



HK

Issue 1.6
June 2019

HUMAN/KIND

Journal of Topical & Contemporary
Japanese Short-forms & Art

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Journal of Topical and Contemporary
Japanese Short-forms and Art

Issue 1.6
June 2019

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gravity waves
the irresistible pull
from whence I came



Mark Meyers

Late Afternoon

The summer air moves about. The trees rustle a little. A car door slams down the street. I can sit for hours waiting for the world to say nothing. Perhaps today it has already chosen someone else to be a messenger.

birth, death
all the same
wind chimes

-Roger Jones

shadow to shadow
we enter the darkness
we came from

-John Hawkhead

star counting the syllables of perseid

-Tony Burfield

northern lights I reveal the galaxy within

-Hifsa Ashraf

Somewhere Gone

It gets to the point where words lose their clout. Situations begin and end. The middle parts become obtuse. For us it was there on the couch. She brought the cold. We shared food and sex, and with her biased opinions of my childhood trauma, I shared muteness.

winter nesting my child in arthritic fingers

-Chris Dominiczak



Vandana Parashar*

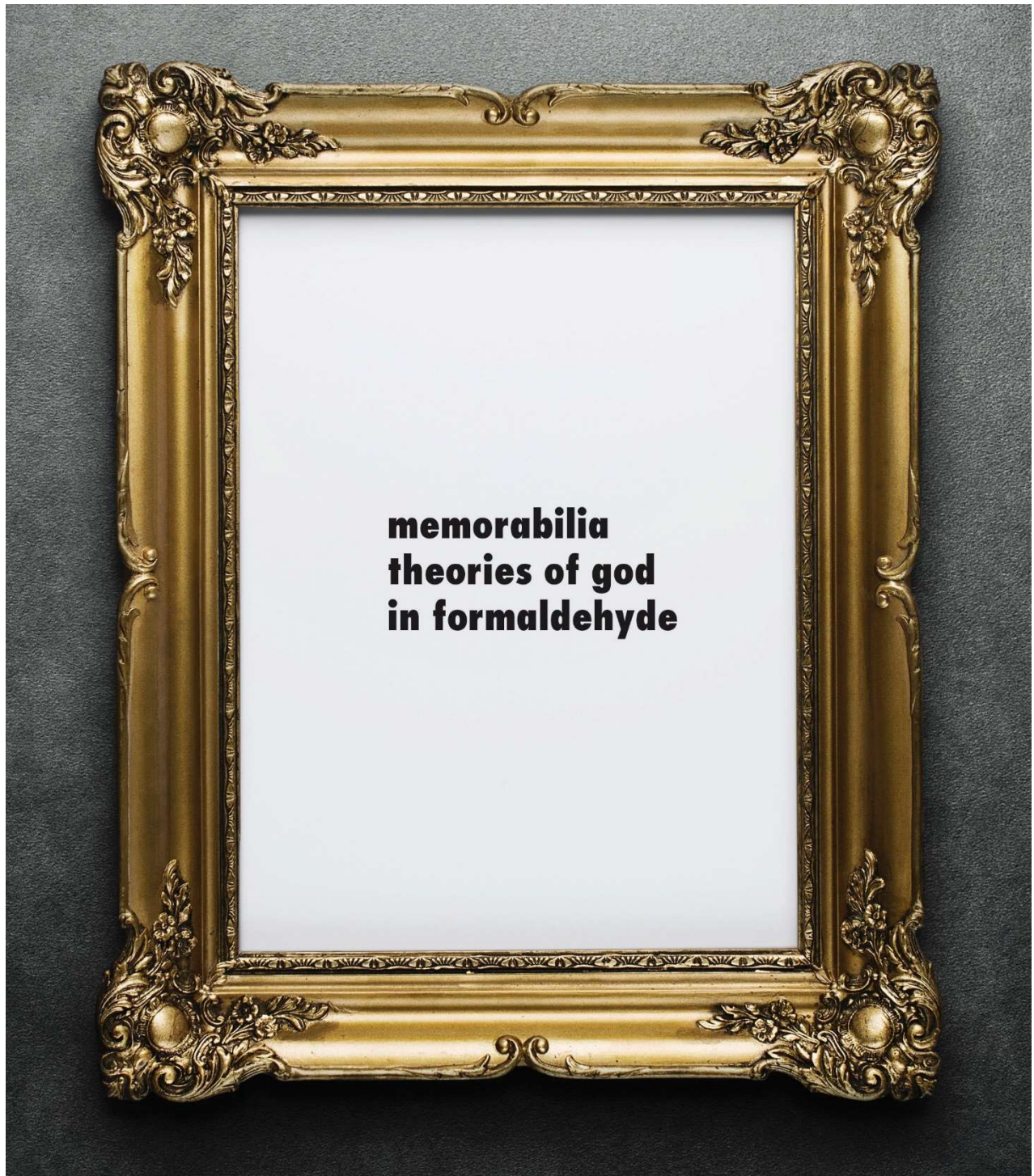
dereliction . . .

