

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

XXIV:3, October, 2009

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DRIPPING GOLDEN LIGHT

An examination of Pamela Babusci's first collection of tanka, A Thousand Reasons
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Contact: moongate44(at)gmail(dot)com. Pamela A. Babusci 150 Milford St. Apt. 13 Rochester, NY
14615 US Funds \$14 plus \$2.50 S&H ; Foreign \$5 S&H.

KyôkaJapan's Comic Verse, A MAD IN TRANSLATION Reader compiled, translated, explained and essayed by robin d. gill. Paraverse Press, 2009. Contact: <http://paraverse.org> Paperback, 8 x 11 inches, 734 pages (not counting the rant at the end). Includes Japanese originals, romanization, a bibliography, poet and poem indexes. Review is written from a reading copy that contained no price.

Stone Mirror, Water Mirror / Oglinda de Piatra, Oglinda de Apa by Clelia Ifrim. Perfect bound, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 54 pages, Romanian and English. Illustrated with ten drawings by the author. No price. Available from Clelia Ifrim, Calea Dorobantilor 135-145/ Ap. 5, 010563 Bucharest, Romania

Delta Blues by Skip Fox. Ahadada Books: 2009. Perfect bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 176 pages. No price; contact ahadadabooks.com

Blue Night & the inadequacy of long-stemmed roses by Larry Kimmel. Second Edition with The Temperature of Love. Modern English Tanka Press, www.themetpress.com, 2009. Perfect bound, 6 x 9 inches, 124 pages, \$12.95

Elvis in Black Leather by Alexis Rotella. Modern English Tanka Press: www.themetpress.com, 2009. Perfect bound, 4 x 6.5 inches, 44 pages, \$9.95.

Dragonfly's Play / Jocul Libelulei by Oprica Padeanu. Verus, Bucuresti, 2009. Romanian and English. Translated by Vasile Moldovan. Perfect bound, full color cover, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 100 pages. Contact: verus@clicknet.ro

slightly scented short lived words and roses by Stanley Pelter. England: George Mann Publications, 2009. Perfect bound, full-color cover, 6 x 9 inches, 132 pages, cover by Izzy Sharpe, Introduction by John Daniel. Illustrations by S. Felton.

THE ONAWA POEMS 1999-2008, EDITED BY PAUL W. MACNEIL. SHIP POND PRESS. PERFECT BOUND 5.5 X 8.5 INCHES, 40 PAGES, \$11. COLLECTED HAIKU BY YU CHANG, FERRIS GILLI, GARY HOTHAM, KIRSTY KARKOW, PAUL MACNEIL, PAUL DAVID MENA, PAUL M., JOHN STEVENSON, HILARY TANN, AND PAUL WATSKY.

Greetings from Luna Park by James Roderick Burns. Modern English Tanka Press, www.themetpress.com, 2008. Perfect bound, full-color cover, 5.5 x 9 inches, 100 pages, \$14.95.

BOOK ANNOUNCEMENTS

. . . James Tipton's latest book, All the Horses of Heaven/Todos los Caballos del Paraiso

James Tipton's Washing Dishes in the Ancient Village/Lavando platos en el pueblo antiguo

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

A Film of Words by Jane and Werner Reichhold,

Haiku Encounters, by Salvatore Buttaci.

Concrete Seasons, A Collection of Urban Tanka, by Bob Loomis

Symbiotic Art by Werner Reichhold

LETTERS from

Francis Masat, Peggy Lyles, David Serjeant, Larry Kimmel, Tyler Pruette, Dick Pettit, Max Verhart,
Curtis Dunlap, Naia, tenzing

CONTESTS

The Heron's Nest

IHS International Haiku Competition 2009

Moonbathing Premier Issue Tanka Contest

SAD NEWS

D. Claire Gallageher

Paul O. Williams

Gruenther Klinge

COLLABORATIVE POETRY

SUMMER HEAT

Mike Montreuil
Micheline Beaudry

summer heat
children run
under the sprinkler

driving along the river
to the cormorants' nest

birthday card –
I am near
my parents' age

an echo from a far away train
he remembers those nights

leaves fall slowly
one by one
under an October moon

first snow on bare trees
the laughter of two lovers

marriage counselor –
two cold coffees
on the table

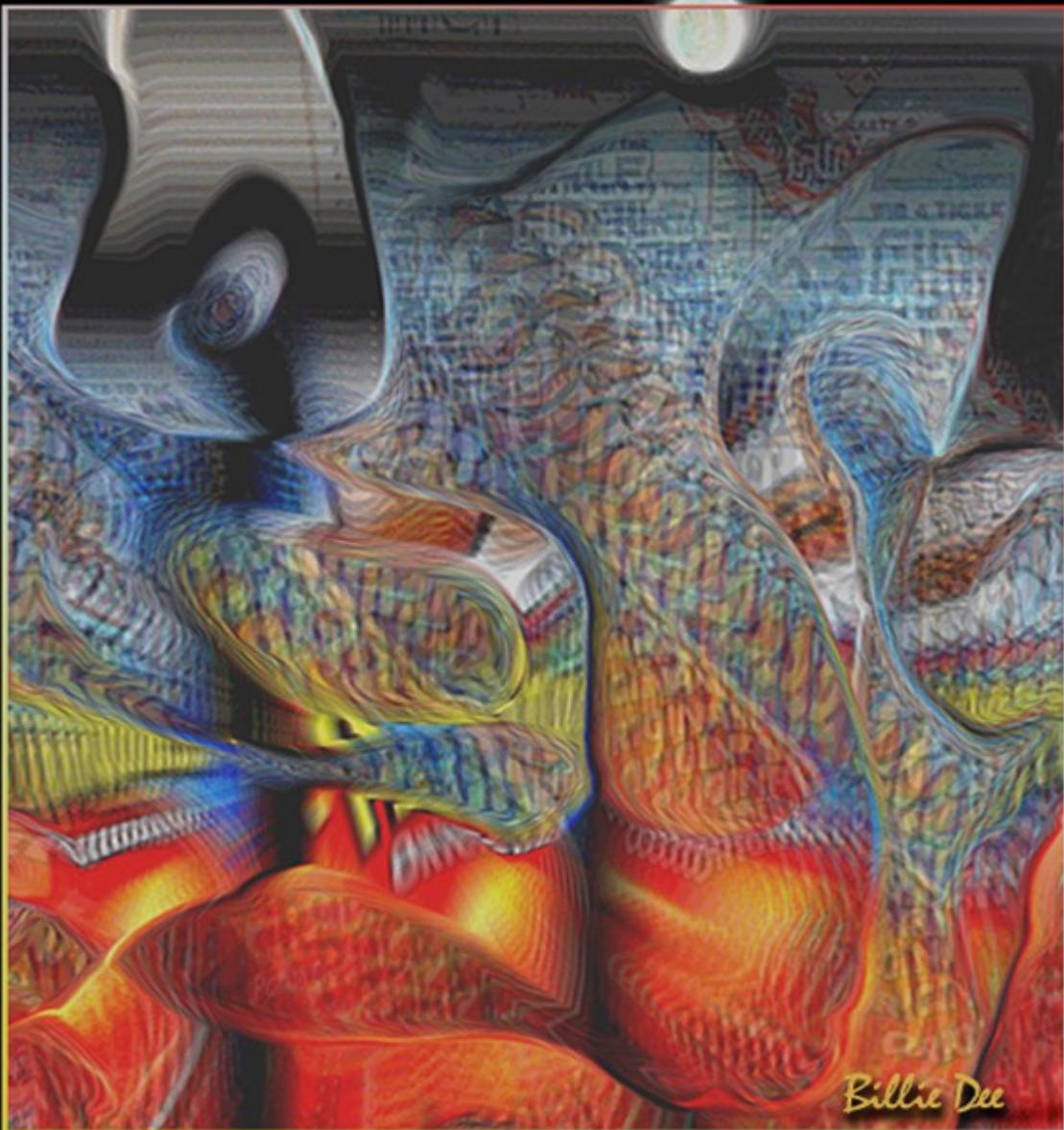
we talk in hushed tones
on the telephone

the house door
opens with the wind –
her voice from the past

on a varnished desk
he arranges his accounts

May day –
the iris that wasn't there
yesterday

the cry of a tit bird
in the warmth of Spring



jazz moon

Terry O'Connor

cymbals slither

through the brass

TAN RENGA MIT ANGELIKA WIENERT UND INA MÜLLER-VELTEN

Gerd Börner

1.
Salzernte - salt harvest
der Bauer zeigt auf the farmer points
dunkle Wolken to dark clouds

Angelika Wienert

nichts als Leere only emptiness
auf dem Tuscheblatt on the drawing paper

Gerd Börner

2.

