

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

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EASINGTON HYAKIUN Renga (v1-36)

A short excerpt from a renga written on the renga platform built and maintained by Alec Finley. Passers-by are invited to stop, sit and write renga together. For most, this is their introduction to renga.

BUZZ WORDS #3 by Francine Porad & Marlene Mountain "see-all hear-all"

BUZZ WORDS #4 by Marlene Mountain & Francine Porad "unconfirmed eyewitness"

BUZZ WORDS #5 by Francine Porad & Marlene Mountain "cool-cookie"

BUZZ WORDS #6 by Marlene Mountain & Francine Porad "the last haiku"

FLOTSAM by Patricia Prime & Catherine Mair

ISLANDS OF THE GULF by Patricia Prime & Catherine Mair

UNFINISHED PAINTING by Patricia Prime & Catherine Mair

KILLHOPE HYAKUIN Renga by Subhadassi, Linda France, Rachel Ogden, Pam, Bill, Sarah, Joy, Janet, Peter, Alex, Ruth, Jackie, Phil, Peter, Ian, and Tasha

FULL FLOWER MOON by Karen L. Lewis & Martha Deed

YELLOW by Martha Deed & Karen L. Lewis

BLUE SMOKE by Larry Kimmel (U.S.A.) & Sheila Windsor (U.K.)

LEAVING GOLD by Virginia Woolf & Werner Reichhold

GRAPHICS by

John M. Bennett & Reed Altmus

Scott Macleod & John M. Bennett

BOOK REVIEWS:

Red Rock Yellow Stone: Journeys from Yellowstone to the Painted Desert. Photographs by Edwin Firmage. Perfect bound, 14 x 11 inches, 80 full color photographs with haiku by Japanese masters and Edwin Firmage. ISBN: 0-9765693-1-0. \$34.95. Contact.

The Santoka Versions by Scott Watson. Sasaki Printing and Publishing Co. Sendai, Japan: 2005. Flat-spined, 7 x 9 inches, ISBN: 4-915948-41-2, US\$10.00. Contact Boygirl Press, 3-13-16 Tsurugaya-higashi, Miyagino-ku, Sendai 983-0826 Japan.

Jokerman: haibun about playing cards by Geert Verbeke. Published by Cyberwit.net, India: 2005. Perfect bound, glossy gated cover, 5 x 8 inches, 96 pages. Contact.

a river years from here by Larry Kimmel. Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340 : 2005. Spiral bound, 8 x 5 inches, 50 pages, ISBN:0-9743856-8-9, \$7.50 postpaid (for overseas shipping, add \$2).

Liminalog by Tree Riesener. The Inmates Run the Asylum Press: 2005. Saddle-stapled, 5 x 8 inches, 30 pages, full color glossy cover. Contact the author at 211 Poplar Ave., Wayne, PA 19087.

A Piece of the Moon by Marje A. Dyck. Calisto Press:2005. Saddle-stapled, 5 x 8 inches, 42 pages of haiku, tanka and haibun, Foreword by Michael McClintock, ink illustrations by the author, ISBN:0-9739249-0-x, CAN\$5. US\$7. Contact Calisto Press, 7 Richmond Place No., Saskatoon, SK Canada, S1K-1A6.

New England Country Farmhouse. Haiku by R.W. Watkins with an introduction by G.B. Jones. The Poetical Perspectives Series by Nocturnal Iris Publications: 2005. Saddle-stapled, 24 pages, 5 x 8 inches, ISBN: 0-9733510-0-4.

As Things Are: Tanka poetry by Kawano Yuhko. Translated by Amelia Fielden and Uzawa Kozue. Ginninderra Press: 2005. Saddle-stapled, 5.75 x 8 inches, 36 pages, US\$15. includes air mail postage from Australia. Contact Amelia Fielden, 20A Elouera Ave., Buff Point NSW 2262, Australia.

Bzz & Miauw by Geert Verbeke. Perfect bound, 4 x 8.50 inches, 160 pages, black and white illustrations, ISBN: 90-77408-10-X. Contact.

Shared Writing: Renga Days by Alec Finlay. An anthology of nijuuin and hyakuin renga and renga days on the renga platform, 2002 –2004. Platform projects by Morning Star, Yorkshire Sculpture Park, Baltic Center for Contemporary Art. Perfect bound, 4.75 x 7 inches, 128 pages, color photos throughout, ISBN: 0-9546831-4-5. Contact Alec Finlay.

Letters in Time: Sixty Short Poems by Michael McClintock. Hermitage West:2005. Softbound, 5.25 x 6.75, 78 pages, ISBN: 0-9770239-0-X, US\$10, CAN\$13. Contact.

crumb moves the ant by geri barton. Saki Press:2005. Chapbook, 5.5 x 4.25, 32 pages. A Virgil Hutton Haiku Memorial Award Chapbook Contest Winner 2004-2005. Saki Press, 1021 Gregory Street, Normal, IL 61761.

Book of Haikus by Jack Kerouac. Penguin Poets:2004. \$13.
Reviewed by Don Ammons

Haiku Flowers and Trees. Distributed by Kamogawa Shuppan, Published by Win-kamogawa, Kyoto, Japan, 2005. Reviewed by Marjorie Buettner

Fall & Winter 2005 Haiku Harvest - Journal of Haiku in English, Volume 5 Number 1, published - online & print Denis M. Garrison, Editor.

Contemporary Sijo: An Introduction to the Classic Korean Verse Form featuring Marcyn Del Clements,

Rynn Jacobs & Kim Unsong. Published by Nocturnal Iris, R.W. Watkins, Editor with Bill West and Kim Unsong as Creative Consultants. Subscriptions: \$12 for three issues. Box 111, Moreton's Harbour, NL Canada A0G 3H0.

Michael Dudley's newest book, Pilgrimage, by Red Moon Press, of minimal haiku has been released. ISBN:1-893959-55-4, \$16.95.

In The Japan Times, Sunday, September 25, 2005, David Burleigh reviewed Harue Aoki's book A Woman's Life (previously review in Lynx).

In a letter from Yoshio Koganei, we learned that his Mother, Sumiko Koganei, author of Three Trees, had died in her sleep in the night of December 2nd, 2005.

PARTICIPATION RENGA

by AB - Alice Benedict; CC - Carlos Colón; CF - Vikki Celeste Fannin; cg - Cindy Guntherman; CM - Cristian Mocanu, CSK - Carol Stroh Kemp; dht - Doris H. Thurston; DPK -Deborah P. Kolidji, DR - David Rice; DWP - Darrel W. Parry; EF - Eric Folsom; EL - Eva LaVollette, ESJ - Elizabeth St Jacques; FA - Fay Aoyagi, FP - Francine Porad; FPA - Francis (Paul) Attard; GD - Gene Doty; GM - Giselle Maya; GR - George Ralph; GV - Geert Verbeke; 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; meta - metarandom; 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; TSP - Tyler Pruett; TV - Teresa Volz; TW - Tundra (Jim Wilson) Wind; WEG - Elliot Greig; WR - Werner Reichhold; YH - Yvonne Hardenbrook; ZP - Zane Parks.

LETTERS TO LYNX

LAST LETTERS by Marianne Bluger & Jane Reichhold

LETTERS from: Gary Blankenship, Alex Finlay, Kirsty Karkow, Larry Kimmel, Karen L. Lewis, Angela Leuck, Ellen Olinger, Francine Porad,

AN OPEN LETTER TO: Michael McClintock by Werner Reichhold

Information on the ukiaHaiku Festival.

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This issue of LYNX is dedicated to:

Marianne Sasha Bluger Neily, August 28, 1945 - October 29, 2005

and

Sumiko Koganei, December 2, 2005

ARTICLES

REPORT ON NHK TANKA PROGRAM

Amelia Fielden

For some years now, the educational arm of Japan's national radio and television broadcaster, NHK, has produced a monthly half-hour TV program on tanka, as well as a parallel haiku program. This is recorded in the Tokyo studios, and shown twice in the following month on the NHK Educational channel.

The format is always that of a three-person panel discussion. Two of the participants are regulars, albeit they change from time to time: an NHK compère, and a "selector", a Japanese poet contracted to the program for periods between 6 and 24 months. The third is an invited guest. In October 2000 I appeared on the program as the guest, and was again invited by selector Kawano Yūko, to do so in November 2005.

Appropriately enough, the November program was recorded on the 23rd, which is "Culture Day", a public holiday throughout Japan.

Before summarizing the program we made on the 23rd November, I should explain its format. NHK Tanka (formerly called NHK Tanka Forum), is built around the involvement of Japan's thousands of regular and enthusiastic tanka writers. Each month a topic is set by the NHK selector, and the population at large is encouraged to submit to her/him two tanka on that topic, or on a free topic, (without submission fees), for consideration in the following month. From the submissions received, the selector then chooses her "top ten" tanka to be read aloud and critiqued during the program.

This "top ten" appears again, together with the selector's comments, plus a further body of 90 tanka submitted for the same month and deemed worthy of special mention, in the monthly Tanka Journal, (100 pages, with colour photographs), which NHK publishes in association with its TV program.

The TV program includes a "correction corner", where the selector takes 2 or 3 tanka also from those submitted for the month, and with a scarlet pen demonstrates how these poems could be improved.

I was told that 4,726 appropriate poems on the set topic of finger(s), or free choice, had been received for the November program! Two days before my appearance, I was given a sheet of the top ten tanka already chosen by Kawano Yūko, and asked to prepare my own responses to them for discussion during the program. I also needed to pick my favourite from among the ten, and be ready to explain (in Japanese of course), its attractions.

So to the program. This is how it ran on the day:

- Visual of the flower arrangement behind the panelists' table.
- Brief explanation by the compère Hirano Keiko of the flowers, which included Australian natives for Amelia's benefit.
- Greetings to the audience by Hirano, Kawano, and Amelia.
- Introduction of the "special guest" by Hirano and Kawano. Responses from Amelia.

- Reading aloud and comments by Amelia on one of her Kawano tanka translations. This tanka was shown on the screen in Japanese and English as it was being read and discussed.
- Reading aloud by Hirano of the top ten tanka.
- Critiquing by Kawano of each of the ten tanka, Hirano and Amelia contributing as discussants.
- "Correction corner". Kawano re-wrote sections of two tanka (not from the top ten) and held up both the originals, and improved versions, to the camera.
- "Tanka travelogue". A poem by a well-known tankaist Onishi Tamiko, appeared against a beautiful scenic background and was read allowed by a voice off-stage.
- Tanka of the season: winter solstice. A mini-talk given by Kawano Yūko, who then introduced a winter poem by a fellow poet from the Tower society, Manaka Tomohisa.
- Discussion amongst Kawano, Hirano, and Amelia about Amelia's work as a translator of contemporary Japanese tanka: background, methodology, focus, and so on.
- Introduction, reading aloud in Japanese and English, and commentary on another of Amelia's translated tanka.
- Second reading aloud of all the "top ten" tanka.
- Amelia's "number one". Reading, and explanation for her choice.
- Kawano's "best three" from the top ten; her comments on them.
- A roll of drums and Kawano's "number one" (chosen independently, and not the same as Amelia's favourite). Discussion of this.
- Brief remarks on the seasons: with Japan's days shortening into winter, Australia currently experiencing mid-summer temperatures.
- Information on how to submit tanka, on the topic of bean curd, or free-choice, for the next round, given by Hirano.
- Close

Followed by an off-camera lunch, and animated discussion amongst the participants, director, and producer.

TO MY READERS

Aya Yuhki

[The following was laid in the book, *White Flower in the Sky*, a series of linked tanka between Anna Holley and Aya Yuhki and translated into Japanese by Aya Yuhki. The book is to be reviewed in the next issue of *Lynx*.]

Indeed, Anna Holley and I haven't met yet, but seven or eight years have passed since the air-mail letters between us began to cross the Pacific Ocean. In 1992 *The Tanka Journal* was published by The Japan Tanka Poets' Society. Through this magazine, I realized Anna's tanka had a great deal of similarity to Japanese tanka. This was the beginning of our correspondence.

From those days I was exploring the fixed-form English tanka. I wondered, if it were possible to translate English tanka into the fixed-form Japanese tanka, I could recognize it as one model of English tanka. With Anna's corporation, I translated her 91 English tanka into Japanese, which crystallized into her book *Cold Waves: Life of Tanka*. As I had expected, her tanka was beautifully translated into the fixed-form Japanese tanka.

We were exchanging letters in the process of our collaboration. One day, she sent a tanka saying that she was inspired by priest Jyakuren's tanka. Touched, I composed a tanka in reply. I proposed that we exchange tanka in answer to each other. Thus, our wayward English tanka travel began.

The date on each page shows the date we corresponded. We made a series titled "Time" from our first ten tanka. After that, we chose the title in advance. As time passed, we realized that exchanging one tanka at a time was slow, so there was a period when we exchanged two tanka at a time. It was our rule to compose tanka in response to the other's latter tanka. Then, both of us shared the last ninth and tenth tanka each. We also composed a long twenty tanka series or thirty tanka series, consisting of three ten tanka series in parallel. Our tanka correspondence seemed like echoes, harmonics, mirror Images etc. Anna or Aya placed at the end of each tanka shows its writer. All the Japanese translation was done by Aya Yuhki. At the last page of each series, I wrote a mini-essay substituting a foreword. The above is a brief summary of this book.

As I said before, I would like to note the relationship of Anna's tanka with the fixed-form English tanka. Mr. Kyuma Ono who has a deep interest in the fixed-form English tanka, was exploring the English tanka form which took the same length of time as that of Japanese tanka when read in flat voices without any emotion. He asked Anna to read her own tanka out of her tanka collection *Cold Waves* and to record them on a tape. Analyzing that tape, the results showed that the length of time of her reading one tanka is as almost long as that of Japanese tanka when read under the same conditions. He admitted her tanka could be a model of the fixed-form English tanka. We were much encouraged.

I began to explore the fixed-form English tanka which would theoretically carry the Japanese tanka characteristics. It is well known that the metrical beauty of Japanese tanka, half meaning and half sound, comes from the repetition of 5 sounds and 7 sounds. Not only in tanka but also in the general fixed-form poetry of Japan, we unconsciously put suitable length pause or prolong vowels, when we read it out loud. There is a certain unwritten rule. Including those voiceless built-in spaces, we can admit that every tanka consists of 8 spaces 5 phrases, that is 40 spaces which are equivalent to 40 sounds. Every phrase is quadruple time with a beat of two sounds. In the 5- sound phrase there are 3 pauses and in the 7- sound phrase, there is one pause. (refer to Chart 1)Chart 1 Tanka's absolute rhythm quadruple time with a beat of two sounds one beat | two beat |three beat | four beat

yononaka wa
tsunenimogamona
nagisa kogu
amino obune no
tsunade kanashimo

In short, tanka rhythm in every phrase proceeds like quadruple time with a beat of two sounds. This is the pattern for every five phrases. Therefore, 5-phrase tanka always has twenty-beats in itself. There is no great difference between our organs producing sound. So, we can assume that Japanese tanka balances twenty-beat English tanka with its ten stresses. Let me confirm the above again.

Japanese tanka has a twofold aspect: tanka consists of 5 phrases of 5-7-5-7-7 sounds. At the same time Japanese tanka consists of 20 beats, which is equivalent to 10 stresses in English tanka. If Japanese tanka is translated into 10 stresses English tanka, both tanka are balanced not only in the meaning but also in the meter.

Having analyzed Anna's tanka, I made a chart showing the number of stresses of her tanka. Coincidentally, I found that more than 80 % of Anna's tanka were written from 9 feet to 11 feet tanka poems. I said that her tanka had a great deal of similarity to Japanese tanka. Now, I think I can say that it is not only from the spirit of her tanka but also from the technical aspect that her tanka was written in an equivalent beat to Japanese tanka.

I would like to extend my gratitude to the members of The Tanka Journal, Hatsue Kawamura, Hiroshi Shionozaki and Eisuke Shiiki who showed their generosity by printing our particular series which was always one work by two. I would like to extend my gratitude to the members of POETRY NIPPON, Gen Ohinata, Yorifumi Yaguchi, Mitsuru Ohike, P. Duppenthaler, and S. Tosker. I also would like to extend my gratitude to Emeritus professor who wrote the introduction for this book, N. Belsh and Naokata Oishi whose efforts contributed this beautiful book.

2005 July
Aya Yuhki

SOLO POETRY

GHAZALS

HOME
James Fowler

Night-fishing beneath the Ascutney Bridge, I hear the drivers
in their metal cages crossing over. No light falls on the river.

When winter forces itself upon the water, warmth-seeking winds
rush down from the north and plagiarize the voice of the river.

In their wisdom, the ancient ones named the river Quonoktacut
Their blood flows in my veins, so I call her the never-ending river.

I, the pickerel weed and the cattails think the best day of the year
is when the red-wing blackbirds invoke spring back to the river.

After twenty-five years away, I again walk the banks and fields.
Last night, I dreamt I unloaded a ship. I woke beside the river.

