

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

XVIII:1, February, 2003

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With the completion of this issue of Lyncx, Werner and I celebrate ten years of the pleasure of bringing this magazine to an ever-wider audience of readers and writers. Without your support, your encouragement, and the loan of your thousands of poems, this would not have been possible. Thank you to each and every one!

* * *

Late-breaking news: Amazon.com is now shipping the copies of Jane's newest book - Writing and Enjoying Haiku: A Hands-on Guide.. In spite of the title, it does contain in-depth information on tanka, renga and sijo. Kirsty Karkow already writes: "I just love this book. So clear and simple. Touched by the sweet personality of its author."

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BOOK REVIEWS:

Crouched Under the Cherry Blossoms by Akitsu Ei, translated by Leza Lowitz and Miyuki Aoiyama. A publication of Hermitage West #6. A folded broadsheet, 8.5 x 11" containing twenty of the poems taken from the online book Collected Tanka of AKITSU EI. A serial publication, Hermitage West is produced by The New American Imagist, P.O. Box 124, South Pasadena, CA 91031-0124. Price: \$1.50 each ppd. or five copies of a single title for \$5.00.

The Outer Coast by Edward Baranosky as EAB Pub. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5, 40 pages, illustrated copiously by the author, with full color cover. Contact the author for price and ordering information.

Fountains Play by Amelia Fielden & Times Passes by Yuko Kawano: An anthology of tanka poems in English and Japanese with translations by Saeko Ogi & Amelia Fielden. Perfect bound, 6" x 8", 140 pp., US\$15.00. Order from M. A. Fielden, 10 Delasala Drive, Macquarie Hills NSW 2285, Australia.

The Effects of Light – Haiku by Jack Galmitz. An AHA Online Book. that you can click on and read immediately.

a net of sunlight by Kirsty Karkow in Springbed Chapbook # 5 published by FootHills Publishing. Hand-tied spine, 5.5 x 8.5 , 24 pages, \$6.00. Order from FootHills Publishing, P.O. Box 68, Kanona, NY 14856 or visit the website.

Sacred Trees – Arbres Scrés – Heilige Bäume a tanka sequence by Giselle Maya and translated by Maryse Staiber. Hand-tied, 9.5" x 13", 52 pages, with black and white photographs by Sophia Gunther of the Luberon region of France, and Postscriptum by Jane Reichhold. Contact Giselle Maya, Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France.

probably – ‘real’ renga sorta (one-line linked haiku) by Marlene Mountain & Francine Porad. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5, 32 pages, illustrated by Francine Porad, \$11.00 plus S&H of \$1.50. Order from Vandina Press, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324.

freed from words, Choral Music of Mark Winges, CD, published by the American Composer Forum, 332 Minnesota St. E.-145, St. Paul, MN 55010. U.S.A. Order from: The San Francisco Chamber Singers, P.O.Box 15576, CA 94115 for \$15.

A String of Flowers, Untied . . . Love poems from The Tale of Genji translated by Jane Reichhold with Hatsue Kawamura. Stone Bridge Press P.O. Box 8208, Berkeley, CA 94707. Perfect bound, 6 x 8, 224 pp., 2003, \$18.95. Available for 30% off on Amazon.com.

My California: 24 tanka sequences by David Rice. Hand-tied flat spine, 5.5 x 8.5, 32 pages, \$8.00. Order from David Rice, 1470 Keoncrest Drive, Berkeley, CA 94702.

A Breath of Haiku by Helen J. Sherry. Perfect bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 98 pages, full color cover of a photograph by Ed Sherry, with ink illustrations by the author. Price: USA and Canada \$12.00 ppd., elsewhere \$14.00 ppd. ISBN: 0922273-02-2. Available from Chocho Books, 11929 Caminito Corriente, San Diego, CA 92128.

Kiyoko’s Sky – The Haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi. Translated from the Japanese by Patricia J. Machmiller & Fay Aoyagi. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 128 pages, ISBN: 1-929820-04-6, \$16.00. Order from Brooks Books, 3720 N. Woodridge Dr., Decatur, IL 62526 or visit their web site.

Recovering English Ghazal by Erin A. Thomas. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5, 36 pages. For price or ordering, contact the web site or write to Erin A. Thomas, Journeys Into Poetic Forms, 27441 Coyote Place, Willits, CA 95490.

LETTERS :

Francine Porad with the news of the passing of her husband, Bernard, Yukiko Northon reporting on the death of her mother, Kiyoko Tokutomi, founder of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, Jon Jameson with news of the passing of his mother, Helen Jameson known as Ronan, Bob Gibson, Sanford Goldstein, from NEWSWEEK 9/16/02, Lorraine Ellis Harr, Owen Bullock, Annie Gustin, Paul Conneally, Tony Beyer, Werner Reichhold, Brendan Duffin, Richard Gilbert, Kat, Jane, Bob Flannery, Jim Wilson, Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

ANNOUNCEMENTS from: Olwen Williams, The owner of the Haiku Hut, Jenifer Lawrence, Lisa Janice Cohen, Deborah P. Kolodji, Janine Beichman, Joan Payne Kincaid, Laura Maffei, Lenard D. Moore

PARTICIPATION Renga by AB - Alice Benedict; CC - Carlos Colón; CF - Vikki Maldonado; cg - Cindy Guntherman; CSK - Carol Stroh Kemp; dht - Doris H. Thurston; DPK - Deborah P. Kolodji, DR - David Rice; DWP - Darrel W. Parry; EF - Eric Folsom; ESJ - Elizabeth St Jacques; FA - Fay Aoyagi, FP - Francine Porad; FPA - Francis (Paul) Attard; GD - Gene Doty; GM - Giselle Maya; GR - George Ralph; JAJ - Jean Jorgensen; JC - Jeanne Cassler; JMB - John M. Bennett; JR - Jane Reichhold; JS - John Sheirer; JSJ - Joyce Sandeen Johnson; KCL - Kenneth C. Leibman; LCG - Larry Gross; LE -

Lesley Einer; LJ - Lael Johnson; MHH - Madeline Hoffer; ML - Minna Lerman; MM - Marianne Marks; MWM - Mary Wittry-Mason; N - Nika; NA -Nasira Alma; PC - Penny Crosby; PGC - Pamela Connor; PJS - P.J. Sharpe; PS - Pat Shelley; R - Ronan; RF - Robert Flannery; SCH - Suzette Hains, SD - Simon Doubleday; SMc - Steve McComas; TLG -Terri Lee Grell; TV - Teresa Volz; TW - Tundra (Jim Wilson) Wind; WEG - Elliot Greig; WR - Werner Reichhold; YH - Yvonne Hardenbrook; ZP - Zane Parks.

IN MEMORY

This issue of Lynx is dedicated to the memories and the works of

Helen Ronan Jameson
April 21, 1922 - Oct. 14, 2002

and

Kiyoko Tokutomi
December 28, 1928 - December 25, 2002

(more information can be found in the Letters to Lynx)

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

ICSK

Jim Leftwich
John M. Bennett

ice-pick, fontanel
sang, shoulder clot

auscultation cult,
slung tamper, boom,

flood an ear, push,
kiosk on one ski

ONE WILD CHOOK CAFE

Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

in the cafe, photos of Tibet taken by the owner
ancient oak & rhododendron forests in black & white
traders travelling the high pass on horseback
thousands of goats driven from Tibet to Katmandu
snow clad peaks - flags keep mountain demons at bay
clouds collect around Annapurna

cold draught from the street finds our backs
surprise companion, her Napalese baby now 7 years old
dental nurse - shine of teeth against olive complexion

a farmer comes in, orders sausages, eggs & hash browns
best chef - the engraving on a knife block
"special" . . . Asian chicken broth with noodles
waitress's giggle as our fingers touch over extra cutlery
criss-crossed with spider's webs, a tiny lattice window

THE CLAPPED-OUT MICROPHONE

Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

Several of the audience dressed as "poets" - flowers and ribbons in the women's' hair, a man with a goatee and beret.

Fred, the compere, not able to place Sarah (one of the guest poets), calls her by the wrong name again.

For the first bracket of the evening the microphone remains obstinate: voices whisper around the room.

collapsing on the floor
the blackboard
listing readers

From the back of the group a little old lady comes forward to fill her five-minute slot and reads with panache, one haiku. A bowl of hot chocolate splashes across a folder. In the corner some of the children are writing haiku at a table.

Shaking like a leaf, but not wanting to explain her Parkinson's again, Sheila comes to the mike, nearly tripping over the leads on the floor

a baby's
highchair
for a lectern

Many of the audience have come to have their first experience of haiku. A chuckle is heard when a poet reads

bus terminal
a skateboarder
bounces off seats

Halfway through the evening they sort out the microphone and Moira says "Our group nearly bought the temperamental thing!" Fred declares he's having a bad hair day. "When things start to go wrong at the beginning, it's hard to get them back on track!" Pausing for effect, but merely losing the place in her notebook, Judy shows off her Library of Congress T-shirt. Exotic Tamsin (a nutritionist) reads her poem "The Sugar Demon", whilst nearly swallowing the microphone.

Near the end Fred salvages his credibility by quoting one of the guest poet's haiku without missing a beat.

dahlia
tucked into the microphone
falls to the floor

A SUMMER FUNERAL

John E. Carley
Deborah P. Kolodji

a summer funeral
they slowly dismantle
the hanging basket

the soloist's final note
lingers in the breeze

aqua minerale oh
the sulphur burst
upon my tongue

soothing babble
of an unknown language -
the infant sleeps

a darkness more profound
than the absence of light

alone on the hill
waiting for the sunrise -
a rooster crows

FRIENDSHIP Renga

Giselle Maya
Jane Reichhold

after a long walk
a flicker of friendship
over tea and cake

the sweetness of a fire
listening to our stories

so many lives to recall
unwinding spools
of memories and joys

sewing dollies again
each one looks like me

vast greenhouse
all the cyclamen
waiting for adoption

guests - so full
of things I do not know

unshared secrets

I take from the hands
extended in greeting

a chance meeting
hearts spontaneously open

similar symptoms
we compare treatments
and herb remedies

lower back soothed
sage and rosemary oil

summer-hot
hills folding together
dry creek beds

unskillful words
unintended discord

meeting again
the weaver friend
tied in knots

untangled threads
woven again and again

between clouds
the moon shuttles
opal light

looking for wild mushrooms
remember not to lecture

the topic turns
to the subject of ticks
everyone scratches

winter's advantage
no need to check the cat

how fragile
& tentative the innermost
core of friendship

sharing our picnic lunch
we both brought apples

December moon

healing our soul
healing the earth

feminist solstice party
wholeness - holy-ness

is there a friend
in the world who senses
the mystery of things

tree limbs teaching
birds to build nests

a germ of friendship
plants and humans and animals
linked in peace

her Christmas card
comes from Africa

giving and receiving
a sheep for the year to come
brush and ink shikishi

with a misty moon arrives
a new vision of the world

friendship
delicate as a snowflake
spun by the wind

children making angels
in cold blue shadow shapes

footprints
following us home
violets underground

intimacy
our cheeks touch briefly

parting
with so much to share
in our books

in the three-mat tea room
sentient beings become close

a trembling

in the spray of flowers
the taken branch

a ginkgo tree planted
kokoro courageous and gentle

December 4, 2002 – January 3, 2003

PROBABLY #14 ('real' renga sorta)

One-line Linked Haiku

Marlene Mountain

Francine Porad

'a deer'

a deer drinks in the surroundings then drinks in the pond
painting delivered worry mirrored in the glass
the plug pulled on ricci's brain is elizabeth hidden deep within
a nation of skeptics the ongoing search for bin Laden
trotted out of comfy digs for a weekend of tough talk the veep
time to attack Iraq? in all ways the astounding cost

'You're one in a million!' updated to '...one in a hundred million!'

dozens of swifts follow dusk into a chimney of their own
sculpture of basalt the centerpiece of Costco corporate offices
'labor day' do i have enough energy for nature
pickling spice and dill added to each jar of little green tomatoes
cookout with neighbors a serving of neolithic info
the foreigner ends his note by telling me he's 'greatfully mine'
a teaser the windows rolled up for nothing

Katie and 'fans' due at four this afternoon the cleaning lady too*
ready to call it a night tho the stars are in
six Elvis impersonators shooting dice at one crap table
who has the nerve not to define haiku

breeze in the hollow the kind a string of words might not catch
muttering his red hair spikes shampooed by schoolmarm
three wasp stings at once spit and tobacco almost too handy
doctor's tank fish swim around and around and around
rescued from the blacktop a turtle's feet on bottomland for now
another birthday 26,663 days on earth
a gift the yellowest of the butterflies on the pinkest of a thistle
easy to believe in rebirth and it's not even spring
'person of interest' a compliment except from the improved fbi
mystery of a 'volunteer' plant in the rockery
a 130 mph ace on the hard court wins the tiebreak but good
entire story: JC, spouse, kids through great-grandkids
'As I was traveling to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives...'
alone in the stir that god-fearing mormon
weeds sending up shoots a three-pronged fork plunges further
in the kitchen and the heat martha stewart
weatherman forecasts gray clouds and rain wrong again
the mailbox waits my out-of-date walk

