

otata 35

November, 2018



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TOKONOMA

Hills against
sky against
each other

wavering
way back here
far sets out

Core of
an apple
rusts

light
of an old
lantern

—Cid Corman
no/ more (1969)

Norie Umeda

蟻地獄砂時計を裏返す

ant lion —
a flip
of the hourglass

海岸に日の出の音叉共振す

over the shore
the sound of the rising sun —
a tuning fork rings

初めから秤にかけられ新生児

from the moment
he's placed on the scale...
newborn child

梔子のかをり眩暈の遊びに誘ふ

the gardenia's
fragrant vertigo
invites me to play

銀箔の月錆びて時空の果てにをり

tarnished
at the end of space-time
silver leaf moon

薔薇の芽よ我が細胞の中のイヴ

Eve
in my cells —
rose buds

印画紙の太陽黒点傘に穴

a sunspot
on photographic paper —
umbrella puncture

はじまりの世界に新月は目覚む

genesis —
new moon
awaken

海月の触手幻視の軌跡描く

moon jelly tentacles trace my hallucination

短夜や活断層の名を覚ゆ

summer night —
I learn the name of
an active fault

Translations adjusted by Clayton Beach.

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

as it's for birds if above it's
for fishes if below;

but if both inside &
outside you

what grasping
O foam fingered
wave

after *The Gospel of Thomas* in part

spiral of
the shell
crushed
spiral of
the shell

vincent tripi

woodpecker
stand
at
old
growth
God
within

morning light
the sound I make unawares
as I'm writing

Sabine Miller

AT THE PLANETARIUM

next to
the serpentarium

before the stars after
the snakes

in the din of kids

At the apex

of the lit dome
a squiggle, crack

in the architecture
I knew & only

knew to be
a caterpillar who lived

there
early sight

of the sublime

THE DREAM

The morning after

a dreamless sleep, no
love, no—

the inside of ripe

pumpkins split
open to the common

light.

AT THE END OF THE DAY

the yard's baroque, sonata, lit moss rings around the rained-on bricks like
tiles of moss-ringed bricks kaleidoscoped lit house

sparrows descend
on the moss a piccolo --

My friend is so
indefinite, logic drifting and breaking at the

seams like clouds brickyards' worth the discursive mind fragmented across the mind
of limpid sky, that listening

late in the day under the clouds to her, or the voice
of her it too is light,

music.

CARRYING THE METAPHOR (2)

if it starts
 with a wound
burnt mouth

become scroll:
 if the words
hefted across

this desert
 ‘heavy of
tongue’ to

be un-
 rolled, spit out
are without

consequence like
 sand un-
peopled, con-

scripted to the wind
 then let them
let us

go

Giuliana Ravaglia

*in dissolvenza
il chiarore d'estate:
sogni di carta*

it's fading —
that clarity of summer —
paper dreams

*miele d'acacia:
il colore del sole
sulla crostata*

acacia-honey:
the sun's color
on the tart

*la luna a tratti :
sotto i piedi la mia ombra

riempiva il cielo*

the moon at times:
my shadow at my feet

filled the sky

*la luna all'alba:
fugace incontro oltre la soglia*

the moon at dawn:
a fugitive meeting beyond the threshold

*qua e là una foglia gialla:
la luna piena a poco a poco*

here and there a yellow leaf:
little by little a full moon

*profumo di mele rosse:
la cantina vuota di mio padre*

the smell of red apples:
my father's empty cellar

*tramonto:
nell'assorto silenzio sogno e mistero*

sunset:
absorbed in silence mystery and dream

*luna calante:
schiude le corolle il gelsomino*

crescent moon:
the jasmine corollas open

*airone bianco:
l'anima scalza sul davanzale*

white heron:
the soul discalced on a sill

la lunga pioggia:
fiori secchi sullo scaffale

the long rain:
dried flowers on the shelf

mele acerbe:
il primo bacio dietro il portone

bitter apples:
the first kiss at the doorway

scarabocchia silenzi la luna bianca:
non sono sola

the white moon scribbles out silences:
I'm not alone

breve notte:
le capriole addosso dell'alba

short night:
the deer in advance of dawn

cielo d'autunno:
negli occhi chiari la nostalgia

autumn sky:
homesickness in clear eyes

salmone:
l'eterno ritmo del divenire

salmon:
the eternal rhythm of becoming

[English versions JM.]