is somewhere between violet and green—if the colour doesn't lie—that connects us; we are really not infinity, but you left me, you destroyed my pale heart, and a coffee, left unsaid, and unanswered.

rambling journey
I become a trifold
of my past

after Claude Monet,
from a letter to Paul Cézanne

-Alan Summers



Rich Schilling*

the kettle whistles
and once again my guests
become butterflies

-John McManus

the relationship between our present purposes *interfering waves*

-Adam T. Bogar*

out of options
the ocean grows
claws and fangs

-John McManus

dissection hall—
can I steal a kidney
for mother

-Kinshuk Gupta



free

Olivier Schopfer

The Island of July

One afternoon, after I finish with the fragile documents I'm consulting in Cuba's national archive, it's past the cut-off time when I can request more materials. A satellite without a planet, I meander the streets aimlessly until I am due to meet up with another foreign researcher. Lush gardens grow in the cracks in the sidewalks. My new friend and I go for mojitos and pay to swim at the pool of one of the hotels. Later, I will feel guilty about this, but in the moment all I feel is relief from the heat and squelching humidity.

After we swim, I need to exchange currency. My friend is a Canadian and forgets for a moment that I can't just use one of the banks, as she has been doing during her time in Havana. Because the cadeca turns out to be closed, she trades me a bit of money, so I can make it another day or two. Then, we decide to visit one of the city's many churches. It turns out to be closed, but we circle the white and yellowing ivory exterior so that I can see the bronze statue commemorating Cecelia Valdés, the main character of Villaverde's great novel. I have been reading this critique of slave society in nineteenth-century Cuba a few pages at a time on shaded patios and in bed before I drift into troubled slumber.

nocturne shadow
a millipede emerges
segmented secretion

I dream of scorpions or maybe I am one. Quizás, quizás, quizás. Opportunist feeding on the past. I have spent the average monthly salary of a Cuban in three days on cocktails and internet cards.

Cadeca, ETECSA.
Come out of each with less
than what you took in

-Ray Ball and Caroline Streff

snatches
of conversation
given and received . . .
rain falling
through empty trees

-Kirsten Cliff Elliot



Rich Schilling*

staring into waves I try to form kind words

-John Hawkhead

job interview
the shallow breaths
of certain answers

-Richa Sharma

my mother believes the story I exist

-Ashish Narain

owl's hoot
outside prison bars
lingering delusion

-Agus Maulana Sunjaya



Mark Meyer

It's the small things . . .

that count, and I read that they too will die, the unknown and unseen insects who
befriend roses, on the window ledges of prisons.

mosaic rain:
the cul de sac
of shadow

after Sylvia Plath

-Alan Summers

trophy shot
he aims
at the heart

Image censored by the author.

Mark Gilbert

one more
 school shooting—
who can count
 the petals
of a red, red rose

-Jenny Ward Angyal

long-term illness
we slip behind
a mask of flowers

-Lucy Whitehead

stretched
beyond my limits
willow branch

-Christina Sng

silent phone . . .
the *invisibility cloak*
of chronic illness

-Margaret Walker



Julie Warther

QUICKSAND

She has shriveled like those dry leaves we rake off our walkways. The phlegm is corroding her lungs, they say.

Her eyes crinkle child-like, and a smile drowns the pallor of her face, the moment I reach her bedside.

“Where are the kids?” she asks me, through the oxygen mask. I tell her that they’re at the school. She would like to see them “the next time.”

A medical attendant irritably shushes her. The constant cawing of a raven outside the window fills the silence of the ICU. Again, she props her head up and tries to make sign-talk with me. I mention the package she has entrusted her favourite granddaughter with, a saree chosen for her final journey. She smiles.

It is meal time. An alarming bout of coughing ensues the frugal intake of oral fluids. The doctor is summoned. Medications administered. Parameters noted. She is reproached for being too fidgety.

