\(at\)GMAIL\(dot\)COM](mailto:MHTP(dot)EDITOR(at)GMAIL(dot)COM) . Before submitting, please read the detailed submission guidelines and haibun and tanka prose selection criteria on the website at Modern Haibun & Tanka Prose, Baltimore, Maryland USA. No payment for publication. No contributor copies.

we have moved please note!

bottle rockets press P.O. Box 189, Windsor, CT 06095

submission guidelines and ordering information (subscriptions, back issues, and/or sample copies) can be found on our web site:

MET 10, Winter 2008, has been published in print and digital editions. The print edition and the PDF ebook will be on sale the first week of January. The HTML version is posted online. This new issue includes 86 poets and is crammed full of wonderful new work. Check it out now!

Call for Submissions Modern English Tanka. Issue Vol. 3, No. 3. Spring 2009

You are invited to submit tanka for the Spring 2009 issue of Modern English Tanka. The submission deadline is February 15, 2009. Submissions will NOT close earlier than the deadline. Modern English Tanka is a quarterly journal—a print literary journal, a PDF ebook, and a digital online magazine—dedicated to publishing and promoting fine English tanka (including tanka written in cinquain and cinquku set forms). We are interested in both traditional and innovative verse of high quality and in all serious attempts to assimilate the best of the Japanese waka/tanka genres into a continuously developing English short verse tradition. In addition to verse, we publish articles, essays, book notes & reviews, interviews, letters to the editor, etc., related to tanka. MET specializes in single tanka but tanka in sets and sequences will be considered as well. Collaborative tanka sequences are generally not wanted but may be considered. The five-line criterion is generally definitive for tanka. MET will consider variant forms on an individual basis (like everything else!). Serious poetry and adult themes are appreciated. Doggerel and anything that is pornographic or in any way nasty, hateful, bigoted, or partisan political, will not be accepted. All such judgments will be made at the sole discretion of the editor. Previously unpublished work, not on offer elsewhere, is solicited.

Modern English Tanka, Baltimore, Maryland USA. Website: [www.modernenglishtanka.com/](http://www.modernenglishtanka.com/) Editor: Denis M. Garrison. Contributing

Editor: Michael McClintock. Email up to 40 tanka, or email articles, reviews, essays, letters to the editor, etc., to the Editor. Before submitting, please read the detailed submission guidelines on the website. No payment for publication. No contributor copies. Publishes a print edition (6" x 9" trade paperback) plus a PDF ebook and an online HTML digital edition. Thank you for sharing this call widely.

Folks, The 2009 issue of The Ghazal Page is now available online. The 'zine has a new design for 2009 and a new design for the main page. I hope you enjoy it. I hope you enjoy it. Gino Peregrini , The Ghazal Page. Ghazal blog.

Dear Fellow Poet & Supporter, From our home deep in the pineywoods, we take a moment to wish you and your family a Merry Christmas and pray your New Year will be blessed! As far as for us here at Wisteria, we plan to continue to publish our journal and other chapbooks through True Vine Press. And of course we always are reading submissions for Wisteria: A Journal of Haiku, Senryu & Tanka. Thank you for your past support & continued support, Tony A. Thompson, Managing Editor/Publisher & Gary Hotham, Editor

Hello, I've been enjoying exploring your poetry website. Would you be willing to add my website to your list of haiku links? It is a site for funny and irreverent haiku. Thanks very much—I've just created the site and am eager to get traffic! Yours, Pat Lichen

get dirty while dirt still exists

1 word across

5 words down

plus MM and 08

Marlene Mountain

Season's Greetings from the Editors of CHO: Ken Jones, Jim Kacian and Bruce Ross.

The new December CHO issue is here. Ray Rasmussen, Technical Editor, CHO.

. . . This website is focused on the poetic form of my creation called indriso. I wish it may be a pleasant experience for you. Sincerely yours, Isidro Iturat. Definition Of Indriso In Several Languages, About The Indriso, Collaborators, Translations.