The heron knows the frog. The northern pike believes in ducks.
Summer's slow surface hides the unrelenting truth of the river.

The walleye sheds its skin, wades out of the shallows a woman,
knocks on the door of the lonely man and becomes his river.

Each droplet of water in the rollicking thunderhead remembers
when autumn sun rowed the dark line of night across the river.

Standing on the cliffs, at midnight, I see stars above, stars below.
Squirrel, it has come time for you to swim the twofold river.

RAINING CW Hawes

I look out my window and see today it is raining.
I've places to go, things to do; but what the hey? It's raining.

The soft drumming sings to me of something primeval;
I sip my mug of tea, all the while weighing it is raining.

I think of you and how you love the sound of falling rain;
Cuddled next to you is where I'd like to stay when it's raining.

Driving in the car, wipers beating time to sad love songs;
Mile after long, lonely mile I survey it is raining.

And when Akikaze at long last pulls into the drive,
You can wager he will be praying it is raining.

TO SMELL THE ROSES CW Hawes

Working overtime every day, who takes time to smell the roses?
Sitting in the freeway parking lot, who takes time to smell the roses?

Once I knew a woman who had flower beds by the dozen,
But rarely did she take time to smell the roses.

Millions living crowded together in dirty cities;
Where are the flowers so one can take time to smell the roses?

Driving in the countryside, we spy a cottage covered in blooms;
But who is there taking time to smell the roses?

The question must be asked: what is so all-fired important
That no one takes time to smell the roses?

So let that musician over there finish this poem;
Akikaze takes time to smell the roses.

TENDERLY CW Hawes

Let me kiss your lips every day tenderly;
let me love you in every way tenderly.

All of those vibrant, dancing green leaves of summer
flutter to the ground in autumn and decay tenderly.

On those nights when the moonlight hides the stars,
let me slip off your negligee tenderly.

In the morning, when prayers ascend to God,
your name will be on my lips as I pray tenderly.

The days and the months and the years pass quickly:
the new wine becomes old, lay it down tenderly.

An apple plucked from the tree and eaten;
the span of our years to say what we say tenderly.

For Akikaze, it matters little what should be;
on his guitar, love songs play tenderly.

IN THE WOODS CW Hawes

After the soft spring rain, I went for some fresh air in the woods;
What a delight to see the deer and turkeys there in the woods.

A hellish week this was of working long hours for the man;
Came the weekend I beat feet, played solitaire in the woods.

To meet God in a Cathedral on Sundays is okay;
Yet I'd rather smell His scent and breathe my prayer in the woods.

At the ball I consent to being stuffed into a tux,
But in the back of my mind I see me bare in the woods.

How long ago was that luscious, sensual summer day
When we went off together as a pair to the woods?

The autumn leaves blow in the wind, yet where are the answers?
Akikaze spurns such things: there's no despair in the woods.

MY BELOVED

C W Hawes

I have tasted the wine of my beloved;
I am drunk from the lips of my beloved.

In the deepening darkness of the night
comes the ecstatic cry of my beloved.

In the waning darkness of the dawning,
I gently stroke the hair of my beloved.

Calculating budgets for a client,
suddenly there's the smile of my beloved.

In the depths of the night I hear murmurs:
prayers rising from the lips of my beloved.

Today the dhow set sail for distant lands;
I hear "khudha hafiz"* from my beloved.

Akikaze sings a wordless love song
and the wind carries it to his beloved.

*meaning "God be with you"

WILL

Ruth Holzer

That day arrives, against your will,
however tardy, you know it will.

Where are the powdery wings of the moth?
What remains of its self-destructive will?

You lie in your tent by the golden fire,
hear the horned owl and the whip-poor-will.

A dog barks one note throughout the night.
You point your pistol, but lack the will.

Under a stack of paperback thrillers –
the strongbox holding Ruth's last will.

NOTES FROM THE FUTURIST PROJECT

Tim Jones

You float like a cloud in trousers
I stand with my cow in the rain

Your poems electrified Russia
Your dams were a hymn to the rain

Your empire crumbled around us
As here and as gone as the rain

The birch tree lies by the roadside
Its branches are wept by the rain

The smoke of my village drifts upwards
Its ashes retreat from the rain

Your red square has entered the market
Its cobbles are slick with the rain

The future lies inside the present
As close as a cloud and its rain.

MILKWEED POD

Tree Riesener

Live in prayer: contemplative bee in amber,
fly fallen into the maple syrup jug,

Jesus' downy head rounding Mary's womb
soft and silky as the inside of a milkweed pod.

Wind tugs and finds a chink;
flying downy seeds gradually pull away into air
like baby birds or girls' fragile grave-grown hair,
taking airy leave from a milkweed pod.

Twenty-five million bubbles in every bottle of champagne,
forty-four thousand people in the air
at any one time, but no one has counted
the seeds in a milkweed pod.

In lost places-- circles carved into corn or eerie silent sunlight
in the midst of fields standing
still at noon-- ghosts walk with backward feet,
free floaty flowers from a milkweed pod.

Comfort me with kisses, for I am sick with love;
stay me with apples; touch my secret places
soft as mouse's fur or the excited slickness
of an open, shedding milkweed pod.

Filter sunlight with this stained glass:
silky seeds floating on a beam of brilliance
surrounding him, the prince of silk,
emerging pantocrator on a mandorla milkweed pod.

Honey-fertilized earth still visited by homeless bees;
cicadas, crickets and grasshoppers
have moved into the weedy circle where the tree grew;
left, the potential of milkweed pods.

TOGETHER
Tree Riesener

At certain times and places, slipping through,
sometimes lingering, malingering, remaining fluid,
the solid-packed jigsaw in air;
human, jaguar, stone, demon, angel tangled together.

A nose from me, a pinky from you,
someone else's curving bottom, a craft class
where lightning splits the air, things fall apart,
chimeras are devised, stitched, mangled, together.

Mary's evening silver hammer shatters the peppermint pig,

no reassembly until the end;
vengeful voters and governors fond of death
schedule fallen angels to be strangled together.

A new kind of marriage, my young face on an aged body,
your gray and wrinkles atop sleek young muscles,
no place else to go;
we're now a couple, newfangled, together.

Stitched together and lost, a little living;
the priests don't care; they eat and drink richly doing others,
but it's Friday, creep into the down, into my arms,
we can be jangled together.

God will do a Baucis and Philemon for us
instead of oak and linden, make us
a new constellation (the same heavenly bodies will do for each),
star-spangled, together.

Under the new-born morning tree, shiny steel puzzles,
to practice open sesame charms.
Later, a new take on Paul, a mutual submission game,
your arm and mine bangled together.

HAIBUN

RIVER WALK Lynn Edge

Five-thirty a.m. Sleep eludes me. Unseasonable winds lower August temperatures into low sixties. My older dog, Heidi, lies at the foot of my bed. Becca, the younger one, presses against my knee. Maybe we will walk early today.
Dogs in the lead, I hike a path beside the Guadalupe River which flows through the Texas Hill Country. I wear shorts and a tee, but wish for a jacket. Cool air exhilarates, and our steps quicken. Low mist hovers over warm water. Condos and apartments block the horizon, but as I reach the end of the trail and turn, I see the rising light of morning. From the west, cries of sandhill cranes attract my attention, and I watch the moon fade as the sun rises.

sunday morning
chapel bells peal
from downriver

THIS MORNING

C W Hawes

This morning I am standing in the dew-covered grass, my shoes soaking wet. The air is still chill and I feel a bit of stiffness in my fingers. But the sun is beginning to gain some height in the sky and soon the dew will be gone, the stiffness eased, and my shoes dry.

the watch hands
counting out the numbers
"September Morn"

MEMORIES: LONG AND SHORT

C W Hawes

Memory seems to be long or short depending on one's location. In the city, who remembers one's neighbors? Moving vans and pick-up trucks bring and remove people and families with such regularity one scarcely learns a name before a new one must be learned.

In the country, memories are long. When we moved to our small farm, folks would ask where we lived. After a few moments of explaining, they would come back with, "That's the Gjere place, isn't it?" And we would say, "Yes". Then they knew where we lived. The owners previous to us, who bought the place from old man Gjere and lived there for twenty years, no one remembers their name. Twenty years from now probably no one will remember ours either.

in the autumn wind
the leaf flutters and tumbles
out of sight

RESPITE

C W Hawes

Wanting respite from my noisy office, I went for a walk to the lake across the road. Standing on the shore, I took in the sight of what had to be acres of lily pads. Aside from the traffic, the lake was quiet. I noticed there were no frogs.

an old lake
amongst the lilies
water's silence

SKIING

Larry Kimmel

When you were a boy in Niche Hollow
and woke in winter to a fresh snow, you ate breakfast quickly

and took down your skis and hurried
to make the first track on Bittner's Hill,
And if you were not first something went out of
the morning and it didn't matter
anymore to hurry and you didn't care as
much as you might have, but still you
enjoyed the skiing along with the others,
And if you were a good skier you enjoyed it
more than many except for, perhaps, the
first to make the track because he
bragged and you could not take that brag away
from him, because you believed in that brag,
But you enjoyed the skiing just the same,
And as the snow packed it improved,
And when the day ended you compared this snow
with other snows you'd known
and you agreed and disagreed with
comrades according to how well you had skied
that day,
And in the mining town below Niche Hollow this
new snow was already turning sooty,
And you thought of newer snows to come,
And then you went to bed tired and happy and
telling yourself it was still good skiing
even if you hadn't made the first track
down Bittner's Hill and that maybe you'd
get the next snow first,
And then you slept.

some things
are never going to happen again
others
never again, that way,
and still others, never *

* the above tanka was published in Lynx: Feb. 2004

SPICES
Francis Masat

plumped sparrows
searching
in a train's snowy wake

I sigh with relief as the stinging cold of my trip yields to the heat and smells of Mom's kitchen. The windows are frosted over: crusty baked potatoes, macaroni and golden cheese, creamy rice pudding with raisins and nutmeg, pie made with cinnamon and sour home-canned cherries. I pitch in to set the table, stoke the fire. I pour steaming tea. Though hunger is said to be an ancient spice, warmth and aroma complete the recipes this night.

fireplace -
warming ourselves
with pieces of the old icebox

COOKIES

Francis Masat

New Year's Eve. The snow has stopped. I'm handing out cookies at the homeless shelter. The cookies were a Christmas present to me. I'm not allowed to eat them. On a whim, I brought them to the shelter. I am so glad that I did.

City Park -
bare limbs quake
in the brisk wind

BUDDY

Zane Parks

Buddy is very playful. We buy him the usual toys. The way he chases and bats a rubber ball or toy mouse back and forth across the room is a marvel. He fetches. He drops a ball near me. I toss and he races for it. This repeats until one of us tires. There's usually a collection of balls and mice under the couch. Just out of reach. And feathers! Shake a stick with feathers on it and he'll leap three feet.

But Buddy doesn't limit himself to bought toys. He's happy playing with a discarded strip of plastic from the litter bucket. Pens are fascinating on the counter. They must be knocked to the floor. On the floor, they're uninteresting. He'll play with a round bit of cardboard just the same as a ball or mouse. We keep the feather duster out of sight.

shoes slipped off ...
what prey make you of
these laces?

HAIKU

Spring festival -
the woman's legs in
aristocratic whiteness

Frühlingsfest -
die Frauenbeine
in vornehmer Blässe

Marita Schrader

Cloudy sky -
a child beheads roses
no one says a word

Bewölkter Himmel -
ein Kind köpft Rosen
niemand sagt ein Wort
Marita Schrader

First date.
he talks about love
after the third glass

Erstes Treffen.
er spricht von Liebe
nach dem dritten Glas
Marita Schrader

Smelling lilac-
an old dog is looking
for its shadow

Duftender Flieder -
ein alter Hund
sucht seinen Schatten
Marita Schrader

SEQUENCES

UNTITLED

an'ya

for each mountain
I've managed to conquer
this bird of prey . . .
how easily it follows
never having to climb

my computer asks
"are you sure you want
to permanently
delete these messages"—
lonely winter night

ever since you,
I've known all four sounds
of the seasons
spring song and summer panting
autumn moans and wintry sighs

the red-tail hawk
swooping across cloudless sky,
it touches me . . .
a flutter of eyelashes
on binocular lenses

an autumnal night
from some bygone era

in this dream
I'm a traveler stranded
out after the curfew

DOWN EAST
Edward Baranosky

Constance paces
near the darkened window

fingering a leash,
mackerel sky obscured
by an incoming fog.

A pea-souper.
I'll take the Lab
for a run down to the cove,
she'll see before I do
and hear what I can't.

A dying squall line
rumbles in the distance,
with a sharp flash of lightning
and a cold off-shore breeze.
Jamie rattles rusted keys.

You'll be meeting him again?
A dark moon rising –
the smugglers'll be in,
lamps dimmed, running silent
on muffled oars.

The prehistoric
warning of foghorns
echoes from hidden shoals,
punctuated by seabirds' cries
driven shoreward by the storm.

Why do you say "again,"
as if it's some easy habit
to wear like a novice?
Can you see him now,
as he stands in the shadows?

The bright beam
off the point beacon tower
casts a light tunnel
sweeping periodically
across a ragged cliff face.

He can't mask that voice.
There's something about an accused man.
There is. Kafka said that
in another paranoid time.
Got your doubloons?

The accidental splash
of an oar cuts through
the roar of breaking surf,

with the sound of boats
dragged onto a rocky beach.

I know our paltry pence
won't buy pirates' treasure;
maybe corroded contraband,
or perhaps just swag traded
under a smuggler's moon.

POSTCARDS HOME

Helen Buckingham

summer vacation...
paintwork
dripping paint

praying for sunshine...
salvaging bananas
for the banoffee pie

midsummer traffic...
stealing through a side street
jazz fusion

OLD FORT

Helen Buckingham

...the terrier puppy...
...flags his territory...

big wheel flickers...
a candy-flossed tooth
starts to throb

footnote: candy-floss [UK term] = cotton candy

FOR JR

Gerard J. Conforti

In my heart, yet there comes
the words I speak silently
when the pain is greatest
poems makes them go away
and bliss comes like stars

I face a wall
and there in my solitude
but they are only walls
and there between them
is a window to view the world

I could never forget, Jane
how much you've done for me
it's been a great love
I hold in my heart
a rose of memories

Thank you, Jane
for the card
it really brought joy
to this heart of mine
which is in a bliss of kindness

What has happened between us
I hold no grudges
you've been more than kind
you've made something of me
in the verses I've written over the years

Let the tides
come through upon the shores
I can hear there a sound
even now and when I was a child
gazing at the starlit horizon

BIRTHDAY COMBO
Andrew Cook-Jolicoeur

good morning...
the clock's pendulum swings
to billie holiday cd
something new 2 discover
even at 50

november noon
carefully turning over
the gift teapot
with royal windsor on it
nothing's 2 good 4 me

noticing
the thistle motif
as i pour
the clear genmaicha --
i can't escape my roots

at twilight
gazing out the window
a sip of tea
this year, sister
not even a card from you

JANUARY SECOND
gillena cox

New Year
the pop and crackle
of fireworks

sporadic bursts of light
enter the darkened room

unorchestrated
the chatter of voices
from the street

filtering through the silence
of private resolutions

a dog barks
in the distance
a vehicle zooms by

the trees remain
immobile in the nightscape

gentle pitter
a drizzle
at dawn

perusing the public holidays
in my pocket diary

UNTITLED TANKA PAIRS
Janet Lynn Davis

outside the Kim Son
– our bellies filled –
koi and catfish curl and swirl
then swarm for crumbs
the other humans drop

inside the ravaged city
– their bellies stunned –
homeless stagger, stutter
 await the crumbs
of a new day

* * *

he:
no problem hearing
the garbage truck groan and squeak
down the street. . .
but his ears forever closed
to her "noxious chatter"

she:
her eyes affixed
to the striking tie he says
she didn't give him. . .
one of many gifts she says
he fails to remember

WAITING
CW Hawes

you look
at the sticks we've planted
all afternoon
your face a question
I say, "There'll be apples."

spading soil

while adding compost
and guano
I think of the sweet corn
in the seed packet

checking his watch
standing at the bus stop
face a scowl
I turn the pages in my book
knowing the bus will come

standing in line
for my favorite ride
at the State Fair
I count those ahead of me
and decide it's worth the wait

swirling snow...
putting up the hummingbird
calendar
even the depths of winter
do not last forever

UMBRELLAS IN THE SNOW

Ruth Holzer

crook-backed umbrellas
crows of misfortune
crouch in the snow

so many alike –
umbrellas in the snow
which one hides you?

leaving
umbrellas in the snow –
our long embrace

Blind Willie Johnson
sliding worn fingers
over the strings:
the ground was cold
dark was the night

A BANNER IN THE BLUE SKY

Elizabeth Howard

daughter's e-mail
requests bird identity
describes the meadowlark—
just now my meadow rejoices
at its morning song

broad-winged hawks kettle
over the dam's spillway
nature's idyllic current
overshadowing
man's frothy uproar

a white pigeon spent
a fortnight with us
where did it come from?
why did it leave us
watching an empty sky?

a shadow cuts a broad swath
across the flowered meadow—
I look up, sunstruck
by the glow, the wingspan
of a golden eagle

at the celebration
white doves unscroll
a banner in the blue sky
hope of peace and freedom
in all the earth

HOW WILL IT BE?