*fans = parents, aunts & uncles

Started: September 1, 2002 Ended: September 5, 2002

PROBABLY #15 ('real' renga sorta)

One-line Linked Haiku

Francine Porad

Marlene Mountain

'open house'

open house on the porch out of the rain a pile of shoes

the flashlight with its yellow in plain sight

near-record salmon runs Indian tribes gather in Puget Sound

new reasons to go to war old ones not to go

will the public be convinced the memorial candle for peace

say what 'every 30 seconds someone disappears'*

'tis the season for yet another purple asters native and tamed

at services mesmerized by the girl with blue hair

did little boys truly kill their dad or did one's middle-aged lover

he refuses dialysis summer's end

a clump of hot pokers divided each with a fresh outlook on life

magazine cover barely recognizable Carol Burnett

latest book of linked haiku confident enough to call it probably

no doubt about it collaborative writing is fun

relative relief from pain first good week just shy of 20 years

visible jolt at the sound of her high C

a chill in the air then cicadas then the 'elevated alert' elevated

repeated 9/11 scenes of trauma at the Twin Towers

cell phone exchange between father and son from hope to horror

'insider information' the biggest cuke saved for seeds

mid-September songbirds at the feeder plumper than usual

one more bugged pine plenty of beaks to debug

a stack of wood rounds nature prepares to be dormant

fallen far too long the drought-looking sky

Tate Gallery spectator: Babe, ever hear of a guy named Turner?

pastoral setting cows in the creek eliminate it

in the moist fields abundant skunk cabbages rhizome collecting

tough talk shunned apparently no smoking nuclear gun

a cigarette the perfect icon for film-noir movies of the '50's

bad actor to bad prez one of my better 'bad' deliveries

as the saying goes they live only a step above a chicken coop

Hooverville a geranium on a window sill

inward-seeking black-eyed susans broken across the land

'eighty dugres today, Grandma' my Tucson 'weather guru'**

too close for comfort a nest of used blankets on a katydid night

low-key Friday the 13th I water the garden 'good'

*promo for a CBS program

** Instant Message about Seattle weather

Started: September 8, 2002 Ended: September 13, 2002

PROBABLY #16 ('real' renga sorta)

One-line Linked Haiku

Marlene Mountain

Francine Porad

'discrimination'

discrimination in america in everywhere even on mars

Arab men questioned logical profiling

at risk a red [or is it pink] turtlehead leans into the rocky road

'outcropping' removed by dump truck dust rises

we wait on 'hanna' to satisfy our thirst the little pond and i

wind picks up a white butterfly from flower to flower

so many wallpaper books Mama helps me choose a rosebud bouquet

boxed in by wormy chestnut & oak a rundown fortune

no sleep lost over Bill Gates losing eleven billion in the last year

more than double trouble all those saddam doubles

'after five margaritas Bernard and Francine peer from a drain pipe'*

someday it might be said a piece 'formally known as' haiku**

my writing stages include syrupy to intellectual to moderately OK

a fine day if a sprinkle turns into a drizzle

summer's end at the bus stop passengers carrying umbrellas

something dug up and replanted it doesn't matter what

Day of Atonement sermon...the meaning of the word 'contrite'

I pace off 80 x 20 feet literally and figuratively

'home on the range' the kitchen would be insignificant if possible
kid's choice all odd-jobs-list items checked off
to make big bucks a big host interrupts & disapproves of a big guest
repeated crawl across the TV set <<TERROR ALERT HIGH
hey don dick john condy colin and george 'where's the beef?'
Iraq concedes: unconditional return of U.N. inspectors
in transition pampas grass where praying mantises once hung
so quiet I can hear the crickets and my heart
a mind that won't turn off even in the face of forgetfulness
at the pan game first sign of 'old-timers'***
headline news like yesterday's the way i want my little news to be
I wake from a nap thinking it's tomorrow

primary absentee ballot mailed in with no concern for chads
in the case of freedom united we don't stand
he objects if I say he's sick he objects if I say he's well
'natural male enhancement' bob's friend has it now****
money works for me great notion to strike it rich with a Lotto win
on a moment's notice the wren begins dawn

* déjè vu wordplay by Robert Major, based on a Porad haiku from a Mexican sequence

**after Prince (Artist formally known as)

***Alzheimer's

****tv ad for hard-on pills

Started: September 13, 2002 Ended: September 19, 2002

PROBABLY #17 ('real' renga sorta)

One-line Linked Haiku

Francine Porad

Marlene Mountain

'advances'

awesome technical advances can we get past bombings and hatred

life will be better once all the black gold's ill-gotten

a full tank of gas little traffic and a coupon for fish and chips

rain delay as glad bulbs loaded with peach harden off

thoughts turn to spring planting parrot tulips in portable pots

free as a bird unless habitatly-challenged

'home of the brave' have you turned in your suspicious nature

tip of the cat's tail last seen under the fence

a long day until it began to darken beneath the fluffy clouds

adding a dab of purple in the shadows

no workable pen in the truck a poem stays just inside an oak

with a journal and a computer handy I'm happy

seasonal change the cucumber beetles outnumber the cukes

'buddy system' 25% of rapes by more than one man

how to kill females under the guise of how females were killed

drive-by shooting not found in an instruction manual

tattoos stretch into neolithic times where earth meant something

red ocher on cave walls an I-was-here handprint

another slightly-varied monotype seaweed pieces in the press
gone to his head with plenty of room dubya's egomania
photographing up women's skirts OK'd by WA Supreme Court
j edgar's name still 'tackied' on the peoples' wall
hundreds of thousands without power in Yucatan Peninsula*
tho tired lavender and pink now bedded together
I pluck the spent blossoms then start my exercise routine
autumn sky after the mist settles down
overhead in ever-widening circles the route of the hawk
pretty much ignored albert gore's view of iraq and me
if Saddam treats others the way he treats his own countrymen...
clear and present how fall has exaggerated the pines

will young martha too-good's mom do prison or do parenting again
verdict on Mad (Madelyne shortened) still out
prediction of a colder than last year's winter which was warmish
for the first time seed clusters on our ivy
ready for almost anything a passed-along elvis shirt unfolded
the kitten disappears before the neutering

*Hurricane Isidore

Started: September 19, 2002 Ended: September 25, 2002

Commentary on the Collaborative Work by Jane and Werner Reichhold

Five years ago, in the book titled, Invitation - the story of the invitation by the Imperial Family of Japan to the New Year's Poetry Party at the Palace on January 14th, 1998, the Reichholds wrote and published a haibun, interwoven with haiku and tanka sequences, solo-renga, free verse and prose poems, adding a chapter to the fields of Symbiotic Poetry. New at that time was the integration of photographic material, not at all used as illustrations but in itself handled as photo sequences containing superimpositions, situation-associated shifts and time-analogous leaps organized in correlation to prose and poetry, and therefore creating electric fields from which the readers /spectators can switch forth and back as they please.

Today, with the February issue of Lynx 2003, we publish the "A Box of Renga", a collaborative work as a multi-media composition in which Jane and Werner Reichhold both worked equally and alternately on the photo sequences as well as on the haiku.

We realized how influential the work with a digital camera has been to our artistic concept, and to the act of transforming it through the second tool, the personal computer. On a computer screen, picture-and-text locations appear simultaneously. They seem to change the reception of our esthetics. In a strange and not fully recognized way, the spirits on one hand and the energies produced by a computer transmitting them on the other hand, are not two things anymore. In respect to the arts as a whole, they appear as a self-organized factor we have to deal with. As an online production, our work becomes part of a rapidly recognized medium, spreading and promoting the message of intertwined, socially effective creations.

A BOX OF RENGA

Jane Reichhold

Werner Reichhold

the box
put on the morning table
open



Dali's painting
the masturbator folding



eyes wide
the mask allows
a shyness



listening to the circle
the wire winds around



time to rise
the moon-faced lad
appears



our sonny boy asleep
awakened by the news



released dream
from the broken dolly
another curve



ah-ha our affair begins
as a deck of cards



a joker
holds the cutter
in a distance



divination proves
everything is possible



four hands
six coins
the service



the stickiness
of another relationship



more suspicious
the moon takes away
its sweetness



celebrating the light
bright colors on paper



chicken – please
turn around
I love you!



to make an omelet
quick take a photo



*the way
we travel
boxed*



California holidays
the rose parade at home



*red and white
candles saved*



for black-outs
wax tray joined time
swimming around a wick?



*outdoors
the fire goes
out*



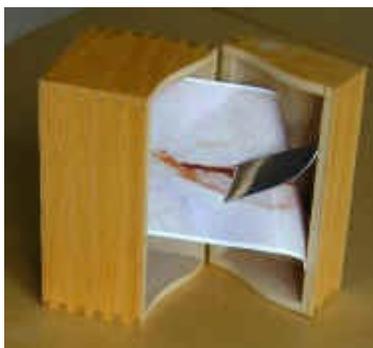
the catch she knows
is close to catching



box
meet box
in box



so quiet when the past
shines through the present



with better ears
could one hear
the apple's cry?



in the year of the snake
Eve isn't sure of what to eat



magic markers
ink in the book leads
into enlightenment



we open the treasure chest
light jumps out feathered



turning around
the ideal resolution
a diet



too late for festivities
the moon comes with a guest



*the morning
after in a nut
left in the shell*



the pregnancy test strip
in a purple glow



starbox
all of its shine
in one hand



forty years of work
finally a greeting card



still snow
the first that touches
flowers



sipping more blessings
to begin another spring



Done on the very last day of 2002
Happy New Year!

SOLO WORKS

GHAZALS

GHAZALS
Joshua Gage

The sun refused to shine its rays inside
Where blackened angels bowed and prayed inside.

Deep in the cannoned halls the ancients laughed
At meager prophets fighting their way inside.

Their Christmas photo flashed white teeth and lied
Saying that life was all okay inside.

She charged the Andalusian spike through skin
Herding the poison to buck and spray inside.

Sick by the stench, the firemen searched their trash
Finding flies on the baby thrown away inside.

Made-up and bored, she sauntered and spread her legs
For any and all who wanted to play inside.

Wrinkled with smoke and booze, Josh seems dead,
But hides the rhythms and songs of the Fey inside.

PATRON SAINT GHAZAL

Joshua Gage

Candle flame halo altering beat
Mummified box from hand snap bring beat

6 ft. smooth Sunday elephant straight
Echo hand silence warm blessing beat

Filthy not young bearded and grease
Lotus and whiskey phallusing beat

Reverse the fingers by toes smile silk
2-year-old world peace to sock frogging beat

Virgin jock mescaline guided to keys
Nightmare abortion clean cutting beat

Futuring almond pastel sink beneath
Horseman by dance tongue damning beat

Empty plus roads in south growing blue
6 breaks to 30+ vinyl sing beat

Blonde plaid velvet hobbit hole song
Bansidhe holiness echoing beat

Babies are faceless to walls melted orange
And bald personified cave glowing beat

JDs or saints hang holy glass
Noosed by tomorrow up sweating beat

GHAZAL

Joshua Gage

The leaves danced daily and survived in vain,
Trying to last Autumn alive in vain.

The ambulance engine smoked and flamed.

The medic cursed, trying to drive in vain.

She gave up her legs for a white horse prick,
But it carried the virus that thrived in veins.

The bees work their wings to a life stealing blur,
Pushing the flames from the hive in vain.

Feral with words, the Prophet ravishes the page
Refusing to believe that he strives in vain.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Ruth Holzer

Who is it that sails proud as a Flying Dutchman
and comes to suspended grief, but the Flying Dutchman

From the port of Amsterdam another mariner
ships out, the lean and bearded Flying Dutchman.

Cursed as the rest of us to wander, yet for my sake,
he paused to sigh in Venice, the Flying Dutchman.

What remained after the rounded the Cape:
only the weird red glow of the Flying Dutchman.

That was the name, Ruth, you gave him when the mainmast fell
and his face dissolved in waves, your own Flying Dutchman.

LONG WATERS

Andrew MacArthur

These are the verses the drowning may say
meeting the Savior on long waters:

Treasures from scuttled ships tumble ashore.
What is wealth for, in the long waters?

Boundaries are crumbling, the sands wash away,
adding their weight to the long waters.

Andrew's tongue misses the salt of the land,
tasting the blandness of long waters.

Nobody knows where these long waters end.

Horizons contend with the long waters.

STRONG RHYTHMS

Andrew MacArthur

Look at the tapestry's masterly spread!
weaving each thread into strong rhythms.

Lovers are worshipping, mimicing God:
blending their bodies in strong rhythms.

Is kneading your rosary better or worse
than feeding your verses on strong rhythms?

Andrew's new recipe quickens the flow -
sending his poetry strong rhythms.

The strong rhythms: capturing, shattering me.
Enchanting to be in your strong rhythms.

WRONG ANSWERS

Andrew MacArthur

Falsehood and truth blend in my song:
frightened men long for the wrong answers.

Merchants are counting their gold with a laugh,
folding the profits in wrong answers.

Prophets have stumbled away from the light,
trading the right for the wrong answers.