We ask her to sleep. She sleeps.

widow’s trunk
moonlight bleeds
through sparse curtains

-Yesha Shah

pulse

beats

where

back

memories

our

drain

systolic

dreams

-Ron Scully



Tia Haynes & Lori A Minor

Blind Ocean

night
it doesn't matter
if the ocean's blind

throwing clouds after the mailman
to pass the time

what cells
in your blood
carry darkness?

again these arthritic hands
try to open a box of angels

-Johannes S. H. Bjerg

hanging akimbo
bare apple trees
arthritic
my world of cane
mutiny

-Lee Felty

snipped
as if with scissors
from the green world—
reflections shimmer
in our house of glass

-Jenny Ward Angyal



Olivier Schopfer

Bedridden

The view from the window is my everything. I watch the outside changes, revel in them. Snow outlining the branches, spring sun painting a dichotomy of shadow and light along the trunks, a squirrel bouncing a branch, a nuthatch circling the tree upside down, first spring buds. I'm grateful for the panorama. Meanwhile, the rest of my life shrinks.

blue expanse the seagull soars out of view

Tonight, I talk to my pain. Personalize it. Claim it, acknowledge it, become intimate with it. Soft soothing affirmative tones. The pain is part of me, not separate. My body is trying to get my attention in the only language it knows, the nerves sending a message to the mother ship, to the brain, *Hey something's not right here, we're going haywire. Mayday! Mayday!* I close my eyes, envision the nerves, the route they take through my body, spreading out from the spine. My mind's eye opens up these routes, creates large empty spaces, imagines soft winds across a prairie—inhale, exhale. The pain lessens for the moment. We all like to be acknowledged.

counting sheep one veers off the cliff

The prescribed nerve pills are supposed to make me drowsy. They don't. I counteract my sleeplessness by drawing, often deep into the night. Engage the right side of my brain to distract the left side of my body, where the pain resides. When I'm creating art, the pain subsides, and maybe even healing begins, the damaged nerves regenerating. My brain and my body are connected, right to left, I tell myself. It is a physical process, this creating of art. I post the art online, submit it to journals, publish it. It is my way to reach out, to say this is what is happening to me, to listen to what is happening to others. Complete strangers. Pain I don't show my own family.

at the edge of the precipice a peregrine builds a nest

-Marianne Paul



Marianne Paul

Breton's Evening

observing train and terrain Breton refills his pipe with gulls
Andalusian or not the dog shouldn't go chasing eyes
dipped in dusk the pen draws a prayer rope of moths
if only you'd arrange an exhibition in my head
thaw your watch by the elephant lake to fill your hat with swans
condemned to boredom you watch a one-drop rain fall over and over

-Johannes S. H. Bjerg



Passersby

Chris Dominiczak

nothing bright
matches my mood
my clothes
50 shades
of grief

-Susan Burch



Tia Haynes & Lori A Minor

Götterdämmerung

Global warming. Terrorist attacks. The rise of right-wing populism.

You could be forgiven for thinking it is the end of days.

In The Bible, the book of Revelations describes how the world will end, as the devil sends the beast to do his work and bring an end to God's kingdom on earth.

Nordic people instead foresaw a great battle of the gods, Ragnarok, as the curtain closing act.

