

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

XIX:3 October, 2004

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WITHOUT GENRE with TOPSOIL by Sheila Murphy, HAND ME DOWNS by Sheila Murphy

BOOK REVIEWS:

2005 Tanka Calendar by Winfred Press, Larry Kimmel, and Clinging Vine Press, Linda Jeannette Ward. Spiral-bound (so it opens flat), 11" x 17", filled with ink drawings by Merrill Ann Gonzales, winning tanka and all the days of your life next year. To order the 2005 TANKA CALENDAR, please send \$12 for USA and Canada postpaid, or \$15 postpaid for overseas. Checks drawn on US banks only, and mailed to either: Larry Kimmel, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340," or Linda Jeannette Ward, PO Box 231, Coinjock, NC 27923.

Isthmus by Tony Beyer. Puriri Press: New Zealand. 2004. Card cover, sewn, 5" x 8", 24 pp., \$NZ15.00 (within New Zealand) or \$US10.00 (outside). ISBN 0-908843-29-6. Order from Puriri Press, 37 Margot Street, Epsom, Auckland 3, New Zealand.

The Smell of Rust: Haiku by Margaret Chula. Katsura Press: 2003. Perfect Bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 100 pps., full color cover, ISBN 0-9638551-2-3, \$14.95. Order from Katsura Press, P.O. Box 275, Lake Oswego, OR 97034.

The First Hundred Years by Ruth Holzer. New Women's Voices Series, No. 29, published by Finishing Line Press, P.O. Box 1626, Georgetown, Kentucky, 40324. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 30 pps., ISBN: 1-932755-44-6.

Vital Forces by Yuko Kawano translated into English by Amelia Fielden and Aya Yuhki. BookPark:2004. Perfect bound with a full-color cover, 5.5 x 8.5, 180 pps., kanji and English with a foreword by Kawano. Order from Amelia Fielden.

Cold Stars White Moon by Larry Kimmel. Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340. Spiral bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 44 pp., \$8.00 postpaid USA; \$12.00 overseas, ISBN: 0-9743856-7-0.

Sanctuary by Giselle Maya. Published by Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France. Hand-tied with handmade cover papers, 7.5 x 9.5 inches, 52 pps., \$20.00.

A Review of Breasts of Snow by Sanford Goldstein

Destination by Aya Kuhki. stand@rt Publishing House, str. V. Babes, 3 B, et.2, ap. 14, 6600- LASI, Romania. Perfect bound, 128 pages, with a black and white photo section. Poems are in English and French by Dorin Popa.

Reeds: Contemporary Haiga No. 2 edited by Jeanne Emrich. Long Egret Press, Edina, Minnesota: 2004. Full color gated soft cover and full color illustrations throughout, 110 heavy-weight pp., 8.5 x 5.25 inches, essays by Stephen Addis and Raffael de Gruttola with an interview of Gary LeBel by Jeanne Emrich, \$16.00. Order from Jeanne Emrich, P.O. Box 390545, Edina, Minnesota 55435.

Tulip Haiku: An Anthology by Angela Leuck. Shoreline Press: Quebec, Canada, 2004. Perfect bound with a full color cover, 5.5" x 6", 106 pp., Introduction by Christopher Herold, ISBN: 1-896754-34-1, \$12.95 in Canada; \$10.95 US. Order from Shoreline, 23 Ste-Anne-d-Belleview, Quebec, Canada H9X 1L1

Boven de wolken (Above the Clouds) Derde haikoe-boek by Bart Mesotten. Uitgeverij Pelckmans: Flanders, 2003. Hardcover, 544 pp., Indexed, ISBN:90 289 3357 3. Contact Uitgeverij Pelckmans, Kapelsestraat 222, 2950 Kapellen, Belgium or Bart Mesotten, Drogenberg 100, 3090 Overijse, Belgium.

LETTERS AND ARTICLES

Susumu Takiguchi welcomes Jane and Werner as Joint Editor-in-Chief of World Haiku Review.

Karina, along with Sheila Windsor and Cindy Tebo, explains a linked tanka form they have invented.

Richard Stevenson elaborates on his work in this issue of Lynx and adds his bio.

Marlene Mountain explains the new renga form she did with Sheila Windsor.

T. Ashok Chakravarthy introduces himself to Lynx readers.

Gino makes a new discovery while studying the ghazal and suggests how to use it in combination with other genres.

Werner Reichhold explains his work, "Two Complementary Stories" and the forms he was working with in this piece.

EF writes to inform us of her web articles on the ghazal and tanka forms. Also she includes a very funny (and telling) story of her encounters with Nick Vergilio as a substitute teacher.

Hal Hamilow writes to report the death of his wife, Sumiko, an admired writer and translator of tanka.

Larry Kimmel and Werner Reichhold exchange letters about their work.