Andrew keeps wisdom so well out of reach,
defeating his teachers with wrong answers.

Wrong answers echo insistently. Lie.
Soon we all die of these wrong answers.

HAIBUN

IN THE MARKET

jim kacian

in Djokoumatombi, between the carcasses of warthog and buck, exposed to the dust and the onerous flies, are the perfectly flayed hams and thighs, livers and kidneys of humans, and haggling is expected

tropical heat—
the long skirts
of the venders

THE SECOND WEEK

jim kacian

traveling by myself i cross the watershed, and everything that once ran one way now runs in another,
down and down

on the surface
of dark water
my face

WAVES

jim kacian

Looking out my porthole on a ship in international waters the announcement being made but I can't hear the words, only identify the language by the inflection and lilt: English first, with a segmented strength; now French, glissading; Italian, rising to double-stopped peaks, then swooping off; the white noise of German; finally Greek, with phrases moving liquid dropped from a thin point of attachment and ending bulbous; and I have no idea what they mean . . .

waves, waves
the endless falling back
into the same sea

SLATE

Sheila Murphy

I will brink her. I will sacrifice. I will loathe offenders when she finds them. I will alter speech and charity. I will offend my reach. I will occult my way into the dimly after-bother gap in stultifaction. No young portico cements the specked diamond fossil as I do. And no opinion pings the way my sullen goatee rues the broadside norms. No minions will have gathered falter fuel the way I mince my chaste event one seedling at a time. The only purified retainer of an avenue is how you work your way out of the slender highway. Nautical and brief and simmering the way we ought to do. A pint is good as grog when you are mutually reminded of a spark of tree. To wit, it works as reverence begins to blush to do.

One class craving struggle to legitimize the lack of rationale for safer hate

HAIKU SEQUENCE

Excerpts from
THE TRIP TO AMERICA
Ion Codrescu

the path that takes us
to the lake - here and there
the pine fragrance

torrid day...
a line of Canada geese
in relaxed poses

as I round the lake
a distant cloud disappears
behind the mountain

lingering by the lake
the endless ripples
the endless wind

sounds of the mountain
vanish into the vastness...
no aim for my wandering

mountain trail -
a fern leaf stands out
and waves in the wind

the middle of the way -
two dry pines lean
one on the other

on the old wooden house
the sign of the last flood
is clear yet

on the ground
a detached butterfly wing -
airplane's distant roar

waiting in silence
the blue heron and I
the stream between us

WINTER

Tomislav Z. Vujcic

Waiting for a crow
the nest on the branch blocks
gusts of winter wind.

First snow.
Following the first tracks
of wild animals.

Under the eaves
in the swallow's nest
two mice spend the winter.

Double refugee am I -
escaped from the enemy
and now - winter frosts.

Down the snow path
a skier's shadow
rushing after him.

Snowy winter night -
remembering spring
and my youth.

Snowstorm -
in an old house
darkness.

On a cold morning
sweating from the heat -
freedom warms me.

SIJO

THREE SOLO SIJO

Susan Butler

"Dawn always begins in the bones." Hymn to Ra, Egyptian Book of the Dead

Dawn begins on my skin, an anticipation of light.
Earth turns, the light proceeds. Sun, a shiver of mourning.
Sorrow for the loss of peaceful night, my bones weigh heavy.

We laugh over childhood adventure. Our treasure, living free,
living unconcerned with life, unaware of mortality.
Remembering when, by his grave, we were immortals.

The hard weight of my thoughts dissolved, now light shines clear as fresh rain;
each leaf and bud enunciates, a gleam, each stone in high relief.
This day of despair washed, there comes my son, walking home.

A SIJO SEQUENCE

Kirsty Karkow

fleabitten grey flecked with mud no comb has tried his mane or tail
yet four neat hooves beat the ground with a clear and rhythmic drumming
the gait and arch of neck belie—this pride of Araby

men at the gate leap to get the number slapped on the bay hip
plunging beneath auction lights he drags his handler through the sand
a cowboy steps up and sees a masterpiece beneath the dirt

the horse stands square, head held high short breaths cloud the chilly air
bathed in the sweat of his own fear this young stallion frightens all
save one —the man who meets the wild-eyed gaze and dares to bid

ROMANTIC ESCAPE

by Victor P. Gendrano

I visited Room 816 with its truly grandiose view
where I tried to recapture even fragments of memories
of that passionate weekend which turned out as our
final tryst.

INJURED DANCER

by Victor P. Gendrano

eyes closed, she sways in rhythm
with the piped-in radio music

imagining with a smile
her well-practiced ballroom dance steps

as she waits in a wheelchair
for her first hospital visit

TANKA

THE CHEMICAL FACTORY

Tony Beyer

years as weapons
time has completed
a lethal assault
on the disused
chemical factory

every window pane
broken
every suspect
asbestos roof sheet
cracked or frayed

true discoverer
of empty places
the wind
tunes its voice
through the walls

a crust forms
on waves
the tide brings up
to the railway siding
and leaves gleaming

yellow sky
in old film
of the region
exhaled above
industrial silhouettes

trackside
sulphur heaps
leached into the inlet
the harbour

and the planet's pores

imagine no rain
or movement of grass
or cloud hung
still in the
heat shudder

brittle trees
hold their shapes
colourless odourless
ready to shiver
to dust

bird life
returns
nesting in ceilings
using the roof
for a lookout

over the mangrove marsh
and thin
creek channel
struggling seaward
acid shadow

IN A FAVOURITE HARBOUR

Owen Bullock

balanced on
the belly dancer's head
a tray with
four lighted candles and
the box of matches

on the way home,
a simple man says:
marriage is security
it means if you split up
no-one gets more than the other

hoping the couple
will ask me
to take their photo -
on my own
in a favourite harbour

in strong sunlight

the shadow of heat rising
from the top of my head.
negative thoughts
drift away

last time
a drink with father
at the local
now my oldest brother
takes his place

FAR FROM NEWS AND CAUSES

Tom Clausen

Before I was born
no troubles
yet here and there
these beauties
of being here now

in the attic
to set a mouse trap
I find a letter of long ago;
it was a fiction of a new love
that did not last

the blue sky breeze
like water falling
through the trees-
far from news and causes
this one hour carefree

even that adolescent fantasy
so hard to die,
this shaken sense out here
of a woman in need
finding me...

all these spring greens
and my one little heart
dog tired trying to keep up
this life on the backside
of a heart long fifty

blind duty it may be

to write of love
and longing
but in these time worn years
it got lost along the way

due to a premonition of death
he got married
just before going to Viet Nam
back alive he's now divorced
and driving for UPS

the event of nothingness
too sublime
to be considered a worthy event
yet there it is
with open arms and peace

pine scent
in the cemetery,
a limousine idles
this time
as I run by...

settled into the drive
I peek back
at my children
each at their window
so thoughtfully looking out

TANKA FOR J.R.

Gerard J. Conforti

Breath in the spring winds
into your warm heart
and hear the sparrows
singing in the tree boughs
and walk a path of flowers

There are times
when the sun shines brighter
upon the lakes and rivers
flowing toward your heart
where the stars shine gleefully

I hear the spring winds
singing with the sparrows
and feel in my heart
the winds of blue sky
and warm blazing sunlight

Across many mountains
and flowery meadows
I hear your voice in the winds
blowing on this spring day
where my heart is warm with love

I draw you to my heart
like the moonlight
flows into your eyes
from a drifting cloud
bringing forward your love

I hear the tree leaves
blowing in the woods
where the silently falling snow
covers the dry leaves of autumn
where violets bloom in the spring

HOT OFF THE PRESS

a series of links between found prose and poetry
paul conneally

Our Baby's Toe

The Times (London) Dec. 13 2002

GERMANY
transfixed in horror
by a case of cannibalism in which
an apparently respectable software specialist
mutilated and ate
a microchip
engineer

March 1998
30-year-old man in Italy eats two-year-old daughter

February 1999
Venezuelan confesses to eating ten men and says
"I never eat women because they have not done anything wrong"

March 1999
three Finnish men and a woman eat fellow member of Satanist cult

October 2001
two Kazakhstanis sentenced to death
for killing seven prostitutes
and making kebabs out of them

the meat was shared with
neighbours

October 2001
Six Belarusians arrested for eating a man's raw liver

a night of piercing cold
in bed a family keep warm
playing games with the baby
round and round the garden like a teddy bear
this little piggy went to market

i love him so much i could eat him up

december winds
the feel of our baby's toe
in my mouth

ULSTERVILLE NIGHTS

brendan duffin

all
these visions
floor
covered in
sick

alone
in the lamplight of the
bedroom
my plump pink
nipple

behind the
blond haired walker
black haired walker
brown haired walker
green tree

in the small room
turning and turning
endless arms
stretching and stretching

endless fingers
from the tip of
my forehead to the tip of my toes
hanging
slab of blackness
deep stars

JANE'S GENJI
Sanford Goldstein

no Genji
do I find in
our modern world
where in the after of a morning poem
colors of passion prevail

from one bright flower
to another did Genji
select and savor--
today's world is without brush,
without textured paper

reading
Jane's Genji,
I move
through Heian
where subtleties intermingle with pine

which Genji
do I prefer?
I ask myself--
the Don Juan Genji?
the Genji in exile?

what was it like,
Shining Prince,
to slip away
from those eyes
that watched your startling moves?

wanting my poems
to echo the sadness
of the race,
again I read
Jane's Genji

once more
the face of another
inspires me--
is it Jane's?
is it Genji's?

> **HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI**

> Annie Gustin

>

> shadows stuck in stone--

> the people were vaporized.

> silhouettes of souls

> leaning, pointing, pedaling...

> laughter melted into walls.

>

> hot baked potatoes

> we dug up right from the earth,

> piping in our palms--

> sweet robust pumpkins roasted

> still clinging fast to the vine.

>

> all burned and bleeding

> face melted like candlewax

> she sat on the curb.

> as i passed, my sister's voice

> parted her lips with my name.

>

> we were so worried--

> would green ever grow again?

> but new life sprouted.

> grass blades, velvet moss, lush leaves...

> bittersweet spring of lives shorn.

>

> *****

>

> i am a poet

> impregnated by the bomb.

> that summer morning

> blindfolded me in a flash

> --garments torn by a typhoon.

>

> thrown, ravished by fumes

> hot fires, sperm, blood and black rain

> --they found me barely

> breathing amidst the fallout,

> pen fused like a sixth finger.

>

> i'm still a poet.
> sentences scarring paper...
> see my verse turn green
> in the dark. my two-headed
> offspring, my mutated words.

~*~

longevity
has me at second
adolescence
backing towards
second childhood

Momi Kam Holifield

in circles I rake
smooth sand around the pond
the way you taught me
I wait on the footbridge
where are you tonight?

he shows me
the medieval village
where he was wounded
secret sharer
the enemy soldier

a braided candle
divides light from darkness
sacred from mundane
I shake the silver spice box
flame gleaming on my nails

vulture

feeding in the woods
quietly
all of our stories
the end

Ruth Holzer

ANTIQUÉ LACE

Elizabeth Howard

A spider sits on a doily
in the cafe window--
little grandmother
spinning poetry
white-lace haiku

hie to the pond
to see the blue heron--
morning by morning
the dinosaur bird
flapping away

sketching the precise arches
of a historic bridge;
the pen, distracted
by a frenzy of swallows,
draws childish squiggles

signboard in the weeds
Sampson's Mineral Wells--
where grandmother bought
jugs of sulfur water
a well full at home

country church
a belated funeral
for a Korean War soldier
only a photograph
to mourn

grandmother's dinner bell
how we argued
over the ringing--
now no one to claim a turn
but me

a plaster bust
of a Victorian girl
on the library shelves
among so many books
her book unchanging

as night falls
thin clouds envelop
the harvest moon--
antique lace enfolding
grandmother's opal

BIRCH TANKA

Kirsty Karkow

a whirlwind
strips bark from the birch
pale skin exposed
I hear my mother's voice
accusing me of lies

softly tan
the belly of a birch
laid bare
all my past transgressions
beneath his scathing gaze

white birch bark
curls falling on calm water
in summer sun
the curve of a gull's flight
against a cobalt sky

COLD MOUNTAIN BECKONS

Larry Kimmel

awake all night
I sit in the moonless dark
hoping against hope
for direction
that still small voice

but for the fridge
the night
would be totally silent
if only dawn
would never arrive

this long winter night
cold mountain beckons
still and all
a cigarette wouldn't be
too bad

WHERE I CANNOT FOLLOW

Thelma Mariano

the low score
on her geriatric tests
at summer's end
how swiftly the river runs
to where I cannot follow

crickets chirp
beneath my bedroom window
all night long
as if they sense how badly
I need a little song

a ritual
that began with her Alzheimer's
she waves goodbye
from the balcony the tightness
in my chest as I wave back

seagulls and swallows
fly helter-skelter
under leaden skies
it's time to make it legal
her reasoning is gone

how quickly
the tea cools in my cup
I cannot keep
her mind from falling further
by wishing it so

first snowflakes
as leaves continue to plummet

from the sky
how powerless I feel
in light of these changes

~*~

if only I knew
how it felt
to be a butterfly
I could paint my heartbeats
on the wind!