John Levy

MOON OVER WATER

there it is

the moon water

ladder

waves

move

the rungs

so there it was

is

was

waves

on my way home or at home I briefly open

the labyrinth does something faster than dissolving
it's as if the in in the word grows so much larger

NOTHING FOR CID CORMAN

It's tempting to say I have nothing to say
as I begin writing a poem. I understand why Cid

often wrote variants on this theme, poems
he starts by declaring something like

I have nothing to say

and then says something more. I practically
lived with Cid. I moved into his coffeeshop in Kyoto,

to work for room and board when I was 23.
He never had nothing to say in person. He'd show up

in mid- or late afternoon, having stayed home to write
and frequently tell me he'd written two dozen letters

as well as many poems. Sometimes an essay, too, or
translations. He'd make marvelous ice cream then,

as the saying goes, hold court. Speaking of court, much later,
when I was in law school, he wrote me suggesting I become

a Supreme Court Justice and adding he'd written one
and had received an answer. He also

wrote Presidents, but they didn't reply. I thought I had
nothing to say and then thought of Cid. When I took a book

out of his shelves the book would be full of Cid's
marginalia, often argumentative, though there'd usually be

passages he'd praise. He had careful penmanship.
He had nothing to say in a number of poems

when he started them
knowing nothing

never stayed nothing
if he just held on.

TRAIN

I rode this train in either Spain or Portugal
(I forget which) in 1977. There were not

many passengers and we were up

in the mountains

going over slopes and rounding
bends

when I decided to stand at the window

and within moments we reached
the top of one hill and took a turn

and about 20 feet away a giant
young man stood as if on the edge

of the barren planet; he looked
nine feet tall. He was a shepherd,

thin, and then gone as empty land
was again all around.

EVERYONE

one day
says something
that glitters

full of feeling

the words leave the bodies

and slowly undress

without showing off

Angiola Inglese

*dimenticando
il nome di una rosa....
pomeriggio di pioggia*

forgetting
the name of a rose ...
rainy evening

*treno in ritardo —
luna nuova d'autunno
nel vento freddo*

the train late
autumn's new moon
in cold wind

*farfalla
sulla sabbia bagnata
colore del vento*

butterfly
on wet sand
the wind's color

Tom Montag

WHAT IT IS

What it is
you want,

where you know
you want it,

in through to
other wonders.

Step through
that easy

gauze of light
and keep

going. It's
there. It's

right there.

THE STARS CHANGE

Yes, the stars change. No, you
don't see it, for you haven't

been here long enough. Some
loss is so slow it won't

seem inevitable. Some
have dropped below the

horizon already.
All you can think to say

is Rise up. It's too late.
The stars aren't listening.

IF NOT FOR STARS

If not for stars
we're then not us.

We come from things
we cannot know

brazed in eternity's
cauldron. We come

from a loss which
has heated, cooled.

We were fired in
the burnt heart of God

when those words were said,
Let there be light.

UPON THE WATER

The moon upon
the water is

the only moon
we touch. Touch it,

that you may drown
in its dying,

in the failure
of an ancient

reflected light.

ALL THESE DAYS

All these days
may have been

sucked husks of
emptiness,

yet didn't I
see what I saw

and didn't I
try to say it?

Elmedin Kadric

care
less
loch
ness

as of not at the bottom of the well

matter enough to unfold

the silence
pretending
to like it

it's even
what I think

let alone
cumulus

a
bout

to
boot

take
for
in
stance
spring
breeze

what
if

it
comes

down
to

a
t

Robert Christian

17.10.18
Wednesday on.

My early morning
Cough - I gulped my tea -
Should be a lesson to
Take this maybe tricky day patiently

Don't mind
about noise
- too much -
dear Robert
- it goes
as illness
passes
or some say
love

Bang on Dawn
as usual, reliable
as Nature always is

with sunshine, rain
tempests, avalanches,
droughts, ice ages,

global warming, you
name it, Mother knows
all about it

cradling the poets
and love and beauty
in all for peace

as the surface
of earth regards
the eyes of Heaven

Morning, 2.11.18

Antonio Mangiameli

*freddo —
un nido
pieno d'acqua*

cold —
a nest
full of water

Corrado Aiello

*sentirsi vivi —
una sfida a calcetto
sotto la pioggia*

feeling alive —
a five-a-side football match
under the rain

*spezzar candele
... le ossa sparpagliate
di mio nonno*

breaking candles
... the scattered bones
of my granpa

Author's note: candele/ candles — a type of long, rough, round-section pasta.