Prolog - prologue -
den Duft des Sommers the fragrance of summer
aus der Haut lesen read on the skin

Gerd Börner

der Vorhang schließt sich the curtain closes
vor dem letzten Ton with the last note

Ina Müller-Velten

ALTE KERBEN OLD NOTCHES
Claudia Brefeld
Martina Heinisch

Hünengräber – Megalithic tombs –
dem Raunen der Baumkronen listen to
lauschen whispering of the trees

schwarzer See black lake
der Mond späht ins Riet the moon peeks into the reeds

Hände verweilen
auf dem Priesterstein –
alte Kerben

hands pausing
on the priest stone -
old notches

Flüsterbücher –
unter Buchen
Kriemhilds Helm

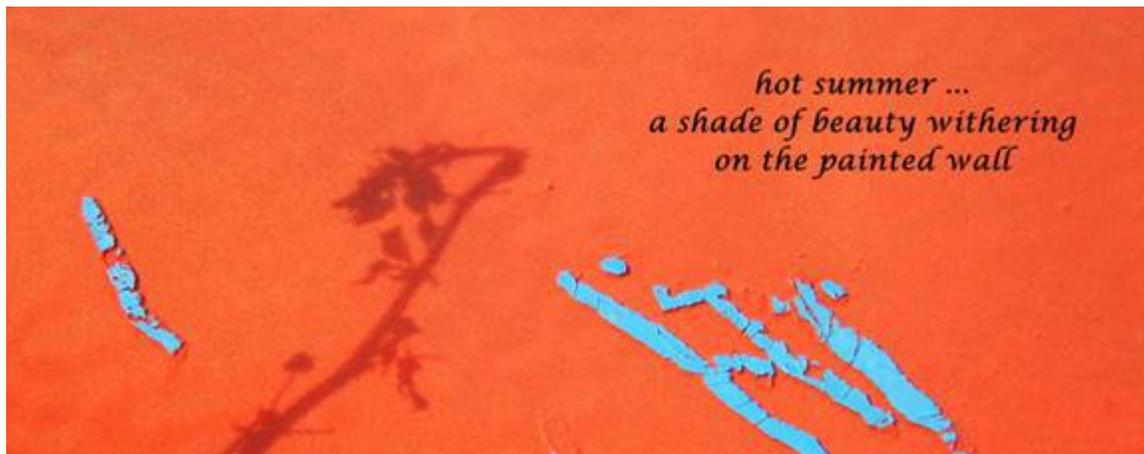
conjuring books –
under beeches
Kriemhilds Helmet blossoms

Im Loch des Hühnergottes
blauer Himmel

in the hole of a hagstone
blue sky

Pfarrscheune –
Wizlavs Spuren
folgen

parish barn –
following
Wizlaw's tracks



Wolfgang Beutke (haiku) and Anne-Dore Beutke (image).

UNBEMALTE HIMMEL
Claudia Brefeld
Martina Heinisch

UNPAINTED SKIES

Weißer Stadt –
Segel tasten sich
zum Horizont

White city –
sails feel the way
to the horizon

Eine Möwe steigt
im unbemalten Himmel

a seagull soaring
in the unpainted sky

Fährmann, hol über
Die Kamera zeigt
noch drei Bilder

ferryman, set over
the camera shows
only three photos

Warten ...
Kraniche
versammeln sich

waiting for...
cranes
gather

Strelasund – Brückenseile
überspannen die Weite

Strelasund – bridge ropes
span the width

Mast- und Schotbruch!
ein Zeesenboot berührt
die Morgensonne.

Always Smooth Winds from behind!
A Zeesen boat touches
the morning sun.

THE UNSPOKEN
Ramona Linke
Gabriele Reinhard

La Malagueña ...
the vibrations of his fingers
on the chords

standing ovations:
“The Third Man”

Marcel Proust –
Le temps retrouvé
loaned out

a heart of glass
between torn letters
her word

the dragon’s tattoo
in front of the inner eye

the unspoken
at the edge
of parting

IN BEWEGUNG
Gabriele Reinhard
Claudia Brefeld

ON THE MOVE

wilder Mohn
zum Klassentreffen
die 68-er Jeans

wild poppy
for the class reunion
the jeans of 68

ihre Joplin-Mähne
blond und gebändigt

her Joplin-hair
blond and tamed

Japan
the Beautiful and Myself
als Originalausgabe

Japan
the Beautiful and Myself
as an original edition

Entrümpelung ...
der Lampion aus der WG
bleibt

clearing out ...
the lampion of the living community
stays here

auf einer Harley mit Billy
entlang Route 1

on the Harley with Billy
along Route 1

eng umschlungen
Räucherstäbchen hüllen
den Mond ein

tightly embraced
incense sticks wrapping
the moon

NIGHT SKY
Jane Reichhold
Giselle Maya

10 o'clock
the night sky's rosy glow
starting a new poem

words are feather dreams
they wing out of thin air

more magic
unripe tomatoes suddenly
reddening

a swim in a green river
warm and cold currents

over the hill
a friendly face is
the moon

gallivanting
with tai chi friends

a glass of champagne
Gershwin songs
bubble from the center

renewing their vows
fifty years disappear

goldfish
touch tails and fins
close to their friends

a feeling of loss
chest pains continue

letting go
can I learn to see her
just another being

everything in the clay studio
given to an artist-pal with hope

winter moon
cat and i snug
under the down puff

in the smoothness of snow
my mind empty of thought

a light rain
out of the compost
a salamander

the poet laureate calls
searching for an archaic word

on the salad
a sprinkle of basil
and nasturtiums

a new redhead wife
the spice of his life

in a photograph
the day the blossoms
fell to earth

voices in the dark street
lit by an old lantern

shoeless
wading down a river
water moccasin

digging up potatoes
we find a Roman shard

flower rimmed
and blossom-bright
path to the beach

the spring runs downhill
softly in the seventh month

on her hand
caressing her stomach
no wedding band

she greets him with a smile
everyone is watching

home again
the soldier-son blinks
back the tears

remember the sound
of rain on clay tiles

moonlight
a twinkle in the pond's
dark waters

long pine road
uphill winding home

right foot sprained
resting and healing long
before asters unfold

with ten holes
my body the flute

sound races
to third eye
poised to open

nodes on bare branches
counting the days 'til spring

return to Myoren-ji
the scent of pale winter
yamazakura

dawn brings a rosy glow
to the faces of the hikers

Started: June 22, 2009 Finished: July 13, 2009

BIRD WALK
Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

forgetting to lock the door she hurries back
riverside, all this glass on the stone seat
at a picnic table the backpacker types on her laptop
rusting to feather colour, steel moa sculpture
between spread toes of the moa, river gravel
created from a ploughshare a pied shag dries its wings
formation flying - oystercatchers on an arched pole
poking above rushes the ears of a sleeping Hereford
in the muddy stop bank horse's hoof prints
along the bird walk flax pods curved like beaks
across the river a tricolour flies from a flag pole
'Oyster Bay' - lapping against its hull wind driven waves



Haiga by Shanna Baldwin and Gillena Cox

A SPLASH OF GREEN

Paul Mercken

Alison Williams

Fokkina McDonnell

Paul (& Karen) Smith

young folk on the beach
their skin still plaster white
soaking up the sun
pm

a splash of green
overhanging cobblestones
ps

her smile
at an unexpected gift
snapdragon seeds
aw

two for one offer:
half strength coffee
fm

puddles full
of moonlight
all the way home
ps

visitors cheer
at the Orange Bowl
pm
* * * * *

venison
at La Giostra in Florence
by Hapsburg princes
pm

a new name embroidered
on the family tree
aw

through the park
on a tandem -
just friends
fm

thirty years on
they make the same vows
ps

church bells
drifting in and out
of sleep
aw

Chester amphitheatre
tourists at a fresh dig
fm

in the moonshine
searching
for the last peg
ps

midsummer night
the birds don't stop singing
pm

at Stonehenge
a druids' protest:
handcuffs are out
fm

news headlines
caught in a chain-link fence
aw

flags and flowers
veterans and dignitaries
liberation day
pm

murmurs of life
in the lambing shed
ps

* * * * *

out of nowhere
a butterfly
shapes the wind
ps

around the candle flame
a shimmering
aw

museum garden
mossy grass
the rotting coracle
fm

seized in the spotlight
the pirates surrender
pm

an angel
flies up inside
the snow globe
aw

charades
the film of the novel
fm

of all the gin joints
in all the towns in the world
she walks into mine
pm

flirting with the waiter
after he leaves
ps

the divorcee
browses through a book
of wallpaper samples
aw

that ticket machine
keeps rejecting his coins
fm

cool moon rays
reflected
in the mirror
pm

equinox
an extra apple tips the scale
aw

* * * * *

sudden gust
the flailing arms
of a headless scarecrow
aw

holding their bellies
the laughter therapy class
fw

attending a lecture
on Freud
without really knowing why
ps

surprised at seeing
someone he thought was dead
pm

in their hundreds:
daffodils and tulips
at the crematorium
fm

the chimney sweep comes early
wearing clean overalls
ps

GREENER STILL

Jane Reichhold
Giselle Maya

recycling
only after dinner
is the salad
garbage to be a meal
tossed to the ravens

snails take
bites out of the strawberries
there is
enough for all of us
if only we can share

paying more
for the organic veggies
the worm
certifies the label's claim
that it is food fit to eat

to plant
one's own food
a statement
no ingredients to question
you are what you eat

by the sea
a desert of fogs
survival
allows no romantic garden
water only for drinking

the spring
irrigates the garden
sometimes
I loose my way
among rows of snowpeas

the competition
at the local art show
who is greener
soy inks and recycled paper
or the plan of the concept artist

anemones
and bright-winged birds
over high meadows
more luminous by far
than lights of the city

damned
rivers slowed by concrete
falling
into high tension wires
toasters and computers

above the river
icicles drift in space
he rides the kayak
into silver-beaded letters
of mist and disappears

on tip-toes
trying to erase reality
a carbon footprint
follows me out back
to the recycle bin

watching
an old Kurosawa film
'after the rain'
he enters the forest
she shows him his own face

I love you
sounds on his old lips
recycled
from a wedding ceremony
forty years ago

high and low
whenever I look for
a word
snow white like the peony
within a cradle greener still

cutting it out
of organic fabric scraps
the designer
makes a bag to replace
plastic sacks that never die

rising silently
white jade moon
over the crest
footprints on the earth
yours and mine

climate change
each life moves resources
in a compost pile
the biggest watermelon
with its will to live anywhere

sacerdotal green
loved by Renaissance painters
they revered
sky blue the deep color
of the Madonna's robe