June Moreau

evening of crickets...
i stand before a picture
of a swan flying
towards mountains in
silence

walking away
after saying bye
to every one,
suddenly i remember the tree
now out of my sight

sunlight on trees-
convalescing,
my elderly friend
asks me to put his chair
by the window

K. Ramesh

TANKA
R K Singh, India

Dancing on
the car top a girl
holds the mike

to express her love
twists the audience

Fears to see
his own image in
her eyes so
avoids seeing her again
betrays his cowardice

~*~

Sometimes, I wonder
if you lie comfortably
beneath your grave's grass.
Does the ground's embrace warm you?
At night, I lie cold sometimes.

Bill West

CLASS

Sheila Murphy

I was learning to be tracing pink, and then this washed away. A hand in front of me through fog enough. And diming, darling, meant the caveats were usually burgeoning with still shots left to percolate in iso(metric)-lation. Our economy is yours. Uncanny how the wives tales brim with lasting eminence through science and tenacious auditory flames. Come on and taint me in my lucid tracks. The sensorio is brave enough to wash. Is ivy and is sandwiched between obvious young ducks. If I were mercied all the way to studios I would befriend a frame against good looks. Is thus precisely where you fit in, folded in vines of origami lounging among sparks.

SHAPE

John M. Bennett

rock, slab bleeds fueling
scud
half cloud heeling

IG NORE

John M. Bennett

home, muddy bucket seat
scrape
roam shifting hall

RANT

John M. Bennett

block, camel shitter spooky
bee
scant luggage supper

YANK

John M. Bennett

cooling, sprawl lobe sample
sank
lube shawl louse

LUSTER

John M. Bennett

keep, dream score spotty
pants
cream door sleep

RUBE

John M. Bennett

oil, boat rough meds
sack
smote cluck rope
peel
hail lang saids, feel

OR

John M. Bennett

rinse, true shadow lank
crack

crub meet sank
grub
nor loofa left, cry

PACK

John M. Bennett

dub, nitch ralo era
hack
slink rio mort
pud
soga monda too, ball

BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

Often, when I approach the task of writing these book reviews, I start by dreading to take on this job once more. How to find the right words to adequately describe each book and to find enough ways to say some thing or the same thing, over and over while making it sound new and fresh? And yet, this morning, like a day in April, I am overwhelmed by the variety, the richness, the vastness of the range of subjects, of emotions expressed, opinions and views into the hearts of the people brought to me by books. If anyone complains that poetry is dead, or tanka is an old-fashioned or worn-out form, that person is not reading enough books or listening close to these myriad voices. Maybe you cannot buy all the books suggested in these reviews, but do take on the task of picking at least one. Give some author a thrill by buying the book, reading it carefully several times and letting the author know what you think of the book with a letter or e-mail.

Book reviews can have several undercurrent agendas. Mostly I try to let the readers of Lynx know what the book is about, and give samples from the poems and information for purchasing the book. Occasionally some of my book reviews slip from praise and encouragement over into literary critique, just because I feel so strongly about certain facets of poetry, but I rarely allow myself to be as strong as my feelings truly are. This issue we have a book review written by Josh Gage that reviews the books by Erin Thomas that I wrote about the previous Lynx issue. Because I greatly admired Josh Gage's writing and agreed with his views, his astute opinions repeat a review of these ghazal books at the end of the new reviews.

Also, we got the good news that Marlene Mountain's haiku have been featured on a CD, "freed from words" made by the San Francisco Choir of music written by Mike Wings, so Werner has written a review of that.

And because I have a new book just out by Stone Bridge Press of Berkeley, Larry Kimmel was good enough, and quick enough, to write a review of *A String of Flowers, Untied . . .* for this issue of Lynx.

Crouched Under the Cherry Blossoms by Akitsu Ei, translated by Leza Lowitz and Miyuki Aoiyama. A publication of Hermitage West #6. A folded broadsheet, 8.5 x 11" containing twenty of the poems taken from the online book *Collected Tanka of AKITSU EI*. A serial publication, Hermitage West is produced by The New American Imagist, P.O. Box 124, South Pasadena, CA 91031-0124. Price: \$1.50 each ppd. or five copies of a single title for \$5.00.

Michael McClintock, a long-time writer of haiku, has now expanded his interest into other poetry forms and has devised an inexpensive method of distributing the works of a variety of authors to a wider audience. Borrowing the idea of the "Haiku Sheets" of the Haiku Society of Canada, McClintock, as editor, selects a series of poems from an author, sets them on both sides of one sheet of paper, which is then folded into three sections.

Crouched Under the Cherry Blossoms, puts into printed form this selection, on petal-pink paper, from the AHA Online Books for those who wish to mail copies of Akitsu Ei's tanka or tuck them into another book or notebook.

Other authors in this series are: John Palozzolo, Luis Cusuhtemoc Berriozabal, Robert Edwards,

Leonard J. Cirino and Jeff Vande Zande. If you are interested in submitting work for this series you may e-mail Hermitage West or use the same address above as for ordering the broadsides.

The Outer Coast by Edward Baranosky as EAB Pub. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5, 40 pages, illustrated copiously by the author, with full color cover. Contact the author for price and ordering information.

The swish and smell of the sea seems to come along with the poems in Baranosky's newest book, *The Outer Coast*. The energy in this compilation is higher than most with astonishing images of wild seas, lonely ships and special light effects in the black and white illustrations. The poems, too, have a special depth and vibration as he reaches ever deeper into that which drives man. Again he offers a variety of genres: tanka, ghazals, haiku, a pantoum, haibun, glosa, cinquain, and sedoka. His experiences in renga bring him to doing linked sedoka with Lisa O'Leary, Bonnie Duhamel, and April Severin as well as a linked glosa with Melisa Fauceglia. In the last issue of *Lynx* was a comprehensive review of Edward Baranosky's work in *Windbirds* by Sue Chanette which you are encouraged to review. "Footnotes to Noah," "Preludes," and "Spindrift" have been also printed in previous issues of *Lynx*.

CINQUAIN MIRROR

refuge
secret café
fountain of voices fades
blending old tears and dust into
safe house

safe house
café secret
fountain of voices fades
blending dust and fears into
refuge

Fountains Play by Amelia Fielden & Times Passes by Yuko Kawano: An anthology of tanka poems in English and Japanese with translations by Saeko Ogi & Amelia Fielden. Perfect bound, 6" x 8", 140 pp., US\$15.00. Order from M. A. Fielden, 10 Delasala Drive, Macquarie Hills NSW 2285, Australia.

This is an unusual book as the reader basically gets two complete books in two languages between one set of light blue covers. The connective tissue is tanka and the work of Amelia Fielden, who is the author of *Fountains Play*, and the translator of Yuko Kawano's book of *Time Passes*. In addition to having both the Japanese and English of Yuko Kawano's book, Amelia Fielden's book is translated into Japanese kanji by Saeko Ogi and Amelia Fielden. Another connection between these two authors is the similarity of their work due to their circumstance of being married women with now-adult children. Being slightly older, Amelia Fielden's subject matter is wider with inclusions of memories of past lovers and youth, as well as honest feelings about her two husbands, and grandmotherly observations. Yuko Kawano, since this is her sixth book of tanka, narrows her material to tanka written in the one and

a half years of 1989 to the summer of 1990 and therefore concentrates greatly on her feelings about her family. This is not to be taken as a drawback as Yuko Kawano, who has won some of the most prestigious poetry prizes in Japan since she was twenty-three years old, now the tanka editor for the Mainichi Daily Newspaper in Japan, is famous for her poems of family life. Both women have a view of life that comes from the darker corner with a large number of laments, wistful memories of being younger, of being more attractive and the reality of plain old depression.

A sample from Yuko Kawano's tanka as translated by Amelia Fielden:

this gray person
who, in show motion,
is putting the lid
on a big pot -
she's my mother

In spite of this sample, in some of Yuko Kawano's work she uses the defining pivot of the tanka form in such poems as this one that opens *Times Passes*.

no longer
do I lean down
to talk to him -
children grow rapidly
wild rice at the water's edge

Readers of *Lynx* and especially the *Tanka Splendor Awards* series will remember this tanka of Amelia's that garnered the most points in the judging of the 2001 contest.

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

Forgive me if I say I find this the best tanka in the whole book. It is the only one that offers the depth of implied meanings and suggestive overtones that give tanka the richness that raises it above ordinary speech. It is easy to jot down momentary thoughts, which is a good thing to do, but occasionally the spirit leaps up and offers the author such a gem as this and one needs to offer thanks for the miracle.

This combo book offers so much for readers of both languages, it seems anyone interested in tanka should have a copy. With three or four poems to a page, faced with matching kanji, readers will find much here to enrich themselves. In the back is a comprehensive biography of Yuko Kawano to give English readers a better understanding and appreciation of the accomplishments of this amazing woman. It is important for us English authors to see what contemporary Japanese tanka writers are doing with the form. In addition one can also see how the form is being used by Amelia Fielden, a retired teacher of Japanese, French and English, who lives in Australia.

The Effects of Light – Haiku by Jack Galmitz. An AHA Online Book that you can click on and read immediately.

Born in the Bronx in 1951, this New Yorker brings the city to his haiku as he finds his inspiration in his daily life. For those believe you needed to live in the woods to write haiku, Jack Galmitz shows how being aware of nature in an urban environment can be equally enriching and productive. In this his first book of haiku, Galmitz, whose work has been widely published, shows a facet of the genre that is in a state of becoming an English poetry form.

a net of sunlight by Kirsty Karkow in Springbed Chapbook # 5 published by FootHills Publishing. Hand-tied spine, 5.5 x 8.5 , 24 pages, \$6.00. Order from FootHills Publishing, P.O. Box 68, Kanona, NY 14856 or visit the website.

Kirsty Karkow's works have been published in an amazing number of paper and online publications – a testimonial to how hard this woman works on anything she turns her hand to do. In a net of sunlight she offers haiku, tanka and sijo simply as poetry without any instruction or definition of the forms which heralds a new phase in the process of valuing the work as poetry and not as samples of a particular form. Yet the pages are ordered by form with five haiku appearing on a page in the first section, then nine pages of tanka, with two to a page, and closing with two pages of sijo.

Kirsty Karkow has done her homework and understands the ins and outs of each of the genres so well that she is able to allow herself to use whatever best fits her needs. I was especially impressed with:

honeymoon
we wade into the current
of a great river

But I must admit I was most delighted with her selection of tanka. Any of them were worthy of quoting but somehow her expert use of the pivot in this one truly touched me.

acorns
drum on fallen leaves
soft staccato
of a heart responding
to this bejeweled path

Kirsty Karkow, was born in England, but raised in the British West Indies and a ranch in Arizona. Her vocations have been equally as diverse, ranging from medical entomology to schooling and showing dressage horses to teaching tai chi in addition to being a sculptor and having a marvelous garden. She and her husband Ed, live on the coast of Maine.

Sacred Trees – Arbres Scrés – Heilige Bäume a tanka sequence by Giselle Maya and translated by Maryse Staiber. Hand-tied, 9.5" x 13", 52 pages, with black and white photographs by Sophia Gunther of the Luberon region of France, and Postscriptum by Jane Reichhold. Order from Giselle Maya, Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France.

Giselle Maya, after years of living in Japan and the United States has settled down in the Provence of France, where, as she says, "All the trees in this sequence are friends of the author." Here, she writes, "Trees in Provence are often dwarfed for lack of water. They tend to be wondrously gnarled – olive trees can reach the age of a thousand years. The olive is a noble tree, its oil a delight. Introduced by the Greeks they keep their silvery-green leaves all year round. Cherry orchards abound in the Luberon Mountains, dark trunks and boughs luminous and magical in April with white cherry blossoms. Oaks are wide-armed and moss-covered, mysterious Druid symbols of strength and survival. The almond tree elates the winter heart just before spring with delicately scented pale rose blossoms. Cedar and cypress are trees of Provence, walnut trees planted or wild where water is present, shedding nuts in late September. Quince trees grow wild and each family has a recipe for 'pate de coing' a delicious quince paste."

Giselle Maya's tanka sequence begins:

over the dark mountain
a great red moon rising
dove gray threads of smoke
for a few hours only
spring snow white on petals

With the sequence translated into French and German and the copious black and white photos, this out-sized book is a generous offering. The lovely hand-made paper pages swim with open space around the poems, adding to the feeling of opulence and richness.

probably – 'real' renga sorta (one-line linked haiku) by Marlene Mountain & Francine Porad. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5, 32 pages, illustrated by Francine Porad, \$11.00 plus S&H of \$1.50. Order from Vandina Press, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324.

Of all the books in this batch for reviewing, this one offers the most material on its few pages and what a bounty this is! The reader is taken on a jolly ride across the landscape of modern life by two very witty writers who are so at home with the haiku form they can say anything, and often do! No sacred cow is left un milked or popular idol left without exposed clay feet. The quick exchanges often switch from the sublime to the ridiculous from line to line but are always linked by a sense of truth and heart-felt honesty. Marlene and Francine are a perfectly matched set of renga partners (not an easy thing to find) who are changing our concept of the form day by day as they write.