Yasuhiro Kawamura reports on Hatsue's condition since her stroke on June 6th.

Angela Leuck invites readers to send her haiku on the subject of either roses or jazz for upcoming books from Shoreline Press.

Pamela Miller Ness invites subscribers to her new tanka magazine - red lights, and gives all the information for joining.

Zolo sends a report of his experience of giving haiga demonstrations in prison.

paul conneally reports on the plans to write renga as a 24- hour performance piece at the Baltic Centre For Contemporary Art with 12 other poets. He includes the notes by Alec Finlay and a copy of the renga form they used.

PARTICIPATION RENGA by AB - Alice Benedict; CC - Carlos Colón; CF - Vikki Celeste Fannin; cg - Cindy Guntherman; CSK - Carol Stroh Kemp; dht - Doris H. Thurston; DPK -Deborah P. Kolidji, DR - David Rice; DWP - Darrel W. Parry; EF - Eric Folsom; ESJ - Elizabeth St Jacques; FA - Fay Aoyagi, FP - Francine Porad; FPA - Francis (Paul) Attard; GD - Gene Doty; GM - Giselle Maya; GR - George Ralph; JAJ - Jean Jorgensen; JC - Jeanne Cassler; JMB - John M. Bennett; JR - Jane Reichhold; JS - John Sheirer; JSJ - Joyce Sandeen Johnson; KCL - Kenneth C. Leibman; LCG - Larry Gross; LE - Lesley Einer; LJ - Lael Johnson; MHH - Madeline Hoffer; ML - Minna Lerman; MM - Marianne Marks; MWM - Mary Wittry-Mason; N - Nika; NA -Nasira Alma; PC - Penny Crosby; PGC - Pamela Connor; PJS - P.J. Sharpe; PS - Pat Shelley; R - Ronan; RF - Robert Flannery; SCH - Suzette Hains, SD - Simon Doubleday; SMC - Steve McComas; TLG -Terri Lee Grell; TV - Teresa Volz; TW - Tundra (Jim Wilson) Wind; WEG - Elliot Greig; WR - Werner Reichhold; YH - Yvonne Hardenbrook; ZP - Zane Parks.

In Memoriam

Sumiko Hamlow passed away May 28th at dawn.

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

MAY IN A VASE

master poet, Alec Finlay
host poet, Gerry Loose
Co-ordinator, Alex Hodby
Sheila Butterworth
Lilli Brodner
David Fine
Amy Gott
Morven Gregor
David Lewis
Helen Lucy Pheby
Beth Rowson
Josie Walsh

Passed behind us
as we go
shared giggles, goose grass

bracketed between parents
three goslings

a family picnic
green fly
on the cups

the girl yells
I'm just pretending

over the hill
gently breathing
another mirage

petroleum torches
jets rumble on

scanning night sky
for the plough -
taste of ginger

consumed with a touch
the stolen recipe

used over years
until perfected
or cast aside

house keys collect
on her chain

she's fumbling
for the catch
in the moon

lost in cataract eyes
ripe for treatment

steamed windows
the jams cool
in jars

thumping the piano wildly
the cat runs

first frosts
mean retuning
playing the blues

to the end of the year
boom boom boom boom!

what was that?
what was that?
noticing the holes in my sock

the first mushrooms
with a little garlic

birthday breakfast
on a tray
May in a vase

the breeze whispers
turn your face to the sun.

a nijuuin renga in the season of Spring Yorkshire Sculpture Park, West Bretton May 23, 2004

WALKING BACKWARDS
master poet, Alec Finlay
host poet, Felicity Manning
co-ordinator, Beth Rowson
Anne-Marie Culhane
Stephen Watts
Elisabeth Sutherland

Tom Richardson
Frieda White
Tim Tunley
Shirley Ross
Amanda Ravetz

yellow cups, oyster catchers
a fuss goes up
in the set aside

by a gate marked private
she crouches among thistles

sharp in the reflecting pool
half a moon
fish slip into shadows

still pulses
the last blackbird

singing laburnum
drop poison pods
where children play

running in small circles
with arms outstretched

kalashnikovs raised
bare feet
disturb the dust

blown angels
letters in a tin

vowels swim in linseed
shape and snap
on our tongue

apple jelly smeared over peanut butter
mother's one caress

flesh from the gourd
the emptied shell
makes music

gives warmth, latitude
the sun turns inward

under the bench

cracked water melon seeds
night begins to bleed

the soft order of quilts
marshall my dream

in the nebulous
vapours form
a flake of snow

wraiths will melt
revealing fur and bone

knives and forks
on either side
of mismatched plates

we catch our breath
and turn over the earth

a million flowers
parted
by a path of stone

sure of the way
the poet walks backwards.