SPITS OF RAIN
Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

on the tips of water reeds, spider's webs
thick as bees swallows swarm above wetlands
reflected in the lagoon a disused cow trough
in the distance the houseboat's balcony waits for summer
skimming the surface of the water, the stilt's mating ritual
a few spits of rain remind us we've a long walk home
on the rickety footbridge young cyclists make way for us
this last stretch a deceptive incline and a head wind
leading their owner a pair of rust-coloured dogs
I'm glad I went back to lock the house - he's home when we return
at the base of the gate post, a handful of pansies
stepping inside, the warmth of the woodburner

SOMEWHERE IN THIS VAST SEA

Ken Wanamaker

Kathy Earsman

Norman Darlington

a rope swing
dangles over a stream —
butterflies on board /kw

larksong cascades
around the stepping stones /ke

one more and yet
another for the tipsy
road ahead /nd

an obelisk in a clearing
gathers tribal nations /kw

winter Earth
turns silently above
the moon /ke

zeroing the length
of your longsword thrust /nd

a cuirass
next to the bed stand
Guinevere's slip /kw

merely the remnants
of a dream this shortest night /nd

sometimes hope
can be a mouthful
of candyfloss /ke

a child beholds the universe
in its clustered center /kw

from within without
our dahlia pouring
autumn sunset /nd

somewhere in this vast sea
one dugong finds a mate /ke

Notes:

cuirass : a breastplate worn by medieval knights
candyfloss : cotton
candy dugong : an old world sea mammal, similar to a manatee
A Junicho renga composed online from May 5 to 31, 2009

NOTABLE UNLEASHED

October 2008

Werner Reichhold

Jane Reichhold

Act I

Scenery: Two artists leaving town and settling close to the Pacific Ocean. By now, both recognize they are residing on an island, viewing some ten thousand square miles of salty waters. October: A white heron takes off the kelp bed, geese fly south. Moles come out after the first winter rains drenched the soil. A season interviewing itself.

W:

Do we call this “an interview-based drama?” In which way would we see the work distinguished from other theatrical attempts?

J:

Though plays are always collaborations, not many are originally written by two people. Screen plays are often rewrites of others’ works, but in the beginning they are usually written by one person. Here, from day to day each of us has no idea where this work will go. We walk around with the completed play as separate parts inside the two of us.

W:

I would like to extract material surrounding the night of a fetus. The writing, the silent interview should appear as a celebration, resembling the reactions of a thermostat bonded to climatically caused changes. Here, in this case we are exploring the changes in the life of a woman during a 9 months period. We then try to disengage from the actual occurring “events in time and womb,” putting together a certain word-play.

J:

This fits into my life! Having just celebrated the Day of the Dead, I am ready for new life. My only fear is that one of our several sexually active twenty-something grandchildren will attempt to make my dream come true. So, how can I help you?

W:

During in interview I am verifying a special effect when indeed one of the partners obviously looks temporary absent

watching a ball

arriving close to the goal

she feels netted

Do the questions of an interviewer determine how to proceed talking to one another? Is a surprisingly appearing question a true engine and does this kind of a motor pulls a suspected audience into “a clock

she has returned

W:

sleep-walking
reciprocal to a comet
around the dog house

J:

I came to earth
naked and unwanted
in the coldest month
I've learned the lessons
yet there have been fires

W:

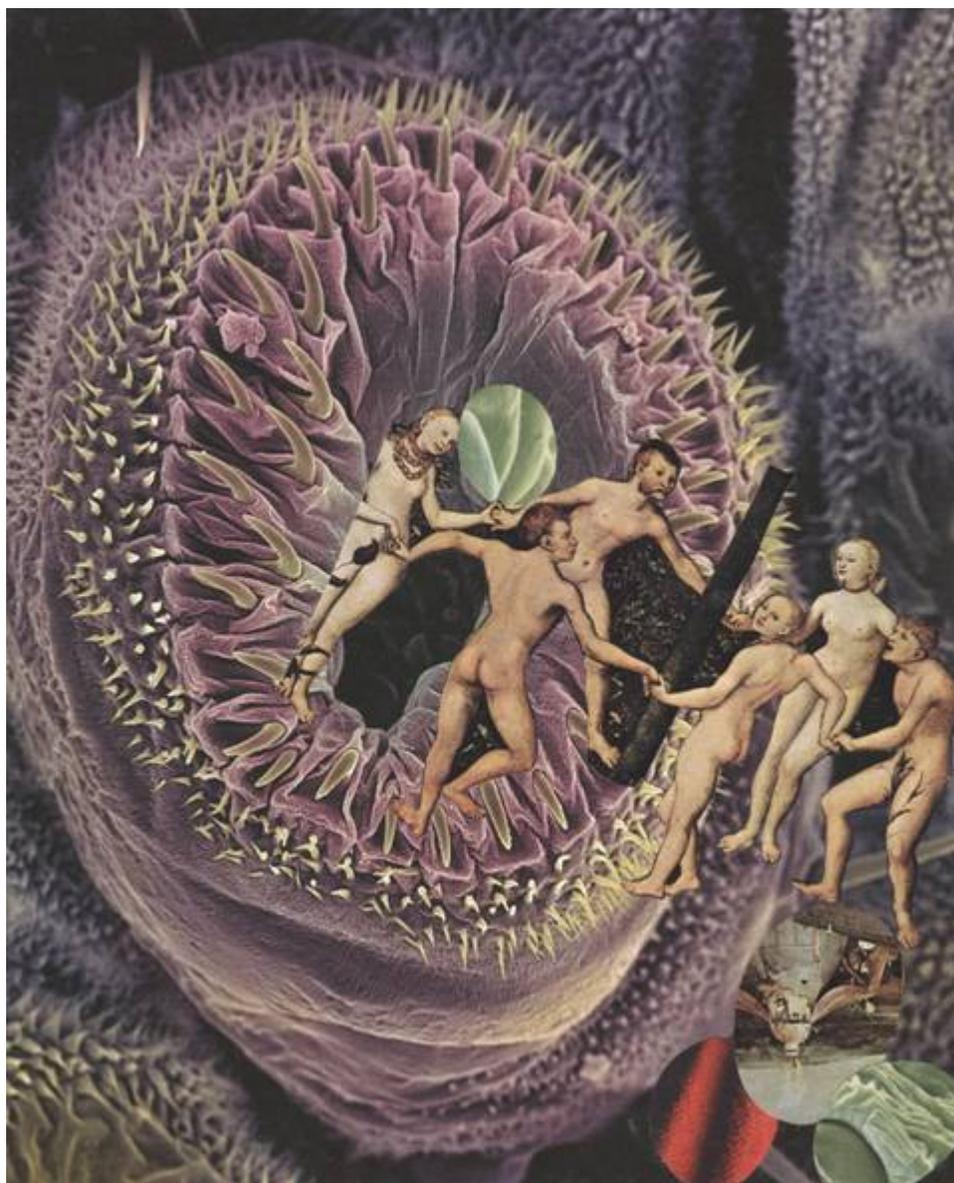
snow-fragrance
quietly falling
into my empty pages

J:

wind still
as the breath
of my parents
eaten by their graves
the pulse of the planet

W:

the flags are the same
but the message depending
on both sailors



ACT II

Scenery: As in the planning of a good soup, various products are gathered into one specific place with a cutting board and a large kettle.

W:
My daughter reports that when she was on her way home planning dinner and driving on Black River Ave. in

downtown Detroit, when her iPhone started ringing in the pocket of her pants. She read the number – left the connection ring and vibrating. She knew who was calling, and with slanted eyes her mind was composing a possible answer when suddenly

passing a red light
a cop stopped her “Lady?”
she rolled the window down
slightly in trance she whispered
“oh double you see”

(iPhone abbreviation “owc” = only with condom)

The cop, his lips sloped over grinding teeth, in doubt about the mental condition of the young woman and he himself a day before retirement, couldn’t help but give in and let her get away without a ticket. Personally seen: did he act reliably according to a bigger concept?

J:

Ah, you are reminding me of a day in Ann Arbor, also in Michigan – which brings up the concept that you are accessing past information in the ether! – when I ran a red light (how right you are!) and crashed into a taxi cab. The front of the car was so damaged it had to be towed away, so the young (in this case) cop offered me a ride home. As we passed the parking lot of the stadium at the end of our street, he slowed, looked it over in the gathering gloom and turned to me and said, “Shall I tear up the ticket?”

W:

One book not written yet; a paper back, lots of graphs, \$ 4, title: For Children Up To Fourteen Years (a must.)

J:

The Ugly Swan swims in the shallow end of the gene pool. And then one day. . .?