Hello Sketchbook Reader: The new Sketchbook is now on line for your reading pleasure. Read the full details here. The Sketchbook Editors: Karina Klesko and John Daleiden

A brand new book with reflections about haiku. Send \$20. to GEERT VERBEKE, Leo Baekelandlaan 14, 8500 Kortrijk, Flanders Belgium. Or let's swap for your book.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT From Simply Haiku: It pleases me to inform you that Dr. Richard Gilbert is Simply Haiku's new Haiku Editor. Dr. Gilbert is an Associate Professor at Kumamoto University in Japan, and one of the English language world's leading haiku critics and theorists. he's the author of Poems of Consciousness: Contemporary Japanese and English-language Haiku in Cross-cultural Perspective, a book of ecocritical and stylistic analysis of haiku poetry. Dr. Gilbert also directs the haiku translation group, Kon Nichi Haiku. You can submit haiku to Dr. Gilbert via e-mail. Robert D. Wilson

Dear haiku, tanka, and poetry friends, I'm afraid 2008's end-of-year missive has an all-too-familiar ring to it: times are tough, for all of us. And while that's a constant state of affairs for a one-man-band hand-to-mouth small press, as we enter our twelfth year it seems that it has never been more so. We need to sell books to survive, and if there's no realistic demand for those books, there's no realistic reason for us to exist. So, if you like what the press does, and would like to see more of it, please consider getting a treat for yourself, or someone else, this holiday season. In all other ways 2008 has been a great year for the press. In April, Roberta Beary's debut collection of haiku and senryu, *The Unworn Necklace*, was honored as a Finalist in the Poetry Society of America's William Carlos Williams Awards; and, along with Matt Morden's second collection, *Stumbles in Clover*, was also honored in the Haiku Society of America's Merit Book Awards. September saw the publication of *Wing Beats: British Birds in Haiku*, with launches at the Poetry Society's HQ in London and at Mr B's, the current British Independent Bookshop of the Year. Thanks to the dedication of Alan and Karen Summers of *With Words*, these events were packed and greatly enjoyed by all. (Photos can be seen at a new section on the *Wing Beats* site.) Described by the late, and much-missed, Bill Higginson as "a very important book," and by the eminent writer and naturalist Mark Cocker as "a triumph of seeing, expression and poetic control," I can honestly say that *Wing Beats* has been a delight to everyone who has seen it, whether their interest is in haiku, birds . . . or neither of the above! Please see comments. But don't believe the hype? Why not get a copy of one of these (or any of our) books for yourself, or as a gift for someone else, and make your own mind up! And then tell me what you (or they) like, what you don't like, and what you would like to see more of from the press. I may not always be able to reply to every comment or suggestion, especially at busy times, but feedback is always welcome. Another 'new' publication, now in its tenth annual 'edition', is *The Haiku Calendar 2009*. And, if I'm to continue

fighting my natural aversion to marketing, this really does make a great Christmas or New Year gift – and not only for haiku poets. It's perfect for sparking an interest in haiku, or for instilling some understanding in baffled relatives and friends – and it's far easier to 'show' than 'tell'! For further details. And, to close: with various haiku commitments November passed me by in blur, but I was honoured to be the featured poet for the month on Mann Library's Daily Haiku at Cornell University in New York state. So, something for free! 30 haiku (and many, many more by some excellent poets besides).

now and again  
through wind-flattened grasses the tips  
of the hare's ears

a half moon  
all my change  
in the beggar's hand

In the meantime, thank you again for your ongoing support of the press (which, being completely independent, couldn't otherwise exist). All the very best for the holiday season, and happy writing and reading in 2009. John Barlow  
Editor, Snapshot Press

Dear All, The new issue of Shamrock Haiku Journal, the online magazine of the Irish Haiku Society, is now available at Shamrock is an international quarterly online journal that publishes quality haiku, senryu and haibun in English, and has a home page.

Shamrock Haiku Journal is calling for submissions from local, national, and international haiku poets for the next issue, which will be out in early March 2009. Please submit your work to the editor, Anthony Anatoly Kudryavitsky, at [irishhaikusociety\[at\]hotmail.com](mailto:irishhaikusociety[at]hotmail.com)

The deadline for submissions is 28th February, 2009. See submissions guidelines. Also, please find attached Irish Haiku Society Newsletter. With best regards, Anthony Anatoly Kudryavitsky, Ph.D., Chairman, the Irish Haiku Society, Dublin, Ireland

Simply Haiku: "The Showcase for Japanese Short Form poetry" Winter Issue is now available. Robert Wilson, editor.