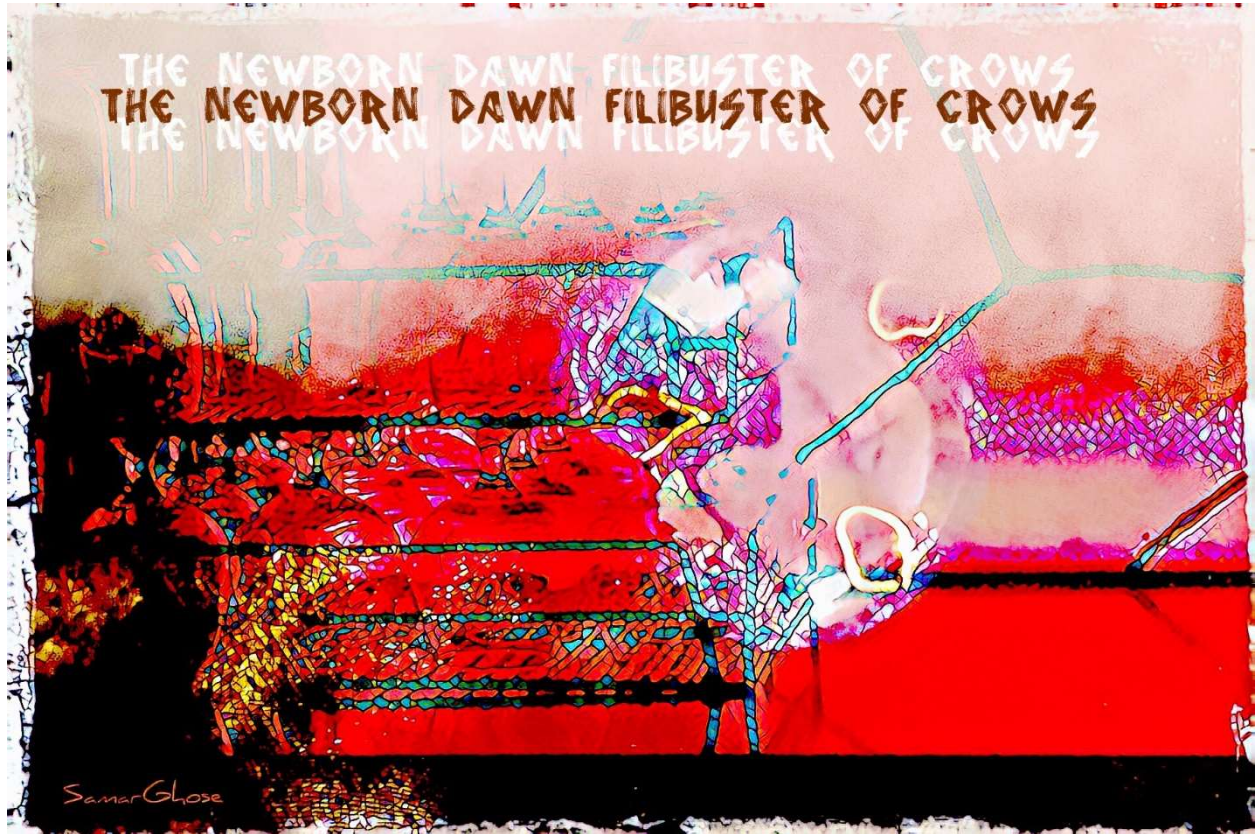
Physicists prefer to predict the heat death of the universe.

When I was young, there was a man who walked the streets of London wearing a billboard with the slogan 'The End of the World is Nigh.'

I wonder where he is now.