Kristen Lindquist

scent of sweetfern
on my fingers
warbler's song

planting love grass
the things i want
for my life

it's too much
where we used to meet
bobolinks singing

Angela Giordano

*dentro le mani
la farfalla si ridesta —
nuovi origami*

inside your hands
the butterfly wakes up —
new origami

*piccolo borgo —
il profumo del pane
dentro i vicoli*

a small village —
the smell of bread
inside the alleys

*vecchia mansarda —
mazzetti di lavanda
ad essiccare*

old attic —
bunches of lavender
laid out to dry

*un cielo oscuro —
la strada illuminata
dai gelsomini*

a dark sky —
the road lit up
with jasmine

Christopher Patchel

fireflies
bullfrogs

at the end
of the day
afterglow

Lucy Whitehead

leaf lace the plans we made

Alegria Imperial

FROM THE OLD WELL

drawing strings to tighten loose words
the garbage collector

wet and salt-less a lisp borrowed from
the rain

berries rotting in the rain often too late
to resist

heavy lids from night's bowels
a faint tapping

moon burst what bowl to pick
for drunken soup

AUTUMN PENNANTS

grey sky pulling down a monk's cowl
fall groveling about sunflowers sans the sun
forecast: quiet cloud and/or hidden fawn
legs apart children in a bus stop waiting to grow
their noses aligned yachts at the dockyard aspirating
oak leaf limping in the wind snaps into strings

PARENTHETICALS

fora...
in tiers (waterfall-like)
our grievances

what ifs: (often)
and nothing

which glitch in earth's core
(reverbs) re
verbs

crow
(and then)
cackles

where mudflats
(do you?) bed the sky

onion (cuidao)
on the twelfth bracket
a sting

gulls lie (especially)
on orangey pits

dissection
once parts (splinters)
of a soul

(cracks) tho' apse-healed
on paradise-climb

INVERTED PYRAMID

oceans
in me churning
galaxies
when even clouds cannot speak of heights
what wind can draw water from the well I doubt the words we pick
could stitch frayed sleeves knowing that a lodestar where we belong is not
among swans how does mid-page in our elegy taper to the peak of inverted pyramids
could be additions with the shift key when breaths resume how curves rise and fall
as in: how a crow struts around his empty chair do I love you how threadbare leaves stick
to my knees i remember a peeping Tom cross-eyed on the sky me slurping crème brûlée
his mouth agape as yew branches scratch the eye of a storm staring out of walls

TATTING KNOTS

as of the cedar twig last autumn i had since gathered a FLask of fragrance
mornings on the picket gate came with a fawn the same one with a diamond mark on its forehead
the card reader seeing me bare in the LEFT knee once spotted my brown diamond birth mark you
will kneel before a prince on your wedding day she foretold i married a man
who designed churches with awnings of sheer pineapple silk he dreamed of battles
on a bay shore he croaked like a frog when i kissed his nose

the children who helped clean the image of the Santo Nino
told me a dwarf lived inside the trunk of our pine tree they claimed this danced
in the moonlight to lure dwarves come out one day i found a gold coin under my husband's chair
we all die the card reader soothed me as i sat in vigil by my mother's sickbed as if
an untruth she tried to affirm life begins in a well where the coins we toss rise as debris she said

this morning i woke up to a starling tapping on the blinds in a tub
of old molasses i dip my forefinger and lick away the night

with a finger twist
her sentences a series
of blips

Jeannie Martin

knitting meditation
I make a scarf
give it away

to knit
with closed eyes
Autumn darkness

yarn store
choosing colors
by their feel

late night solitude
only the click-click
of my knitting needles

grandmother's afghan
still
warm

Tim Murphy

LIBRA

Positive roses and cardinal grapes,
Masculine sapphire and jade,
Orchid air and lizard cloves,
Copper from the South Pacific,
Diplomatic cayenne and indecisive artichokes,
Tibetan pomegranates,
Viennese plums from Antwerp,
Pink freesia and pear gardenia,
Egyptian cinnamon,
Urbane bluebells and gullible Lisbon gladioli,
Japanese jewels from Frankfurt,
Mint capers and soulmate yams,
Melissa lemongrass from Leeds . . .
And all options on the table forever.

BACKING VOCAL

He was your common or garden convent wizard,
Always in a patchouli-coloured dream coat;
Dream sounds played on the radio
As he sang time's tune in the ears of the future
With all its memories;
And the old song,
All the time his elf sang it—
Trailer for sale or rent,
Rooms to let, fifty cents —
Because of the poverty
And because of the cigarettes.

The shape of things to become
Changes with registers of time;
We did not know this then,
While our jaguar gods
Dreamed on and on;
And the old song,
The elf would really get into it—
No phone, no pool, no pets,
I ain't got no cigarettes —
And folded grief flags flew freely
In that convent.