W:

a geisha paid
by the number of scent sticks
consumed
her every whim a star
in dark-eyed pillows squelched

J:

a madrigal
chanted by monks
yet I know
my life was made holy
by each of my mistakes

W:

she fingers a knot
behind the back
in her apron

J:

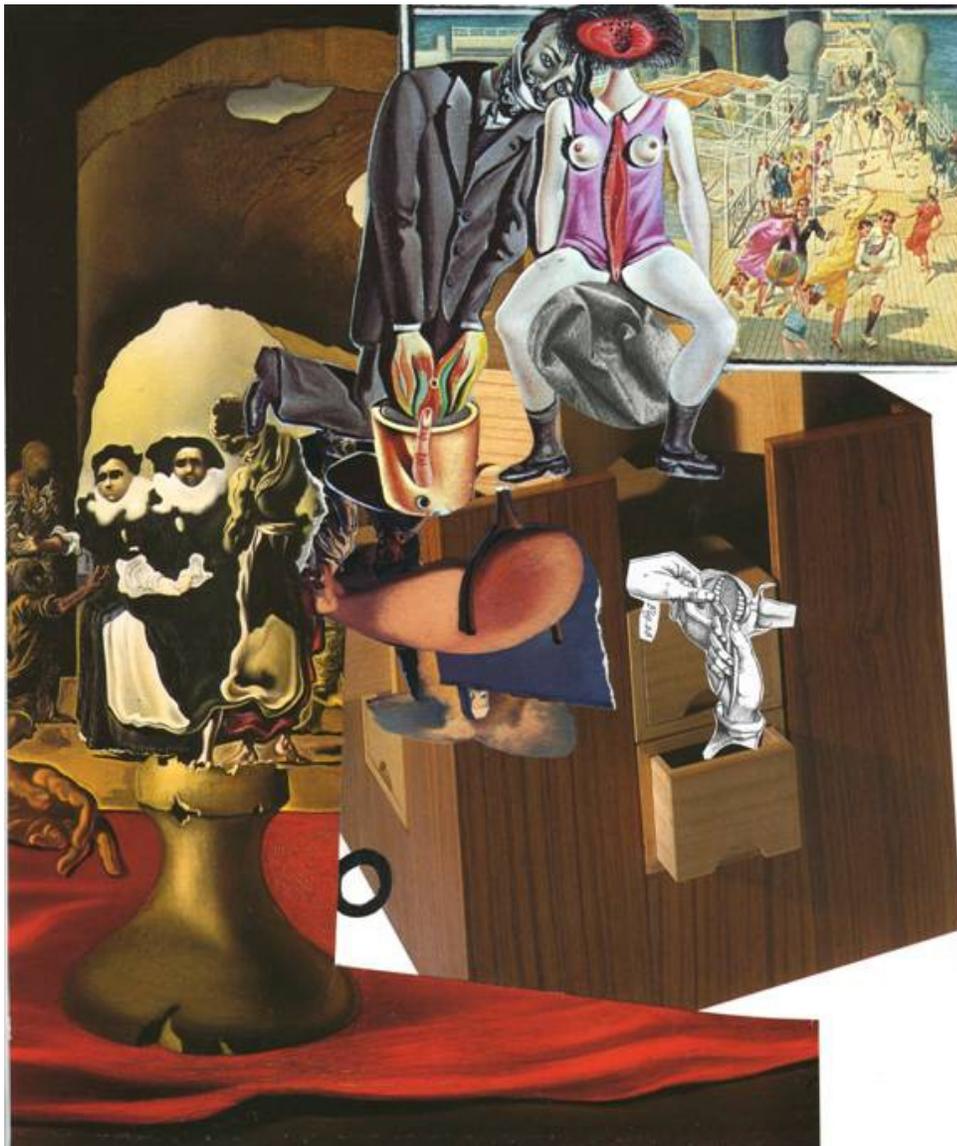
it is all I have
the humming wheel
clay-caked hands
the cups that will break
on my dying day

W:

a praying mantis
its green-legged step
on my garden gloves

J:
lazy
as if recovering
from an illness
the happiness of days
after my birthday

W:
silver-wrapped “kiss”-
on a one-way road we lick
chocolate & liquor to death



ACT III

Scenery: At twilight coming home to a suburban condominium – where everything in it is alive and somehow gives one the feeling as if unseen muscles are able to stretch the legs of a chair or curtains seem to move like dresses worn in a breeze. The unpolished wooden floor forces one to imagine walking on the epidermis of someone in love and ever present. The paintings on the wall carry with them the question of whose brush's color made their occurrence so lastingly in disorder balanced.

W:

The North American woman in question carries with her a lineation back to Kenya. Grassland – the 5895 m high, always snow covered Kilimanjaro can barely be envisioned. Everything coming close to responding receptors appears as a climate related acuteness and all beings, amorphous or organic are in a learning process to take the situation as it is. Between dawn and dusk, a naked rope hanging from a tree curls and uncurls rhythmically

half knot half wanted the fly in amber a humming down the neck

J:

That could explain why when computer-made glass beads flow through my fingers I am touching something very old in myself. The desire to other things with holes in them. . . Hm. . . This connects to the idea of stringing or combining the 'holy things' – to make a statement greater than any just one of them. Even the concept of networking. How a net becomes powerful in spite of its many holes?

W:

Noon: The single woman – now we realize her as for thirty years part of her foreign environment, models. Both, she and the Japanese artist seem to ignore if not to enjoy becoming prisoners held together only by pencil lines on a sheet of drawing paper. What we see is commonly called a study. But getting closer, let's say to a touchable distance, the word study had disappeared. What's left at hand can but not necessarily will be sold as art and therefore permits possible ownership.

J:

But is not ownership what we desire for each of our works? The ownership of others? To have someone else admire and desire something we have drawn out of ourselves – maybe even literally drawn about our selves – to take into their lives.

W:

Ownership of what? What kind of vibrations came into play so that those two people relating to each other materialized a drawing and helped it into its now new singular existence?

J:

Maybe you are right. What do buyers of art own? The emotions that led and directed the shaping of the art work have died within the artist, even if he or she is still living. That could account for the feeling

one gets upon seeing one's own artwork in someone else's house – “what is that of me doing here?”

W:

The "me", the one I truly am, is trying to collaborate with someone else's desires. In the mirror of an artwork the artists are constantly studying their collisions. Over time, They are becoming both winners. Content, form, or colors seem to be sacrificed – so what is left?

J:

The highly personalized image as carried around the world in the mind of the viewer. Just think that of every single thing you have created as an artist, when it is seen by someone else, is copied or captured – taken as real – in that person's mind. No matter where they go, or for how long they live, your artwork remains in their brain. Your artwork may disincarnate, be destroyed, or abandoned, but as long as person lives and breathes who has seen your art-piece, it lives in their brain. Think, if you can, of tracking the lives of your artwork in all these minds moving at all the different places on the globe. The one connection they all have is the fact that the image originated with you – out of your dream for a piece of art.

W:

For what kind of an undertaking is the audience asked regenerating a former process with someone's own way of getting jazzed by art?

J:

It is part of our miracle of life that we cannot look at anything without collaborating with it. The mere process of remembering a thing or an event is colored, changed, arranged by the viewer and his or her perspective, mood, inclination and a thousand other differences of feeling or judgment. Nothing is saved on a clean slate. We, no matter how inartistic we think of ourselves, are constantly recreating the artwork of others; even rewriting their poems in our memories. How can we determine which version of an idea persists beyond the memory of the living?

W:

Not often, there appears this scary but promising feeling of falling back into something not experienced before. It has the capacity to single out an area of risks if not disaster. One already imagines certain alarming shadows before visualizing a caravan loaded with uncertainties on a way to a well. You may become the well's visitor invited to stay for a night. Once arriving at this state of mind, what are the erotic and other stimuli you need to enter the hidden messages?

J:

black ink
surrounds the white
flowing from the wet point
held up by thick jointed fingers
the brush
moving in a march of heartbeats
skitters and skips into
a rock solid
moment

wind blows
a line of sheets

across the living room
attempts and failures together
brushing
idea against reality's mask
curtains to hide behind
pictures to draw
madness

lacking
visitors or
friends stopping by for tea
the kettle brings the water for
a brush
to touch the solitude of soot



ground
against a dark
stone
day upon day
sketches

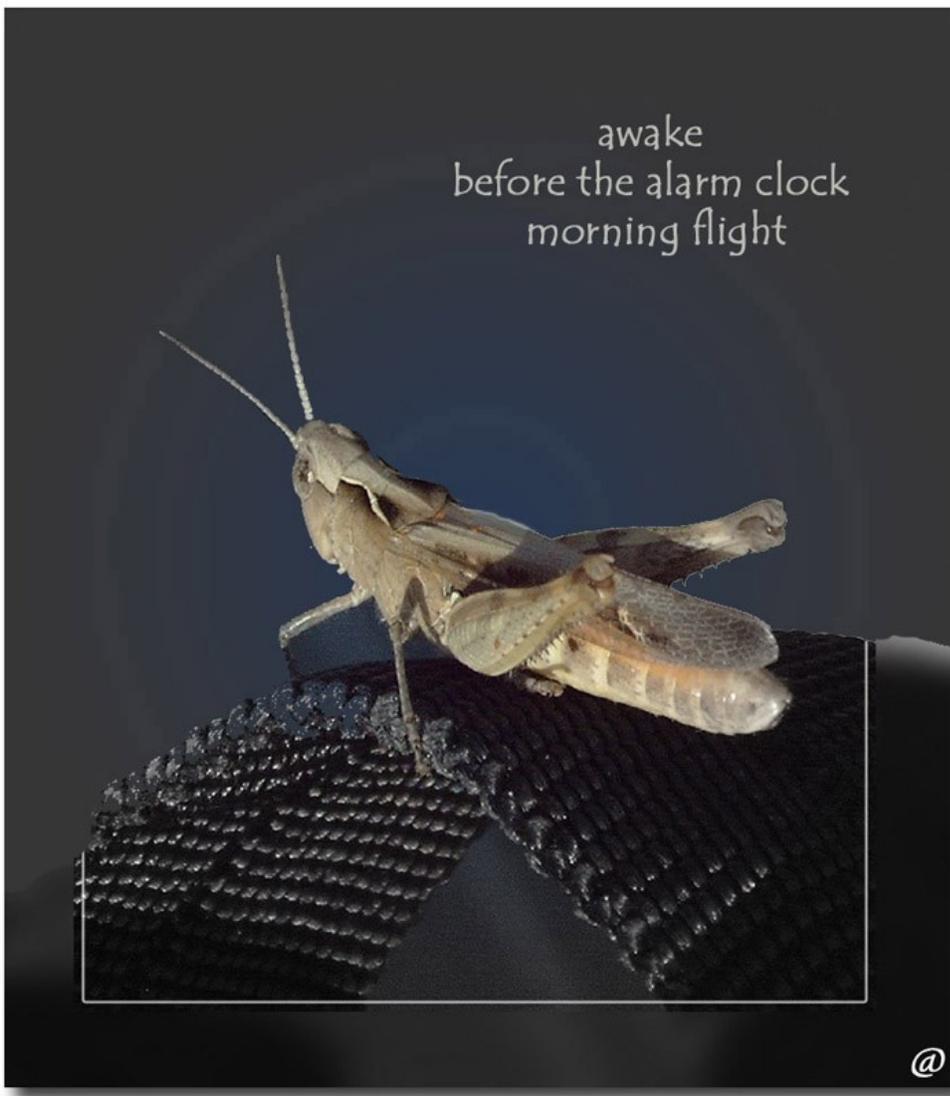
Graphic credits:

Act 1: In this picture, Lucas Cranach and Hieronymus Bosch are collaborating with Nano-structures.