Each set of facing pages contains a complete 36-link renga with the verses written in one line. Readers of Lynx will recognize the format and many of the renga, but how good to have them compiled and arranged together between the covers of a book. There are more of the renga from this book in this issue of Lynx so check them out and do consider getting the book with all them.

freed from words, Choral Music of Mark Winges, CD, published by the American Composer Forum, 332 Minnesota St. E.-145, St. Paul, MN 55010. U.S.A. Order from: The San Francisco Chamber Singers, P.O. Box 15576, Ca 94115 for \$15.

In the folder that accompanies the CD, the composer Mark Winges states: "The pieces of this recording combine sung text and vocal sounds in different ways. Sometimes the text is clearly presented in a straightforward manner. Other times, the sound is the thing, with the intelligibility of words and their meaning taking a backseat to the music. Most of the pieces freely mix both approaches. There is one exception: 'freed from words' is made entirely from phonemes, it contains no text."

For the Lnyx, readership orientated toward Japanese genres, and familiar with the works here used by Marlene Mountain, John Wills, Chuck Brickley, O. Mabson Southard and Eric Amann, I would also like to repeat the explanations given by Winges:

"The haiku used in the Haiku Settings cover a broad range, from the traditional 3-line, 17 syllable single moment / image poem, to the "heightened" individual words of Marlene Mountain. All of the texts are minimal, however, both in their use of few words to achieve their effect, and in their presentation: text surrounded by a lot of blank space on the page. I have tried to carry over the elements over to the music: melody phrases tend to be brief, musical material is set off by silence, and text of the haiku emerge from purely vocal sounds. A key example of the latter is the way each movement begins: sustained vowel sounds ("o", "a", etc.) alternate with silence, and the text ("in the woods / in her old voice") gradually emerges. Another element is the use of haiku patterns in the music, specifically the 5 7 5 pattern (the syllabic division of the traditional 3 line haiku), and the use of seventeen as a "unit". This element is like the scaffolding not visible, but a necessary part all the time."

The 3-part composition, the Haiku Settings of Mark Winges is a successful attempt to combine efforts once started in the first half of the 20 th century. Here the music is the language. The echoes of chorus works by Diestler, Carl Orff (Carmina Burana), later by Kagel and others at that time and early works of the middle ages are unmistakable part of Winges' own compositions. Whoever had the pleasure to listen to the Gyuto Monks with their very special vocal and chorus techniques can experience how powerfully Mark Winges tried to put together the past and the present.

It's a little strange to the informed circles that Winges still emphasis on a Japanese 5 7 5 syllable count, which guided him easily into a conventional concept of harmonies not relevant anymore for western haiku poets.

Clear intonations and a vast variety of vocal expressions make this performance a joy to listen to. Musicians and poets of all genres may have to learn quite a bit from Mark Winges.

Werner Reichhold

A String of Flowers, Untied . . . Love poems from The Tale of Genji translated by Jane Reichhold with Hatsue Kawamura. Stone Bridge Press P.O. Box 8208, Berkeley, CA 94707. Perfect bound, 6 x 8, 224 pp., 2003, \$18.95. Available for 30% off on Amazon.com.

In a beautifully produced book from Stone Bridge Press, Jane Reichhold has brought us a unique concept in presenting Murasaki Shikibu's tanka from The Tale of Genji, along with a running commentary of the tale itself, an ideal presentation of this classic for those who love the ancient courtly tanka of erotic love and longing by Shikibu but have found this long, 1000-year-old first novel in the world, a daunting reading experience.

To quote from the introduction itself "[In] A String of Flowers, Untied . . . , not only the poems have been redone, but additional notations and clarification of the story have been supplemented. It is possible to obtain a condensed version of the whole story ... by reading just the poems and the headings that set the scene for the poem." This method also gives the reader the advantage of knowing the voice of the individual character who is writing the poem.

For those who already know Jane Reichhold's collaborations with Hatsue Kawamura in *White Letter Poems* by Fumi Saito and *Heavenly Maiden Tanka* by Akiko Baba, there is hardly a need to mention the high poetic quality of her translations from the Japanese, and the advantage of Reichhold's taking a middle ground between literal translation and the often-used remaking of the original Japanese tanka into a poem using a traditional English syntax.

I should mention here that the over 400 tanka in *A String of Flowers, Untied . . .*, are from the first 33 chapters of this monumental work. Reichhold has stopped here, as it is uncertain that the continuation of *The Tale of Genji* was the actual work of Shikibu, or whether others took over. In this way we are assured that the tanka are all by the originator of this greatest of Japanese literary works.

Speaking here as a general reader and not an expert in Japanese literature, I was delighted when I learned of this new translation. First, I feel that there cannot be enough good translations of the important works in any language; it is in this way that one can compare and come to the best understanding possible of the original, and second, to know that the work has been done by a poet/translator with a long and respected familiarity with the cultural history and literary tradition of that language is indeed exciting.

As an example of the headings and how they relate to the poems, here is the section containing the tanka from which the book's title is derived:

"After spending the rest of the night together in the deserted villa, and when the sun has risen high, Lady Evening Faces wants to know who this man is who has carried her off in the night. All this time, Genji has carefully kept her unaware of his identity, and she feels the affair has come to the point where he should show his face to her in the daylight and reveal his identity.

in evening dew
strings of flowers were untied
in this way
thus by chance our destinies
have a reason to exist"

(It should be noted here that each of the tanka translations is presented side by side with its original in romaji.)

Reichhold is to be congratulated on a most original concept of presentation in this beautiful book, which at once gives us superb translations of one of Japan's foremost women poets, couched in readable scholarly notations (each page is edged in a light gray border with a delicate leafy design on which are found "footnotes" giving historical background and meanings concerning the poems). There is also an Afterword concerning the writing of *The Tale of Genji*, the known biographical details of Murasaki Shikibu, and a discussion on the nature of tanka.

Having read and held in hand this valuable book, I can't see how any enthusiast of Japanese tanka, or

Japanese literature in general, could endure not having *A String of Flowers, Untied . . .* in their collection.

Larry Kimmel
Colrain, MA
6 January 2003

My California: 24 tanka sequences by David Rice. Hand-tied flat spine, 5.5 x 8.5, 32 pages, \$8.00. Order from David Rice, 1470 Keoncrest Drive, Berkeley, CA 94702.

When I think back over all the tanka in all the books in this batch I have for reviewing, I think with the greatest pleasure on the mind and heart of David Rice. In his tanka he is saying things – he gives words to, not always feelings I have had, but feelings I wish I had had. His theme for this book is the environmental message – how we should be taking better care of our world, but he never puts blame or shame or makes the reader feel inadequate. Instead, by his good example, by his greater understanding of what is happening, by the beauty of his spirit as he contemplates a situation, the reader gets a whiff of hope, a tiny joy in what has not yet been destroyed by corporations or clear-cutting.

Each page of the book has at the top a relevant quotation on the tanka subject borrowed from such a wide range of poets as Rilke, Thich Nhat Hanh and Gwendolyn Brooks. Under this is Rice's three-tanka sequence. Because all it all works together so well, here is a sample page from *My California*.

. . . the heart misplaces, and seeds
As black as death, emitting a strange odor.

- Louis Simpson

KPFA news
the largest corporations
rarely pay taxes
I scoot a bathroom spider
out the window

the perfume of apologists
masks the stench of wealth
and its greed creed –
I curse and fume
at the daily charade

nauseous
from the free press ferris wheel
I cut up my paper
and re-arrange the letters
into honest headlines

All of those quotes are given credit in the back of his chapbook with copious publishing information so a reader can easily find, and maybe buy? the rest of the book and to read the kind of literature David

Rice reads.

One more note on the making of the book. Rice has found a marvelous solution to getting the cover sheets to cover up the ragged edge of the text pages, which due to their folding, stick out beyond the one side. Buy this book to find out his secret and you will see how beautifully a hand-made book can be. In the bargain you will get expertly written tanka. David Rice has been writing tanka as long as anyone, and some of his ideas about our world may change your life.

A Breath of Haiku by Helen J. Sherry. Perfect bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 98 pages, full color cover of a photograph by Ed Sherry, with ink illustrations by the author. Price: USA and Canada \$12.00 ppd., elsewhere \$14.00 ppd. ISBN: 0922273-02-2. Available from Chocho Books, 11929 Caminito Corriente, San Diego, CA 92128.

Helen Sherry refers to this as her "second book of haiku" and yet it also contains two renga with her husband Ed Sherry, six tanka, two sequences, and one rengay with H. F. Noyes. Like *Colors of Haiku*, 1993, *A Breath of Haiku* presents the wide array of expertise by this talented woman. As H.F. Noyes writes of her in his blurb on the back of the book: "She brings to her work the painterly eye of a fine artist refreshingly blending the modern and classical traditions." and this is very true. Her watercolors, having received many awards, as well as her writing, also recognized by prestigious prizes attest to, not only the excellent craftsmanship of her work but of the gentle, refined nature of the woman.

Because she genuinely understands and uses the art of linking, she can write about anything in any genre and it sounds good and right.

old adobe
dust and a dog
curl up

A compulsive revisionist, she hones each poem until it comes as a polished stone to the reader, glinting with inner lights others might have missed seeing.

tucked into
a hummer's nest
blue dryer lint
from the last washing
of mother's blanket

I especially liked what Yvonne Hardenbrook had to say in her blurb on the back of the book: "Life is made good by how deeply we breathe, not the number of breaths. A Helen Sherry poem pulls the reader into its depths, then lifts you up enlightened, refreshed, a little amused, and much better off than you were. Turn any page."

Kiyoko's Sky – The Haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi. Translated from the Japanese by Patricia J. Machmiller & Fay Aoyagi. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 128 pages, ISBN: 1-929820-04-6, \$16.00. Order from Brooks Books, 3720 N. Woodridge Dr., Decatur, IL 62526 or visit their web site.

Kiyoko Tokutomi, and her husband Kiyoshi, were the founders of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of USA and Canada in 1975, in San Jose, California. Due to a hearing loss as the result of medications for his tuberculosis, his wife, Kiyoko, who had written tanka in her youth but later turned to haiku writing, introduced him to the form. As he studied numerous books on the subject, he realized how much the current budding haiku scene (mostly the Haiku Society of America) was missing the basic tenets of Japanese haiku, namely the use of the kigo or season word. Rather quickly a group who agreed with his teachings (also that an English haiku should have seventeen syllables) gathered around the couple and they began to publish a monthly journal called Geppo, as well as holding meetings, with a yearly retreat at Asilomar on the Pacific coast. After Kiyoshi died in 1989, Kiyoko continued her involvement in the group though by this time a series of presidents resided over the meetings and different persons (I was one of them) edited Geppo. At the Asilomar retreats one of the highlights of the programs was the night Kiyoko lead the renga session.

Not a member of the inner circle of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, I never understood why I saw so few of the haiku of Kiyoko. In this book, which appeared just weeks before Kiyoko Tokutomi died, on Christmas Day, 2002, - which contains an excellent biography of story of the couple and the beginnings of the haiku group, I find out that she had been publishing her haiku all these years in Japanese with the group around Shugyo Takaha in Japan. It is these haiku that Fay Aoyagi and Patricia Machmiller have compiled in a chronological order of their publication and translated. Each haiku is printed in kanji and romaji along with footnotes of explanation when necessary.

A haiku Kiyoko wrote about her mother, but which could also fit to Kiyoko herself, is this one from the 1995 sequence of "the silence before":

haha no sumu atari ni takaku kumo no mine

Where my mother lives
standing there
towering cumulus

Randy Brooks has done a marvelous job making a book that so reflects the gentleness and refinement that we saw and admired in Kiyoko. And how thankful we are that Patricia Machmiller and Fay Aoyagi, who did all the research and writing necessary to tell the extraordinary story of this couple, were also able to translate so competently the haiku into English. Anyone interested in the haiku story not often told by other groups, must have this book to keep alive this literary history.

Re-reviewing the books of Erin Thomas

by Josh Gage

Within recent years, there has been a resurgence of interest in formal poetry, including "new" or "original" forms. One such form is, of course, the ghazal, which in reality can be traced back at least 1000 years, with roots going much deeper. However, it is indeed new to English, especially as a formal piece. Many writers have claimed to written ghazals, but have in reality written creative free verse in couplets. It wasn't until the late Agha Shahid Ali introduced the form, as an actual form, to English, did the ghazal begin receiving the respect it well deserved from English audiences and poets.

One such poet is Erin A. Thomas. New to the poetry scene (though not to poetry), Thomas has recently self-published two chapbooks of ghazals, titled *Uncovering English Ghazal* and *Discovering English Ghazal*. Upon purchasing these books, I was elated to find that not only were there other poets interested in ghazals, but interested in trying to maintain the form in its utmost purity. While a majority of collections, Agha Shahid Ali's *Ravishing Disunities* being the prime example, have one or two examples by various poets, I know of no other complete collection of traditional ghazals by one individual. Of course, Ali's *Call Me Ishmael Tonight* will be out in March of 2003, but until then, we have Thomas.