Now, in denial of my night dreams,
I hear the temple horns
Sounding and circling,
I hear the green drum beats
Of the floating forest;
And the old song,
I hear still the wizard's elf singing it—
I'm a man of means by no means,
King of the road —
Indeed, I thought back then,
We're all kings of the road here.

cockcrow
insomnia
saluted

rainy season
outside the temple
two tourists argue

rainy season
pigeons peck at the noodles
meant for the Buddha

Nikolay Grankin

*раннее утро
в мусорном баке
первый снег*

early morning
the first snow
in a garbage can

*зимнее приветствие
чуть дольше задерживаю
её руку*

winter greeting
i hold her hand
a little longer

*солнце
после дождя
хризантемы*

sun
after rain
the chrysanthemums

Robin Valtiala

the last morning
especially I will miss the beaches
under the beach

growing in the attic
magazines
subspecies

50th birthday
this poem I'll first press into the world's smallest
squash ball

Réka Nyitrai

sound of walnuts —
on the knife's edge
a consonant

wind god —
I leave my name
in a hidden place

broomrape. reclaiming her words from the autumn wind

in the rabbit hole the ticking of a mad clock

twilight does the twig remember the pull of the leaf

Ashish Narain

no cares for a moment
an old man calls us hippies

first night...
the redness of an apple,
slightly wet

between living and dying
a butterfly with blue wings

summer clouds—
the secret ingredient
in her gazpacho

trying to fit
the curve of her body—
crescent moon

Margherita Petriccione

*vite americana —
appare e scompare
tra le lenzuola*

american vine —
appears and disappears
between the sheets

*formaggio di fossa
quei giochi pomeridiani
sulle balle di fieno*

Fossa cheese
those afternoon games
on the hay bales

*ricordi di galline
in un campo incolto ...
cicoria fritta*

memories of hens
in an overgrown field...
fried chicory

*le foglie alla terra —
tutte le strade
del vento d'autunno*

leaves to earth —
all the streets
of the autumn wind

*tramonto —
scende lentamente una scala
l'ombra*

sunset —
the shadow slowly
descends the stairs

*gocciolio di una flebo
partenza silenziosa
del traghetto della sera*

the IV's drip —
silent departure
of the evening ferry

*campi incolti —
cavi ad alta tensione
crepitanti*

fallow fields —
high voltage cables
crackling

*dormiveglia ...
attraverso l'erba secca
una lucertola*

half-sleep ...
through the dry grass
a lizard

Mark Young

LINES WRIT IN THE WEEKS LEADING UP TO MY 77TH BIRTHDAY

As I approach my seventy-eighth year, I decide it is time I wrote a really long poem. A meister-arbeit as it were, tying in together everything I have learnt over my lifetime & distilling it into an output of such insight & incisiveness that, even if I didn't finish it, there would be enough for the most obdurate of critics to proclaim it the work that showed literature the way forward into the second half of the twentyfirst century.

I might be forced to make a deal with someone. That's nothing new. Faust made a pact with the Devil, Pound with Walt Whitman. Without resorting to higher — or lower — beings there's quite a choice even if you only include those who have a few good long poems under their belt. I make a pact with you, William Carlos Williams. Or Allen Ginsberg. Or Octavio Paz.

But being vain, there'd have to be a few things before I got round to poetry. I mean, my butt has disappeared over the years; that'd have to come back. & the handfuls of fat around the belly would have to go. The eyes enlightened. A good scourge of the lungs & trachea to get rid of the tar buildup, & then a patchless cessation of my desire for nicotine. One morning wake up not to find myself metamorphosed into a giant cigarette-craving beetle. Gregor Samsa, eat your heart out.

The blood would be flowing the way it should / wouldn't it be good / to be able to crack wood. Or at least keep the tree standing upright. Because that's one of the problems with old age — your cock has a mind of its own that points in a totally different direction to the mind of its own it had fifty or sixty years ago.

So you're revitalized & ready to go, & suddenly the urge to write long poems disappears out the door because there's too much else to do. Unfortunately, the need to write doesn't join it. Now it's compromise time, but there has to be a way to retain the best of both worlds. What to do? Who else is there? Thinking time

I make a pact with you, Matsuo Bashō.

LEADLIGHT

Tourmaline

&

eigenvalues

& the
other

faint

shifts & drifts

that
transcribe
the
window

in
place

of
rain.