Kirsty Karkow

strangely
grief unfolds years later
in a dream
my mother turns away
ignoring my entreaties

weighty thoughts
as I prepare to nap. . .
how will it be
to lie down knowing
it is the final time

the waste basket
spills its crumpled holdings
scraps of foolscap
scribbled thoughts, lies, admissions
all my fears of age and death

gales today
and a prediction tonight
for scattered frost. . .
I need to pick
the winter squash

my dog
who loves rainy walks
jumps
nervously at the sound
of thunder

UNCERTAINTY Angela Leuck

a rough wind
blows the waves
against the current
all those times
I loved the wrong man

old garden
the neglected birdbath
filled with rain and leaves
I try to make sense
of the clouded past

walking through
the heady scent
of the lilac garden
do I really want
to be in love again?

a plastic bag

lifts and falls
in the breeze
perhaps I too
was never meant to soar

still not sure
what choices to make
I attend a workshop
on how to pick
the winning rose

wondering if there will be
a change in my fortunes –across the street
workmen raise a sign:
Lucky Star

even as
the train slips into
the next station
my destination
still unknown

CHRYSALIS
Giselle Maya

dew on the window
panes of sunlight
on narcissus paper
shadow strokes with
a new bamboo brush

winter mind
remembering now
a dream of words
amber beads unstrung
in a lacquered box

seeing feelings
arise in winter solitude
a shaft of light
pierces slate-gray clouds
across the snow mountain

hand moves brush
ochre and blue pigment

on sheet of cotton paper
a snail traversing slowly
a long-veined leaf

tea twigs
composted with earth
on a hill of violets
a painting is born
from empty space

tapestry
of color and paper
these petal mandala
artifice of meadows
and garden soil

SPIDER
R.K.Singh

In their webs
spiders racing to spin
on meatless prey

Too big for its web
between two roses
a yellow spider

Suspended
on the spider's web
a white flower

A tiny spider
on the marigold sucking
its golden hue

Narrowly escape
the midair web of spider
perched on hibiscus

ROSE

R.K.Singh

Greeting the first rains
after months of soaring heat
the lone rose flutters
little petals to the ground
echoing our first embrace

Shining on rose-leaves
silken layer of dew drops:
gloss of her mauve smile
she blushes when I tell her
beauty of the blooming rose

The fragrance of rose
seeps through the windows
coupled with full moon
adds to my delight though I'm
alone in my bed tonight

Roses await
sun and wind to clear
the baleful fog:
I fear she'll say no
to my love again

THERMAL ENERGIES

Barbara A Taylor

snow melts
 emerald spikes
emerge

springtime blossoms
energy sexual
 and hayfever

mating season's on
koalas roar and grunt
eucalyptus sways

hot sun slips west
snakes digest
summer's almost here

mystical stillness
smoky sunset haze
slips gently into night

summer sizzles
 lavas of tars, a mirage
smoggy city

overheated earth erupts

waves surge
prompting global warmings

our world wobbled
great waves swamped
swallowed shores in paradise

SAND DREAM
Aya Yuhki

just before sleep
a scene of brown sand
endlessly streaming
appeared through
my closed eyes

trying to get
a sound sleep
for tomorrow
my lips are dry
with the essence of yellow sand

feeling
the tips of my toes
touch the sand
at the bottom of the water
I awakened from my dream

I was relieved
with the feeling of
the lowest depth
under pressure

of blue black water

pulled by the force
of gravity of far away stars
I walk
in darkness
as warm as body heat

undulations
formed by the wayward wind
over the sand
alluring
like the female body



SIJO

Morning mist covers the hills and haze hangs in the sky.
Looking soft, like the moon, is gauze-wrapped Sol stripped of ardor,
But with you standing beside me, I have little need of the sun.

C W Hawes

The dew lies heavy on the grass this early autumn morning.
It bejewels the bright green blades, giving them a noble air,
And silver soon will crown their heads as now it does my own.

CW Hawes

The person in the painting drinks his glass of wine alone;
Absent, I notice, the expected loaf of bread and piece of cheese.
Like the still life, I sit and listen to ice cubes clink.

CW Hawes

To the mountain I have come and once again this shack is home.
Every few years I make the trip, to listen to the silence.
High above I see the contrail, then hear the jet's dull roar.

CW Hawes

We slide downhill to the river
 with paddles, line and bailer.
A sad canoe lies on the shore
 abandoned to rocks, mud and weeds.
She doesn't leak! She skims the waves!
 We guide her home to save her.

Kirsty Karkow

Arise! Arise! And we shall see
where we are and what to do.
A look-out shouts that land is near
it will protect us from these gales.
Those of you who are not dead,
take heart, the awful sea is crossed.

Kirsty Karkow

TANKA

a craggy mountain
looms out of perspective
in the mist
my problem grows
as night wears on

Dawn Bruce

a stray cat
mewls and curls
its thin body
sadness creeps around me
in the mist of twilight

Dawn Bruce

a ginger cat
crouches in tall yellow grass
green eyes unblinking
long drought-filled summer
brings a close to my marriage

Dawn Bruce

a sparrow
in a dried up paddock
half-hidden
in old age
I am diminished

Dawn Bruce

noon
I open the window
ahhh
a crow seems to cry
up at last

Dawn Bruce

Crazy moth barrels
round the paper shade, drops out
like a flake of soot -
I open the blinds and smile
thinking of you dressed in white

James Roderick Burns

The end of the world -
on top of smouldering shame
a damp warehouse wall,
deus ex machina crows
croaking somewhere out of sight

James Roderick Burns

shortest night
I can't sleep at all
turning from side to side
when you're not here
the moon is so bright

Gene Doty

early fall--
after a rainstorm
the air cools
your kisses remind me
of sunlight in leaves

Gene Doty

in my dream
Chinese stonework
defines wet mountains
our house becomes
a waterfall of light

Gene Doty

naked yogini
holding a pose
& my breath
her pulse dancing
in my eye -

Gene Doty

[From a New Year's card for the year of the dog]

my kid's ancient dog
lying in the warmth of the stove
with soft eyes that stare
such compassion I see in dogs
in their glances and devotion

Sanford Goldstein

from the dream
he awakes with a start
heart pounding
in the distance the song
of the siren again

C W Hawes

the union
tells us no raise again
this year
I pick up a rock
and then let it drop

C W Hawes

I see the clothes
notice his face and hands
listen to words
if he were an apple halved
I wonder what I'd see

CW Hawes

fog on the hills
while frost whitens leaves and grass
parting in autumn
leaves the deepest sadness
and I cannot fly south

C W Hawes

all is emptiness
in this world full of pain
a small comfort
when I read your poems
I know someone loves me

C W Hawes

there's a comfort
sitting here all wrapped up
in this blanket
hopefully someday
a butterfly will emerge

C W Hawes

whatever the end
parting in separate ways
is very sad
the way I would want for us
is only togetherness

C W Hawes

their whiteness
on a low, wooden table

tea cups and a bowl
and a bud of warmth
from April sun

June Moreau

the table adorned
with forsythia
sunbeams fall
where they will
the taste of tea

June Moreau

with fingers nimble
as the spring wind
in willow branches
the year's first basket
is finely woven

June Moreau

ah, peach blossoms
candy for your eyes
and to think
the spring wind
will take them

June Moreau

At twelve, I wore
 a green uniform
and specks of chalkboard dust
 I'd run at every recess
 hoping to erase the lesson

Cindy Tebo

a woman sitting
by a window
one arm holds her chin
like a lamppost
holds the light

Cindy Tebo

windows
 open
 to a crow's dispute
 the caws become
 all I have to say
about winter

Cindy Tebo

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

MIRROR ROAD

Sheila Windsor (U.K.)

Ron Moss (Tasmania)

Hortensia Anderson (U.S.A)

winter sun the mirror road

barbed wire fences sheeps wool
this way, that

derelict farmhouse
out there something howls
the whip of wind /sw

down charcoal alley

a child spaces her marbles
cupping fragments of light

hunched over
a man rolls a smoke
spitting ash from another /rm

fertile crescent moon

time for one last sketch:
darkness flowing upwards

in silence

leaving for the unknown
an icicle about to drip /ha

single file her sideways glance

faure's pavane
by heart, a circling wasp

little girls as brides
the photographer a touch
too close /sw

blur of cherry-red

beside the track
wildflowers shudder and bloom

the passing train
it's ochre faces
close and then gone /rm

all the hands wave

the waves rushing to meet
then receding...

leaving in lush foam
blue crab claws curving
a welcome home /ha

7/1/'05 to 10/1/'05

WINTER TOOTHACHE

Martha Deed
Karen L. Lewis

sleet slams against trees
like a punch to my teeth – wind
stops words in my throat

I face the swelling landscape
cursing unwelcome water

gray coyote slides
underneath the Full Snow Moon
stalking shadowed snacks

cherry wood burns bright
smoke memory of sunshine
nicotine withdrawal

lozenge melting pink in mouth
I lie earthbound dull as stone

hibernal throbbing
salivary whitewash spits
arctic misery

DHATU
Martha Deed
Karen L. Lewis

kayak paddles dip
beneath canal black waters
cold wet toes of Spring

her thoughts drift, drown, decompose
settling among rocks and roots

noontime sky's milk moon
husband tethered to the shore
thunder imminent

she ignores his pleas
grows self together with flow
wooden fingers float

she'll cook a poem for lunch
similes with metaphors

digging deeper in
she glides through words, weeds and reeds
poems need to breath

TAN RENGA SERIES

C W Hawes

Kathy Earsman

a bowl of soup...
the blinds shiver
in the old house

a baleen whale
sieves the sea

noon
waiting at the corner
the pale sun and I

both of us detained
by whisky in a jar

tree limbs bare and brown...
crows rise on the wind, then
settle as before

empty sugar sachets fall
to cafe tables underneath

holes in the wall –
a vine comes in
and out again

little fingers fumble
with the shoelaces

sunlight stipples
rush across her face –
a summer hat

eyes scan the crowd
where could he have gone

curlew cry
along the road
once a field

tufts of grass

in the curb

ABOVE THE BULK OF CRASHING

Denis M. Garrison

Gary Blankenship

early snow whispers pale moonlight trickles window pane
reflections on the river red lights blue lights alarms
divers' small splashes at water's edge a name called hoarsely
across a bonfire lovers look into faces carved in ice ancient rock
climbing the north face in deep silence no lonelier here than home
ready to descend hot cocoa, blankets, the Sherpa's Life Illustrated
coming down nothing left on the summit except a need
her desire to warm his to be warmed under midnight's glow
mute torrent all day drifts deepen into timeless white
a cell phone rings tone muffled by the soft fall
duly notified sobs, foot scrapings, cruel wind in the chimney
fluffy pillow, feather beds such comfort only found in dreams
unfurnished now, the cabin sinks in slumbering decay
the warmth at the door disappears under the orb's wan flame

STREET FAIR

Catherine Mair

Patricia Prime

lollipop pink
convertible
two chicks

street fair
the sword-swallower
tilts his head back

mountain of auburn air
her sling-back stilettos . . .
wolf whistles

1965 red Mustang
revs up at the crossing
birds scatter

cafe conversation
the nine year-old
swallows his words

festive holiday –
behind the balloon-man
a cluster of children

picnic table –
tied to a leg
the large black Labrador

fish 'n' chips
on the beach
the surf's up

TIED TOGETHER

Jane Reichhold
Kathy Earman
Zane Parks

tied together
the skein of geese
patch the sky / jr

herring weave
an ever-changing ball / KE

more delicate

than the web's weft
its shadow / ZP

a brightness on the paper
below the faded ribbon /jr

one by one
scattered poppies drop
on his coffin /KE

murder of crows leave
the tree bare /ZP



NO HAIKU MIND

heather madrone
hortensia anderson

early darkness –
i sit in a rocking chair
with a cup of tea

lights of Monterey
behind a blowing mist –
disappearing

leather-bound sketchbook –
most of the marbled pages
remain empty

blackness crumbles –
as the sumi ink dries,
and turns to dust

no words...
the white lilac
covered in snow

EASINGTON HYAKIUN RENGA (v1-36)

A short excerpt from a renga written on the renga platform built and maintained by Alec Finley.
Passers-by are invited to stop, sit and write renga together. For most, this is their introduction to renga.

001

first day of the week
lying on the black cushion
nippy but warm

002

aqua coloured bluebells
down in Sunderland

003

oh yes! day off school
play out
on the frame

004
climbing trees
in the hot sun

005
cool!
I just saw a seagull
With it's baby gull

006
skylarks hover
over bumpy ground,

007
with my fly-fishing rod
and feathers
I catch trout

008
people swim over
the blue river

009
flowing colours
of the dark
sparkly sky

010
lemonade in your glass
bold moon shimmers

011
Egyptian gods
with all the pieces
are the rarest

012
go to school late
forgot to change the time

013
the Easter Bunny
saves chocolate eggs
for next year

014
people round the streets
do jokes

015

zoom in with a camera –
startled deer
run away

016

close to bubbled waterfalls
a pile of muddy straw

017

rain splashes down,
on the ground,
on the soaked puppy

018

decorated clothes lying
in the ancient wardrobe

019

cherry blossom
pink as it can be
on the disguised trees

020

young men drive
buzzy cars

021

the small black ant
crawls up
the long green spiky grass

022

grasshopper jumping in
the sun shines with buttercups

023

on my plate
jersey royals
lettuce sandwiches

024

Viera scores the winner
people hit inflated balls

025

the astronomer
looks at the eclipsed moon

through his telescope

026

airport bursting to the brim
should calm down considerably

027

cheeky Nathan,
artistic Daniel, funny Dominic,
are all brothers

028

spooky cemetery
the gates are closed

029

ruined castle
sheltering from
the cold and rainy day

030

phone vibrates
ring, ring, beep, beep,

031

jog out for a rubber –
dreaded and
unfortunate exams

032

sweaty Romans
built Hadrian's Wall

033

colour in and make cushions
we can go off
for seven weeks

034

blue moon
hardly ever comes

035

Drop Dead Fred
head jammed in freezer
tries to squeeze it out

036

miners carry coal

up the steps of the mine

BUZZ WORDS #3

Francine Porad

Marlene Mountain

see-all hear-all

July Fourth the sundeck chaise offers a see-all hear-all vantage
locked up in lock-down our clean bread & water & air
prison too good for London terrorists whose only plan is murder
women's bodies everyone wants the control
removing her dress that fits like a glove smashing stereotypes
the next far-out tropical storm a politically-correct male

back into their niches the 'g-eights' not a dent in the broken as is
global warming not in Seattle today
a week of rain hydrangea blossoms shift to blues and open sky
scenic safari staying away from large kettles
'fahrenheit 9/11' still the white house occupied by evildoers*
insect trap the sweet taste of nasturtium tips
snapping turtle thru the patches outran me slid into the pond
with a wink lingering handshake
dressed in orange judith miller the horse's mouth lawyered up
click of the camera the same smile repeated
before and after haiku without an iris a touch of paranoia
quite a few acceptances for my poems

if you want a voter's registration card in Chinese please call
saudi-owned something under 10%
tithing to prevent a culture of dread instead of tolerance
daylilies tangled with fitter primroses we play darwin
evolution taught planet with three suns challenges astronomers
one-star uniform will it be honest before mccain
in Iraq hidden cache of weapons found nightly by 'copter pilots
set out for the soil buckets to catch dry weather
latest Harry Potter book banned and burned as anti-Christian
at three he'd sing 'we're off to see the lizard . . .'
animal patterns table centerpiece of bright red gladioli
chucks of mother nature mere shadows of memory

entrenched in a soaked truck a mind with new twine for climbers

many killed by suicide bomber at gas station
'bring 'em on' just loud enough for the world or in prayers too
Israel threatens to invade Gaza Strip
anonymous sources & deep background & non-denial denials
reality TV she wears a barely there bikini