changing climate
a teenage girl
clutches her banner

-Andy McLellan



Samar Ghose

Spring thaw
a pine marten nibbles
a gypsy corpse

jazz in the air
swallowing sin
again

-Jan Benson

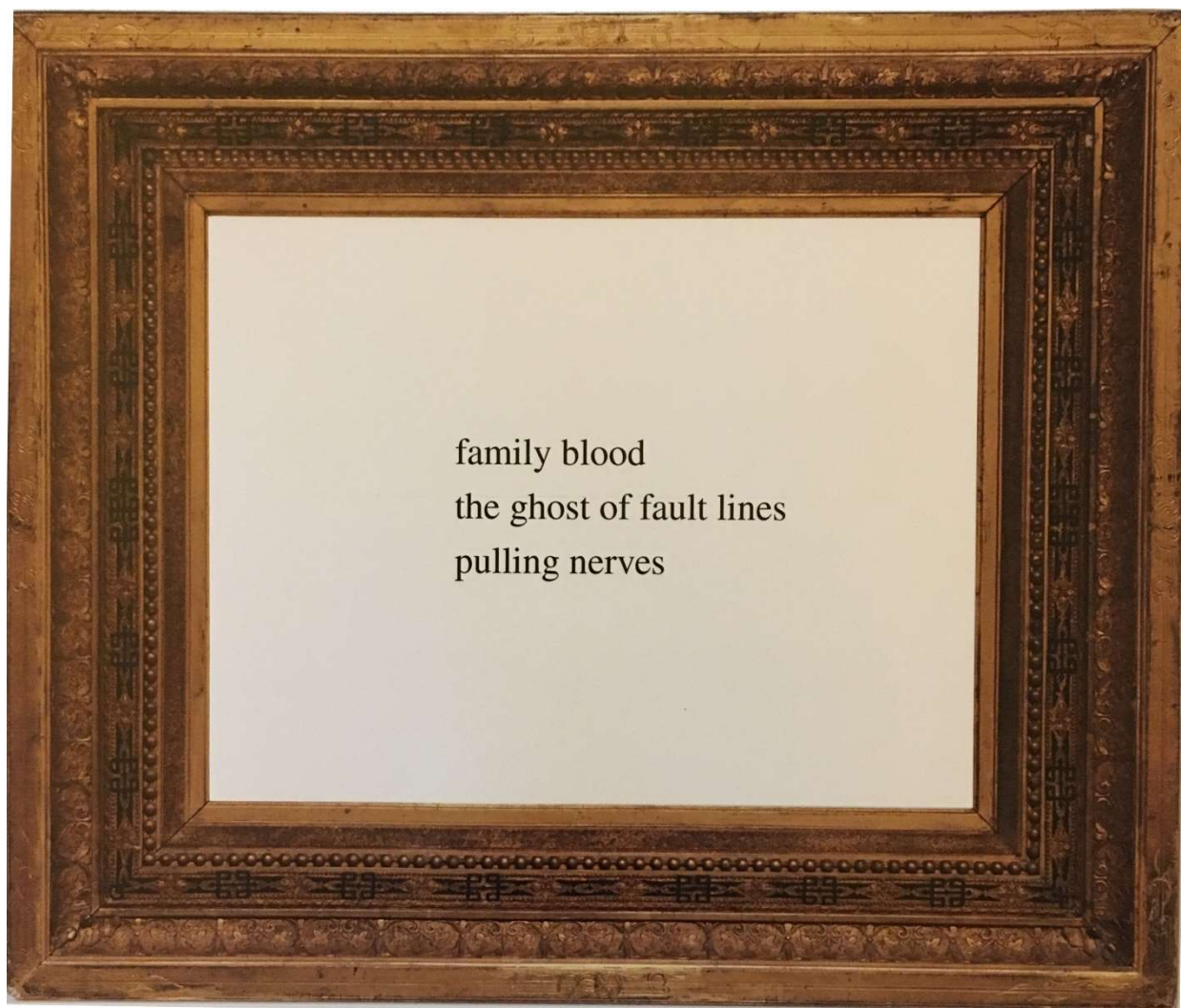
Christmas in July

You'd think I'd be a tough-as-nails person by now, but I'm not. Each time I speak up about an injustice, the girl inside of me crawls into a tight ball, as if to protect herself from an impending head-on crash. I know that might sound rather dramatic, but speaking up is a risky venture. In fact, during the past three decades, I have been on the receiving end of death threats, beatings, and job, family, and friend loss as a result of sharing my truth.

So, in the time between now and whatever the future may hold, regarding my latest effort to break the silence, I am doing the only logical thing I can: hug my knees and hum out-of-season holiday tunes to an empty room.