Unfortunately.

For while Thomas indeed has a grasp of the ghazal form, he seems to have little to no grasp of poetry. His rhymes are pure, his rhythm as tight as can be expected in English, but his poems simply seem to lack substance. This lack of depth or substance seems to stem from two sources: Thomas's misunderstanding of ghazalic disparateness and Thomas's misunderstanding or severe lack, of imagery, and indeed, modern poetry.

Upon opening *Discovering English Ghazal*, we find a brief definition of ghazals. I agree with Thomas's decision to place such a definition in his book, as the form still is misunderstood by so many poets. However, I disagree with the definition itself, specifically that a ghazal should be like "a pearl necklace". While the idea of a necklace is appropriate (various objects strung together by a common thread) the idea of pearls, as opposed to jewels or beads, is what snags me. Pearls are similar, if not nearly identical. Jewels and beads are radically different from each other. Every ghazal essay, especially those by Ali, stresses the disparateness between stanzas. Each stanza should stand alone, and be completely separate from the poem save the rhyme and refrain. So while each of Thomas's stanzas could, theoretically, stand alone as separate couplets, most of the time, they are simply too similar to each other to qualify as ghazals. While this technically is not a major flaw in the poetry, it does lead to some monotonous images, and therefore, monotonous poems. Indeed, one of the major tasks of ghazals is to keep the rhyme and refrain fresh, the variance between stanzas, and more importantly, their images, being the obvious way to keep the poem from dragging down.

In *Uncovering English Ghazals*, Thomas talks about an epiphany on disparateness between couplets. "Each ghazal binds to a theme, and in fact, each couplet within Hafiz's ghazals seems to look at the same thing. It is just that rather than flowing couplet to couplet along the same lines of insight and reflection, each couplet offers a dramatically different perspective of what the ghazal as a whole is focused on. In a way, it is like looking through the eye of a dragonfly, each couplet is a facet in the eye, but the attention of each facet is focused on something in particular." This, while a nice idea, leads to some extremely boring poetry if used improperly. I have heard of this theory as the "room theory" as well, in which the ghazal focuses on a table in the center of the room, but each stanza is written from a different wall or window in the room. For example, in "Defeated", Thomas writes about affliction, and indeed an injured soul or spirit, using a dead baby as a metaphor for the experience. However, he keeps returning to the baby, to the point that he kills the thing four times before the poem is ended. The metaphor, while a solid one, becomes mute and almost obnoxious by the end, to the point that the reader is more interested in HOW the baby dies, and not the fact that it is dead. And this in poem no longer than a sonnet. When the couplets are disparate, Thomas's ghazals do indeed excite and inspire. "Thoroughfare", from *Uncovering English Ghazal*, is one such example.

Thoroughfare

Where fragrant lilies beautify the way,
Decaying corpses putrefy the way.

Brilliant sages point the way to heaven,
Yet we in bloodshed rubefy the way.

The way of peace was plain when life began,
Then darkness fell to mystify the way.

When through harsh places arid spans the way,
How hard it is to ratify the way!

Rivers flow the way of least resistance-
Plainness will always signify the way.

A vagrant walks the way with dignity,
Yet speaks no words to dignify the way.

Crying skies are not the way of sorrow,
They only serve to pacify the way.

If to the empty center leads the way,
There is no need to simplify the way.

The wind demonstrates the way of roaming,
But does not try to justify the way.

Who taught the fowl the way to warmer skies?
How is it that they verify the way?

Compassion is the way within us all,
But we must act to reify the way.

Death cannot endorse the way of living;
It also cannot mortify the way.

This dream is the way of dancing shadows;
Trusting this farce will falsify the way.

Who can hear the way the stars are calling?
They wait for us to stellify the way.

Each time Zahhar collapsed upon the way;
Has been a mean to clarify the way.

Woefully, most of Thomas's ghazals are not of this caliber. Not only do they focus on one theme or one image to a point of excess, but they also seem to lack a potency that can only come from imagery. Thomas is wary in his use of imagery, to the point that he sacrifices his poems by its exclusion. He admits that to him, modern poetry is "a tossed salad of verbal images". However, he does claim a belief

in "visuals", which "solidify the abstract and focus channels of interpretation where [he] would like them to go". He is against imagery for imagery sake, but is in favor of imagery if it aids the poem. Thus, a majority of his poems are completely void of images, but instead contain "visuals", or "real life visual experiences that are used within the context of a memory or feeling in relation." However, a majority of his "visuals" are so cliché or drab that they simply add nothing to the poem. And, when Thomas can't find a "visual" or "image" to suit his purposes, he goes without, much to the detriment of the poem, and the reader. The old adage "Show, Don't Tell" applies to a majority of Thomas's work, to the point that the bulk of his poems come across as not poems, but sermons and dissertations, where ideas are spouted but immediately leave with no tangible weight to bear them into the mind. Thomas needs imagery, and while he seems fully against modern poetry, he needs to understand that he participates in that tradition, whether he wants to or not. Until the time machine is invented, his poems will always be read by a modern audience in a modern context, and therefore, anything devoid of images or imagery will be seen as trite. Shakespeare was successfully able to wield imagery, and very few editors would consider him or his poetry "modern." Thus, even without the aid of modern poets, Thomas should be able to understand and use imagery. Until he is, we will be forced to read on "visuals", which seem to be in short supply.

At the beginning of *Discovering English Ghazal*, Thomas relates an incident in which an English professor insults his free verse, and instructs him to write villanelles. He insists that villanelles would be no problem, and upon researching them, as well as terzanelles, discovers ghazals, on which little to nothing had been published concerning ghazals. This is in 2001. *Ravishing Disunities*, while it does take some liberties in what it accepts as ghazals, a majority of the book contains complete, well-written, well-structured traditional English ghazals, abiding by all the rules of the form. *Ravishing Disunities* was published in 2000. I suggest, if he has not already, that Thomas read this work, as well as the upcoming *Call Me Ishmael Tonight*, and learn what imagery and disparity add to the ghazal. I have a feeling that, in response to his teacher, Thomas may have followed all the rules of the form for a villanelle, but that's all he did. Very few people can name more than half a dozen successful villanelles written in English, and even then rules are dropped all over the place (Elizabeth Bishop's "One Art" as an example). Most villanelles, including a majority of the ones published, merely participate in the form. They are simply formal exercises with a few bright spots along the way, but are not truly successful poetry. In much the same way, Thomas merely participates in ghazals most of the time. There are a handful of good, possibly even great, poems in these two collections, enough to create a prize-winning collection, maybe. But definitely not enough for a chapbook manuscript, let alone two. So, to see what can be done with the ghazal form, to see a series of ghazal exercises, I encourage you to read Thomas's *Discovering English Ghazal* and *Uncovering English Ghazal*. He does indeed have a mastery of the form. If you want to read something that transcends mere form, wait for Agha Shahid Ali's collection to come out and hope for the best.

Recovering English Ghazal by Erin A. Thomas. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5, 36 pages. For price or ordering, contact the web site or write to Erin A. Thomas, *Journeys Into Poetic Forms*, 27441 Coyote Place, Willits, CA 95490.

Almost as a repudiation of Josh Gage's comments about the poetry of Erin A. Thomas, just the other day arrived the third in this series of booklets of the ghazals of Thomas - *Recovering English Ghazal*. I didn't know if the word in the title, "recovering" meant "getting better" or "covering over again" or even "rediscovering the ghazal" because all usages fit the accomplishments of his use of the ghazal form.

Erin Thomas had set for himself the task of writing 100 ghazals and this booklet contains the poems

completing this goal. But what a difference in this set of works over his previous two books. Whether he meant to or not, Thomas did take Gage's advice - there was private correspondence between the two authors before Gage wrote his commentary.

The leaps between the couplets in many of the poems of *Recovering English Ghazal* now demonstrate the agility the ghazal demands and there is a drastic increase in visual imagery that also adds to the impression of the vastness between linkages. Erin A. Thomas has accomplished excellent work here. The poems are sectioned into four divisions: Distress, Ponderment, Calling, and Transcendence with five to seven poems each. Here is a sample of the new work taken from the section titled "Calling" that is the 77th ghazal

DESTINY

Erin A. Thomas

A brook gently weeps on each stone, calling;
Soft wind consoles with a light moan calling.

Shaken autumn leaves float faint to the ground;
They filter against the wind's drone calling.

In the forest, an ancient falls crashing;
Hush follows behind its last, lone calling.

Seeds fall to soil, clouds nest in high canyons -
Each heeds the seat of its high throne calling.

Do you wonder where the falling stars land?
They go the way of their last known calling.

What is that sound so difficult to hear?
The silent sound of the heart's own calling.

Zahhar hears again your delicate voice -
Sweet on the breeze, a subtle tone calling.

Thomas has tells a marvelous story when he explains in the Introduction of *Recovering English Ghazal* how he got his pen-name.

And for those of you who feel you are just not writing enough, do think of following the example of Thomas and set for yourself a goal of writing a specific number of poems in a form or on one subject. May I remind you of Geraldine Clinton Little's exercise of writing ten tanka on ten different subjects (such a snow, moon, flowers, a hut, etc.) which turned into her well-known book, *More Light, Larger Vision*?

LETTERS to LYNX

From Francine Porad on 12/8/02: "Been thinking a lot about love this past week. Bernard, died in his sleep Saturday morning. If he could have written the perfect scenario of his final days, this would be it. Four of our grown kids came home with us late Monday night after a week in Mexico. (We have photos of him surf fishing and one of him with the good-sized fish he caught there the day before we left.) Tuesday was a "bad" day at the doctor's where he was forced to confront his mortality and a decision made to be on morphine around the clock.

BUT, once free from pain and surrounded by most of his children and grandchildren, we had a dinner party out on Wed night, the traditional Thanksgiving dinner here all-day on Thursday, and a Hanukah party Friday night at my sister's home with my sister & her husband & descendents, my brother & his wife & descendents, and our gang. Bernard was never able to express in words his love for me or any of our children, but Friday night he told each grand-child privately he loved them. Then home.

I've been surrounded by a loving family and many friends I consider family. This past week we held the funeral. Almost all my haiku 'family' was in attendance (Michael Welch, Ruth Yarrow, Connie Hutchison, Bob Major, Mary Fran Meer, Carole & Christopher Herold, etc. etc.) and I did go to the HSA 4th Annual Meeting yesterday afternoon. Don't know if or when I'll experience a 'meltdown.' Right now is the first time I've been alone.

trying to get past the trying years to the good memories "

Yukiko Northon sent the following message to members of the Yuki Teikei Society on Christmas night. "Hi . . . Give your moms an extra hug for me today. . . or remember them and smile. After 73 years of living, my mom passed away today while napping on the couch surrounded by her haiku books and letters from friends. Her book, Kiyoko's Sky, was published and distributed 3 weeks ago. She was able to visit her family and friends last month in Japan, and last week during the annual Yuki Teikei Haiku Society winter party, she did an impromptu haiku reading from her book. She had Alzheimer's and I think she decided that before she got really bad, she would leave us while we knew she remembered us. She lived life with no regrets, and that is an accomplishment. Anyway, on Dec 28th (her 74th birthday) have a cup of tea (pref. green but any kind will do) and remember your Moms or smile at them and toast mine for me, ok?? Thanks all!" Yukiko Northon

A poem from Kiyoko's Sky:

Withering blast!
Mother you ran so fast to
that other country . . .

From Jon Jameson: "We wanted to let you know of our mother's passing. She died peacefully at home, cared for by her children and surrounded by all she loved - her books, music and dear little cat. She cherished all her friendships."

Lynx readers will remember Helen Jameson ,who published under the name of Ronan ,in over 500 publications in eight countries. Taken from her obituary in the Eugene, Oregon paper: "Helen Ronan Jameson of Eugene died Oct. 14 of complications from diabetes. She was 80. Jameson was born April 21, 1922 in Kalispell, Mont. to John and Josephine Raymond Ronan. She married Don Jameson in Chicago on September 18, 1948 and they divorced in 1960. She grew up in the Los Angeles area. During the World War II she served as a sergeant in the Marine Corps and played clarinet in the Women's USMC Band. She received a master's degree in education from the University of La Verne in California, and another master's degree in 1978 from California State University at Long Beach. She also had a Ph.B. from the University of Chicago. She organized and operated an adult education program in Ventura, California from 1972 - 1985. She was a self-employed music teacher and taught haiku and poetry after her retirement."

Bob Gibson sent this:

TANKA

Black-and-white Holsteins
Crowd downfield at feeding time,
Mingling their blotches.
It is like ice breaking up
In a dark, swollen river.

--Richard Wilbur

"I found this in this week's New Yorker Magazine."

From Sanford Goldstein: "I did receive the GENJI last week and spent all my spare time reading it. It is a tour de force, an exciting work, and certainly deserving of praise. I found your notes excellent, though often I wanted more information. You seem to want to make us readers work hard in figuring out some of the connections even as you point the way.