Notes

*2004 documentary by Michael Moore /05

July 7- 17, 2005

BUZZ WORDS #4

Marlene Mountain

Francine Porad

unconfirmed eyewitness

unconfirmed eyewitness morning-glories knotted in blue
daughter close by Convalescent Center
congress lined with ill-gotten gains it goes without saying
astronauts space walk to test repairs
like me cicadas scratch out this afternoon's existence
class reunion I hear of Jim's death

to beat the heat floating on the pond in an inner tube carefree
we install a \$98 a/c and get the cool paid for
card playing friends come over winning or losing barely matters
the war on freedom of speech this war
drafting the new Iraqi constitution request for an extension
irises dug what's left from neglect and moss
black lab's baleful eyes the gate banged shut by rushing wind
a bolt of lightning off to the un
critique: the job described as a fool's errand doomed to failure
a 'kigo' tacked onto the end for looks
Would anyone willfully eat at Fatburgers? What a name!
now that they love money too our pals the commies

adult talk tending to red hot poker a frog squatted beside
sweat runs down his body fan swivels side to side
two and a half haiku or rather two-thirds of the third created
group offers suggestions I read my writing aloud
'the al franken show' gotta have that fix cheeky to cheeky
kisses for Martha? ankle monitor in place*
of all things first monarch on the earliest milkweed bloom
rattled windows the Blue Angels are back

the smirk vacates to Crawford parents cry their empty nests
thoughts turn to family and a life partner
dragonflies mate on the fly a thick sun hovers above the shade
a too-high temperature for the ice cream social

under beach umbrellas plain folk no nail polish no fancy watches
scared off by bits of thunder the rain
another murder on Murder She Wrote of course Jessica solves
a comfort zone slipped farther away
too much traffic to stop roadside blackberries plucking-ready
a season of roughing the soil i reflower in the garden

Notes

* Martha Stewart's home confinement

* Murder She Wrote

July 29-Aug 7, 2005

BUZZ WORDS #5

Francine Porad

Marlene Mountain

cool-cookie

cool-cookie Canadian Theoret bold driver on rough water*
dew mixed with sprinkles dirt remains dust
allergic to mites something new sensitivity doubles since 1970s
if he will their \$5000 dog answers to fatty
how can pets resist gaining weight when their owners can't
back to earth the fix-it space fanatics

not in 'the energy bill' for nature to
air on the side of caution
rising costs a hike in short-term interest rates
investment in wrist-weeding for next year if i can't again
deck garden geraniums follow the sun
'intelligent design' and 'creationism' vote-gathering spins
I urge no tax dollars to promote any religious ideology
they try to run me ragged delicate morning-glory runners
Jay & June take the high road to Loch Lomond
a faithful truck breaks down 'grieving mother' protest in Texas**
'goodnight Irene' prefer to see you in my dreams***-----
a ghoulish day the test comes back 88 parts total coliform
atrocities of Nazis the memory of the Jews of Malsch*****

Auschwitz committee of wise scholarly rabbis place God on trial
i like how i think if/when the chance presents itself

soon my birthday life expectancy expands so how old is old
the tin roof patched a bit of poetry left in
a town downstream where the river opens up to saltwater
bottled up what to do about irises
auction items now mostly wines last year's party of clowns
'pg-13' a few kisses and the violence
can't wait to see the family documentary March of the Penguins
forever it's taken sharon to reverse himself
peace? impossible no matter what concessions made by Israelis
almost bloomed-out we live on colors of green

rainless pond dragon and damsel flyers snap at the wet bugs
sweating inside skimpy clothes Northwest drought
carpenters leave i hug all the hard work stuck to their shirts
six-year old skips along spelling m-i-s-s-i-s-s-i-p-p-i
news of barbie & ken faces read by other barbie & ken faces
inside and outside the same 85° summer night

Notes

*Seafair's 2005 unlimited hydroplane Chevrolet Cup winner
** Cindy Sheehan
*** hurricane Irene on the move
**** psychotherapist Louis Maier In Lieu of Flowers: In Memory
of the Jews of Malsch, A Village in Southern Germany (*italic*)
Aug 7-16, 2005

BUZZ WORDS #6
Marlene Mountain
Francine Porad

the last haiku

the last haiku in the last daylily that got away
wee ones in ballet costumes pirouette
orange and blue israelis clash on a synagogue
coast to coast vigils in US to protest war
lowest 4-wheel gear a dry run down the rainy road
trip to my sister's a gift of fudge for me

full August calendar full but for two blank spaces
room made for the abused irises
fallen blossoms crushed underfoot staining the deck red
men's tennis a bit more leg to show for it
the joker is wild do we really want to know the future?

half a decade my country too right and wrong
fascinated with new billionaires a few dollars would be OK
'btk' victim-impact statements 10 counts of life*
no remorse no regrets for killing regrets at getting caught
uprooted but back poison ivy
business as usual in Aqaba missiles fired at our Navy ship
testosterone on it's way look out iranian kids

indecision storms or humidity the cook-out called off
faux coat of arms features a knife & fork
rakes against a locust limb against the morning mist
family's five branches my pink name tag
for \$30 a matching toolbox moves across the blacktop
wanted: a Bikini Martini
the pond thickens a rush of heat interrupts the cicada air
along the bank tall trees offer shade
hidden within the won solitaire games a lost afternoon
sketch on S Africa's special elephant dung paper
swept out on purpose a spider with one too many hairs
ghost story lucky I'm not a believer

orbs in each photo wait 'til she sees Scottish spook book
'will cheney resign in disgrace for any reason'**
yes or no or I don't know message boards spouting venom
i keep company with birds of a feather
a stack of sturdy stretcher frames for a look-alike series
nature's creation of nature

Notes

*serial killer Dennis Rader

**Al Franken

Aug 17-24, 2005

FLOTSAM

Patricia Prime

Catherine Mair

picnic rug
great granddaughter
shares her spring roll

passing the fuchsia
you turn around
red bells ring

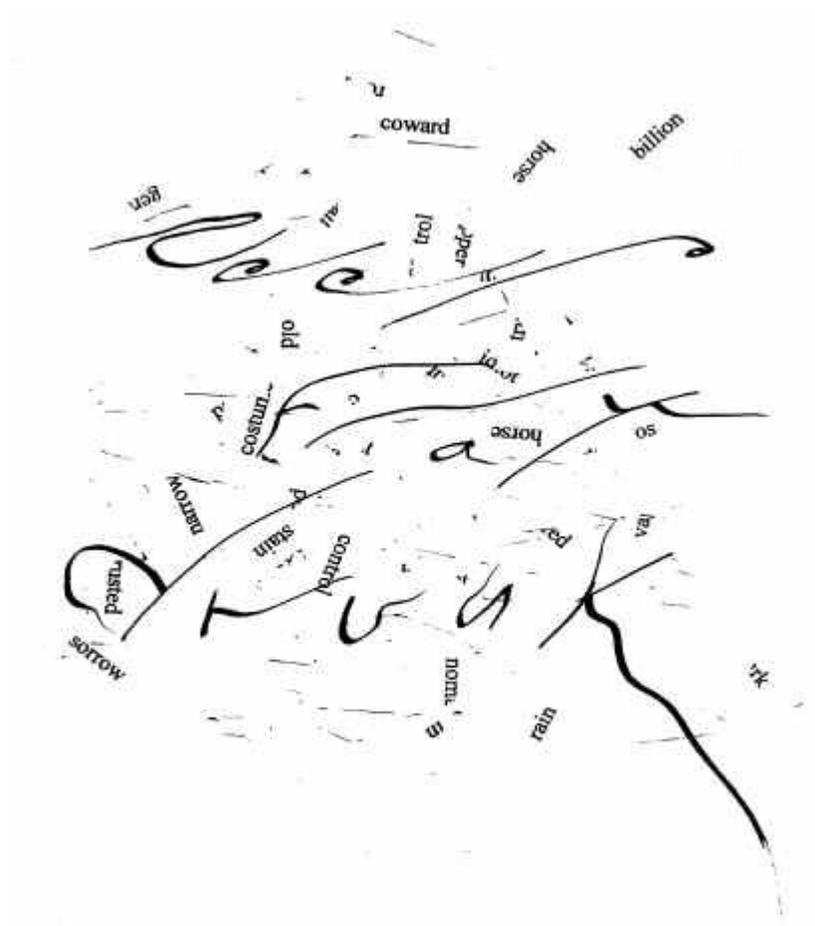
freshly painted
guttering
sparrows mate

turkish coffee . . .
in the small china cup
bitter grounds

posh restaurant
under the three year-old's chair
a puddle

ice creams –
day-trip boats queue
beneath the bridge

beach resort
boom boxes
& blondes



Graphic by Scott Macleod & John M. Bennett

ISLANDS OF THE GULF

Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

dormant volcano
a boat-load of tourists
climb the scoria path

sacred grove
Little Barrier's
pohutukawa

on the grass verge
at Brown's Holm
a shepherd's cottage

Rakino -
a sudden breeze
whips up the sand

wildlife reserve
clicking digital cameras
men, women & children

Ponui Island
the old woman still talks
about donkeys

the hydrfoil
"Manuwai" passes the point
at Matiatia

return voyage
the "fizz" boat surges
on the wave above

the ferry docks
at the new terminal –
Japanese sushi

UNFINISHED PAINTING

Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

art exhibition –
caressing great-grandmother's hand
the small girl

exchanges . . .
an artist catches
the poet's eye

shoving the stool
across the polished floor
the writer's toddler

steep staircase
she still attends
the reading

ante-room
an unfinished painting
on the easel

christmas gifts
2 paintings
of strawberries

street festival -
the primary colours
of boy racers' cars

poetry reading -
afterwards
those rumbling exhausts

KILLHOPE HYAKUIN RENGA

Subhadassi
Linda France
Rachel Ogden
Pam
Bill
Sarah
Joy
Janet
Peter
Alex
Ruth
Jackie

Phil
Peter
Ian
Tasha

Rocks don't care if the frost splits them
it's water, air,
that must flow to breathe

split logs spit
above orange coals

Ribbons from the hills
copper lines the pool
peat water over the deads

shadows reach nature free
stark line against the night

limestone juts,
green cleft hushes scars,
the mist comes early and low

turning larches peel
around the rim

red spores, mildew,
damp moss mulches
where life can hide

tallow smoulder and caked muck –
a black cough

ice and a slice,
two G&Ts
wait on the bar

each bubble breaks
down your neck

warm under your coat
on the road home
a wee fart

the hourly bus
knits the villages together

threads of headlights
flame glimpsed
out of the corner of your eye

cold quiet trickles
the whim of the jumpers

metal rails lead in
to where we work
breathing dark and silence

sheep trods that disappear
into treacherous softness

England's last wilderness –
razed heather patches,
pellet-fed grouse and rented guns

buildings don't steal sky –
it's always open

a rising silhouette,
folded wings
shaping to stoop

rounded pebbles by the river
a mountain in your hand

the kettle melts the ice
on the windscreen –
half a moon

hairpin bends
lift us to the hills

wood smoke twists,
the chimney's strapped
with iron bands

rooks croak through
hard sunshine

Flintoff's duck
over the radio,
I pull the covers up

too late she told him
there was a quicker way

under the bridge
at Watersmeet
the lorries hum

Johnny Cash's Desperado,
a pin of blue light

emerging from the tunnel
mind elsewhere
I pretend to watch scenery

cold crackles, heavy silence
we share our body heat

a camp-bed and mosquito net
are no protection
from the tiger

colours broken in the canal
voices mix on the air

I thought the redcurrants
were mine,
the blackbirds disagree

the weight of her arm
where the wasp went in

this was Tommy Nichol's house,
he showed me where
his father dug coal in 1926

his place isn't set
the gap shows

pinned to the wall
of Auden's apartment
a map of Alston Moor

shoulder to the door
click the latch

shed coats and bags
time for my rest,
Mam's still working

welding in the workshop
burned by sparks

ash paths and sandstone slabs
follow the firebreaks
between the spruce

the dog shakes rainbow spray
stick in his soft mouth

sharp blades
make electricity
from perfect circles

walking back from the party
under a fat milk light

I want to pick
at the glitter
in your cheek

when morning comes
we drop through the meniscus

the tup challenges
the telegraph pole
again and again

(verse 001–047)

Allenheads, 21 and 22 November, 2005

FULL FLOWER MOON

Karen L. Lewis
Martha Deed

she drops a moon rock
in terra cotta pot hole
her dirty hands sigh

May storm ignites ancient church
memories and gifts aflame

cassocked melodies
roll into burning postscript
up lifting message

winds wail chords of grief
through vacant stained glass windows

starlit filigree

waterfall mosaic builds
a future sanctuary

a priest brings water
mixed with terra cotta dust
mortar for a wall

YELLOW

Martha Deed
Karen L. Lewis

red fox with striped tail
something yellow in its mouth
lopes past my window

a corn cob in the moonlight
earthly aphrodisiac

even the flicker flees
lest vulpes has a taste for
wings apres foie gras

honeysuckled air
fluent in language of tongues
is swallowed in flight

yellow warbler's songs protest
West Nile's stolen water baths

evening still rewards
sunrise living renewal
eating thievery

BLUE SMOKE

Larry Kimmel (U.S.A.)
Sheila Windsor (U.K.)

newly anointed

a shadowy figure in thin muslin

her braceleted arms raised

of man's first dawn
bison on cave walls
shards & dust

solstice morning

a worm frozen fast
to the sundial

my prints, the bird's
as the last few leaves
take flight

an iron chain

welded into an S
holds the mailbox

in the binoculars
the little rusted flag
still standing

between boxes

on the back seat
the old dog shifts and sighs

on the front door
incongruous . . . a bright blue
horseshoe smile

summer heat

on the porchsteps
9 red toenails, 1 to paint

young though she is
she's already a few
good secrets

pillow book

slips to the floor
a stream of dreams

his ink black body
silken cool by moonlight

in moaning rolling waves

1001 knights +

tortured to the last man
the Templar's "lost" treasure

in a scriptorium
the scratch of pen on parchment
scribbling for the future

330 gods

on the temple wall
a fly washes its feet

fountain spray
the stone goddess appears
to perspire

you're gone

the rain rivulets down
our cafe window

how to say it?
Venus de Milo handcuffed
to a museum mind

third eye . . .

i try, really try
to trace your likeness

skin scorch
through my fingers
times of sand

from a work in progress
15/03/'05

LEAVING GOLD

Virginia Woolf (unchanged text from her book *The Waves*, published 1931)
Werner Reichhold

clouds
on the neck of swans
leaving gold

coins in a farmer's palm
during the depression

cold water
over the mackerel
in the bowl

white and yellow winding
the cat weaves its mantra

hand
cherry colored fingernails
by the moonlit waters

she moves her eyelid
how much depends on water

steam pipes
mother earth my whirlpool
skin in touch

rock the brown basin
my ship may ride the waves

a lady pirate
fingertips go up in smoke
Virginia's cigarette

white stones one picks
up by the seashore

pollen blown how long
away from mating time

I am relieved of hard
contacts and collisions

slash dress
car key case
deep purple

off they fly
fling of seeds

sure a boy
one more part
on the ultrasound

my roots go down
I am all fiber

dancing
beach sand swallows
prints of naked feed

all tremors shake me
pressed to my ribs

sisters
their hair
bamboozeled

the apple tree stark
in the moonlight

two gardeners
one with spray
one with manure

given a greener glow
to green things

up the blade
bursting
a tulip

we come back from a walk
night gowns blown tight

the bread rises
in a soft dome
under a towel

uncountable fingers
magician's hand on rabbits

I who long
where the swallow dips her wings
for marble columns

lighted stardust
present and parted

rattle of wheels
on the pavement
horses plod home

hanging the shirt out
on a line to sweat

the sun sharpened
a white blind
by the bedroom window

slicing to figure's
single movement

a shadow
falls on the path
elbow bent

up hill
the breath interrupted

she said
the moor is dark
beneath the moon

the wolf's howl
passing it on

BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

If you can imagine a pile of books in an inverted pyramid with the largest book on top graduating down to the smallest and thinnest one, you will be able to see the order of this issue's book reviews. This allows my progress down the stack to seem more impressive as I finish off, and lay aside, the larger books. This means there is no division between haiku and tanka books, an ever-more blurry partition anyhow as authors combine the forms.

Red Rock Yellow Stone: Journeys from Yellowstone to the Painted Desert. Photographs by Edwin Firmage. Perfect bound, 14 x 11 inches, 80 full color photographs with haiku by Japanese masters and Edwin Firmage. ISBN: 0-9765693-1-0. \$34.95. Contact.

Edwin Firmage has skated out on the thin ice of self publishing and produced such a professional and

amazing work of art as a book that only the disingenuous would hold his methods against him. A two-time recipient of the Printing Industries of America Benjamin Franklin Premier Printing Award, Firmage has had his work crowned with the highest praise. He and his work can only serve as a shining example to others.



From the cover artwork, (see above) it is not ‘merely’ a photograph with the calligraphy and changing focal points, to the Yellowstone forest of gold on the last page, the photographs are so astounding, I often found myself absolutely unable to breathe. The large format of the pages, and of Firmage’s camera, bring scenes of some of the most beautiful areas of United States to lay them across one’s lap. The richness of color, the accuracy of focus, the detail, all add up to the feeling that if one slightly relaxed the hold on reality, one's person, as well as mind and spirit, could be transported into these places. How delightful to visit these places without the long drive, the heat, the flies and biting gnats, and the tripod tipping over in the wind.