Act 2: This collage is seen as collaboration between Salvador Dali, Albrecht Dürer and Leonardo Davinci's fall of the folds.

Act 3: This is a collaboration between Albrecht Dürer, Marc Chagall and Jim Dine, a liquid gas tanker and an architectural perspective.

SOLO WORKS



Haiga by Alan Taylor

GHAZALS

GHAZAL OF THE ELEPHANT

Steffen Horstmann

Mihiragula's men in sixth century Kashmir
forced elephants off cliffs in the Pir Panjal Range.

The Hun savored the cry of falling elephants.
Did God devise the fate befalling elephants?

Songs of nomads depict their slaughter.
Peasants recite legends recalling elephants.

"Their bones like a structure, majestic in collapse –
As if they perished in sandstorms stalling elephants."

I recall again their story when I witness
A child, on paper, scrawling elephants.

Was it Paradise (seen in a blur)
God revealed to falling elephants?

Into a mirage they now migrate –
Winds crossing the distances, calling elephants.

First published in Oyez Review (2006)

A ROSE IN BENGAL

Steffen Horstmann

When the Magi's gaze fixed on a rose in Bengal,
Grief was transformed to immense repose, in Bengal.

He saw a monsoon die in God's palm, its winds
Weighted with clusters of sorrows, in Bengal.

& knew the promise of harvests fulfilled –
Seeds asleep in their dense furrows, in Bengal.

Immersed in silence, he saw God's face
In the sky's rich indigoes, in Bengal.

& summer's swelter cooled when children
Dreamt of Himalayan snows, in Bengal.

Before him a dervish dissolved in dust,
Its last whisper still echoes in Bengal.

His boat was destined for the shores of Eternity –
where the ferryman rows, in Bengal.

Departing, he deciphered in the grass
Brief notes written by willows, in Bengal.

First published in Tiferet (2008)

LATE AT NIGHT
Steffen Horstmann

I wander streets we would walk at night,
Passing cafes where we'd talk at night.

We window-shopped – all signs read CLOSED –
Storefronts on avenues we'd walk at night.

The park bench where we'd sit until daylight. . .
Trees listened to the winds talk at night.

Footsteps beckoned shadows to each streetlight.
We ran past alleys a ghost would walk at night.

The songs of swallows began at first light.
A silence lived in our talk at night.

The collapse of hours, the morning light.
The sound of the sea, the boardwalk at night.

I still see you in a faded light.
You whisper in my ear, we talk at night.

First published in Raintown Review (2005)

ON MY SIDE
Ayat Ghanem

Underside and underneath, I shall discern, finally.

On my side, well underneath, I'll say it all, fatally.

Soon I'll come back to your ground to sleep once more in your womb,
next to our mountains of snow, my mother's sand plays just beyond.

I shall see from down below the roots of old, and truly
know that this singing injury has been full filled, disappeared.

SYMBIOTIC FORMS

RESPONSIBILITIES

C W Hawes

She is only fifteen and already pregnant with her second child. Her mother, who is also unmarried, threw her out of the house this morning. Alone and with no where to go, she and her one-year old child had ended up at the county welfare office seeking assistance. I look at her application and I look at her. A child having children with little clue as to what the responsibilities of adulthood are. I look at myself (almost four times her age) and wonder if I know what the responsibilities of adulthood are.

bright dandelions
and the lawn going to seed
tying the hammock

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

C W Hawes

A quiet afternoon at work. Merging procedures manuals. A mug of chunmee tea is on the cup warmer and "Five Variations on Dives and Lazarus" by Vaughan Williams on my iPod. I pause for a moment to savor the tea and music. The thought occurs to me will anyone care about this new Info Management System in five years when I retire?

The project manager is young enough to be my daughter. Full of enthusiasm, she was nonplussed recently when a retiring supervisor gave her a twenty-two year old memo outlining the "new" Info Management System. It must be disheartening to realize the path you thought you were blazing is a well-worn rut.

shooing flies
away from the pie
hole in the screen

MIRRORS

C W Hawes

Mist hovers over the field. I dive in, wading across. My feet are wet from the grass, laden with dew. My jeans and shirt, damp from the mist itself. The sun is not even a half-hour old. The air is cool upon my skin. In the air sounds of robin and mourning dove, a crow, my feet swishing the grass, the distant traffic. There are no human voices.

Rumi advised us to stop talking. He scolded us for not being familiar with inner silence. His recommendation? Polish our hearts for a day or two and make our mirrors our book of contemplation.

no thoughts on my mind
scent of crab apple blossoms
the taste of oatmeal

VIOLA TRICOLOR

translated from the German by Celia Brown

Ruth Franke

At the garden center I am spoilt for choice. For Father's grave I need pansies but it still takes ages to make up my mind. Such a variety of colours! Each of them has a different expressive quality, some rather melancholy. Is that why Jacques Prévert described them as "the most sad and gloomy of all flowers"? Perhaps he knew that they are a symbol of Christ's Passion?

Viola tricolor
a puff of wind
from northwest

While making my selection, I wonder how the flowers got their various names. Why are they called "Stiefmütterchen" in German? The 'bad' stepmother? Hardly! According to a quaint folk tradition, the lowest, largest petal represents the stepmother, the intermediate petals of similar colour are her daughters. The uppermost petals – often of a different colour – are the stepdaughters.

A light shower at the hillside cemetery. With a small trowel I dig some holes for the plants and put them into the moist earth. The pansies gaze at me pensively. Perhaps they have their own thoughts about the new site: after all, they are also known as "Pensées."

How appropriate for the grave of my father, who had pondered as much on Heaven and Earth as – centuries earlier – Blaise Pascal whose work he held in great esteem.

r a i n d r o p s
from clouds into blue sky
first swallows

BLANKENBURG

translated from the German by Celia Brown

Ruth Franke

Never would I have suspected to find him here, the bronze lion. He gazes northwards from the Blankenburg Palace, the summer residence of the Welf dynasty, towards his counterpart, the original in Brunswick. For many decades the pair was divided by the Iron Curtain.

Grandmother often talked about Blankenburg, the setting of her youth, of her first love. Summer festivals, balls in the Palace gardens, the young Princess Friederike at the center of attention. They must have been about the same age.

I sit down on a bench in the deserted pleasure garden. Geometrically arranged flowerbeds, a fountain, just a few sculptures. There are no more pyramids of myrtle: the grottos, greenhouses, terraced gardens have all gone.

under the Linden tree

a young couple

tandaradei

What was life like for a young girl at the turn of the nineteenth century? A yellowing photograph: a long, dark flouncing dress, the face under the veiled hat sincere and well-proportioned. No hint of the joie de vivre for which I loved her. How did she get to know Grandfather?

The path leads up the slope through the Palace gardens, now thoroughly overgrown, dominated by the gloomy Old Castle above. Dusk falls. A bench looking out over a small pond under mature trees. Long grass, rhododendron bushes already in bud. Was this where they met, my grandparents? It is very peaceful here.