MINOAN CIVILIZATION

is an artificial wave
in the hair. Is diacritics
dreadlocked in instead
of beads. Genetic markers.
Carrier codes. Meaning
imparted by their up-

braided placement. But.
Not everything is
what it seems to be.
Metabolism abounds.
Bulls pace the mazes
of the royal palace.

MIS-SPOKE

I did not
intend to
write about
ptarmigan;

but then the
sky occluded
& they flew
into frame.

A DANCE IN FIVE SYLLABLES, OF WHICH THIS IS ONLY THREE

Elegance is in
the eye. Either
of the beholder
or the beholden
to. Holds on to

Odessa in the
Steppes where
music is a
susurrations, a
faint serration be-

fore the line goes
flat. Eyes bleed in
sepia. The line the
Steppes follow is
not the pattern

of the following
dance. Is not
a line of steps.
Elegance is. The
dance follows.

Maria Concetta Conti

Autumn wind
In the sky and in the sea
reciprocity

*Goccia su goccia
Questa pioggia d'autunno
la nuova via*

Drop on the drop
This autumn rain
the new way

*Al crepuscolo
il rumore del mare
Una preghiera*

Dusk
the sound of the sea
A prayer

Dave Read

sapling
the forest sticks
to my lungs

inhaling as the tree exhales a sparrow

trying to be someone I'm not evergreen

speaking past me
her words become
another woman

a sudden gust
carries the wasp
into my mouth

an envelope by the time it reached me empty

the rain hardens
for a moment
the face of a ghost

with care dressing
the dolls he keeps
from guests

bear prints
a comma where
I catch my breath

stuck on my tongue
the peach fuzz
of your anagram

my words carry
across the lake
quicker than fish

after the rain
I guess at the letter
the worm tried to make

the ant disappears
into a hole
I thought the ant was

dragonfly. of course it does.

Lucia Cardillo

*pioggia autunnale ...
l'odore familiare
di un libro nuovo*

autumn rain
the familiar smell
of a new book

*sole al tramonto ...
s'allunga sul sentiero
la coda del gatto*

sunset ...
the cat's tail is longer
on the path

*riva di mare ...
una foglia ingiallita
termina il viaggio*

sea shore ...
a yellowed leaf
ends its trip

*pensiero di te ...
la scia luminosa
di una lucciola*

thought of you ...
the luminous wake
of a firefly

Patrick Sweeney

under the pulsating sun
the trembling union
of copper-winged dragonflies

nails chewed to the nub
I touch my wife's
side of the bed

a dead friend
cracked an egg on my head
and giggled: 'this isn't rebirth'

the snapped-off blade of a starling
falling back into
the whole sky

Whooper swans came last night
through the cobalt sky
diffusing the perfume of snow

hot-ironed doilies
behind the war-haunted heads
of my drunk uncles

a yellow ginkgo leaf...
like a double agent
the self does not adhere

Sonam Chhoki

SONG OF THE MOTHER GUARDIAN

I nurture
the broken, the forsaken
I'm the mountain, the valley,
the river, the plain
I'm beyond this plane.
I'm the Yes, I'm the No.

I am the darkness, I am the Crystal Light
I'm the One

SLEEP IS ANOTHER COUNTRY

counting yaks
into the first light
the grind of bamboos in the wind

insomniac's alibi
who else hears the hill partridge
wailing in the ravine

having lost
the lunar eclipse to rain clouds
Summer Triangle at dawn

abandoning sleep
the scent of pine duff
in the silent wood

THE STORIES THE VALLEY TELLS . . .

Growing insistence of the crickets augurs a way out of the monsoon.

no longer raging
the Thimphu Chu holds
the shadow of the dzong

Each dawn and dusk house martins pattern the sky massing to fly south.

to the edge
of the blue pine slope
gamboge glow of paddy

Driving home the strobes of the low sun in the thinning oaks.

weekend market
aroma of roasted peanuts
at the roadside brazier

The scarecrow rimed with first frost shimmers in the rising sun.

nestled
in the fallen leaves
hollowed apples

As if in competition with the monks' robe tagetes fill the valley like swathes of brocade.

ancestral offering
strays crowd
the temple courtyard

accident hotspot
the setting sun lights up
bloodshot rose hips

lengthening shadows
a mule walks all over
the Dorji Dorlō stupa

Leh sunset
to what can I compare it
a golden oriole singing
in flashes of light

Guliz Mutlu

NEL MEZZO DEL CAMMIN ...