. . .I've just linked in 'Autumn Ginkoo', our September 2008 update of the Gallery. Our featured artists this time are Billie Dee, Emile Molhuysen, Emily Romano, Jan Turner, and Alexis Rotella. Included are some amazingly creative and inventive haiga using photo collage, photo-based digital abstracts, images built with the drawing tools in Microsoft Word, and scanned mixed media collage, including an altered book! We hope you'll enjoy our offerings and perhaps be inspired to try something a little different in your own haiga. Happy solstice and best wishes for the autumn. Linda Papanicolaou

## ARTICLES

### A TALE OF A FESTIVAL

Kate Marianchild

Once upon a time there was a lovely little town known as Ukiah. The town's name came from the Pomo word "Yokayo," meaning "Deep Valley." The small town dozed and twitched for one hundred years beside the Russian River, sprouting pears and walnuts, grapes and babies. Artists and poets trickled into the community, attracted by the green-gold hills, the big sky, and the friendly people. In due time a town government came into being, complete with city council. The good officers of the council sponsored community fairs, fireworks, and concerts. The citizens were mostly happy and didn't expect much more of their elected officials.

Then one day a new idea popped up – an idea that had never before been proposed to any town government anywhere in North America...or even the western hemisphere. The city mothers and fathers murmured among themselves, scratched their collective head, and finally, being a daring bunch, agreed to the idea. They decided to sponsor a...guess what? Astrology Fair? (Nope)... UFO Expo? (Noooo)... Give up?...A Haiku Festival! Why? Because "Ukiah" backward spells "Haiku," silly!

"Haiku?" you might ask. "What's that?"

Ahhh, haiku...I'm glad you asked. Haiku is a wondrous creation of the Japanese – a form of poetry that, when you try to write it, infuses everything in your life, including you, with an inner glow. Dew will glisten more brilliantly, bees will hum more meaningfully, and routine chores will be more fun. Sound like new love? Well, it is, kind of. When you look at the world with "haiku eyes" you fall in love with it all over again, just like when you were a child. It doesn't matter how your poems turn out – the magic is in the way you see things.

So, again, what is, or are, haiku? (The word can be singular or plural). Haiku are simple, 3-line poems. They don't use rhyme, alliteration, or punctuation, and they don't philosophize or "psychologize." They offer a poetic glimpse of a scene or a situation – a snapshot created with words.

hovering above  
silver but always changing  
snow piles in the sky  
Vincent K. Brock of Ukiah

sitting all alone  
on a sidewalk full of sun  
a small gray pebble  
Brianna Mack of Ukiah

Haiku can use a "traditional" 5-7-5 pattern of syllables, such as the ones above, in which the first line has 5 syllables, the second 7, and the third 5; or they can be written in the "contemporary" form, with fewer syllables. Here are some contemporary haiku:

late fall fig tree  
naked except for  
one big leaf

Kayla Wildman of Potter Valley

just past mauve –  
paddling hard  
for a dark shore

Jim Kacian of Virginia

The ukiaHaiku festival was born in the year 2003, and like all infants, it has grown. Now in its seventh year, the festival is thriving. Local poets go to classrooms and instruct students in writing haiku. More than one thousand poems pour in each year from children and adults living in Ukiah and distant places like South Dakota, Romania, and New Zealand. Poetry submissions are judged by the Ukiah Poet Laureate Committee and well-known haiku poet Jane Reichhold, who judges the Adult Contemporary Haiku category. An awards ceremony is held at which the winning poets read their poems, and a book of the winning poems is published. Best of all? People who never wrote poems before are turning their observations of the world into poetry.

You are invited, encouraged, and cajoled to submit entries to the ukiaHaiku festival. All categories are free of charge except “Adult Contemporary Haiku,” which costs \$5 for up to three poems. Modest prizes are offered, along with publication in the book and the opportunity to read your winning haiku at the festival. The submission deadline for the 2009 ukiaHaiku festival contest is March 13, 2009.

Submission forms can be downloaded from [www.ukiahaiku.org](http://www.ukiahaiku.org) or picked up at libraries around the county, as well as the Mendocino County Bookmobile and Grace Hudson Museum. Submissions can also be emailed to [ukiahaikufest09@yahoo.com](mailto:ukiahaikufest09@yahoo.com).