In the darkness I follow the narrow footpath high up above the town to my hilltop hotel in the middle of the Upper Harz, a mountain region which I want to explore the following day.

a pale moon

glides through dark clouds

Walpurgis night

FROM BADDECK

Ruth Holzer

You can drive all day and not see another person. Cold fog drifts in from Bras d'Or Lake, obscuring the path. A flash of black and white: the three-toed woodpecker that lives only here, well hidden in these high forests.

on the road

an escaped

mink

PHAISTOS

Ruth Holzer

...from the cool morning through the sage-heavy afternoon and into violet twilight, when the lost palace rises to its full height. Blue and red frescoes reappear on chipped gypsum walls. The large earthenware jars fill with grain, oil and wine. Minoan nobles are leaving their lustral chambers to gather in the central courtyard for the bull-jumping.

let me ascend
again the grand stairway—
remaining days

IN MEMORIAM
Larry Kimmel

Aged ninety, he said to Milly, his daughter, "Something goes out of life when a man can't plan his work at night and see it through the following day."

a childhood hero
still strops his straight edge
on a belt hooked to the wall
still ties Christmas ribbons
to Rusty's tail

And later that year, after the untimely passing of a son-in-law, he said, "Milly, now there'll be someone over there to meet me." And that night, the last of the strokes took him, taking a week to do so.

a young man's hero
still the sought after genius
of Glenn Hollow
still tells his tales
shaded by wisteria

Believing life to be a continuum and having experience of others who have gone before me, why not him? Sometimes I think a stern grandfather (still the very image of a stoic) frowns down on once honed tools now left to rust.

gone these twenty years,
gone and yet . . .
"old man, I tell you—
you still walk the woods
wise as an Indian"

A KITCHEN FRAGRANCE
Larry Kimmel

A kitchen fragrance brings back the log-house on the hillside; morning crows from hill to wooded hill; the weathered barn; Betsy the cow; black raspberries in the upper pasture; chicken pens by the creek, chickens that cackled and some that cooed like reeds; and Rookie, the khaki-colored dog; and dirt roads that passed through pastures of Queen Anne's lace and goldenrod; Whip-poor-will Falls; the cider press, shadowed by a fiery oak; apple tree branches, pewter in winter, pink in spring; the party-line of twenty-five rings; the wood furnace of my first-grade classroom; daffodil Easters; the returning crops; and Granma, who endured the seasons to the number of ninety-times-four.

baking utensils
the way she left them —
and if I could see her again
I'd not be impatient
. . . if I could see her

REQUIEM
Larry Kimmel

Because it was filled to the brim, the goldfish leapt the aquarium. "But Mommy, why did Sam kill himself?" A short time later: "Yeah, an-an-and we can dig him up whenever we want to see him."

in a cool air
amid leaflets
and the gurgle of freshets
the upright stone
and a kind of grave excitement

ARE WE THERE YET?
Patricia Prime

an old skeleton
in the gorge museum
of Cheddar Man
small hands map its history,
our mouths falter over words

I was eleven when the fated trip took place. My brother had climbed to the top of the bluff and was throwing stones. I can still see the rock hurtling towards me. It hit me on the corner of my eye, knocking me out. I must have fallen on to the rocks below and when I came round people were yelling. I felt the blood streaming down my face and realized I couldn't see. It was a long drive to the doctor who cleaned and stitched my wound, administered a tetanus shot and gave me painkillers. A week later I had an interview for entrance to grammar school. I sat in a hall full of mothers and daughters, wearing two black eyes, a bandage round my head and cuts and bruises on arms and legs.

THE PAINTING

Patricia Prime

It looked like an English setting – rolling fields to the distant hills, a few trees in the foreground, a sheepdog lying in a patch of sunshine. The woods to the right. I gazed into this for hours wondering where it was, dreaming I was there as my grandmother spread butter thinly on slices of bread with a scrape of jam on top. I could smell the hay, feel the breeze on my face, and walk through the grass towards the hidden sea. It must have been England, a frozen piece of the country where I was born, from which I feel severed. Certainly the one to show me cannot.

if there were someone
that could piece together
my broken fragments
imagine – I would be
a different person

(Untitled)

shirley cahayom

when i was a child, there was a valentine card with a black painted heart on top of our coffee table. inside were the words of an old song entitled “No One Will Ever Know.”

"no one will ever know
my heart is breaking
although
a million teardrops
start to fall "

my mother said that the card was given to her brother by an ex- girlfriend before my uncle got married. i don't know where that valentine card is now, but the image of the black -painted heart and the pity and compassion i had for uncle's ex girlfriend was deeply etched on my mind:

valentine boxes
empty of its heart candies
still red all these years
they remind me of the love
that was virginal and pure

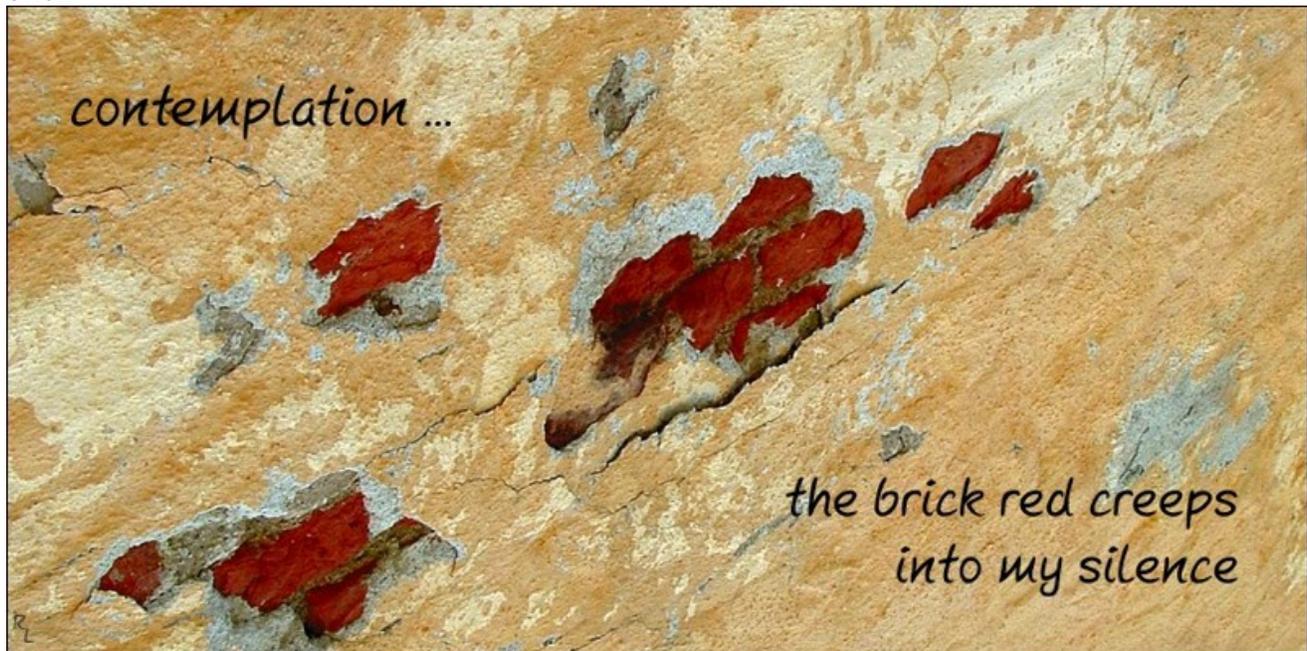
my cousin emma and i used to sit in our garden especially during moonlit nights. we whiled away the hours strumming the guitar and singing old love songs. we talked about everything and nothing. sometimes we cried our hearts out over some unrequited love but most of the time we just stayed there amidst my mother's orchids in full bloom while the scent of jasmine permeated in the midnight air. a lot of times we stayed on till the wee hours of the morning waiting for the flowers to bloom.

how can you totally
bury the past in oblivion
when there are memories
that haunt you
day and night ?

this summer, history repeated itself. my son and his friend spent some summer nights in the backyard enjoying their barbecue under the moon. just the two of them...talking probably about their girlfriends and the life as seen thru the eyes of 16 year old boys. it was almost 1:30 in the morning. i was so tempted to call them in. but in the end, i let them enjoy the warm summer evenings under the full moon. maybe someday they too would remember these happy moments in their lives.

childhood happiness
may last but for a moment
but memories can preserve
these moments
for all eternity

brick



Haiga by Ramona Linke

SEQUENCES

AUTUMN TANKA

Don Ammons

bare hedge the neighbor's
back yard collapsed garden parasol
on a bare terrace
a discarded toy cold wind
moving slightly a child's swing

on the autumn path
black rot leaves stick to my boots
no pause moving
toward home and the brushing away
of autumn decay

early morning frost
hard underfoot at the end
of the lane the morning
sun spreads orange two pecking
birds follow its warm advance

afternoon
water thin yellow light
my wife standing
beside a flower bed
shears in hand planning mayhem

last hot day
of the year a young woman
lies nude on a blanket
on a dead leaf covered lawn
pretends summer – sudden sneeze

dark bedroom the sound
of radiators protesting
hot steam their sleep
disturbed early autumn
many stuffy nights ahead

CAST OFF WET STONES

Michelle V. Alkerton

lingering in the light cast off wet stones
form the texture of clay sculpture
her ballet slipper arched upright in the corner
three trunked birch tree without leaves
bare bulb shadows sway across discarded treasures
facing the wind with closed eyes

UP THE POLE
Michelle V. Alkerton

coatless fireman raising the flag up the pole
squirrel tail twists around maple trunk
old woman braiding leather strips through her hair
walking stick bent at the hip
squatting to smell the flower slow to rise
sunless sky ten shades of gray

AGE SHIFTS TIME
Michelle V. Alkerton

uneven puddles
converging
on the pole's shadow

the light flickers
a brief staccato

tapping off ashes
wind through the open window
directs my smoke

bent street sign
a pedestrian walks on

holding his breath
red faced child
somersaults on the grass

the yellow pollen
stains of a dandelion

a crystal vase
full of browning flowers
left from Easter

white haired women
roam the seniors' complex

a solitary walk
through the forest
spotting a chipmunk

scraping the mud
from my brown shoes

on tip toes
small child barely reaches
the cookie jar

dusted with flour
the rolling pin

his gentle hands
slow pressure applied
to my lower back

closing my eyes
to the full moon

the howl of a dog
empties the night
of silence

relieving myself
by the glow of the night-light

splash of cool water

on white porcelain
my face in the mirror

hiding dark circles
with pale eye-shadow

nearing middle age
the Avon lady
keeps ringing the doorbell

missing the wind chimes
of my departed friend

the daffodils
she planted last year
vivid reminders

traces of paint
under my fingernails

glazed pottery
fired in the kiln
no chance for changes now

I sit mesmerized
by the bon-fire

burnt marshmallows
smoke remains in my clothing
until wash day

the alarm clock buzz
shaving off a dream

his legs twitch
to my side of the bed
running from sleep

a stranded motorist
squatting near the ditch

the baby bird
struggling in the water
disappears

the small boy cries
searching for his dog

a dozen white butterflies

float off with the wind
that grazes my cheek

the electric fence
shocking the dairy cows

in the mental ward
anguished scream
fills the corridor

apples and cinnamon
simmering on the stove

the bath water
cool by the time
I've finished my soaking

head swung back
I drink in raindrops

EQUILIBRIUM

Nadia Ghanem

For want of an equilibrium
in search of vain sanity
I attempt to unbind trinity
and reach in body self and soul
a haven temporary.