nuclear fallout
but first
a dance

-Tiffany Shaw-Diaz



Rich Schilling*

practicing alienation mother in a melting clock

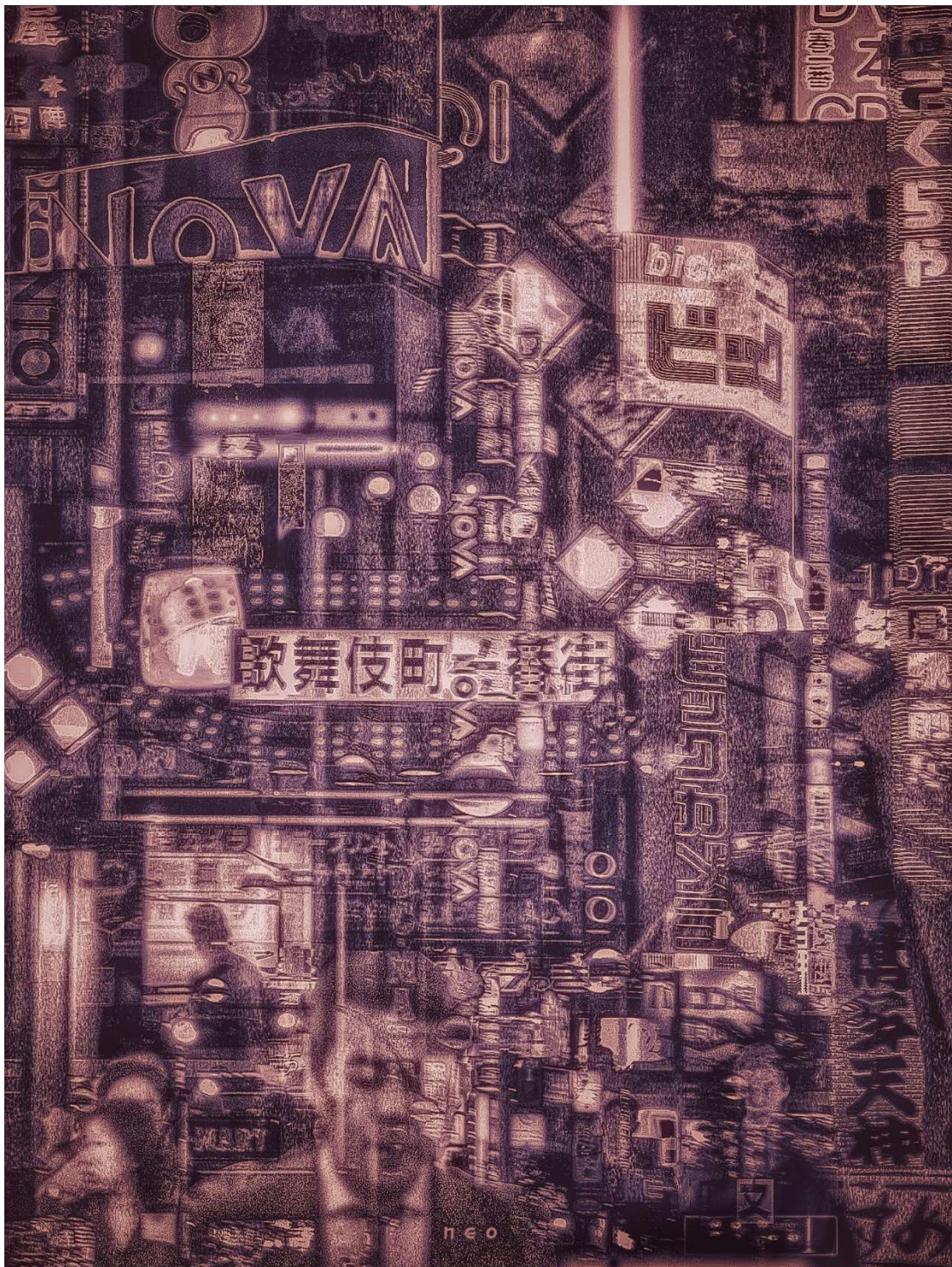
-Réka Nyitrai

earth cracks our skin deep efforts

-Julie Warther

you are not like me let's celebrate

-Roberta Beach Jacobson



neon mist

Mark Meyer

Biographies

Jenny Ward Angyal lives with her husband and one Abyssinian cat on a small organic farm in Gibsonville, NC, USA. She has written poetry since the age of five and tanka for over ten years. Her poems have appeared in many journals and may also be found on her blog, *The Grass Minstrel*. Her tanka collection, *moonlight on water* (Skylark Publishing), appeared in 2016. She is Reviews & Features Editor of *Skylark: a Tanka Journal*.

Hifsa Ashraf is from Pakistan. She is an award-winning poet, story writer, and co-editor of Haiku Commentary blog. Her haiku, senryu, tanka, cherita, free verse, and haiga have been published in more than 50 international poetry journals and magazines. She is currently working on her first tanka book based on the real stories of refugees.

Ray Ball grew up in a house full of snakes. She is a history professor, Pushcart-nominated poet, and editor at *Alaska Women Speak*. Her chapbook *Tithe of Salt* was just published by Louisiana Literature Press. She can be found on Twitter @ProfessorBall.

Jan Benson is a Pushcart Prize-nominated haiku poet living in Texas. She is as comfortable writing about physics as pagan rituals, and is influenced by the dark poetry of Charles Simic. Jan's haiku are anthologized in world-leading haiku journals. Benson is a member of World Haiku Association. Twitter: @janbentx

Johannes S. H. Bjerg lives in a village where nobody knows what he's up to. Rumour has it that he fumbles with words and images and only talks to dead philosophers, saints and God. He has a website where all his books are listed http://megaga.dk/?page_id=530 and has made most of them free for download.

Adam T. Bogar is a Hungarian translator and independent scholar living in Folkestone, UK. He is a member of the Kurt Vonnegut Society, the Milton Society of America and the British Haiku Society. His website (atbogar.wordpress.com) contains an updated list of publications. *Adam's haiku in this issue is a found haiku, excerpted from *The Feynman Lectures on Physics, Vol. III: Quantum Mechanics* by Richard P. Feynman (The New Millennium Edition, Basic Books, 2010).

Tony Burfield (he / him / his) lives with his wife in the foothills of the Southern Rockies and works at the Boulder Public Library. His work has recently appeared in *Modern Haiku*, *Otata*, and *Contemporary Haibun Online*.

Chris Dominiczak recently exhibited with AiR (Artists in Recovery) in Newcastle upon Tyne. He won the first UHTS Rosenberry Literary award for Haiku and has been published in several journals - writing short poems, haiku and related forms. When he is not writing,

he's taking photographs, cutting trees or subject to his daughter's demands. Facebook – Chris Dominiczak @backabeyont – Instagram <https://www.artistsinrecovery.co.uk/>

Kirsten Cliff Elliot fell for haiku in 2007 and has been writing and publishing them ever since. Her first poetry collection is now available from Velvet Dusk Publishing <https://velvetduskpublishing.weebly.com/>. You can find her on Twitter @bookfuelled or <https://helpmyhusbandhasaspergers.wordpress.com/>.