When I saw that the book contained haiku that accompanied the photographs, my heart clinched as I thought, "Oh dear, now he is going to ruin this lovely photo book with amateurish translations, and surely even worse - he own attempts at haiku." To my great relief and delight though, Firmage presents his haiku without caps and punctuation. He has been as well acquainted with haiku as he is with photography. His choices of haiku from the Japanese are so apt, the reader gets the feeling that the haiku was written, not by an author centuries and an ocean away, but by a recent visitor to the site. Not only does he borrow the poems from Issa, Buson, Basho, Shiki and lesser known Japanese haiku writers, he also writes his own haiku which could stand toe-to-toe with any other author in English.

An example of Firmage’s work:

may day –
the sky too
is blooming

elk graze
a golden meadow,
storm clouds lowering

The haiku are given their due with exactly the right size and weight of a font, and placed creatively, but also in a way that they are easy to read, if one can draw one's eyes away from the photographs. By graying and softening repeated images, the pages also carry the poems in Japanese calligraphy as an element of the composition. Each page has been laid out to emphasize the photo material integrated with the haiku and information of the place where the photo was made. Perfect. Open any page and there is joy, vision, and delight for the taking. No words of praise are good enough for this beautiful book.

Edwin Firmage lives in Salt Lake City so he is completely at home in the parks and places of beauty in all their seasons. How fortunate we are that he, too, has found the connections between photography and haiku. If you own a camera and write haiku, you owe it to yourself to get this book for the pleasure and inspiration it will give you.

The Santoka Versions by Scott Watson. Sasaki Printing and Publishing Co. Sendai, Japan: 2005. Flat-spined, 7 x 9 inches, ISBN: 4-915948-41-2, US\$10.00. Contact Boygirl Press, 3-13-16 Tsurugaya-higashi, Miyagino-ku, Sendai 983-0826 Japan.

In 2000 and 2004, Scott Watson had two articles on his translations of Santoka published in the Tohoku Gakuin Review under the titles "Weeds We'd Wed" and "A Life to Live." What the readers will find in this book, are these two journal pieces, without revision or changes, along with the introductions. The cover of the book has an ink wash calligraphy and illustration by Ed Baker.

The first article "Weeds We'd Wed," begins with the story of how Scott Watson discovered the work of Taneda Santoka, both in English and then through Japanese friends in a poetry seminar. The translation by Cid Corman which as Watson notes, "is more Corman than Santoka" left him searching for versions that better compared to his own. Those of John Stevens's work came under his scrutiny, as well as the work published online by several sites and translators (not named, but should have mentioned Hiroaki Sato). Watson's own versions of the translations then appeared in the now discontinued US haiku magazine Persimmons.

The article continues with a brief biography of Santoka's life taken from the Kodansha Encyclopedia of Japan. What the encyclopedia avoids saying is that Santoka was an alcoholic who then drifted from job down to lower job, was divorced, and ended up traveling around as a mendicant Zen priest, begging from friends and writing travel diaries.

Watson then uses a page to describe and analyze Santoka's poetry and ends with his relationship to Zen poetry. Watson uses a Zen approach to translating the poems into a non form – giving them the number of words or lines as the spirit moves him. Thus, he ends up with such haiku:

wind blows its way to
sea. deep in night.
alone

or

jazz noise won't
get you where
a sutra will

Some of the poems have copious explanations of Japanese culture or terminology in rambling streams of consciousness that may be helpful to some readers.

The second article begins with Watson's views on translating, expressing his disregard for academic translators (though he earns his living teaching and does translations). He makes the valid case for poets doing translation so that the versions in the target language come out as poetry (a concept with which I can agree), but then slides off into worthless ruminations about whether Santoka "actually wanted to be read in English." Due to an evident Santoka boom in Japan, Watson chimes in on his psychological assessment of the poet which results in Watson blaming Santoka's mother for his genes (when Santoka's father was the drunkard who sold off the family inheritance to support his addiction). None of this dims Watson's admiration for the work of Santoka, who he places "as one of the best haiku poets in twentieth century Japan, or anywhere else in any other time frame." It seemed to me that Watson identifies with Santoka which may or may not make his translations relevant. There are fifty poems in this book.

Jokerman: haibun about playing cards by Geert Verbeke. Published by Cyberwit.net, India:2005. Perfect bound, glossy gated cover, 5 x 8 inches, 96 pages. Contact.

A few years ago, when I first became acquainted with Geert Verbeke, we exchanged packets of books. In one thick package was his Dutch version of Jokerman. Dutch poems I can sometimes slowly translate, with a well-thumbed dictionary, but to read the haibun in Dutch was beyond my capabilities. So, imagine my surprise and delight to know that Geert has, himself!, translated the whole book into English.

He begins by warning the reader that "this is a haibun book, not a fortune-telling book, and certainly not the prayer book of the devil. No, this book is only written to have a good time." This Geert writes with due high glee. The photo on the back shows a heavily bearded gentleman wearing a straw hat and a loving look in his eyes with a mischievous grin. He has written a meditation book, poetry albums, fairy tales, a book on jazz, four books on singing bowls and three (maybe four now – read on down the book reviews) books of haiku. He is serious about his writing and his poetry, but he lives with a lightness that Basho would envy.

The book finally gets down to business with a bit of history about the Tarot and an explanation of the suites – all well seasoned with interjections of Geert's own haiku. Among this information is the revelation that Verbeke has collected playing cards his whole life. Not only complete decks are in his possession, but he has rescued lost and found cards in trains, airports, restaurants and other public places resulting in over 600 various cards. Verbeke seems to have an uncanny connection to the various cards and is able to give them a meaning that sometimes coincides with the tarot and at other times is simply his take on the card.

In spite of the disclaimer, the book has possibilities for being used for divination. All you need to do is

to draw a card from the deck, look up Verbeke's compilations about the meaning of the suite, and then proceed to the individual card. Lacking a deck of playing cards, I flip open the book to:

"TWO OF DIAMONDS

Key words: involved – aware – helpful – persistent.

♦ 2

Dear Two of Diamonds,

travel without fear, move up and down between glaring contrasts and contradictions. Move between the mud huts from Tanzania and the desert tents from Tunisia. Move between woodlands and snowy canyons. The world is yours. Have the power to transform your anger into enlightenment. You and I united in painful loss with bated breath, in sweet dreams and expectations. The drinks go down easily, another little French brandy will take the strain.

after gulping down
so many drinks
a lift failure

I burst into a roar of laughter, your wall is a fool's paper. Your graffiti have pretty colours. Thanks for your funny stories about pure gain and painful tattoos. Don't put on a mask; let's poke fun at the lady next door. Tell her about the thousand cats you saw in Istanbul, tell her about the horses in Mongolia, sing your love songs. Deep inside your bar-talk, I can feel that there are plenty of storms on every ocean. Hear Chris Rea on slide guitar, dancing down the stony road.

the lady next door
naked at the bus stop –
Alzheimer's"

Whether this accurately describes me or my day is rather beside the subject. The glory is in following Verbeke's mind as he wanders in and out of reality and especially the way the haiku relate to the subject matter of the prose.

a river years from here by Larry Kimmel. Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340 : 2005. Spiral bound, 8 x 5 inches, 50 pages, ISBN:0-9743856-8-9, \$7.50 postpaid (for overseas shipping, add \$2).

After reading so many books of haiku and tanka, I must say it was with great relief to come upon a book of haibun. The combination of prose and poetry in this short form seems to me to be a just-right solution for both forms. The prose, whether straight narrative style, or even better, in Kimmel's way of treating the prose with the same degree of repeats and patterns of poetry, it becomes a marvelous foil for the poetry. The mind can race along, gobbling up new information and inspiration and then, at the end, with a haiku or tanka, curl up and ruminates and digests it all. Just when the reader gets comfortable

with this process, Kimmel wisely changes the pace and opens the piece with one or two haiku and then takes the reader to the place that generated the emotion.

Whatever Kimmel has learned about writing haiku and tanka, he uses to give his haibun that exact amount of twist. In the story "Goldfish, Blue Heron, and Man" the prose part is treated as if it is the first two lines of a haiku even though there are twelve lines to the story part. The haiku juxtaposes the right amount of twist so the mind is whisked off to think about something else that has little to do with goldfish and dollar bills.

For persons who find haiku too quick or tanka too dense, they should read and then write haibun. The works of Larry Kimmel are some of the best currently being written in English and are an excellent place to start.

Here is a small sample taken from "Evening Walk" a journal-like entry that combines each paragraph with a haiku or tanka.

"The heat still rises from the fields and road mingling the essences of grass and dust. I enjoy these solitary walks after a day of manuscripts and notes.

her diary –
if only I hadn't forced
its tiny lock. . ."

See how expertly he leads the reader to think he is only taking an evening walk to get away from the daily grind of work? Then in the haiku he whips the picture around so another completely different image and idea for his need for a walk, need to get away, and need for grass and dust. Excellent work. This is only paragraph from one work. Each is a good as the next. This book, a river years from here, is a constant surprise and joy.

While some persons, eager to have their poetry look like "real" poetry will consider only the perfect bound book, Kimmel has the courage to give his readers a book that lies flat when it is opened. The page stays where it is wanted so the reader can leave the current favorite poem on the desk, available for even the briefest glimpse. The warm ecru paper with just the right amount of ink on the letters, invites the eye to return often.

Liminalog by Tree Riesener. The Inmates Run the Asylum Press:2005. Saddle-stapled, 5 x 8 inches, 30 pages, full color glossy cover. Contact the author at 211 Poplar Ave., Wayne, PA 19087.

Because collections of ghazals and or sijo are so rare, Tree Riesener's Liminalog is a must-have for anyone interested in these forms. Aside from that reason, Riesener's work is very good, and is another reason for ordering this book.

The combination of these two genres makes for an interesting mix for the book. If the ghazals are too long for you (she has really long lines in each of her sher), you can always turn your head and grab a quick sijo or two on the facing page. Her leaps, in both forms, are expert and extremely entertaining. This woman is honest and exact so she can sometimes astound the reader with her candor. The first page has a dream about a coupling with the sacred white bull of Dis so be prepared for an adventure!

For stylists, I can tell you Riesener usually follows the repeat with the same or a similar word so you can tell she understands the rhyme and the reason of ghazals. Because her lines are so long and the subject matter varies so widely (as it should), you almost forget you are reading a ghazal until that last word in the couplet comes into your eyeball, wiggling and laughing at its own virtuosity.

Tree Reisener is a thinking woman with her own strong opinions. Therefore, in poems such as "The Passion of the Christ, the Movie," her measured leaps heap unspoken critique that almost by-pass observation. With twenty-seven poems in the book, you get a lot to think about, much to be inspired by, and hopefully, the idea that maybe you should be writing either ghazals or sijo. She makes the form look easy! See?

Eucharist

If the priest blessed chocolate cake and coffee,
would it become the body and blood?

Yes, if you cut the icing off before it is bless.
And no cream.

But the icing is the best part,
and black coffee is not worthy of the name.

A Piece of the Moon by Marje A. Dyck. Calisto Press:2005. Saddle-stapled, 5 x 8 inches, 42 pages of haiku, tanka and haibun, Foreword by Michael McClintock, ink illustrations by the author, ISBN:0-9739249-0-x, CAN\$5. US\$7. Contact Calisto Press, 7 Richmond Place No., Saskatoon, SK Canada, S1K-1A6.

The title here does not carry the impact that the graphic does on the cover of this book because there, the word 'moon' cleverly has a part of one of the o's missing. What is left of that "o" is a golden crescent new moon beside the full moon of the second "o." I love the idea that all our poetry is a part of the moon or is something broken off of that heavenly body and loaned to us for our writing. Perhaps this is the idea that inspired Michael McClintock to write in his foreword: ". . . Dyck's craftsmanship and vision transform familiar imagery and the ordinary occasions of life into moments of mystic, luminous awareness. . ."

This is a beautiful explanation of what Marji Dyck does with her poetry. Though A Piece of the Moon is 'only' her second book, her work exhibits skills and ability that make me wish I had been reading more of her poems. She has been published in many anthologies and is the winner of several haiku and tanka prizes.

In A Piece of the Moon with ten pages of haiku, three to a page, the reader gets an adequate feel for the level and range of Dyck's haiku. The verses are printed without caps and punctuation with small elegant ink sketches of birds and a spider, by the author.

It is interesting to note that when the section on tanka begins, the illustrations are discontinued only to reappear later in the section of haibun. The tanka are arranged two to a page. Though the tanka are not really a sequence, the paired poems on each page always have some faint hint of connection between them. An example might demonstrate this better:

the heavy flight
of two pelicans
windborne –
for two days you have not smiled
nor reached to touch me

the rustle
of autumn wind
trailing through reeds
some kind of longing
from out of nowhere

A Piece of the Moon closes with ten haibun using haiku. Maybe this explains the return of the illustrations? I suspect that I am like many readers of poetry, I always want to know about the author and that life which has inspired the poems, so I was appreciative of the haibun as they gave me brief glimpses of this Canadian woman's existence.

New England Country Farmhouse. Haiku by R.W. Watkins with an introduction by G.B. Jones. The Poetical Perspectives Series by Nocturnal Iris Publications:2005. Saddle-stapled, 24 pages, 5 x 8 inches, ISBN: 0-9733510-0-4.

The series of haiku in New England Country Farmhouse arise out of Watkins's fascination with the movie *The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane* and with a nearly morbid fixation on the actress Jodie Foster. In fact the book is dedicated to her on her fortieth birthday. With the opening illustration a grinning jack-o-lantern over a crossed umbrella and cane, the spooky atmosphere is established. Already on the first page the corpse appears next to the jelly glasses in the cellar and the thirteen-year-old girl begins to celebrate her birthday on Halloween. I do not believe Basho had in his mind the idea of haiku being used to "tell" such a story (or any narrative, for that matter), but I suspect the old guy would enjoy Watkins's tale and I am sure he would find Watkins's capability for writing mature and skillful.

The second sequence, "A Thousand Leaves" follows with eight more haiku of gothic horror. I felt the impact of the production was greatly spoiled by adding on, at the end, another version Watkins had attempted to get published with LeRoy Gorman, but after a year of negotiations, the deal fell through. Evidently Gorman tried to revise some of Watkins's haiku; an offer of help that was rejected, and yet, here in the back are these revised versions. Most of the revised section, I preferred to the original. Wouldn't it have just been simpler to publish the work using the revised poems substituted for the originals? Maybe this will happen with a reprint?

late November sigh

a white feather falls softly
from a birdless sky

In the Gorman revisions the same poem is given as:

late November sigh
a white feather
from a birdless sky

As Things Are: Tanka poetry by Kawano Yuhko. Translated by Amelia Fielden and Uzawa Kozue. Ginninderra Press: 2005. Saddle-stapled, 5.75 x 8 inches, 36 pages, US\$15. includes air mail postage from Australia. Contact Amelia Fielden, 20A Elouera Ave., Buff Point NSW 2262, Australia.

Amelia Felden is now the official translator of Yuhko Kawano's work. In the past three years Felden has brought out books in English that include parts of Kawano's manuscripts – *Fountains Play and Times Passes* (2002), reviewed in *Lynx XVIII:1*, and *Vital Forces* (2004), reviewed in *Lynx XIX:3*, and the complete book, *My Tanka Diary* (2005).

Kawano Yuhko was born in 1946, and at the age of twenty-three she won the Kadokawa literary prize for her tanka sequence, "Cherry Blossom Recollections," which was then included in her first book, *Like a Forest, Like a Beast*. Over the years she has continued to be a professional poet while also being wife to the scientist/poet, Dr Nagata Kazuhiro, and mother of two children in Kyoto. There the couple heads the prestigious Tower Association of Contemporary Tanka and they publish the group's monthly journal with the same name.

For the translation of *As Things Are*, Felden has been joined by Kozue Uzawa, who immigrated in 1971 to Canada where she received a Ph.D from the University of British Columbia. Kozue published her first collection of tanka, *In Canada*, in 1998. She has been vital in the establishment of the Tanka Society of Canada and now serves as Editor on its journal – *gusts*.

As Things Are opens with a very concise introduction to translation and to tanka. The whole book is worth its cost for Felden's quotation of Yosano Akiko (1878-1942) definition of a tanka: "It is a poem with a middle only; its beginning lies in the poet's actual experience, and its end, if any, has to be sought in the reader's mind. It is a piece of life captured verbally."

Tucked away in the introduction is the origin of the poems in this book. Evidently, another poet, by the name of Manaka Tomohisa, compiled the book under the title of *Gems of Poetry by Kawano Yuhki*. Thirty years of Kawano's work, in ten books, were reduced to one hundred of this poet's idea of her best work. The poems appear under the title of the book so that at first glance the reader could feel that these are sequences with a title. A closer reading reveals that Manaka did in fact make sequences. Here is the first one in the book.