My caprices opaque
burden my spirit blighted.
On marble my brow on edge,
my body curled prostrated
before the source of all constancy.

TO THE CITY

Ruth Holzer

cab ride –
familiar scenes
becoming foreign

between
the lucky stranger and me
an empty seat

skimming the bay –
will we won't we
make the runway

evening fog
spills over the hills –
a glimpse of bridges

the white skyline
seems to float –
touching down

a big strong arm
grabs my suitcase –
little sister

Civic Center –
grass-filled fountains hold no trace
of our wedding

THE BEEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER Ed Baranosky

I
Fingers pry May cells,
A thin crowbar leveraged
In the brood chambers;
Sweeping aside the young drones,
He turns toward his daughter.

Sheltering nearby,
A pink bassinet veils
An alien flower.
Scouting bees hover, laden
With curiosity.

Among the queen's guard,
The beekeeper's steady hand,
Endlessly patient.
He hums dated lullabies

To his slumbering child.

II

She stands at his side,
Offering him hive tools
In gloveless hands;
And through the beekeeper's veil
Apprehends his warm glance.

A lone butterfly
Wanders over the busy hives;
Summer morning haze –
Honey extractors running
Night and day with liquid gold.

Dancing with discovery,
Neighborhood boys swarm around
Her sweet smile;
She ignores their fumbling ways,
Baffled by the attention.

III

Sheer white veils billow
As she greets the colonies –
Gathering nectar,
Sun-dancing to the queen –
and shares her bride's bouquet.

The hives stand silent,
Waiting for a sign to begin
A late season swarm.
Already they understand
Their bee keeper has died.

Maples turn russet;
Overhead chevrons, wild geese
Flee before the snow.
She tends the bees alone now,
Humming her father's old songs.

HOT DOG AND BUN: A DUET
(Nathan's Famous, 2001)
James Roderick Burns

The scene ... could well have occurred 50 or even 80 years ago, at the hot dog stand Nathan Handwerker set up at the corner of Surf and Stillwell Avenues in Coney Island. The idea was to sell food made of quality ingredients – Handwerker insisted on all-beef franks – at aggressive prices to the hungry masses swarming out of the subway to bathe at this proletarian Riviera
Long Island Business News, ‘Best of the Wurst’

Call me Tsunami –
on the list of contestants
Takeru Kobayashi

appears, icecap cold
in this creaking world of girth,
but I flow warm as saki.

*

In the game of flesh
I slip past all contenders –
bratwurst, dumplings, roast pork buns

each extruded thing –
to burst through the open lips
of your warm and bready smile.

*

Tsunami, I will!
From the warm-folded centre
of my self I sing your name,

rejoice in plenty
for I have tasted only
crumbs on the earth’s bony road.

*

All comers – I stand
a five foot eight inch challenge
to your American might.

Hidden Pearl Harbor,
I liberate no payload
but still lay waste to your arms.

*

I have followed you
from Nagano sushi bars
to the wastes of Long Island,

opened doors for you,
baked my limbs in your deep fires
yet you shine at such distance.

*

Tsunami, I yearn
for the unrolling liquid
splendor of your muscled tongue –

my dry core, yeasty
with desire, cries out to be
slathered in love's sweet mustard.

*

Quiet follower!
The platform rises, dough-bright
and laden; giants gather

as the dogs lie down
for slaughter, and your silent
presence moves me to my task.

*

Tower of hunger,
brick up my heart as the grit
settles into the oyster

and I will engulf
your most insatiable throat
in a balm of devotion.

*

Now all concentrates
to this thirty foot table –
hot dogs and buns and arc lights

sharp as pins, the crowd's
bastard hypothalamus
tweaking its belt for the off.

*

Twelve minutes of hell –
ringed by a fierce horseshoe crowd

I start at the gate's clang, fall

to a foul nosebag
of squirting processed offal
and thunder through my first ten.

*

Snap, suck but don't chew –
Solomon could not have split
his babies any faster

or paralleled them
down his gullet – dip the bun
and wincing, wiggle round it.

*

I write sedoka
as these American oafs
chase down your slender whirlwind –

ten and you falter,
thirteen and the Uncle Sams
crush you to tanka, haiku.

*

Ah, butter stinkers!
Monsters and vile ruminants!
I see your whale-jaws chomping

through oceans of fat –
great lakes of drink – in the wide
one way tunnel of excess.

*

Is this why I came?
Look – a chastened scarlet sun
disappears from whence it rose.

No, slim hurricane –
I am your sun, your bright moon
and all the circling stars.

*

For me you must chew

the globe – this festering ball
of limitless indulgence

as though it was quite
the most exquisite repast,
and worlds hung on each mouthful.

*

From the blinding light
a small Kasumi voice – eat!
Hoofs fall from my ears. I eat.

At fifteen, a gasp –
bears and elephants stumble
clutching their aching stomachs.

*

For one clean second
this vision – bellies bursting,
towels tossed into the ring

then ah! – tottering
the guts regroup and paddle
for the neon finish line.

*

Like some Chevrolet
rubbed clean by the spandex breasts
of a suburban car wash,

the opulent square
of a sprinkled desert lawn
I sail serene to the zone.

*

With terrible speed
the hand draws all to the mouth –
split frankfurter, dripping bun,

an assembly line
of hunger. Like a deft fox
I skirt the leavings of bears.

*

Twenty, twenty five.
Records drip on the concrete
with the stink of hot vinyl;

in the gallery
mouths drop as the tally man
runs out of pre-printed cards.

*

I break thirty, more –
forty and soon forty five.
Women swoon, men start to duel.

In some distended
universe the gods slacken
their belts, belch admiration.

*

Fifty – the crowd shrieks,
sighs; American triumph
wITHERS in the long shadows.

For you have swallowed
their pride, my love. Come with me –
sing in this empty palace.

AUSPICIOUS JOURNEYS Ayat Ghanem

11 years gliding, precipitations hail
opal drops, cascade of bursting gems
in this perpetually wintry amble
I stroll. London inspirational city
home to my hopes, you fulfilled all
and more. Imaginings born
in the midst of your cobblestones
nurtured in cloud bursting tulle skirts
soaring in blustery deluges.

One year sultry rushes
scarlet pepper soil
golden-haired streams

rosy sandstorms
no torrents here, bathing in ardent rays
a breeze cooling my veil.
Bountiful Syria, jewel of my exile
extension of my voyages
rounded exclamations, bowing tongues.

One year bustle hustle
flamboyant luxuriance
vibrant feathery city, Cairo
angels crown your horizon
sitting atop triangular ancestral abodes.
In the cobalt hues of shadowy dusk
Um Kulthum's soft caresses undulates
from feluccas, glinting vessels
merging sweet whispers
between well practiced cotton sheets like leafs
and enamored firmaments.

Auspicious journeys fastened convictions
bird of fire, bearing on its wings my future.

FACE OF ISIS
Elizabeth Howard

waiting room
at the breast center
I measure
the weight of concern
in the montage of faces

breast cancer stamp
a marble statue
face of Isis
where the disbelief
anger fear pain?

breast cancer quilt
I pull it
over my head
hide my eyes
from the unsightly gash

WORDS FROM ARIEL

Sylvia Plath

Axes

After whose stroke the wood rings,
And the echoes!
Echoes travelling
Off from the centre like horses.

The sap

Wells like tears, like the
Water striving
To re-establish its mirror
Over the rock

That drops and turns,

A white scull,

Eaten by weedy greens.

Years later I

Encounter them on the road –

Words dry and riderless,

The indefatigable hoof-taps.

While

From the bottom of the pool,

fixed stars Govern a life.

From Ariel, Poems by Sylvia Plath.

Harper & Row, New York, 1961.