Lee Felty is a New England, USA poet. Her senryu, haiku, tanka and cherita have been published in *hedgerow*, *Atlas Poetica*, *Moonbathing*, and elsewhere. She makes time each day to write tanka and gogyoshi.

Samar Ghose lives in Perth, Western Australia with his wife and two adult daughters. He is enamoured of the haiku genre and its related forms. He enjoys the appreciation of the art form via reading and occasionally writing. His work has been published in international online & print journals. Samar feels that haiku can live in both poetry and prose.

Mark Gilbert writes poetry and prose. His recent work can be found in *The Mamba*, *Haibun Today*, *Prune Juice* and *Twist in Time*. He was proud to be included in the anthology *Poems for the NHS* (Onslaught Press, 2018) and to have read at its launch.

Kinshuk Gupta, a medical student from MAMC has been writing now for almost a decade. He is the co-editor of an internationally acclaimed anthology *No One Fights Alone*. His writings have been published in almost 45 national and international journals, websites and anthologies. He was shortlisted for 'Chapbbok Contest 2018' by Rhythm Divine Poets, Kolkata.

John Hawkhead (Bradford on Avon, UK) is a poet and artist from the south west of England. His book of haiku *Small Shadows* is available from Alba Publishing. You may like his twitter feed of haiga and haiku at <https://twitter.com/HawkheadJohn>.

Tia Haynes has been a lover of Japanese short-form poetry since she discovered it two years ago. Haiku became her lifeline during postpartum mania and has continued to be a solace. Her work can be found in *The Heron's Nest*, *Frogpond*, and *Modern Haiku*. Follow her at: www.adaliahaiku.com.

Roberta Beach Jacobson (<http://www.robertajacobson.com>) is a humorist from Iowa, USA.

Roger Jones teaches in the MFA poetry program at Texas State University in San Marcos. His Japanese-form poem publications include *Modern Haiku*, *Acorn*, *Frogpond*, *Heron's Nest*, *Haibun Today*, *Tiny Words*, and *Contemporary Haibun Online*. His e-chapbook *Goodbye* was published in 2017 by the Snapshot Press.

Andy McLellan is a haiku poet and Sōtō Zen novice priest living in Canterbury, UK. He has three teenage children and a PhD in plant biology. When not writing haiku he can usually be found drinking tea and pointing at squirrels. His haiku website, Shore/lines, can be found at yearinhaiku.wordpress.com.

John McManus is an award-winning haiku poet from Carlisle, Cumbria, England. His haiku have been published all over the world, and his first collection of haiku *Inside His Time Machine* was published by Iron Press in 2016.

Mark Meyer I'm a contemporary visual artist & retired educator, now into my seventh decade. Currently, I live in the Seattle, WA area, but I have also lived in New York & Texas. In a prior lifetime long, long ago I was a neurobiologist—still really miss looking through microscopes. A rather mediocre guitar player and struggling poet, I do try.

Lori A Minor is a feminist, mental health advocate, and body positive activist living in Virginia. She dabbles in visual and literary arts and is the founder and editor of both *#FemkuMag* and *Bleached Butterfly*. Lori has just released her second book *inkblots revealing my story to the therapist*.

Ashish Narain is an Economist by profession and a haiku poet by choice. His work has been published in online journals like *Sonic Boom*, *Otata*, *Bones*, *Prune Juice*, *Modern Haiku*, and *Frogpond*. He lives with his wife and two sons in Manila, Philippines.

Réka Nyitrai lives in Bucharest, Romania. She was born in Transylvania, a land that she truly considers magic. She studied communication and political marketing. She always felt attracted to poetry, especially to short forms, however she only started writing haiku since 2018, early spring. She writes haiku, tanka and cherita. Her work has been published in *Under the Basho*, *Failed Haiku*, *#FemkuMag*, *Otata* and *The Asahi Shimbun*.

Vandana Parashar is a microbiologist, a teacher and a haiku enthusiast. Her work has been published in *cattails*, *A Hundred Gourds*, *Creatrix*, *Naad Anunaad*, *Sonic Boom*, *Prune Juice*, *Asahi Haikuist Network*, *Failed Haiku*, *Atoms of Haiku*, *Frameless Sky* and *#FemkuMag*, to name a few. She has a Grand Prix in 8th Setouchi Matsuyama Photo Haiku Contest to her credit and prizes and honourable mentions in some other contests including Kukai. She lives in Panchkula with her husband and two daughters. Instagram: *_van.dana*, Twitter: *@vandanaparashar*, Facebook : <https://www.facebook.com/vandana.parashar.5>.
*The senryu for Vandana's haiga in this issue is a found work, culled from Page 44 of *The Rainmaker*, by John Grisham.