Like a Forest, Like a Wild Beast (1972)

standing on your head

you
were gazing at me –
just that one summer
it happened

with all kinds of thoughts
about Jesus
who became a young man
in the village of Nazareth,
I closed St Matthew's Gospel

on the afternoon
it was decided I should
take time off school,
my doctor suddenly, softly
to me 'read the Book of Job'

giving him
an unripe apple,
the only positive thing
that I did
before we parted

I find the poems of Yuhko Kawano to be valid and understand why these several people are working so hard to bring her tanka poetry to a wider audience. There is a sensitivity and larger spirit of the woman that permits her to reveal her innermost feelings without sounding self-centered. By her revelations, she becomes a part of all humankind as she gives us the words for the most important things in our lives – those that have no terms for them.

The book closes with a translation of an essay, also presented in Japanese, by Manaka Tomohisa, telling of the experience of how the book, *Gems of Poetry* by Kawano Yuhki, came to be and how he found working with Amelia Felden on this translation.

Bzz & Miauw by Geert Verbeke. Perfect bound, 4 x 8.50 inches, 160 pages, black and white illustrations, ISBN: 90-77408-10-X. Contact.

I love it when we see one poet being inspired by another. As result of reading Robin Gill's book of translation of Japanese poems about flies titled, *Fly-ku*, in Geert Verbeke there was unleashed a virtual torrent of poems about flies. In fact the output was so impressive, that Gill, when doing a second

edition of Fly-ku, added several pages of Verbeke's work. The Bzz in the title of this book refers to the half of the book with Verbeke's selection of his haiku about flies.

The Miauw in the title heads the section of the book with 147 haiku in Dutch, English and French about cats. And there you have just learned how to pronounce your second word of Dutch!

Now things get a bit complicated. If you look at the book and see the title as Miauw & Bzz, with a sweet altered photo of a cat, you would think I had made a mistake with the title. As you would read through the book up to about page 85 you would think the printer made a collating error. The pages are suddenly upside down. If you turn the book over, the title again becomes Bzz & Miauw and the cover photo is one of nine flies. Here you will read that there are 135 haiku in Dutch, English, French with some in South-African, Italian, Croatian, Irish, Swedish, Serbian and Slovenian.

Verbeke has cleverly made two books in one and yet each is complete. This man is simply overflowing with ideas and he has the energy and drive to make his dreams a reality. In almost every issue of Lynx, there is a review of his newest book. In this one are two! Some people are turned off (probably jealous) by his output, but I find it exciting to be a witness to his joy and creativity. You already know I admire his haiku greatly and find his translations to be bordering genius so I will spare you my latest song of praise for his writing. PS: the illustrations that grace each poem are a hoot. I love how the cat goes from smiling to frowning on facing pages. Verbeke is again having fun with whatever he does.

een zittended Boeddha
op het huisaltaar
de kat spint

a sitting Buddha
on the home-altar
the cat purrs

un Bouddha assis
sur l'autel domestique
le chat ronronne

As I have said before, I do admire the way Verbeke is able to translate so close to word-for-word that the reader can feel as if all three versions are understandable.

Shared Writing: Renga Days by Alec Finlay. An anthology of nijuuin and hyakuin renga and renga days on the renga platform, 2002 –2004. Platform projects by Morning Star, Yorkshire Sculpture Park, Baltic Center for Contemporary Art. Perfect bound, 4.75 x 7 inches, 128 pages, color photos throughout, ISBN: 0-9546831-4-5. Contact Alec Finlay.

Several times Lynx has published reports of some of Alec Finlay's renga activities in the British Isles along with the resulting renga. However, it wasn't until I read the book, Shared Writing, that I really understood the scope and the great worth of Finlay's projects. There is so much to admire about the way Finlay works and the things he does, that it is a little hard to know where to begin to explain it to you.

First is what he calls "the platform" or "plattie" which he designed. As you can see in the picture, it is a stage or temporary dwelling of douglas fir slightly elevated above the ground. Rising from each of the four corners are study posts. Near the top, these are connected to stabilize the structure and to hold rolled up bamboo screens. The top is open to the sky. From the photos I would guess the whole thing is about ten feet by ten feet and equally as high. The photo here that I have borrowed from the book was taken at Homestead along the Hadrian wall between Scotland and England.



The amazing thing is it is possible to completely disassemble this platform, load all the parts into a red van and to truck it to a specific site where in less than an hour, a couple of guys (Mo and Gerry are often mentioned as the muscle men) can reassemble it. Once, when the rare Scottish sunshine got too intense, the guys were able to carry the whole thing over into some shade. The platform has been put up and down so often in the last four years, that they say it is on its third set of connector bolts.

On the platform are scattered pillows and (so it appears in one photo) a writing stand for the renga scribe. An important part of the accruements is a metal teapot. The sessions are fueled with green tea.

Thus Finlay goes from place to place at the invitation of groups or outdoor park events, setting up his platform, brewing tea and teaching renga to people who never thought they were interested in poetry or capable of writing a poem. He teaches them (from the reports he seems a natural teacher) about renga in a gentle, nurturing way. A hokku is offered by invitation and then everyone attending begins writing a possible wakiku. After about ten minutes, or when most are done writing, the verses are read aloud and either the group or Finlay decides the best links for the poem. As he shows the group why he picks one verse over another, they are automatically learning how renga works.

For outdoor events Finlay has found the nijuin, the modern twenty-link form, (basically a han-renga or short renga with two extra links) to be doable. He allows five hours for the writing of the nijuin giving fifteen minutes per link with a break for lunch. Recently, while holding longer events indoors – up to twenty-four hours, he has begun to do the hyakuin or one-hundred link renga. At present he is currently working on a thousand verse renga with 499 authors. It is good that Finlay continues the work on the

senku (Japanese for "thousand verses"), started in 1979 by Carl Heinz Kurz that culminated in his book, *Grosses Buch der Senku-Dichtung*. Further travels and continued work on these long poems led to sequels by Kurz: *Das Zweite Buch der Senku-Dichtung* and *Das Dritte Buch der Senku-Dichtung* (1991). May the works of Finlay be so fruitful.

Now to get to the book, *Shared Writing*. Evidently it is the companion book and continuation of the book, also published by Finlay, a retired publisher (who seems to be still able to make a lovely book) titled, *Verse Chain: Sharing Renga and Haiku*. *Shared Writing* is so well planned and paced that the reader barely notices how marvelously and thoughtfully the material is arranged. There are no stuffy introductions, forewords or prefaces, but the material simply flows (so it seems – this means a professional has done the work) from photo, to light purple title, to descriptive text, to the resulting renga. Sometimes Finlay sets the scene with words telling of where and how a specific event was held, and sometimes one of the participants gives a brief, and often personal, account of what it was like to learn to write a renga in this setting. These personal accounts ground the poems in the reality of settings and situations and indicate that Finlay gives the various participants a chance to have their say and to shine.

The book has color photos liberally integrated with the texts, as well as a photo album of full page photos made at various renga writing sessions.

When I first read of Finlay's work, I was uncomfortable with him giving himself the title of renga master, mostly because the concept of a renga master had been such decisive and destructive influence on renga (called then "renku") in the States. However, as I read of Finlay's work and see how he works, I have only highest praise for him and feel he has rightly earned the title.

Alec Finlay deserves the title of Renga Master for more than developing this new way of encouraging people to even consider writing a renga. He has introduced a new concept which I feel will open renga up to a wider audience and help the present participants of renga take on the egolessness that should be one of our goals. I have tried to do this by using italics and roman fonts for the partners in a renga instead of initialing each verse with the author's name, but he takes the concept one step further.

Finlay does this by listing the participants in the renga in the beginning under the title (as is normal) but then shows no "ownership" of the links. Thus, no one knows who wrote which link. An even greater step has been made since Finlay's work in the schools with students. There, instead of a person writing a link and offering it for the renga, the individual links were often written in collaboration. We have seen this before in renga, but the difference is, Finlay encourages this single verse collaboration and he does not then disfigure the renga with a double or even triple set of initials.

Thus, even the person who only makes the tea or offers one word or image, is given credit for working on the renga. What a beautiful idea and a marvelous attitude to bring to renga writing. With this kind of spirit behind this project to bring renga writing to a larger group, the form becomes loved and admired as the participants look back with great fondness on the experience they had learning and writing renga. By reading the renga in *Shared Writing*, it is obvious the quality of the renga produced (over sixty so far) has not been compromised. In fact the opposite has happened. The poems shine with laughter and obvious joy.

At the time of writing the book, the platform was at Dharmavastu, a Buddhist retreat in Cumbria where other persons are following Finlay's example with continuing renga sessions. Another renga platform, in a permanent version (with a roof), called woodland platform, is part of the Hidden Gardens in

Glasgow, Scotland.

Letters in Time: Sixty Short Poems by Michael McClintock. Hermitage West:2005. Softbound, 5.25 x 6.75, 78 pages, ISBN: 0-9770239-0-X, US\$10, CAN\$13. Contact.

Hermitage West is a private foundation, headed by Michael McClintock, that has a publishing program that encourages new directions in the developments of the short poem in English. Letters in Time is Michael McClintock's first book of short poems in the tanka style. The sixty poems are set one to a page, in 12 point, slightly above center, alone except for the repeating header of the author's name and a page number at the bottom. Occasionally in the book, sprinkled without connection to the previous or following five-liner poems, will be haiku written in three lines.

Since McClintock follows no form for the genre of tanka, some of the five-line poems are very short, closely approaching haiku with the amount of information, rhythms and subject matter, as well as handling. An example would be:

exhibiting
pack behavior
the children
pile stones around
a secret hideout

While the following example would not be an acceptable haiku, due to its lack of factualness and the addition of opinion, its very briefness calls its form decision into question. The only saving factor is the necessary change of time in the second part to the past tense, but it does not save the poem from being a poorly written haiku.

biting
into the peach
it seemed
it did
kiss me

The reader can however find such examples that prove that McClintock does understand the principles of tanka writing.

looking left, down the street
and far right, the other way,

I find no one –
I thought I heard her
call my name in the dark

The volume is dedicated to Karen Jeanne Harlow and the glossy cover carries her portrait, in orange, brown and yellow, as a sketch in charcoal by Nancy A. Knight done in 1996. From a close reading of

Letters in Time, and the several references to falling in love, it is possible to add double meanings to such poems as this one.

apart,
our love's a thrush
we carry in thought
light as the air it sings
within the dark

Michael McClintock is currently president of the Tanka Society of America.

crumb moves the ant by geri barton. Saki Press:2005. Chapbook, 5.5 x 4.25, 32 pages. A Virgil Hutton Haiku Memorial Award Chapbook Contest Winner 2004-2005. Saki Press, 1021 Gregory Street, Normal, IL 61761.

It is amazing what one can learn from a small haiku book. I had known and worked with Geri Barton over the years and yet never knew that she was born in the Bronx, New York or lives on Long Island. I love it when authors put a bit of biography in the back of the book; and it is even better when a photo is there also. Some poets feel the reader should only have the poems – that there is nothing else that really needs to be said, but when I can attach the poems to a face and a person, they seem grounded and all of us is then connected.

I like, too, the title of this book. It is so typical of the psuedo science of haiku that reports what is seen without regard for scientific knowledge. There is a childlike charm in thinking that it is the crumb that draws the ant – an idea that has its own validity – regardless of what is going on in the ant.

The haiku in this collection are all worthy of winning in a contest. Many have been previously published, but beyond that, Geri Barton has been around long enough, has been writing enough haiku that she knows what she is doing and does it very well.

It was very comforting to get this book of Geri's haiku and to know that she is still writing and publishing. May her tribe increase!

bitter cold
pilings without
their seagulls

with gnarled hands
she twists branches
for Ikebana

Book of Haikus by Jack Kerouac. Penguin Poets:2004. \$13.
Reviewed by Don Ammons

First, let me get a mild peeve out of the way. I find Kerouac's insistence on writing haikus, an

insistence he shared with his friend, Allen "Howl" Ginsburg, annoying. Both writers knew better, especially Kerouac. Regina Winreich, in her introduction to Book of Haikus, makes much of Kerouac's study and knowledge of the form. Without getting into an essay on the Beats I think that the "s" on haiku has much to do with their sometimes infantile need to be, well, just that, irritating. If that is the case my annoyance was the point. Now they can sit back and smile smugly at this square who gets upset by the letter "s."

Or could that Anglo/American plural have something to do with this, taken from one of Kerouac's notebooks?

Then I'll invent
The American Haiku type:
The simple rhyming triolet: -
Seventeen syllables?
No, as I say, American Pops: -
Simple 3-line poems

Well, did Kerouac, better known for his prose, especially the American classic *On the Road*, and dropping (finally!) the question of that "s," achieve an "American Haiku type:?" I think not. The only thing particularly "American" about these haiku/senryu is the occasional subject.

The windmills of
Oklahoma look
In every direction

The Golden Gate
creaks
With sunset rust

Greyhound bus,
flowing all night
Virginia

Of course, any haiku written in America, in an American voice, dealing with an American view or place, named or not, is, in one sense, and "American" haiku.

Birds singing
in the dark
Rainy dawn

Moon behind
Black clouds –
Silver seas

Moon in the
bird bath –
One star too

But we have no new Yankee hybrid in this book, just (just!) marvelous haiku, rather traditional, in the

final analysis, written by a master of the form who happens to be an American. but, in spite of being a square, I applaud the attempt at creating that hybrid even as I feel it was doomed from the outset. I think Kerouac himself realized this. Ms. Weinreich implies as much. On the fly-leaf of the book, and again in the introduction, is another quote. "I propose that the 'Western Haiku' simply say a lot in three short lines in any Western language. Above all, a haiku must be very simple and free of all poetic trickery and make a little picture and yet be as airy and graceful as a Vivaldi Pastorella." I can see Basho nodding his head.

Indeed, Kerouac ends the above quote by paying homage to the master, Here is a great Japanese Haiku that is simpler and prettier than any haiku I could every write in any language.

A day of quiet gladness –
Mount Fuji is veiled
In misty rain (Basho) (1644-1694)"

Six more of Kerouac's "prettier" efforts –

In my medicine cabinet
the winter fly
Has died of old age

Full moon in the trees
–across the street
the jail

A bird hanging
on the wire
At dawn

Terraces of fern
in the dripping
Redwood shade

The pine woods
move
In the mist

Spring night
the silence
Of the stars

The Book of Haikus is both introduction and celebration, lovingly put together by Kerouac scholar Regina Weinreich. Collecting and bringing out a selection of Kerouac's haiku, much of it previously unpublished, was long overdue. Ms Weinreich is to be congratulated. She has added to the canon of American literature.

Don Ammons is an American poet and writer living in Denmark.

Haiku Flowers and Trees by Murasake Sagano. Distributed by Kamogawa Shuppan, Published by Win-kamogawa, Kyoto, Japan, 2005

Marjorie Buettner

There should be a name for that phenomenon of memory which combines and associates one event in one's life with sound, scent or scenery and when experiencing that sensory impression stimulates once again a succinct, palpable memory of the event. Proust, I think, would know along with Murasake Sagano what that word would be. Sagano's new collection Haiku Flowers and Trees (Distributed by Kamogawa Shuppan, Published by Win-kamogawa, Kyoto, Japan, 2005) reminds me how such an ordinary thing as color, or the way a blossom bends out from a tree or flower, can indeed not only stimulate a memory of an event but can, in fact, ultimately become a symbol of that event until they are, in the mind of the poet, one and the same, interchangeable, inextricably linked.

Sunflowers . . .
father hospitalized
bloom of the last bud

This collection has an invaluable introduction by David McMurray who published most of the haiku in Asahi Haikuist Network column. The book is illustrated beautifully by Taiki. Just as the illustrations illuminate the haiku, each haiku illuminates the poet's sensibilities and sensitivities:

White crocus
alone at the park
vis-'a-vis

The flowing passage of time is embedded, too, in her haiku; I believe the poet understands T. S. Eliot's cryptic yet magical statement "The end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time":

Love poem
carved deep in cold stone
red plum buds

Nameless grave
folded with its scent
magnolia

The contrast of color in comparison to life's fleeting moments is elegantly captured:

Breezy day
bluebottles in the
baby's smile

And at times it is the intensity of that color from nature which makes everything else pale in comparison:

Rose of Sharon
surface of the pond
colorless

This is when the eye of the poet sees all and the voice of the poet says just enough, leaving mystery. Sangano's haiku exemplify this intimate yet mysterious vision leading the reader down the path of exploration and delight:

Few leaves left
through the persimmon
far town view

Marjorie Buettner is very active in publishing tanka both online and in paper magazines.

Fall & Winter 2005 Haiku Harvest - Journal of Haiku in English, Volume 5 Number 1, published - online & print Denis M. Garrison, Editor.

In this issue of HAIKU HARVEST, 53 poets from 14 countries are included. Haiku Harvest is dedicated to publishing and promoting haiku, both in the western tradition of classical haiku and in all related forms, including tanka. We give generous space to poets so they can demonstrate the range of their haiku and we promote innovative ku by providing a showcase for poetry in new forms that are serious attempts to assimilate the haiku tradition in forms within the English poetic tradition. Besides the online digital edition, a print edition is also published. It is a paperback book, 6"x9", 160 pages, perfect bound, 60# cream interior paper, black and white interior ink, 100# white exterior paper, full-color exterior. ISBN: 1-4116-6770-0. Available online for purchase. Haiku Harvest has been publishing since Spring 2000.