a warm afternoon mom boxing toys for museum
rowan leaves quickly evening after the war
a handful of stars the street lamps will turn off
popcorn notes the movie starts from the beginning
white rhinoceros teacher pointing eraser on the pencil
breast feeding under the tree white magnolias
cat's cataracts on the clean linens white heliotropes
the climate change the trust issues of the children
wrapping cassis leaves around the green apple
tide stream flowing stingrays gather wide
our jests along the path with colorful leaves
autumn equinox harvesting what I sow
starry night I burn the quilt for a louse
rowing home last rays of rainbow by the willow
summer clouds some anise seeds for sweet mastic resin
balmy breeze from the distance I see my village
autumn sun free vinegar sweet as honey
autumn biscuits people drop baby weight
summer storm the smaller room wallpapered
hunger moon the mule for hunting the wolves
a grass lizard some planets maybe dewdrops
a bowl of milk the peasant husking corn for children
a long wind we will dance forever
waving hands crescent moon waving night
evening bells tomorrow laundry day
watercolor sky brushing away the blues
big bang creaking the pomegranate
hot summer days the resin from trees and some clouds

rocky seaside cliffs the ambergris evaporating
planting away the morning glories smell of water
summertime children with mastic on fingertips pointing passing clouds
double rainbow childhood fairyland under construction
inky midnight may our pen be the starlight
seeking solace sunset reds and prayers
borders and exiles we share us last sugar to eat with some snow
if only I have written white fang
summer breeze our subtle accents of tropical fruits
children gifted mom their boots and shoes
forest path where have you been in a dream
new swan little pirouettes by the lake
night choir all of them cats
moby dick novelizing that cloud
turnips slit the onions I cry over the bread ending
the chestnuts the peddler selling with dessertspoons
without sweater towards the sun dark and light geese
forest breeze cicada singing with its wings
mist moving unfinished line of the hills
winter ferry gulls rushing down upon pray
cloudless sky sister moon trooper
knowing me long she post me a letter
turning heads of sunflowers damask dusk
wooden bridge I learn more from the failures
silk road people foot light
hand mirror the ibis and iris facing wind
clouds besides the white egrets
empty bottles on the windowsill coloring cold
muddy fields the itinerary of the cows
autumn leaves the books not sampled
desert moon supplies dwindle dunes swept
the goldsmith drying the dragonfly on a lotus leaf
moonlighting the bee on persimmon fighting back
suede and amber the ant and itching my sun burnt hand
grandpa's lifeline path to farmland under evening light
long questions the dusk of winter
the raindrops chasing the chihuahua
birch shadows foggy dawning with bird songs
the seashells the refugee can talk in many dialects
long road silence the condolences cards some with melody
someday sons a bit winter in her fairy tale
winter visit all the wishes on her tale

Anna Maris

EQUINOX

tall trees
the sound
of its many
leaves

the almost
endless
movement

our hands
weave
in
and
out

repeating
patterns

our
movements
a forest

the energy
of this
very
equinox

autumn moon
my third eye
opens

A PART

return
to the old
country

the rain
still
the
same

the
familiar
streets

the smell
outside
pubs

full
English
breakfast
served
all day

now
with
food
banks

where I am
no longer
a part

turning the
page

the order
of
service

my return
for your
burial
alone

Ron Scully

riverrun wildly
thirsting for a song
my handful drained

origami cygnet
broken wing unfolds slowly
signing white silence

goblet of golden daylight
lightly oaked
aroma of unreason

s	t
h	o
e	-
-	tJ
h	h
o	e
l	-
d	o
s	t
S U S P E N S I O N B R I D G E	
h	h
e	e
r	r
-	-
b	s
r	i
e	d
a	e
t	
h	