(For the Adult Contemporary category a check for \$5 will have to be mailed – see website). This year’s awards ceremony, complete with music and award-winning poetry, will be held on Sunday, April 26 from 2-4 p.m. at the Ukiah Conference Center.

## THE FIRST ENGLISH-LANGUAGE HAIKU ANTHOLOGY AN INTERVIEW WITH MARGOT BOLLOCK

Jane Reichhold

Margot Bollock

Borrowed Water, the first published anthology of haiku written in America was the cooperative effort of a group of thirteen women writers in Los Altos California in 1966. Helen Stiles Chenoweth had organized the Los Altos Writers’ Rountable in 1956 for adults interested in publishing their writings. As Chenoweth wrote in the introduction: “The poets used the Japanese tone poem haiku to appreciate the syllabic content of words. Use of the haiku taught the prose writers brevity and simplicity improved their style.”

On their own initiative the group sought out the translations of the works by Basho, Buson, Issa and Shiki and decided to devote all their class time to composing American haiku.

Seven years later, in 1963, the group became aware of the efforts of James Bull and Donald Eulert in Plattville, Wisconsin to publish the semi-annual publication American Haiku – the first magazine solely

for haiku. A change in editorship moved the magazine to Clement Hoyt's home in Houston, Texas. Again quoting from Helen Chenoweth's introduction: "During this year the haiku group in Writers Roundtable produced many publishable haiku and became regular contributors to the magazine. Mr. Hoyt sent appreciative letters full of counsel and suggestions which were carefully studied by the Group."

Clement Hoyt was a student of the well-known poet Nyogen Senzaki who was a perfectionist. It was reported that he had made Hoyt write and rewrite his haiku for three years before one was published. In addition to the instructions on the form's size and shape, he added these ambiguous impressions as lessons on what a haiku should be:

1. The beauty and delicacy of Basho's "let your haiku resemble a willow branch struck by a little shower and trembling a little in the wind."

2. The Japanese masters of haiku produced their best work through observation and meditation.

3. The corollary or contrast, often "far out," which flows from the major thought.

[I include these to show how fragmentary and ambiguous early haiku instruction was at this time.]

According to Chenoweth's introduction, it was James Bull who wrote: ". . . the Group has possibilities which no one else has thought of in this country. You simply must bring out your book. It will be a valuable historical record, a beacon guide to others, as well as a work of art. . . it is essential to the development of the form (haiku) that it be published."

And thus it was that thirteen women selected over 300 haiku out of their more than 700 poems that had passed their rigid scrutiny to be in this first anthology of English-language haiku.

Jane Reichhold: What drew you to the Los Altos Writers' Roundtable?

Margot Bollack: Someone in her group invited me to Helen Chenoweth's home. I had finally found a group of women who wrote, read, and critiqued each other's poetry.

JR: How did the interest in haiku begin?

MB: Helen at one point challenged us to write some haiku. It seems we found it fun and we produced more and more of it. Finally someone came up with the idea to write classically, but American haiku.

JR: Can you describe Helen Stiles Chenoweth?

MB: Helen was a large presence; a big woman with a big heart and a passion for all poetry. Widowed, she lived alone and shared her house and enthusiasm with about thirteen regulars who came to her living room once a week.

JR: How long did the group work on the book *Borrowed Water*?

MB: We worked on *Borrowed Water* for about one year. Each of us submitted a number of haiku, divided the book into seasonal sections and Helen submitted the finished product to Tuttle Publishing in Tokyo.

JR: How did you find the title?

MB: We called it *Borrowed Water* because of the adaptation from the Japanese.

JR: How were decisions made about what was accepted for the book?

MB: We read our own efforts to each other, anonymously, critiqued the work and accepted a limited number of haiku.

MB: Two of us drew the illustrations. Mine are on pages 69 & 89.

JR: I didn't catch that! Yes, there are your initials! How good that Tuttle gave you white pages for the color illustrations.

JR: I love your haiku:  
I had forgotten  
    how the fireworks light up  
        the idle flowers.

This is so perfect because of the association of flowers /fireworks and the contrast of works/idle. There is also a faint, but important connection between forgotten / idle –as if you were too lazy to remember fireworks. A very new idea then in 1966 and it still is today. Do you remember how you came to write this one?