Contemporary Sijo: An Introduction to the Classic Korean Verse Form featuring Marcyn Del Clements, Rynn Jacobs & Kim Unsong. Published by Nocturnal Iris, R.W. Watkins, Editor with Bill West and Kim Unsong as Creative Consultants. Subscriptions \$12 for three issues. Box 111, Moreton's Harbour, NL Canada A0G 3H0.

Contemporary Sijo takes up where Sijo West, published by Dr. Larry Gross and Elizabeth St Jacques, left off when publication was stopped several years ago. Watkins actually opens his zine with a page from Gross's definition of the form which he feels is due him because he was owed issues of Sijo West

that were never published. Then Watkins launches into five and one half pages of his ideas of how the sijo should be written and printed in English. It seems most of Watkin's examples are taken from Sijo West (it is hard to think that most of these were published almost ten years ago - 1996-97) and he seems unaware of the online sijo scenes on various outlets. He asks more questions than he answers (a good point, I think) and there is plenty of room for this magazine to grow. Watkins, thank goodness seems to be out-growing his previous abrasive personality, has done a very good job of giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to the sijo form of poetry and creating a useful and enjoyable magazine. By bringing translations of traditional Korean sijo by Kim Unsong, as well as the sijo by Rynn Jacobs (so modern they border on "punk sijo" - if there is such a category) and more traditional work by Bill West and Marcyn Del Clements, Watkins gives his new readers a good overview of what is possible in sijo. He well deserves our attention and our subscriptions to his newest magazine which joins the companion zine of Contemporary Ghazals.

More, and Briefer Book News

Michael Dudley's newest book, Pilgrimage, by Red Moon Press, of minimal haiku has been released. ISBN:1-893959-55-4, \$16.95.

In The Japan Times, Sunday, September 25, 2005, David Burleigh reviewed Harue Aoki's book A Woman's Life (previously review in Lynx). Burleigh, who is more at home with haiku, was cautious with any praise and stuck to telling his readers about the subject matter of A Woman's Life, which also seemed to baffle him. Anyhow it was good seeing a single-author tanka book getting so many column inches in The Japan Times.

Last, the saddest news: In a letter from Yoshio Koganei, we learned that his Mother, Sumiko Koganei, had died in her sleep in the night of December 2nd, 2005. Not only did I share an active correspondence with Sumiko-san, but had reviewed her book, Three Trees.

for June, 2006.

PARTICIPATION RENGA

(Remember - only add on to the links in bold italic.)

BLACKOUT

Rule: 3 / 2lines alternating
ending with 12 links

Theme: loss, frustration, deprivation

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly

before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
hear the wasps walking on your hat JMB
she says I am glad your eyes don't sting WR
Back for the Louvre - I'm asked if I've met the Mona Lisa FPA
the mile spread behind her hips JMB

in the meadow
we can build a snowman FPA

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV
the term "mother" names cover them JR
faces out of the pages of history – carved out of a mountain face FPA

lost in the voice mail tree
surrounded by questions GD

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR
discarded in the fallen leaves - a moment of passion GD
the budding tree reminds him of her JR
dropping puzzle pieces in her lap a picture forms GD

in swaddling clothes
the calendar girl FPA

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
stuck in traffic again dancing alone CF
land locked the wave I hear on cliffs WR
finding a key made of sand JR
we furnish the room in the kelp castle a sunbeam the bed WR

a flickering candle
then it is not so cold CF

in the darkness between
covers, we dream GD

~&~

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no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
a magnet breaks into two equal magnets CF
one blitz only then no more light after radiation WR
trying to understand nations why anyone would drop a bomb JR

even blasted
we smile
back at you TSP

spirit so simple
only the mind
gets confused CF

allergic
skin flushes
under the mistletoe FPA

~&~

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the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV
the term "mother" names cover them JR
attached she sends me a koan plus a virus WR

two turtle doves
& a partridge in a pear tree FPA

"The moon sets at midnight
I walk alone" Shoushan meta

opening the attachment –
nothing displays but the code GD

decades old now?
computer message haiku CC

~&~

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the budding tree reminds him of her JR
deep sleep with me the hallowed touchstones WR

Suzy Snowflake
in snow white gown FPA

~&~

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before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC

hear the wasps walking on your hat JMB
she says I am glad your eyes don't sting WR
Back for the Louvre - I'm asked if I've met the Mona Lisa FPA
in my pocket, a snapshot as a warm day's reminder CM
digital image crumbling by pixels – memory crash GD

sand changes its structure
I feel the vibrations WR

~&~

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eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR
sticky shoulders beneath the shirt JMB
rest of an evening I hear the late hours' call from other faces WR
jovial voice & frank talk at the fire-eater's table FPA

the prayer shirt
I wear tonight
lights up WR

~&~

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no light plenty quiet JMB
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automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR
discarded in the fallen leaves - a moment of passion GD
washed into dawn I am holding on to half a moon WR
that's Jupiter dancing in and out; the moon's horns GD

she says my call is offered
under siege WR

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
sensory deprivation chamber unplugged CC
black air feeding from the dark an owl WR
waterfront beacon Maigret's pipe FPA
the glow that doesn't warm a ho's smile JR

at the distance it seems
two who won't come closer WR

~&~

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no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
sensory deprivation chamber unplugged CC
black air feeding from the dark an owl WR
Luggage steaming in the bush JMB
home to mother warm iron in her travel bag CC

naked on the window
the face of younger dreams WR

in a cold bed
a hot brick slowly cools GD

~&~

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washed into dawn I am holding on to half a moon WR
pale sky waits for a cloud to paint its silver lining FPA

dawn comes
to a world of rain
dropPING 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
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
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
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
neither shrinking nor growing my 8-track collection CC
returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA
the sandstone nose washing away JMB
on a postscript warned of insomnia waves pound a hunter's moon FPA
my old manual the barely legible letters CC
h lf wh t e s id w as it ching JMB

i o u
a Y GD

literacy job applicant
the misspelled words CC

~*~

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flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
patchouli reek his receding ponytail GD
rainbowed the new bag of rubber bands CC
round and round the vase roses CF
steps I make moon by moon without sandals WR
in the direction of a skein of geese FPA
morning meadow a herd of sheep making an ewe turn CC

rockin' merrily around
the Christmas tree FPA

~*~

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neither shrinking nor growing my 8-track collection CC
returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA
the sandstone nose washing away JMB
oh-oh-oh snuff-snuff-snuffle caShoo GD
the red moon pales as it rises above the pollution GD

brownout
at the chocolate factory CC

~*~

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permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
it's Sunday morning dear stop – I am praying WR
lectionary's faded pages, cross references GD
trivia in the junk shop letters in medieval script FPA
Friar Tuck's lost shopping list a new habit GD
from rich to poor the feathered arrow CC
cutting in halves the flesh of cherry trees WR

autopsy table
body of the coroner CC

~*~

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trivia in the junk shop letters in medieval script FPA
under the bunk a trunkful of playbills CC
spiders and a french-fry sticky dust JMB
one of those guys who needs to have a snack afterwards JR

it was all so clear
when a cardboard box
was a spaceship CF

~*~

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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
the dropped marble rolls out of sight GD
Lew Marie: "Give me Marvin Gardens, or give me death!" CC
eminent domain: dog cringing from master's foot GD
bouncing off the rim clipped toenail CC
says she hates cobwebs the cleaning lady FPA
guests leaving she stays with pearls WR
idling engine I restart it CC
hybrids have it up the hill a standstill WR

ooo's and ahhh's
my new rhyming dictionary CC

~*~

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lectionary's faded pages, cross references GD
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Friar Tuck's lost shopping list a new habit GD
from rich to poor the feathered arrow CC
analyst's daughter proud of her tall tower of Rorschach cards FPA

Tarot tower falls
in the wind GD

~*~

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breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ
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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
grano coffee ground heel thought JMB
sijo* jogging his memory in Central Park CC
as night falls still the fires of the two towers WR
unfiltered dust the masks of the rescue workers CC
disaster on TV close the windows GD
leaping the fence every pocket filled with apples CC
inclined to follow paw prints of a cat WR
excited the dog sniffs the grass in a widening circle GD

that voice

is time unraveling CF

~*~

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disaster on TV close the windows GD
leaping the fence every pocket filled with apples CC
inclined to follow paw prints of a cat WR
beckoning me the curl of a tale CC

sleep images lead
around a story GD

~*~

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face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
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at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
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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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returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA
the sandstone nose washing away JMB
on a postscript warned of insomnia waves pound a hunter's moon FPA
my old manual the barely legible letters CC
tombstone script mostly turned to dust only vowels remain GD

a mountain quail leaves
with its call its shadow WR

~*~

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a card a match tooth a whisker french fry JMB
borrowed words we never return JR
a call to silence - the sound of a hammer on the anvil FPA
whispered prayers the death of a Pope CC
taken from me by a soap bubble the face of water WR

the reality mirror we know better
than to accept as reality jr

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
memories of a my own shame JR
that I couldn't count to six JMB
a handful of ideas to touch JR
cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR
fire extinguished but seldom blown out WR
the poem submitted to another contest JR
the words reversed the title air JMB

ignores DOG Santa enters the garden FPA

~&~

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

the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
that I couldn't count to six JMB
a handful of ideas to touch JR
cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR
fire extinguished but seldom blown out WR
the poem submitted to another contest JR
county fair winners and losers cry GD

halls decked with bows of holly FPA

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
deafening the music of your eyes CC
we'll swim until death parts us WR
center of the storm – paradise island JR
cosmic beach Milky Way all lit FPA
flaring match lights the electric bill CC
no moon standing between wind chimes CF
a sound in the dark – bright JR

clouds seeing us as curious animals CF

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
the hokku with one thousand links GD
fantasies given hydraulic help by pills JR
the brain curves vertical landing fields WR
sci-fic novels pile by my bed JR
chewing then choking yellow sea slugs WR
face in plate a dripping spiral JMB

cool moon wears a bright halo FPA
plastic sun-burst clock clicking dark minutes GD

the automobile license plate: "BUS STOP " 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
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
deafening the music of your eyes CC
we'll swim until death parts us WR
center of the storm – paradise island JR
cosmic beach Milky Way all lit FPA
flaring match lights the electric bill CC
no moon standing between wind chimes CF
pretend the wind and power vanished CC

trees trash leaves into the street GD

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
the hokku with one thousand links GD
fantasies given hydraulic help by pills JR
the brain curves vertical landing fields WR
past the headache's light the wall JMB
the witty wife's world wide witchery WR
Scrabble game I shuffle seven consonants CC
tarot dealer cheating again hides Death GD

we dress to gamble in Vegas WR

~&~

storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett

carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
that I couldn't count to six JMB
a handful of ideas to touch JR
cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR
fire extinguished but seldom blown out WR
the poem submitted to another contest JR
"Hm," she says, "another honorable mention." CC

a "horrible mention" he corrects her JR

VANILLA RENGA

A plain ol' renga with 2 / 3 lines for 12 links

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling
junk mail
a new poem JR

plagiarized
punch line CC

copycats
serving the drink designed

by Martha Stewart JR

"The quality of mercy
is not strained, -"etc., etc. FPA

furrin accent
my kingdom
for a hearse CC

mid-summer breeze
Snowman's sneeze FPA

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling
junk mail
a new poem JR

plagiarized
punch line CC

copycats
serving the drink designed

by Martha Stewart JR

a chip in
the china plate CC

the sake cup
made valuable by the crack
gold-filled JR

Rudolph the red nosed reindeer
one foggy Christmas Eve guides FPA

four lanes of interstate
heading north CC

out of organic tea
we watch the neighbor sniffle WR

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

garden's old pond
goldfish round a blue moon FPA

where Basho
once walked all night
tourists JR

a monarch
on the golf course FPA

still in awe
even when it is only
a butterfly JR

Christmas fires
long fickle drought CF

tv buffet
everything
so tempting CC

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

the chocolate and strawberry
carefully removed CC

on her back
running down the spine
whipped cream WR

Reddi or not
here I come! CC

sundae or son day
a confusion of words
is my delight JR

country store
a checkerboard between
two barrels CC

the players argue:
who cut the cheese? GD

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

once before when two
alone felt united WR

he said
"your enemy is my friend"
and smiled JR

swabbed off its flank
lion's anesthetic pinch FPA

best part of the show
the film begins with the roar
of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer JR

better haiku if . . .
I only had a brain CC

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold

hammered flat Jane Reichhold

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

catch –
the door bell
and hers mingling WR

soles of sleep
pooled beneath JMB

the knitted sleeve
mended with knurled fingers

the same old dream JR

on my winter window
breath becomes frozen thistles WR

the flower
you bring me only
at night JR

on her back tattooed
fruits I dare to touch WR

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

Firestone shredding
its tread CC

grating cheese
on the chopped vegetables
April lunchtime GD

Hellman's left
in the fridge CC

squeeze-bottle
collapsed on its
sticky innards GD

smell circles outward
from the skunk roadkill JR

the perimeter
if where I boxed
myself in CC

the bright light of opportunity
comes in the shine of gold JR

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

Firestone shredding
its tread CC

grating cheese
on the chopped vegetables
April lunchtime GD

Hellman's left
in the fridge CC

squeeze-bottle
collapsed on its
sticky innards GD

smell circles outward
from the skunk roadkill JR

closing the window
perfumes in a mix
of four-legged creatures WR

the open curtain exposes
feet in both directions at once JR

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

coin awakes

pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

garden's old pond
goldfish round a blue moon FPA

spun dirt
cloud sunk
rice dissolves JMB

the tornado spins a top
its own brainless mind JR

Katrina comes
Katrina leaves
from time to time WR

the whole land a disaster
whether blue or red states JR

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

garden's old pond
goldfish round a blue moon FPA

where Basho
once walked all night
tourists JR

drenched shirt
collar on fire JMB

Shrove Tuesday

late to receive by post
the mask for the ball FPA

going as myself I'll win
first prize for funniest JR

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

the chocolate and strawberry
carefully removed CC

on her back
running down the spine
whipped cream WR

Reddi or not
here I come! CC

sundae or son day
a confusion of words
is my delight JR

joining a rare
rural joint WR

our lips
share the old folksong:
"green, green grass of home" JR

WHEELING ALONG
5-liners, verse or prose
ends with 12 links

a wheel keeps spinning
the hamster long dead
on its path
on my path
an inaudible breeze WR

bands spiral by
the bright round moon
languid luminosities
whisper of
the coming storm EL

opens our eyes
with a wake of destruction
flooding
left by the hurricane
seems to be endless tears JR

Astrodome
a sea of cots
but back in Louisiana
the slow-moving tsunami
of budget cuts CC

~&~

a wheel keeps spinning
the hamster long dead
on its path
on my path
an inaudible breeze WR

April 15
hardly any time
left to meet
the deadline
for links CC

with poems
paying my taxes
the IRS
has nothing to do with
a goddess named Iris JR

flying
on wings of five lines
I expect landing
on noh grounds
the verse without me WR

&

a wheel keeps spinning
the hamster long dead
on its path
on my path
an inaudible breeze WR

closing eyes
against the sea that
swallows the sun
the ache of being diminished
by a most marvelous day JR

following
dotted lines
another mile closer
to my daughter's
final flight CC

I wanted to enter light
so I am planting a wildfire
and everywhere mad
there's hardly anything left
a sudden rain sweeps up petals JR

~&~

a wheel keeps spinning
the hamster long dead
on its path
on my path
an inaudible breeze WR

closing eyes
against the sea that
swallows the sun
the ache of being diminished
by a most marvelous day JR

spreading
with a string of juice
a bee
on its flight
luminous fragrance WR

fashioned by Sunday
a bird, then a snake and a toad

my evening walk
and the sweetness of fields
that made Ohio hard to farm JR

~&~

a wheel keeps spinning
the hamster long dead
on its path
on my path
an inaudible breeze WR

bands spiral by
the bright round moon
languid luminosities
whisper of
the coming storm EL

she guesses
implanted sperm
close to a dream
peeked twins will become
ritual dancers WR

stay in your skin
so this miracle belongs to anyone
a blank – now being
calmly painting the river view
by all the eyes in the climax forest JR

LETTERS

LAST LETTERS

Marianne Bluger & Jane Reichhold

Dear Marianne,

Your lovely, very lovely, book arrived. What a beauty! What a marvelous addition to tanka literature! I will be delighted to review it in the October issue of LYNX! You have every right to be very proud of the work in the book and the marvelous treatment Penumbra Press gave you. Way to go! \o/ Jane



Hi Dear, So glad to see the article on surreal tanka in the latest from the TSA. You are in the forefront with your husband in this development and yet, the Japanese are out in front of us. The American Tanka crew have not yet figured out how very MODERN some of the living Japanese masters are with their poetry. love m

Dear Marianne,

Thank you for your lovely and long note the other day and for this one with kind words, also. I was glad for the exposure in Ribbons, but was taken aback that our tanka are seen as "surreal." In no way is that our goal. The poems are simply written from our reality, which may or may not be the ones shared by others. I suspect the Japanese would say the same about their work. This does not detract from my thankfulness for the article or the work Marjorie put into it. Wishing for you all the strength and energy you need today! \o/ Jane

Hi Dear Jane, Have been thinking about this note and agreeing and disagreeing. I have written many longer lyrics in the spirit and style which is sometimes called 'surreal'. It means about as much as the term 'modern' does. Nothing. So don't fret. You and Werner write tanka poems that are sharp and fresh and different with a stunning blend of emotional and cognitive content. I always read your poems several times and then often get an Ahhhhhh moment. For the rest of what passes for tanka, I seldom give one even a second read. Don't ever give any pause to justify your work. It is ALWAYS a good sign when people are thinking about what you write. Your grateful friend, love Marianne

Dear Marianne,

It is always good to hear from you and to get your latest thinking. I am sorry if I sounded "fretful" in my last letter. I wasn't. I think, from your comments, we are (AGAIN!) on the same wave-length on the subject. I think, that in people's attempt to understand things, it helps them to place handles and name-tags on them - which I accept. And I agree with you, the main thing is that they read and then think about anything any of us has written! Thank you for the kind words about the work from Werner and me! AGAIN! We have the same reaction upon reading your work and I admire yours for its delicate layering. Hoping your summer is fruitful in all ways! \o/ Jane

P.S. werner just last week got his five year cancer check-up and is fine. SO thankful!