raking
slips

dad's

backyard

between

two

br_k_n

tines

the

acorn

too small to fail dead ant magnified

celebrated

kerplops

right

jumping

out

frog

the

poem

on a clear day

from Mount Washington
you can see

the very heavens of mountains
from time immemorial
down to the turn of high tide

appletinis afterwork

starts at the rooftop bar
cast a zip line

to Cassiopeia
from the lonesome north star
chart unknown constellations

Eufemia Griffo

*lanterne di carta
uno sciame scintillante
di piccole stelle*

paper lanterns
an sparkling swarm
of tiny stars

*solitudine invernale
le oche delle nevi volano
nel silenzio*

winter solitude
the snow geese fly
in the silence

*oglie che cadono
un vecchio monaco canticchia
un antico mantra*

falling leaves
an old monk hums
an ancient mantra

*lume di candela
un poeta sta ancora cercando
un'ultima riga*

candlelight
a poet still looking for
a last line

*alberi senza foglie
la luce del tramonto
tra i miei capelli*

leafless trees
the light of dusk
in my hair

*bosco nebbioso
il colore invisibile
delle foglie di sambuco*

misty woods
the invisible color
of elderberry leaves

*estate di San Martino
l'odore selvatico
delle bacche rosse*

indian summer
the wild smell
of red berries

*villaggio di pescatori
lo sciabordio delle onde
tra le reti vuote*

fishing village
the lapping of waves
in empty nets

*spiaggia ventosa
il fragile profumo
dei gigli marini*

windy shore
the fragile scent
of sea lilies

*La grande onda
il vecchio pittore mescola i colori
dell'infinito*

The Great Wave
an old painter mixes colours
of the infinite

Madhuri Pillai

traffic hum the buzz around the lavender

pied currawong a ripple of dawn in the distant horizon

no match for the cloud mountain succumbs

day moon I let the sleeping dog lie

striking blindly a fly turns nocturnal

horizon the jagged edge of my silence

Christina Sng

Stations of the Cross
we talked arm in arm
about our life story

autumn leaf
finally I know
my place

Adrian Bouter

red, yellow & brown
who's afraid of
another autumn?

little boy's blues -
almonds should ripen
before getting roasted

wetland the rain of sparrows

steady drizzle
a grey truck
slowing down

jazz hour the power of a blue train

sunny moments one step at the time

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

mens jeg undersøger min socio-økonomiske enteleki opdager jeg en flugtvej gennem et
hul i min lomme

fem
krager

*fra gry
til fortvivlelse*

examining my socio-economic entelechy I
discover an escape route through a hole in
my pocket

mere
efterårsagtigt

five
crows

*et nåleøje
spejder*

*from dawn
to despair*

end
fire

more
autumnal

*efter
kameler*

*a needle's
eye*

than
four

*scouting
for camels*

.

og du spekulerer på, om huset på den anden side af den snævre gade og kragen på taget er uadskillelige

hver
morgen

Mare in Tempesto
(Vivaldi)

'du vævede mig
i min moders
skød'

*jeg kigger
ud over*

stille

*en udtørret
mark*

~

and you wonder if the house across the narrow street and the crow on the roof are inseparable

each
morning

Mare In Tempesto
(Vivaldi)

'you knit me
in my mother's
womb'

*as I stare
across*

silently

*a parched
field*

også på hendes nye sted er tingene lige uden for rækkevidde

Kyrie
eleison

*hun har
ikke noget
at sige*

hvis

der ikke

bare

er en fugl

~

in her new place too things are just out of reach

Kyrie
eleison

*she has
nothing to
say*

if

that isn't

only

a bird

den sommer fortalte hendes hjerne hende, at der var et Mariachi band for enden af
sengen

mens Dali
maler Gala

tusmørke

river svaner
sig løs

tid formet

fra deres
elefantspejlinger

*som
piller*

~

that summer her brain told her she had a Mariachi band at the end of her bed

while Dali
paints Gala

dusk

swans
depart

time shaped

from
their
elephant
reflections

*like
pills*

begge: rækker ud efter den anden ikke hele tiden dér

væk
fra
fotografiet

som sædvanligt

farven

uret smelter

på
deres øjne

*og fryser
igen*

~

both: reaching out for the other not there all the time

gone
from
the photo

as per usual

the colour

*the clock
melts*

of
their eyes

*and freeze
again*

det er den største del: skridt nærmer sig og forsvinder igen; døren forbli'r lukket til

væk
fra hendes
hoved

velsignelsen:

for
at hvile
i vore

*stjerneløse
forsvinder
vinduerne*

sorte
skibe

om natten

~

that's the largest bit: steps come closer and disappear again; the door stays shut

gone
from her
head

the blessing:

to rest
in ours

*starless
the windows*

black ships

*disappear
at night*

den døde natsværmer under stolen i entreen har ligget der så længe, at jeg siger hej til
den, når jeg kommer hjem og farvel, når jeg går

kun
en nuance
i en hvirken

*da jeg
putter mor*

som eet ansigt

fanger jeg et glimt

går over
i et andet

af en gylden fjer

~

the dead moth under the chair in the hallway has been there for so long I say hello to it
when I come home and goodbye when I leave

but
a nuance
in whispers

tugging mum in

how one
face blends

I catch a glimpse

with another

of a golden feather

.

på det sidste sted hun skal bo plastikblomster.