MB: My favorite is: Pg. 63 – Pssst . . . psst . . . grasshopper – invisible on the reed. Yes! I don't see you.

JR: Do you recall the reactions of others to the book?

MB: I knew that there were several reprints so it must have been appreciated in Japan.

JR: Were you very aware of the fact that, led by a woman, a group of women, thirteen in fact! compiled the first anthology of haiku in English? And what this meant to a male-dominated haiku scene?

MB: [Unanswered]

JR: Do you still write haiku? Or how do you view haiku today?

MB: [Unanswered]

JR: What other works have you published?

MB: I have also had published a book of free-verse poetry by Thorpe Springs Press – called, The Calibrated Woman.

How this interview came to be. Among the facts I learned at the Gualala Arts Haiku Group (1982 – 2005) was that living on the out-skirts of town, as part-time resident, was Margot Bollock, one of the authors of the haiku in *Borrowed Water*. At the time she did not attend our meetings and wanted nothing to do with haiku. I had tried to get an interview with her in the late 1980s for our magazine *Mirrors*, but when I called her she said she did not want to talk about haiku. When we moved from the ridge down to our house on Iversen Road, it was her son, Mark, who provided the transport and heavy lifting and I hoped this would permit an opening to talk to her. It didn't. Later I met Margot and her husband Max at the opening of an art exhibit at CityArts in Point Arena. I wanted to ask her about *Borrowed Water*, but ended up being too shy to mention it amid the flurry. I would occasionally meet Mark's wife, Renee at work at the dentist's office and would always ask about Margot but only this summer, while helping someone trace down another author, did I need to contact Margot by phone. Suddenly, while chatting together in the friendliest way, did it seem a good time to ask again for the interview. This time, because we had the ease of sending questions by e-mail, she agreed. As far as Margot knows, she is now the only surviving member of the group who produced *Borrowed Water*.

THE REVOLUTION IS SETTING THE CHILDREN OUT ON THE RAPIDS WHERE THEY KEEP  
FLOATING ALONG

Werner Reichhold

Does it surprise anybody that by now most of the American tanka magazines are preparing their readers for a change in attitude, asking them to wake up and rebel against thirty years of advice by people who didn't understand the basics of modern poetry?

How about re-reading "The New Lyric Poetry," the article by Dennis M. Garrison? There one finds statements about how to handle an English language 5-liner so it doesn't look like plagiarism, imitation or like an amateurish attempt. Congratulations to him by discovering this. The article also mentions some ideas combining at least two genres, prose, and verse.

But why do the editors of American magazines think they can ignore Jane Reichhold's *Geography Lens*, published 1999, W. and J. Reichhold's *In The Presence*, published 1998 (a gift to the Imperial Majesties of Japan for inviting us to New Years Poetry Party at the Palace)? *A Film Of Words*, published 2008, is one more example how we see the development of poly-genre symbiotic poetry. Since ten years W. Reichhold's *Cybertree* is on the net. More than a year ago *Cyberpoetry*, plus an introduction by Jeffrey Woodward, includes compositions with ghazal, free verse, prose and verses, 1, 2, 3 and 5-liners plus sequences and symbiotic work, dialogue and sketches that had been published on the website of *Ahapoetry.com*. Not a single member of the haiku scene ever tried to write a comment, a critique on the works that since early on set the parameters of how to integrate Japanese genres into bigger western concepts.

So what's new about those above mentioned article, what is it that wasn't said and published ten and more years ago? Well, it's fun, no, it's more than fun – it's a kind of growing satisfaction inside the haiku scene that some editors of magazines now finally are showing a willingness to wake up. They do confess how much irritating, let's say misguiding things have been said, how little understanding for the integration of foreign forms into bigger English poetry concepts had been exercised.

Some of those who feel they can guide a group still don't get to the point to comprehend fully that only by challenging and modifying the rules of an old form there is a right to call the product English language poetry. In other words, if one gives up most of the dominions of a given form – and sure, why can't one do that - there is no more reason left to call the product by a Japanese term. Many western writers are still misusing a kind of a 'Japanese umbrella' by covering up that the true contemporary poet is – and always was – terribly left alone creating the true poetry of her or his time.

**FINIS**