Several things occurred to me. One was that by giving short summaries and emphasizing the poems, you make us focus on the poems themselves. I do not think that the poems in the novel itself get that much attention because when one is reading a novel, one wants to know the "what-happens-next." We don't want to take the time out to analyze the meanings of the poems. By doing what you've done, you have made us concentrate on these remarkable poems. And that is very much a plus.

On the other hand, by telescoping the events and focusing on the poems, our interpretation of Genji changes. Liaisons often make him seem more like an overly sexed person. [I'm now reading Keane's book on Emperor Meiji, and I discovered Meiji had 15 children through five wives.] Of course in Heian, that was what the aristocrat did. But it also occurred to me that the younger Genji is more like a Don Juan, but as he proceeds, he becomes more and more sensitive. So this might have been Murasaki's plan.

As I said, the work's excites me, and I feel like going back to my Seidensticker, which I bought in the 1970's. You create all the intrigue and sensitivity and sophistication of the age. Sometimes, though, by your leaving off the subject, as in Japanese, I sometimes get into a grammatical tangle. At other times, I find I do have to work to see the meaning of a poem, even with the note--and that perhaps shows as well the difficulty of Murasaki and

perhaps the inadequacy of my own attachment to nature. But it's in these poems that I think tanka does make really effective use of nature."

From Newsweek on September 16, 2002 was this tanka on an ad for the new car, the Prius from Toyota:

"HYBRID FACT #2

In the race
for greener cars,
Prius is leading
by more than
800 million miles"

From Lorraine Ellis Harr a Christmas card with greetings to all and the news: "I made it to 90! this year." Her birthday is on Halloween .

In an e-mail from Owen Bullock:

"In the October Lynx, I really appreciated David Bachelor's "in today's mail". It's the kind of piece you would like to have written yourself, but never quite managed. Angela Leuck's "this scented candle" has a similar effect on me. It's a direct, almost abrupt, way of asserting the importance of the everyday, and something many of us would have wondered about in relation to those treat-ish things. "For the first time" by Coman Sonia Cristina was also a highlight - an intimate moment of a kind."

An e-mail from Annie Gustin:

Hello, again. Thank you for answering my submission questions a few days ago. Actually, I'm glad that Lynx has a preference for tanka, because there are much fewer tanka journals than there are haiku journals. I am, therefore, enclosing a selection of my tanka (instead of haiku) for your consideration. I realize this e-mail address is different from the one you sent me, but the submission guidelines ask that poetry be sent here--I hope you can read the poetry I have enclosed.

When I say "enclosed," I am using the word loosely. Since you prefer e-mail submissions, I have prepared my tanka to send you through e-mail. My tanka sequence was published for the first time this past August. Colorado's The Arts Paper released a special memorial issue about Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and four of my tanka were included in that special issue. I have written many tanka about the dropping of the atomic bomb; perhaps, one day, I will be able to publish a collection. My haiku has appeared in the Asahi Haikuist Network (4x), the Mainichi Daily News, the 13th Itoen Winners' Anthology (2002), and I was one of the five international winners of this year's Suruga Baika Literary Festival. Additional poetry (lyric, narrative) has been published in numerous journals, among them, The Lyric, Frontiers: A Journal of Women Studies, The International Quarterly, Samba, and Torre de Papel (University of Iowa). I was born in Brazil, but have lived in the United States since I was a child. Professionally, I am a language teacher--I have taught both Portuguese and English as a Second Language for many years. I enjoy your website because it showcases so many different forms of

poetry. I have been to visit the site several times lately, and I am still not finished reading!

paul conneally writes:

"Happy New Year! Here is the first piece from a new series of 'rens' - working with newspaper/magazine stories - found prose/poetry and poems evoked/invoked in me/from me - here the terrible actions in the story bring a peaceful and loving moment back to me."

Tony Beyer writes:

"But really this is more an excuse to comment on some ideas you raise about tanka. There seems to be a lot of concern, for or against, about the role of narrative in sequences or individual poems. I like the idea of an implied or even suppressed narrative. This sequence, like others I'm working on, deliberately avoids narrative, treating a different kind of unsentimental beauty in what I thought of at first as a series of frames, though they are also quite cinematic. What does seem important is to remind ourselves that originality and risk are not out of place in modern tanka, in English or Japanese. I'm sincerely grateful for the support and encouragement your acceptance of the sequence for Lynx represents."

In response to another letter from Owen Bullock, Werner wrote:

Dear Owen, At the end of your letter you said: "I have tried to write a tanka sequence but without success so far." Well, do you want me to find an answer to this remark? I rather restrain myself in letters if it comes to look deeper into the matter of contemporary poetry. For good reasons, because we all experienced how easily words can be misunderstood. But saying this I feel free to add something that basically can be seen only as a positive statement. To make a long story short and I would wish not to surprise you too much I don't hesitate to write to you that at least the first five if not all six of your tanka can be read as a sequence. What's a sequence? Right, what's a contemporary sequence? That's a true question, and something on that we may disagree, naturally. So what is it I really can say what I think myself about a sequence? What unites five, six or more verses, what makes them fit together in the eyes of the educated reader? I agree it's a weakness of mine to express myself disturbingly short, and the following statement will be no exception. So I simply say, it is the spirit of the poet that unites the verses of a sequence. It's not the subject, not the subject matter, basically not what we call a 'theme', even though those things can play a role. Sure, there are tricks to link one verse to another, and if one doesn't want to use the old ones one certainly can invent new ones. (for me, composing a sequence means not lining up verse after verse written in one day or so but searching through very many of my tanka or other material to find out which ones fit together under aspects not used by anybody else.) But my point is, that a sequence is held together by a certain spirit. It's up to the poet in you to recognize those spirits and find out what kind of 'leaps' belong together, make sense in a higher sense. And here it comes: it is the unexpected link, the link not ever used before, the fascinating leap and what can be read between the lines. Seen from this point of view your tanka are okay, with an adoption here or there, in case you want to, verse 4 could follow verse 2, and then 'in strong sunlight...' can be read as a sequence. It's your way of composing a sequence, period. Others may not see it this way. But what the hell does that mean to you as long as you yourself are convinced that exactly reading those 'leaps' produce what you wanted to express, or are indeed that for what you as a writer feel you are the medium for? People didn't understand what T.S. Elliot put together for The Waste Land, what Mallarme did or why James Joyce had to act the way he did. At a certain time in

history new poetical techniques have been tried out to present the so far unknown. Well, it is certainly only up to you what to do with your tanka. Please let me know –"

Brendan Duffin wrote: I'm grateful for publication and would like the sequence to be titled "Ulsterville Nights." I'm painfully conscious of how precious this may sound but as someone who has much more experience in this genre than me do you believe these tanka fail as individual offerings? I'm a novice trying to find my own style of expression and being part of no workshop no-one else has seen these verses.

Werner wrote: "Your question if the tanka you sent fail as individual offerings is not easily to answer. I would say, some could stay by themselves, some probably not. In each case one can argue for this or that decision. But my point was basically that all five of your tanka are in a special, in a very special and striking way related to each other and therefore are really building a sequence. And appearing to the reader as a sequence, they fulfill the requirements of a poem. That's what we're working for with Lynx. Brendan, you're a poet. It almost surprises me that indeed you wrote that well and didn't recognize it fully. Sure, like for any other genre there are theories ' how to write a tanka'. Examples of single tanka and of tanka sequences you will find in our Lynx issues under Ahapoetry.com, first feature is the magazine. Are you ready to look at a short definition of tanka (and forget it right away??) A tanka is a method of juxtaposition of separate objects, not a run-on sentence. It needs to have a syntactical branch, dividing the verse in 2 parts or events so as to take a new matrix or constellation of meaning. Switch between voice, tone, person, place, or facets of relationships. The third line is mostly seen as the ' pivot line'. There is a book on the market I can highly recommend: The Modern Poetry Sequence, The Genius of Modern Poetry, by M.L. Rosenthal and Sally M. Gall. Oxford University Press, 1983. It says everything about sequences, even though it does not mention tanka. Jane's book, Writing and Enjoying Haiku: A Hands-on Guide by Kodansha International will be available in February and in addition to writing about haiku, she also addresses the subject of renga, haibun and tanka with an emphasis on sequences. You can order it now at Amazon.com for 30% off."

Richard Gilbert, author of the article that changed the way we think of Japanese sound units in poetry writes: "I now have a new email address and also new website address. "

Kat wrote: "I still wish you had a print copy of Lynx. I like something I can hold in my hands, show my family and keep for posterity. lol"

Answer from Jane: "You can have a print copy of Lynx. All you have to do is hit the print button on your browser and there it is! If you wish to save paper and even make your very own personal version of Lynx, you can highlight parts you like, love and want to save, copy them (control + c, on most machines) and paste them (control + v) into a page of a new document. This you can save on disk or print it out. You can play editor and create the Lynx of your dreams by including only the work you want! Especially anyone wanting to do the Participation Renga should try the "printing out the whole file" process to get the renga on sheets on which to write your new links. This is a lot more fun than

opening up an envelope that has cost both of us \$1.42 or more to send out. Do have fun with Lynx and think of the online version as only a beginning. If you are into saving the issues of Lynx on a bookshelf, get a notebook binder. Punch holes in your printed-out sheets and there you have better bound issues of the magazine than I can give you. Nothing is lost and so much money and postage is saved. Best of all, we are letting another tree go on living as we want to do."

Bob Flannery wrote: "Jim Wilson (aka Tundra Wind of participation renga fame) is up and about after a surgery. I talked with him at Border's Books in Santa Rosa."

Jim Wilson (aka Tundra Wind) wrote on the 19th of Nov.:

"I have started my new job in Sebastopol. It's nice to start a bookstore from the ground up. It's a lot of work, but it feels like creative work, rather than just make-do work. Just wanted to let you know that things are somewhat better."

From Karma Tenzing Wangchuk aka Dennis Dutton on the island of Sifnos in Greece:

dear folks, a little hobbled the past couple days with a gimpy knee--better today, so hiked up the winding marble steps to the next village, katavati, taking photographs including 2 of busts of sifnian poets--cleanthis triandyfyllos and aristemis proveleggios--and a few of a windmill, maybe a still-working windmill since the rigging was still there tho not the sails; it was working the first time i came here, in 1992. most of the windmills are either ancient and in ruin or converted into apartments. yep, apartments. expensive ones. one of the other interesting features of sifnos are her ancient towers--to go along with the ancient walls that seem to be everywhere, defining the terraces on pretty much all the hillsides and down in many of the lower areas too. I saw some men repairing one section of wall last week--so we're talking continuity of labor and use going back at least 2,500 years. very cool. of course the soil that's worked is a great deal older, so deeper older continuity there. . . . in ruin, the towers are easily confused with ancient windmills, but a few are marked as towers and there's a book on them--expensive; i once owned it but will pass this time around. one tower i took a photograph of several days ago dates to 450 b. c. so . . . old. very. there are several dozen towers through the island, built to signal the approach of pirate ships. fires would be built on top of them so that folks everywhere in the ten or so villages and other localities could get ready--hide possessions, hide food, store water, hide women and children, and otherwise prepare for battle and/or siege.

Those nights the towers
blazed with signal fires--
how terrifying
they must have been . . .
and how beautiful!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Olwen Williams writes: "I have just completed a web site for Graeme Matthews who produces photography books. His most interesting book is a book of Haiku illustrated with New Zealand

photographs, but he has published several other books. One of New Zealand photographs available in several languages is featured on his site. The site and the Haiku book page is well worth a visit.

From the owner of the Haiku Hut: It is time to celebrate POETRY MONTH, and our site: is just the place. We specialize in Haiku, Senryu, Tanka, and other 'short forms' of poetry. We have poetry by some of the best poets on the net: Beki Reese, Craig Kirchner, Deborah Russell, Gary Blankenship, Glenda Samford-Martinez, Irene Koronas, Joyce Chelmo, Kevin Ryan, Linda Vee Huston, Michael Rehling, Paul Kren, Robert D. McManes, Thomas Fortenberry, Tony Schofield, Wendy Howe. We also have some stunning PHOTO HAIKU, featuring this month the work of DEBORAH RUSSELL! Irene Koronas, and Joyce Chelmo share Visual Images of their Art! And links to some of the finest sites for Haiku on the Web. We have MUCH more planned, so please BOOKMARK the site and return often. We have a fresh new face, and more than enough constantly changing content to be a key resource for your poetry thirst this month, and every month thereafter. And don't forget to visit our sister site.

From Jenifer Lawrence: There is an outstanding Writer's conference in the northwest each July, it's the Centrum Writer's Workshop, in Port Townsend at the Fort Worden Conference Grounds. The poet Sam Hamill puts this together every year. It runs from July 11 to July 21 this year, and room, board, workshops, readings and lectures runs about \$800. This year (2002), the faculty include D. Yusef Komunyakaa, Arthur Sze, Chase Twichell and Dorianne Laux, among others. Arthur Sze, a poet and translator, author of *The Red-Shifting Web*, and *Silk Dragon*, has 2 openings in his workshop (limited to 16, very cozy). So here's a link to check out Centrum. I'm confident that you'd find this worth your while.