Hi Dear, So glad your beloved's health is holding. I would be long dead were it not for the love my husband and I share. He cares for me so much and I don't want to leave him alone in this tough world. Werner probably wants to hang around for his old lady too. haha love m

Marianne Sasha Bluger Neily

Aug. 28, 1945

Oct. 29, 2005

Enclosed in submission for Lynx is a collaborative sequence, a sonnet comprised of one-liners. This

"monoku sonnet" is a short sequence of 14 one-line haiku, sonnet length, the poets alternating ABABABAB, which maintains the parts of a Petrarchan sonnet, octave & sestet, with a turn after the octave. The theme is Adelaide Crapsey's moon cinquain, "Niagara, Seen on a Night in November," from which this sonnet's title is taken.

this sequence, "Above the Bulk of Crashing," was written on an e-group's list, "HaikuUnchained," by Denis M. Garrison and Gary Blankenship. Haiku Unchained. Denis M. Garrison and Gary Blankenship

Dear Jane & Werner,

We are all still learning and I find some rengaistas are too keen to criticize others for aspects of their practice, when we need to all learn there are diverse approaches. I know how important the work you are doing is and how open. When we have time it would be good to discuss specific aspects of some of my projects.

1. The first is the use of a renga as a 'word-map'. I am working at an old Lead Mine Museum in the North Pennine Hills and using a schema composed to research the locale - geology, geography, economics, ecology, etc. I loved the classical schema Jane authored for our hyakuin. And this schema of mine does another thing again. We are using it to give the staff a portrait of the museum and surrounding community: it is written by staff and local people, with 3 master poets. The verses written on the first two days have been really wonderful, even better than I expected - and I even go as far as to say that these non-poets have written many verses that are fresher and more concrete than the kinds of thing that I get from part-time poets at my other renga days.

2. In terms of practice I am very interested in 'composite verses', where we use elements from 2 or 3 peoples verse. I find these often create wonderful images and links. I use these more and more. Some people would object I know, but to me they are truly collaborative. I also use them ('comps') with my school's renga. We are doing 2 hyakuin renga with local schools just now, again partly as word-maps, and partly as explorations of the kids world. Here is a draft. This was written by 8-10 yr olds. The quality varies.

3. One little story about the school renga. I was in Easington yesterday doing a workshop with 8 students. At the start I asked one kid, Marley, to read out the last 12 verses of the poem so we could all get a feel for where we were at. As she read one kid, Conor, who can be a wriggly thing but is a brilliant poet, said the names of every person who wrote each of the verses - which means he could recall them exactly from 3 weeks ago. Sometimes you just don't know how much has gone in to their heads. In that session all the verses were composites, made from 2 or more peoples work. Conor came up with this image for a bridge: iron held up by ropes and fumes

4. Finally, I am slowly writing a senku renga, between myself and 499 people around the world. Again, the quality varies, as some are new to the form and others know nothing of the thematic conventions, but the process is fascinating. I have a longer version with commentaries and details of where in the world each poet lives. Alex Finlay

And I am pleased that you are pleased... how nice to know that belated me made the deadline again. Mostly due to your kindness. Thanks. Titles! I am rotten at coming up with titles, though I do see that a

title might hold it all together. Taking your suggestions to heart 'how will it be' resonates the most, or 'scattered frost' but I wonder if we should take out the first tanka in this case. What do you think? Do what you think is best. I am happy in your editorial hands. You do a consistently good job with Lynx...it has been a while, hasn't it. You have had a lot of rain. So have we. Not as much but heck, here in Maine we should be getting snow. I miss the quiet snowy days when my brain can relax. Be well and happy, love to Jane. Kirsty Karkow

Dear Werner & Jane,

Well, we survived Thanksgiving Day, but not without our furnace going on the blink. It would have cost \$100 an hour to have a repairman come out to fix it that day, so we went, as planned to Boston, where both my wife's (Kathy) family live, and now my son, too. We all celebrated together. So it was a good day but we returned to a cold house, it was just a bit above 0 degrees Fahrenheit. We wrapped up in all the blankets we had for the night, and once the repairman came the next morning we went out for breakfast, as it took a good part of the day to warm up the house again. Not an unusual New England adventure. But why does it so often happen on one of the holidays? One year our well pump went the day before Christmas. Anyway, thanks for the feedback on the Raw Nervz collaboration, and yes I doubt that I'll go back to traditional renga. This is much more stimulating. I also like your idea of using prose with verse. At the moment I seem to be working mainly on haibun, but sometimes I think it would be productive, perhaps, to take these freer forms of renku and apply the techniques to a 'solo' book. That is, a long poem based on not only links and shifts, but also on associative leaps, with the occasional non-sequitur. It's something at the back of my mind that I hope will bear fruit at some point. I would think such a work would have an opportunity in the mainstream. I recall your idea, too, of linked haibun. Again, something I haven't forgotten. These experiments in form don't seem to be picked up on quickly, but I think it is up to us, and a few others, to keep fresh approaches alive. I think in time we will see more "western" styled work deriving from the haiku/tanka tradition, simply because western artists are by nature restless and relentless experimenters. This has been a busy year, most of it good, but my writing did get squeezed into a corner for a time. I'm happy to say that things are moving again. I hope to have something to send to you and Jane for LYNX before the end of the December deadline. I've come to appreciate LYNX, more and more, for its openness to experimental approaches. There aren't many other publications in the haikai world that offer space for such work. It's good to be in touch, Werner, and lunch on the terrace with roses blooming around the porch sounds lovely, especially as we go into winter here. It's snowing heavily even as I write this e-mail. I meant to mention that I was happy to see both of your tanka sequences in the recent Ribbons. Again, both of you, take the tanka beyond the descriptive nature poem and traditional, or usual, tone/style of love & loss tanka. Your metaphors, images, figures of speech, etc. I find encouraging for the future of tanka in English. Thank you, and more power to both of you. Larry Kimmel

Dear Larry,

Again you made such visible steps writing prose - or should I say writing a prose poem? That's what I really think it is Larry, a prose poem including a 5-liner, titled 'Skiing'. The layout, or better I say, the way you arranged your sentences and phrases is an art in itself, builds a form, guides the reader to a deeper understanding of the content. Your work passes the old concept of haibun, 'a journal of a journey'. As you said, with such work we may turn on mainstream publishers. For the moment, you will see 'Skiing' in our February issue of Lynx, 2006. You indeed did produce solo work but as you said yourself probably more collaborations. The one you sent, done with Sheila Windsor, I find especially good, and a real surprise to the haiku scene. We will be proud to publish it with our February issue of LYNX, 2006. Werner

Dear Werner & Jane,

Below are submissions for the February 2006 issue of LYNX. I'm hoping you might find the segment of "Blue Smoke" collaboration with sheila windsor appropriate for LYNX. We were working on this in the spring and have now picked it up again. It's an ambitious project that we hope will result in a book length manuscript. We'll see. Anyway, this past year I've done more with collaborative work than solo work. Also, included is a haibun for consideration. Not too cold, here, but enough snow to think of it as winter. I've a book signing this Friday, at a bookstore in a nearby town. Art Stein, who belongs to a co-op of poets invited me, as I had written the blurb for a new book he's had published through the group. Should be fun. But being New England, one crosses one's fingers, hoping the weather (ie. the roads) will be okay when the date arrives. I published a book of haibun this summer and I'll be sending you a copy, but probably it won't be in time for a mention in Lynx [it is reviewed in this issue!]. But, whatever, I do want you folks to have a copy. Peace to you both, Larry

Dear Larry,

Good to hear that you had a book signing in a nearby town, and thank you in advance that you plan sending us a copy of this new book. Thank you for the praise for what we do with LYNX. Here I would like to point out that Jane and I both are very sorry learning that Raw Nervz is coming up with its last issue. Dorothy did a great job with her magazine; her influence to the broader poetry scene is obviously undeniable. I there really nobody around picking her magazine up and do with it whatever can be seen as a new development? Please let Sheila know what we think? Take care, Werner.

. . . In 2003 I invited a fellow poet, Martha Deed, to learn and experiment with the rengay form. I thought we might make an interesting writing partnership because our writing styles are very different, yet we share a love of both traditional and experimental forms. I suggested that we create though e-mail, and that we not discuss the evolving poem until it was completed. We utilized the six link form found on page 133 of Bruce Ross's *How to Haiku!* found the structure of that poem visually appealing. We agreed to add further constraints. Each poem would include a reference to Native American Full Moon names, and each poem would include examples of the four elements (water, air, earth, fire). We also took turns introducing new poem links. As we progressed with our poems we discovered that our personal, natural environments were figuring strongly in each poem. We were delighted by this and felt that our poems were nurtured by this grounding in neighborhood. Martha Deed is a retired psychologist who writes from her home on the Erie Canal in North Tonawanda, NY. The animals and birds who live in her woods often make their way into her work. Recent publications include *The Iowa Review Web* (with Millie Niss), *Stirring*, *Shampoo*, *Gypsy*, *Big Bridge*, and *Unlikelystories*. Karen Lewis is a transplanted Canadian who has lived in the US for twenty years. She worked for many years as a child welfare social worker. Currently she is a Teaching Artist for Just Buffalo Literary Center in Buffalo, NY, and a contributing editor for award winning *Traffic East Magazine*. She was nominated for a 2005 Pushcart Prize. Recent publications include *The Buffalo News*, *Slipstream*, *Poetry Daily* (prose feature) and the anthology *Sacred Stones*. Karen L. Lewis

. . . By the way, thank you so much for the wonderful review you did of Rose Haiku for Flower Lovers and Gardeners. You have been so incredibly supportive of all my projects. I really appreciate your help. Right now all my energies are focused on Gusts. I am hoping to be able to reach my target of 500 subscribers by the end of 2006! It's the magic number, because once we have 500 we would become eligible for government programmes to support literary journals. Nothing like the power of a clear goal. All the best, Angela Leuck, co-editor.

[Since this letter was written, Angela has resigned as co-editor of Gusts.]

. . . Jean Calkins invited me to join The United Amateur Press Association of America. Jean is President. We've been pen pals for awhile. She carries on in an amazing way, in spite of chronic health challenges. Jean is writing fiction as well as poetry in various forms. I remember reading about her in one of your articles. The UAPAA was established in 1895. Members can participate in many ways. I'm beginning my own paper, GOLD LEAVES, this autumn. Just one or two pages. Members receive a monthly mailing of everyone's work. Denver Stull also publishes a paper, and has retired from being the editor of Parnassus Literary Journal. Parnassus is continuing with a new editor and I imagine I'll receive an issue soon. Love and blessings, Ellen Olinger

. . . Glanced over the latest Lynx. The final four PIECES collaborative 'linked haiku' by Marlene Mountain and me look great! Thank you and Jane for being so supportive of my writing; your backing is appreciated. We continue to write daily, so for your consideration there are new ones below. BUZZ WORDS #3, #4, #5 and #6. All poems are by Marlene Mountain and me. (#1, #2 published by Paul Conneally) Warmest regards, Francine Porad

P.S. Saw your friend George [Price] & wife at the HNA Conference in Port Townsend, WA. You may recall my husband Bernard and I met them the night you took us out for a wonderful dinner and evening.

An open letter to
Michael McClintock:

Here follows a quote from the introduction of the Tanka Society of America 2005 Members' Anthology, something like a sigh:

"Examples of tanka may be found here and there in the small-press literature of the past forty years or in a few collections by individual poets whose work passed largely unnoticed in the enthusiasm for and growing popularity of English language haiku."

Unnoticed? Mr. McClintock, it seems inevitable to add a little correction to this statement. Beginning in 1989, Jane Reichhold, at that time publisher and editor of the magazine Mirrors, presented the necessary infrastructure to facilitate and promote the form of tanka, so far only occasionally mentioned in magazines. The movement gained immediately on speed and the word spread internationally that exactly here, with the magazine Mirrors, was the best and almost only chance to watch the development of this ancient Japanese form then taken on by writers of English language poetry. Linda Jeannette Ward was one of many other writers who recognized the development of tanka early on. In her book Full Moon Tide, one has the pleasure to follow her thoughts, and can imagine why the tanka movement had its great days already in the 1990s. One doesn't want to forget

the names of Father Lawrence (honored and decorated by the Emperor of Japan), and Sanford Goldsteins' early work - well, the list goes on and on. It's worth to mention the forty book reviews about tanka written in those years, and published first with Mirrors and later with Lynx.

This means, that for twelve years a steadily growing amount of American poets worked hard to explore the poetics of tanka, and augmented by the guidance of this work and her articles, these writers earned a lot of respect and recognition here and abroad due to Internet participation. For sixteen years now, a well attended contest, named Tanka Splendor, received more than eighteen hundred tanka submissions, and 665 of them have been published. There is no doubt, that all of these writers remember the work they established and the success they made over the years.

Further on, there is no doubt that with the appearance of the first tanka anthology *Wind Five Folded*, which we co-authored in 1994, set a first milestone in the development of tanka by astonishing a large audience, making many other writers aware about tanka being on its way to influence English language poetry. As time went on, the magazines *Mirrors* and later *Lynx*, intensely supported the writing of tanka sequences. I like to put attention to the fact that Jane and I have been the first writers here in the U.S.A. publishing collaborative and single works containing prose plus integrated tanka and haiku, prose plus ghazal and tanka, prose plus tanka sequences, and tanka combined with artwork.

Jane's book, *Writing and Enjoying Haiku*, Kodansha International, 2001, includes an extensive explanation of all Japanese poetry forms, with a special focus on tanka showing the relations between the early Japanese waka and the modern haiku and well as her numerous articles on the form in *Lynx* and on the web site, AHApoetry.com.

Mr. McClintock, in case these statements don't hold enough proof of the fact that your above mentioned statement is flat wrong, we feel here is the place to add what the Haiku Society of America in both, its Newsletter and in *Frogpond*, refused to mention and therefore suppressed:

The Majesties of Japan, The Emperor Akihito and his wife, the Empress Michiko, invited the us to The New Year's Poetry Reading at the Imperial Court on January 14th, 1998. (An extensive report of the event can be read under AhaPoetry.com, titled "Invitation.") The purpose was not only to honor our work, but the intention of the Court in Japan was to recognize the many gifted writers who since 1992 took on the form of tanka and made it into a medium for creating new English language poetry.

I think the poets in the States and Canada, who promoted the early developments of tanka wish to see the true history of the medium kept alive. Therefore I would like to invite you back to reality and to stay with the majority of writers who want to keep the records as straight as possible.

Werner Reichhold.

CHECK THIS OUT!

An afternoon devoted to the Haiku form of poetry
Sunday, April 23, 2006
3 pm to 5 pm at the City of Ukiah Conference Center
200 School Street in Ukiah, California
Keynote address by Jim Wilson

Postmark Deadline for submissions is Monday, March 20, 2006

New This Year: An Online Haiku Forum!

Jane Reichhold, judge of our adult contemporary category for 2005 and 2006, has established an online forum specifically for the ukiaHaiku Festival dedicated to writers, students, and teachers of haiku.

Please see our informational pdf with instructions on where and how to register.

Further Information about the 2006 ukiaHaiku Festival

Note: Jim Wilson, the keynote speaker, is the person you know best as Tundra Wind, the founder of Lynx when the magazine was called APA Renga.

FINIS