Marianne Paul is a Canadian poet, novelist and, recently, an amateur bookbinder. She has won the Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival haiku contest and the inaugural Jane Reichhold Memorial Haiga Competition. Marianne posts her words and art on Instagram *@ms.haiku*, Twitter *@mariannpaul* and on her websites: www.mariannepaul.com and www.literarykayak.com.

Rich Schilling lives in Webster Groves, Missouri with his wife and three kids. He has been published in *Mayfly*, *Modern Haiku*, *Is/let*, *Akitsu Quarterly*, and numerous other journals. *Rich's ku in this issue are found ku culled from album *Eons* by the band Mimicking Birds ("family blood": Bloodlines, "memorabilia": Memorabilia, "friends": wormholes).

Olivier Schopfer lives in Geneva, Switzerland. He likes to capture the moment in haiku and photography. His work has appeared in anthologies, and numerous online and print journals. In 2018, Scars Publications released his first poetry chapbook, *In the Mirror: Concrete Haiku*.

Ron Scully is a retired bookseller. After 25 years on the road, Ron, a real-life Willie Loman, only funnier, has repaired to the foothills of New Hampshire to refashion field sales reports into a national epic, a crown of sonnets, or a haiku or two. This summer he is scheduled to publish two chapbooks; *Darlington Braves* from Redbird and *Listening for Thirteen Blackbirds* from bottle rocket. Otherwise, he is working on a play and a proposal for an anthology.

Yesha Shah lives in Surat, India. She is a mother, a poet and a teacher. Absolutely in love with the Japanese genre of haibun, she strives to write whenever she can. Her verses have found homes in print and online journals.

Richa Sharma resides in India and loves writing poetry, especially haiku and senryu. Her work has appeared in a few haiku journals, most recently in *Failed Haiku's* May Issue.

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz is an award-winning poet and artist living in Centerville, Ohio. To learn more about her, please visit: www.tiffanyshawdiaz.com. She can be found on Facebook (@tsdartist) and Instagram (@tiffanyshawdiaz).

Christina Sng writes haiku to immerse in nature amid life in the city. She finds joy in gardening, painting, and poetry. Her recent books include 2017 Bram Stoker Award winner *A Collection of Nightmares*, and haiku chapbooks, *Catku*, and *A Constellation of Songs*. Visit her at Fvandatinasng.com.

Caroline Streff is a recent graduate of the University of Alaska Anchorage. She has been pursuing poetry in earnest for the past year and a half, investigating themes of family, ecology, and space. Her work has recently appeared in *Alaska Women Speak* and *Anchorage Press*.

Alan Summers (he/him/Alan) came from London but now lives in England's South West. Dogs and cats like him and he likes them, oh, and birds, and Christmas with snow. Alan is co-founder of Call of the Page, with Karen Hoy. Website: www.callofthepage.org, Twitter @haikutec, @allabouthaiku, @CallOfThePage.

Agus Maulana Sunjaya lives in Indonesia, teaching physics and mathematics at university. He has been writing English Language haiku for 3 years. Agus' work has appeared in *Wales Haiku Journal*, *Akitsu Quarterly*, *NHK Masters*, *The Mainichi*, and *Under the Basho*. Twitter: @agusmsunjaya.

Margaret Walker I am a former school principal. My husband and I planned extensive travel. Instead, I have the opportunity to meet people from across the world as a leader of the ME/CFS Self-Help Program. A group member introduced me to haibun and haiku. My work has been published in *Failed Haiku* and *Human/Kind Journal*.

Julie Warther serves as Midwest Regional Coordinator for the Haiku Society of America (www.hsa-haiku.org), is an associate editor at The Heron's Nest (www.theheronsnest.com) and was instrumental in establishing The Forest Haiku Walk in Millersburg, Ohio (www.innathoneyrun.com/open-air-art-museum/haiku-walk/) and the Seasons of Haiku Trail at The Holden Arboretum in Kirtland, Ohio. (www.holdenarb.org/seasons-of-haiku-interpretive-trail/).

Lucy Whitehead (Essex, UK) Lucy's haiku have been published in various international journals including *Akitsu Quarterly*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Frogpond*, *hedgerow*, *Blithe Spirit*, *Cattails*, *Otata*, *tinywords*, and *Under the Basho* and appear in three anthologies including *a hole in the light: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2018*. Her Twitter handle is @blueirispoetry.