Lisa Janice Cohen writes: "FYI, I am the new webmaster of Amaze with Denis Garrison's illness. Our new url for Amaze: [The Cinquain Journal](#)."

And Deborah P. Kolodji writes: "I'm a native Californian who works in information technology to fund my poetry habit. I am currently the editor of Amaze: [The Cinquain Journal](#)."

From Janine Beichman, "I'm wondering if I can enlist you in some publicity for three books that I've published this year. Two are reprints, and one is new. The new book (published in June, by University of Hawai'i Press) *Embracing the Firebird: Yosano Akiko and the Birth of the Female Voice in Modern Japanese Poetry*.

This tells the story of Akiko's life from her birth in 1878 until the publication of *Midaregami* (Tangled Hair) in 1901. It shows in detail how *Midaregami*, one of the greatest works of modern Japanese poetry, came into being, and at the same time how Akiko herself came to be a poet. It also has three long chapters about *Midaregami* itself as a work of art, analyzing its themes, settings, voices, structure, and significance in Japanese poetry. And it includes over two hundred translations of *tanka* by Akiko herself as well as others with whom she was associated.

Most of the poems have not been translated before, but even where they have, I have made new

translations. The introduction discusses various issues in translation and the notes tell their own story, of my detailed readings of all previous commentators on the poems, with reasons why, in a number of cases, the interpretations on which my translations are based differ from those of previous commentators. This book is the product of a decade of research and writing and I hope to follow it with a second and perhaps a third volume in order to tell the whole story of the most important woman poet of 20th century Japan. It is available through the website of University of Hawai'i Press and also from Amazon.com

The reprints are:

Masaoka Shiki: His Life and Works

This literary biography of Shiki was originally published, as you know, in 1982, by Twayne, then republished in 1986 by Kodansha. Both publishers let it go out of print and now Cheng and Tsui, in Boston, has picked it up. In the new edition, I have added a number of striking photographs of Shiki (the earlier editions had none), and a short bibliographical update. Also, we added a sub-title to avoid confusion with Burton Watson's book of translations of Shiki's poetry. It can be ordered from Cheng and Tsui's website.

Poems for All Seasons/ Oriori no Uta: An Anthology of Japanese Poetry from Ancient Times to the Present

This was originally published a few years back, by Kodansha International, but the same publisher has now reissued it in a slightly changed format: we've added a sub-title to make clear that it's not just a smorgasbord of various poems, but, albeit not arranged chronologically, still a good introduction to Japanese poetry in all forms; and the selection is slightly (very slightly) different. Also--and this is I must say I'm really pleased with--they have given it a really pretty cover, which, unlike the earlier edition, looks quite poetic. It can be ordered in the United States through Sasuga Books , as a special order. Or, I am told, found at Kinokuniya and Maruzen and other branches of Japanese bookstores in the United States.

Joan Payne Kincaid writes of her new book: TALK SHOW by Pudding House Publications, 60 North Main Street, Johnstown, Ohio 43031 or the web site. Also copies are available from author.

From Laura Maffei, editor of American Tanka, come these contributions: I wanted to recommend to you the four-page theme collection of haiku and tanka, regularly put out by Mohammed H. Siddiqui. The recent one was on "Wind" and he sent me many copies. It's nicely printed, on one large folded sheet of heavy paper. If people want a copy, they can send me a large manila SASE with extra postage. Mr. Siddiqui can be reached at: Mohammed H. Siddiqui, 8339 Kendale Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21234-5013 e-mail: sidbaba@hotmail.com.

The other is a book I listed in a recent issue of American Tanka: One Hundred Tanka by Young Students of Today, published by Toyo University. They just sent me the 2002 one, and it's wonderful. The tanka have the slight language awkwardness of translations, but they are surprising in their quality and depth, especially coming mostly from teenagers. This may be because the 100 tanka are culled from over 69,000 entries. Examples:

Gazing
at the wavering flame
of the experiment,
I can vaguely see
my future. (Shinichiro Morimoto, age 15)

Like a mirror
reflecting the recession,
my father's back
looks smaller
than before. (Sachiko Okabe, age 16)

Correspondence: Public Relations Office, Toyo University, 5-28-20 Hakusan, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo 112-8606 JAPAN (fax: 81-3-3945-7574)

Laura Maffei also asked me to post this message from her: "Dear Subscribers, Readers, Contributors, and all who are interested in tanka: Announcing Changes to American Tanka. It has been a joy to edit and publish American Tanka semiannually from Fall 1996 through Spring 2002. Due to time constraints and severe financial difficulties, the next issue, Issue 13, will appear in the spring of 2003 and American Tanka will continue annually thereafter. The journal will continue to present the best of contemporary English-language tanka in a one-poem-per-page format and in a glossy, perfect-bound volume, in order to provide readers with the aesthetic pleasure American Tanka has become known for. Subscribers, please be assured that you will receive the number of issues for which you originally paid. We thank everyone for their patience in awaiting Issue 13, and we apologize to those whose letters and e-mails have not been answered since early May. We will be responding to everyone in the next several weeks. The cost of the journal will remain the same for now, at \$12 (shipping & handling included) for a copy of the current issue, and \$20 for a two-issue subscription. There is currently a special offer on back issues: 3 for \$20 until December 31, 2002. Please take advantage of this; it will help our budget and also help circulate American Tanka. Consider buying some back issues to distribute to friends or to your local library. Complimentary contributor copies, unfortunately, must be discontinued, but we will offer contributors the opportunity to order a copy of the issue in which their poem will appear, in advance (by March 21), for a discounted rate of \$8. Our new submission period is September 15 - February 15 each year. The submission policy will remain up to 5 original, unpublished single tanka, once per submission period. Again, thanks to all of you for your patience. If you have not subscribed or ordered copies, please consider supporting the only U.S. literary journal exclusively devoted to the stirring and powerful tanka form."

Lenard D. Moore writes: My poem "The Park In Union Square" is featured in the "Sunday Reader" (January 5, 2003) in the Sunday Journal Section of the Raleigh News & Observer, on the following website.

CONTEST NEWS

The winners of the 2002 Tanka Splendor Contest were: Pamela A. Babusci, John Barlow, Tony Beyer,

Marianne Bluger, Jeanne M. Breden, Margaret Chula, Kathy Lippard Cobb, paul conneally, Melissa Dixon, M.A. Fielden, Suzanne Finnegan, Laura Maffei, Thelma Mariano x 2, Sean McGlinchey, Dorothy McLaughlin x 2, Keith McMahan, Sue Mill, Joanne Morcom x 2, Matt Morden, K. Ramesh, Edward J. Rielly x 2, Bruce Ross, David Steele, Linda Jeannette Ward x 2, Michael Dylan Welch x 2, Alison Williams, Jane E. Wilson x 3. You can read the winning poems online.
Congratulations to everyone who took part in this contest!

And contest winners from John Barlow in England:

SNAPSHOT PRESS is proud to announce that the winner of The Snapshot Press Haiku Collection Competition 2002 is A Handful of Pebbles by Mark Brooks. Further details are available on the Snapshot Press website. A Handful of Pebbles will be published by Snapshot Press in the summer of 2003 as a 8 1/2" x 5 1/4" perfect bound book. Further details will be circulated when available. Details of The Snapshot Press Tanka Col

PARTICIPATION RENGA

AT THE BEACH

Rule: 3 – 2 lines alternating

Ends with 12 links

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

sight stunned
nose two
flame peels JMB

~*~

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

swirling swirling
the sound of
a siren CC

~*~

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

concentrating on the gulls
to neutralize
the nausea CC

~*~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
eating ice cream in the dark no more blondes WR

Carrot Top's
telephone time travel . . .
back in the Rotary Club CC

~*~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
missing the obvious he slashes his foot on a mussel-covered rock JAJ
coming home quietly broken shells and I WR
her new treasure a wagon full of driftwood JAJ
the stick I threw now in a dog's teeth WR

smushed sandcastle
curl-lipped snarl
of the 98-pound bully CC

~*~

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

"Whata beach!"
the young tough snarls
through slitted eyes JR

~*~

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

Irishman explaining
the steering wheel in his crotch:
"It drives me nuts!" JR

GENTLY WIPING DUST

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 100 lines
Theme: impermanence, transitoriness

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ

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

bare feet find
the linoleum CC

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ

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

churned
crust JMB

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR

up ahead another hidden curve ESJ
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game RF
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
bubblegum smack across her face JAJ
your mask your chewing JMB

in the dog's teeth
showing me
a bare bone WR

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
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Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
The Great Lost Kinks Album needle stuck in the last groove CC
"Just a little prick" nurse with a syringe GD
suddenly all the puppies' eyes open cg
trying to make sense of all that blue JAJ
Doberman licking clean the palette CC

some spittle left
the painter starts a portrait WR

~*~

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hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ

ashes as the police leave
burning marijuana WR

~*~

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hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
bubblegum smack across her face JAJ
wiping her feet at heaven's gate Pat Shelley CC

"wind do not muss my hair"
calm skies on the day of her death JR

JUST DAUGHTERS

12 links

theme: family relationships

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

girls walking
14 miles to join
war protesters WR

~*~

In the graveyard a carved stone angel with my daughter's face GM
grandma in her rocker turning clouds into faces cg
"get water from the well" she said, wanting me out of the kitchen GM
mother and son discuss making pickles JAJ
sex education must, say the educators begin at home JR
up on the armoire kids find the porno mag JAJ
sticky wings a moth JMB
first time for lipstick, her mouth wider than her lips GD
whispering "no" she turns a little more red WR
"Yes" might have been easier but she didn't love him JAJ

strong women raising hell
along with the kids JR

~*~

In the graveyard a carved stone angel with my daughter's face GM
grandma in her rocker turning clouds into faces cg
"get water from the well" she said, wanting me out of the kitchen GM
mother and son discuss making pickles JAJ
sex education must, say the educators begin at home JR
up on the armoire kids find the porno mag JAJ
sticky wings a moth JMB
first time for lipstick, her mouth wider than her lips GD
whispering "no" she turns a little more red WR
under my feet a spring of Spring water rushes over them WEG

both eyes shut
at night I see more WR

LA RENGA LOCA

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

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

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

Kiss
Incenses
Grizzled
Opponent CC

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

Turquoise

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

Pope
Introduces
Veterans
Of the Swiss Guard
To sharp shooters WR

~*~

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

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

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

Proper feelings
Often
Edges
Thrust into a
Reactive
You JR

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

To
Answer
Notes
Responding

Emotion
Names
Greater
Appetites JR

~*~

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

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

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

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

Zip, please
Elizabeth hand back her phone
Number WR

Catcher awaits the long throw from
Outfielder
Runner chases his shadow home CC

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

What are the rules
for the most beautiful game,

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

Memories
where did all
the good ones go? CC

Is it a diamond she flaunts
or a cubic z? DPK

~*~

What are the rules
for the most beautiful game,
and who can play? RF
What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ
Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM
Do you see that very bright star? JAJ
How about in five hundred years? RF
Can I buy shares in stockings interneted WR
what is the price of peers' pears palliated on a pair of piers? JR
where did your charm bracelet go? JAJ
Can there be love stored in a bank safe? WR
Mrs. Ginko, is she out on another walk? CC

Will she dry her foot in the pool? JMB

does one arrive "home"
with a death penalty? WR

~*~

What are the rules
for the most beautiful game,
and who can play? RF
What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ
Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM
what's the joke about navel seamen? JR
how many syllables does it take to screw up a haiku? CC

does it come from your head or your gut? cg
How can rain fall from empty sky? RF
Will that be a C cup or a D? JAJ
Wasn't this supposed to stop at 7? CC
Will your poetry be a true salve? WEG

Another billboard message from God? CC

Whatever cures your itch? JR

~*~

What are the rules
for the most beautiful game,
and who can play? RF
What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ
Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM
what's the joke about navel seamen? JR
how many syllables does it take to screw up a haiku? CC
does it come from your head or your gut? cg
How can rain fall from empty sky? RF
Will that be a C cup or a D? JAJ
Wasn't this supposed to stop at 7? CC
Does 12 sound any better? JAJ

why didn't she refuse
to leave me her number? WR

Shall we measure it
by the yard
or by the meter? CC

SWARMING
6-word links on the
Theme: swarming

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

That I couldn't count to six JMB

your daydreams

crowding out
the cobwebs CC

~*~

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

one victim states he's not Moslem WR

TIME

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

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

name-dropping
the same sounds
come and go JR

~*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ
for how long / this dream? RF
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM
Nasira waiting for us at the edge of eternity CC
oh to sit forever in the warm cradle of the moon ESJ
the thinnest sickle of light beyond clouds GD
sun rise the curve of a hill spreads the glow JR
her breasts' curve slopes lower GD
softer now like water: swimming JMB
out with the tide one hand not clapping WR

clung sand hot
napping
flat with the ride JMB

a few miles out
they want to scuttle
nuclear submarines BF

WITHIN/WITHOUT

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 12 links

Theme: interconnectedness

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

hissing hose
beneath the table JMB

~*~

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

blue heron passes
overhead BF

at the gulf course
hole 18 flooded WR

FINIS