in her last place of living plastic flowers

en rød plet hvor du aldrig var

a red dot where you never were

ansigter næste på plads

faces almost in place

længere oppe døde stjerner

further up deaf stars

i midten af hende en uredt seng

in the centre of her an unmade bed

ubrugte krydsord bortset fra alle floder

unused crosswords but for all rivers

men du har lært hvordan deres stemmer nu er traner

but you learned how by now their voices are cranes

i det seneste brev lyden af bølger og en sommerfuglegrotte

in the latest letter the sound of waves and a butterfly cave

Tom Beckett

TITLES FOR TOM (FROM AND FOR MARK YOUNG)

trailed off on both sides of the market

Origin stories
Achieve currency

Through bodies
Of images

Acting in
The moment.

varied expressions of the other's corporeality

This body,
That body,

These bodies,
Those bodies

Of distinctly
Mutable images.

A gray square that drifts

Shifts attention
Away from

A body
Of images

Remembered in
Fading tattoos.

Others quibbled about the numbers

Still others
Quibbled regarding

The letters
Scribbled upon

The bodies
Of images.

Answered. Solved. Expired. Invalid.

Beginnings and
Endings get

Endlessly muddled
In the

Composting bodies
Of images.

is known as the terminal

What's done
Is done

Dead bodies
Of images

Can't be
Sung again.

In the process of obtaining information

Little to
Nothing was

Learned regarding
Those late

Great bodies
Of images.

Author's note: The titles in bold type were given to me by Mark Young as writing prompts.

Richard Gilbert

A TRYPTICH

resting gently in the universe

midnight and the typhoon
snapping branches - for want
of the moon

cell division remaindered
hydrogen bonds
abundance

of
an affair

Hansha Teki

Parallels

in deep water
the cold light
of day
obscurities the cosmos

human nature
surviving
the veneer
of identity

last quarter
an apple we shared
also betokens loss

the grief shed
lies drowned
in shallow graves

night-writing
by a stretch
self-mutilation
of the imagination
word by word
daylight saving

for Christ's sake
a spark
not only human nature
divined from
but also
the slime

trailing along
rooted
in their blood
the convoluted path
my shadow
stretches out
of a morning glory
over
my ancestor's graves

vernal equinox
 spring-stepped
cerebral hemispheres
 a sexagenarian
launch a new whole
 crosses the line

never lost
 encrypted roadmap
a sparrow flitting
 is this
 the colour
in the cat's eyes
 of blue?

less lost
than a lamb
 event horizon
my beatific vision
 I hover
 on the brink
in spring snow
 of an absence

a newborn lamb
 I heard
bleats for
the loneliness
 silence tonight . . .
it once knew
 it was loving

a moth
 behind me
lantern-singed
 in thought
 word and deed
I cup it
 my brain stains

twin towers
 phallic wonders
lest mammon
understands
 Romulus & Remus
 babble brotherhood
the crescent moon
 in other tongues

gray matter—
 in absentia
tumescent clouds
 seven years
 down the road
darkening
 a bar-tailed
 godwit

washed-out clouds
 in a dreamscape
on the horizon
 I witness
 the leavetaking
washed-out land
 of Sylvia Plath's
 ghost

moonlit quest
 wind-watching—
a fantail
in the shadows
 winter's expiration
my every move
 destroys death

after dark

*Adam
chthonic*

the drip drip drip

*explicates
his origins*

of dewfall

*with periods
of silence*

an in-gasp

the why

teeters on the brink

beyond all

of silence

because

night nature

with sunset

the familiar
gnashes

*a dandelion
goes into*

its teeth

stealth mode

an image
of what is
is
what it is

the five-eyed worm
metaphoraging
open-cast data mines

birds of prey
compartmentalise
a dawn chorus

the bathos—
peak moments enslaved
in prattle

every Hansel
and Gretel
eating ourselves
out of house
and home

stockpiling
breadcrumbs
in labyrinthine
money trails

without an end
 out on a limb
ants trailing
from the hole
 facing the infinite
without a sound
 Ozaki Hōsai

in a pond
 having come thus far
I happen across
 these verses
my long-time-no-see look
 I am
 now writing

lisp-synching
 among the epitaphs
a soft sussuration
of words
 my ancestral spirit
in leaf scrolls
 bloods this earth

parallel streams
 shifting weight
the boulder takes on
 I stand for now
three dimensions
 on my own two feet

spring interlude
 within the space
I aim arrows
 between
 two hemispheres
along Zeno's paradox
 let's divine
 the whole

misty rain
 an image
becoming
 siphoned
 from one soul
utterance
 to another