LAND OF SMILING

Claudia Melchior

for a few days

expelled from

the land of smiling

lost

the language

sharpened

the senses

headlines
tears
closing the world

my tummy
under the surface
pain

way out
where to?
home

inside your arms
you caress
my smile

GAURA LINHEIMERI
john martone

moving my table
to this window –
gaura!

have to go outside
to see you
gaura

stamens – legs –
or antennae
petal-winged gaura

gaura – a white
butterfly's
idea

gaura pistil
reaches wholly

beyond the flower

fingertip
to gaura anther
then stigma

gaura – petals above –
stamens below –
can-can!

thin as
pocket-knife blade
gaura stem

gaura
& every life
filiform

21 LINES WITH JAW INFECTION

Lorin Ford

wash hair will shower write sonnet saying same for days
▪
attempt a rave hours days spaces tell them not crow but raven
▪
don't want you to come in pain read these I'll go down the street disguised
▪
I'm not anywhere you've escaped my imagination nowhere also man
▪
purpose to remain here sleep wake sustain without me will it
▪
bacteria more resilient than thought antibiotics more codeine questions
▪
until and trusting one brown dove in the morning world keep it please
▪
three days the blowfly I can't see you rise and fright me Emily D.
▪
he proposes a toast a letter postmarked June '72 postcard soon
▪
hybrid they startle these tall men aquilegia nod ti-tree and freesias
▪
spaces between...soft-shoeing... moodily...the weather unlike haiku
▪
smoke but try to walk on it anything exhumed wormholes star-corridors
▪

June and Angus in the hill above the mill here too and the horses hear them
▪
head-butt and knead frequently my cat applies her wise techniques
▪
return to earth refer to bird as mine and the cherry branch it roosts on
▪
explain red-shift why shifts happen see I predicted watch out for Victor
▪
just an old drunk dances lets down my hair we're not there and yet
▪
yes garden Ganesha a relic note that monkey backpack what marriage
▪
now we internet together get well and kindly I like your gentle
▪
will pop script in letter box Valium too eat three meals and ring if
▪
O was that love the river breaking bridges watching through windows

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SWIFT

Dick Pettit

a hurtling swift battles against the wind and disappears

a squall: leavers scurry back to the church porch

chrome glitters: an aproned waiter wipes chairs and tables

stacked up in the entry sprinkled with fallen leaves

over the wall a moon rides the clouds rushing beneath

a fair turn-out for the Autumn Handicap*

he joins the protest in a Norfolk Tweed suit and a trilby

Outsource cleaning and catering! – the unions are dished

an agency nurse clutching her cloak, slips on the icy path

fog glows in the street lamps encrusting car windows

an arm round each their walk slows, stopping in a kiss

her smiling look appraises his lips deny all guile

it's a cozy flat; the kettle boils in time for TV news

moonlight in at a window a bike revs on the hill

a truckload of cows takes the back road in the quiet night

the pastoralists of Elgon** live life in the Golden Age

blossom in her hair all the flowers of the valley adorn her bower

his Persephone is insipid booed in Hamburg and Milan***

for their honeymoon they walk across the Alps without a map

Uncle Dick brings back a case of New Zealand wines

intoxication passed talk is steady and sincere into the dawn

we'll leave before it's light to beat the holiday jams

a dusty feel about poppies in dry grass edging the fields

fatigue in the stopping train after a day in London

the snow melts sliding down the window in blurry streaks

so that's a cormorant! pass me the binocs

our children are excited waiting for the sky to clear before the eclipse

to be peeled, cored, and sliced 10 kilograms of windfalls

a wriggled hole dry and crumbly black and in it a worm

the entity's watch-soul talks inside our heads

his thought beam scans a second of arc a thousand light years off

once you were so dear now I hardly recall

she came back a short and awkward trip they both regret

angry clouds behind them on the puddled moorland path

in the courtyard of an abandoned farm a tree blossoms

Ka! shows her Spring collection of confirmation dresses

*Autumn Handicap: a horse race.

**pastoralists of Elgon: The Elgoni live at about 6-8000 ft on Mt Elgon, 14,400 ft, an isolated ex-volcano on the Kenya-Uganda border.

***Hamburg & Milan: opera houses

BUZZ

Dick Pettit

“Go Away!” a wasp, horse- or snake-fly buzzes in the ear

berries are early this year we'll soon be out collecting

a hot morning the post-man on his scooter wears no helmet

a lady-bird lands on the table showing her wings

my elegant neighbour walks out to her car in full fig

I speed up exit procedures as a warden turns the corner

#

moon on grass the park has too many entrances to be closed at night

a crash in the yellowing leafage can only be an owl

measured words a judge suppresses his views of the justice minister

an ASBO* recreant shifts to the next town

“Not settled. Life was so wonderful when we were in Wogga-Wogga.”

vegetation is sparse in the dry gray soil

keeping their distance cameras click and whirr as an elephant trumpets

snowy boughs frame a rocky peak

the honeymoon couple sleep in bundled sweaters

a mad fit dies coitus interruptus

we walk along the blossoming avenue hand in hand

Easter comes early a gritty wind on the quay

martins skim building high in gables of the custom house

the new scaffolding is up but nothing's doing

a crate of beer empties fast, and shouts become more jolly

the choir bus returns with a non-standard repertoire

golden light birdsong from shadows is gorgeous

I put my shirt back on as evening cools

the monthly accountant works under a midnight skylight and a pink moon

two kittens frolic among the blown-in leaves

actors camp roles at first rehearsal for the opening season

the kiss is sudden but unexpectedly gentle

just good pals but comfort and protection are creeping in

“We're out of money. Why do you buy CDs”

#

a records clerk is hooked on Palestrina and his ilk

Rudolf the Red-nosed cheers the supermarket aisles

a cleared pavement freezes over again in a night of sleet

firm of tread and intention come to announce the scale-down

half the tree and half its blossom is burnt by the children's fire

still a pint left in my one litre Krug

*ASBO: Anti-Social Behaviour Order. Trouble-makers can be banned from a certain area.

LIMBOLAND
a MS sequence
David Serjeant

no hint of a smile -
for once my doctor says
"take it easy"

on the scan room ceiling
cherry blossom -
the staff retreat behind glass

not crying yet ...
your chin dimples
as you talk

diagnosis
I salute the magpie
anyway

on the news a terror attack ...
my leg
numb again

from a packed lift
a man on crutches
follows me to clinic

new year's eve
the bowl slips from my fingers
... smashes

EASTER AFTERNOON
Ken Wanamaker

egg hunt
toddlers blowing soap bubbles
with Big Bunny

a tri-colored zeppelin
floating above the crowd

ants march
toward a picnic table
quiet siege

troops called home from abroad
with no ammo in their clips

ivory moon
above her breast
her mother's brooch

setting out the silverware
for Thanksgiving dinner

*

the family gathers
about a broad fireplace
autumn leaves

gentle kisses exchanged
atop a bearskin rug

two hearts
etched on his upper arm
afternoon stroll

inscription in a locket
seals their undying love

frozen beach
a flurry of flippers
entering the sea

a mug of cocoa
for the weary wanderer

Puck
cavorting in the woods
summer moon

naked beneath a tree
he welcomes a cool shower

Somali pirates

floating on the sea
jellyfish

lost my stake in the third race
and landed in a jam

blossoms
falling on morning runners
Boston Marathon

robins on the Commons
are oblivious to the throng

*

one
butterfly on the tea stand
while Basho writes

paint on his picket fence
is beginning to flake

a clown
forms a balloon animal
for the birthday boy

pulling pigtails at recess
gets him three swats on the rear

beneath a branch
only the cold sparrows
twitter and play

a few bread crumbs left
on the fallen leaves

cupped
in his gloved hands
her palm

following the life-line
that leads to the heart

throbbing
as he mounts her carriage
Cinderella

the ugly sisters take turns
dissing her evening gown

veiled face
wandering through the trees
full moon

prayer beads counted one by one
while reciting the sutras

*

drops of dew frost
welcome the warming rays
dawn

tears in the kitchen—
preparing spaghetti sauce

a bottle of Chianti
on the plaid table cloth
childhood memories

a message of joy and hope
washes up on the beach

bearing our gratitude
the great egret enters
the clouds

lanterns
twined about the grove
Beer Barrel Polka

SINGLE POEMS

I am here again
through the magic of a dream –
my grandparents' woods!
deeply dark and very still
with more peace than I can hold
c w hawes

left her shoes
at the door

finch in her dust bath
Jose del Valle

Vor der Kneipentür –
in meinem Rücken
das Knacken der Finger

behind my back
the snapping of fingers
at the pub door
Gerd Börner

blackberries
wild roses
fence-line
Joanna M. Weston

Opening the door
a fragment of light remains
my small apartment.
Natasha Khrolenko

white
with rainwater
red-winged blackbird
Jose del Valle

deep in the woods
wandering with no companion
wind in the treetops
and deep in my heart there forms
a vast pool so very still
c w hawes

slow creek
slips over its pebble bed
thoughtfully
Jose del Valle

today
the poems I wrote
dirty socks
so dirty they are

I throw them away
c w hawes

dipping
in the cool of the brook
the horn of the moon
Jose del Valle

the moon and stars
were swallowed up tonight
by a dragon
but no one noticed
the neon signs too bright
c w hawes

your shadow
my shadow
winter moon
Jose del Valle

the drops still plunking
the smell of wet earth rising
and prayer's soft mutter
grant the joy of being oned
end this long separation
c w hawes

child playing
with cat
skip-rope
Joanna M. Weston

All the chatter noising my mind, steady drumbeats from far away.
This brain's running hither-thither, yet it's tethered by the future's past.
Oh, Mind! Today, this simple breath has focused you silent.
c w hawes

overnight
new mailboxes
same puddles
Joanna M. Weston

Candles flicker in the dark room; from far away, the call to prayer.

A voice without, a voice within; head and heart, a dueling dance:
to know the one unknowable, my heart slays my head.
c w hawes

dancing
maple leaves
copper lace
Joanna M. Weston

Through the orchard I have walked, also through the meadow flowers;
over and over I called out, your name echoed through the valley.
In the twilight I returned home and found you in my heart.
c w hawes

The beads of sweat
on her breasts do not touch
her years or face
in candle light her shadow
is more restrained than my thought
R.K.Singh

Birds are flying home. . .
I too can smell the rain
here by my window
Natasha Khrolenko

the words are finished
the sound of the oboe fades
into nothingness
all things cross the lighted stage
disappear into the wings
c w hawes

gray Christmas
it snows only
in a crystal ball
Artur Lewandowski

the city glows
like Betelgeuse
no moon tonight

Jose del Valle

winter wind
only the scarecrow
in the empty garden
Artur Lewandowski

a poinsettia blooms
thoughts about my past lovers
lurid red too
Violette Rose-Jones

New Year fireworks
the sundial shows
all the times
Artur Lewandowski

Again
by my window
bluejays
Natasha Khrolenko



Haiga by Alan Taylor

FINIS