HAH HE SAID
Jim Leftwich
John M. Bennett

hah he said
said he nope
bask he said
said he listing
tore he said
said he cut
rubber he said
said he drop
should he said
said he gravel
corner he said
said he corner
gravel he said
said he should
drop he said
said he rubber

cut he said
said he tore
listing he said
said he bask
nope he said
said he hah

HOT
Jim Leftwich
John M. Bennett

hot, cat, but
cot ,bin ,get

pin, set, at
pit ,when ,met

pet, spin, cut
sot ,limb ,net

bit, pot, that
fat ,put ,mat

then, bet, knot
shut ,drat ,got

DUNK
Jim Leftwich
John M. Bennett

dunk it and
pinch

flop it and
splash

flay it and
hush

ply it and
fly

gush it and

play

plash it and
hop

inch it and
clunk

A BLOOMING ORCHARD

Silva Ley

Jacques Verhoeven

Hedel

A white poplar lane
bending with the curve
of old vested rights

a hint of blossoms
in the outskirts
of the village

apple trees
in a crumpled orchard
hide the house

a shade of branches
moves and plays
on the windows

the squatting doors
small shutters
deep under the roof

a rim of moss
round the water well
a smell of un - use

seeds in the barn -
on the empty fields
an ancient longing

red floor tiles

lead to the darkness
of a dusty fireplace

a vein system
of black beams crosses
the white walls

one moment
in a wave of sun
the room enlightens

a strong young couple
is living here
they smile us out

working in town
every night they return
to their forefathers' realm.

THE TALL BARN

Silva Ley

Jacques Verhoeven

Teteringen

A smell of hay
darkness under the roof
of an immense barn

scratched in the crossbeams:
forenames of farm hands
a lay out of lines
up to high in the ridge
indestructible oaks

passing hands still stroke
the deep trenches

the loft is empty now
the floor scrubbed clean
till owls will be nesting

small attic windows
carve the light, the times

stable doors hang crooking
in iron joints

in human lives

the mangers put outside
full of summer flowers

the yard disappears
in a winding border
to vanished dreams

grain was the ancient gold
memory honoured.

FORLORN IN THE FIELDS

Silva Ley

Jacques Verhoeven

Village Zeeland

a poor crofter's dwelling
free for the wind

a carpenter bought it
between dream and action

he used the old bricks
counted one by one
measures the origin

iron anchors in the walls
the cross stones, the bows

a thatched roof as a fur
on both sides finished
in a solid 'wolves end'

all around the house
a gravel border

to absorb rain and moist -
under the gutter
a decorating row

of diagonal bricks
called 'mouse teeth'

in the yard behind
a walnut tree
to keep out the flies.

in the stable the noise
of impatient horses

a burst of laughter
from the house
a child's voice

growing up in a scenery
of farmer's wisdom.

IN LOVE WITH A STRANGER

Betty Kaplan
Max Verhart

moon close to venus
a time for all lovers
starlit night

do they match, she wonders,
our signs of the zodiac

she studies feng shui,
turns the room around -
the doorbell rings

butterflies
both in the garden
and her belly

in love with a stranger -
yet he walks by her

sunrise
she wakes up
clutching her pillow

5-7 June 2004

POUNDING OF THE AUTUMN SEA

October 26, 2002
Monterey Dunes, California
led by Patricia J. Machmiller (pjm)

silently we begin
just now I notice the pounding
of the autumn sea

donnalynn chase

through the clean windows we watch
the dunes go to seed

donnalynn / pjm

blowing on my tea
already astringent shade
has colored the moon

Roger Abe

sprinklers on the broccoli
the odor fills the air

Carolyn Fitz

blue lace curtains
make soft patterns on the wall
afternoon nap

Carol Steele

ay, Chihuahua
it's hot as hell

Alison Woolpert

she paces the boardwalk
cell phone cradled close
to her drumming heart

Roger Abe

he told her he dreamed of her
next to him again

donnalynn chase

tickles on my back

I awaken
to such ecstasy

Carolyn Fitz

with extra special flowers
will she rent the office suite?

Carol Steele

"fasten your seatbelts"
visit to the Space Station
on the IMAX shuttle

Alison Woolpert

two times yesterday
I was called a warrior

donnalynn chase

December moon...
to rock on the deck
like Whistler's mother

Carolyn Fitz

the dog shifts duck feathers
to the other side of his mouth

Roger Abe

Simon or Davis
will I vote
like my tin knocker dad?

donnalynn chase

out come the recipes
Grandmother's handwriting

Alison Woolpert

first cherry blossoms
lit by neon
sneak preview

Carol Steel & Co.

chirp of tree frogs
she doesn't realize she is missed

RA/AW/CF

the dried footprints
on the mountain trail
days lengthen

- Carolyn Fitz

she says she's grown up now
first period

Carolyn Fitz

Cassiopeia
the entire classroom
looks quizzical

pjm

when will he find out
I bought tickets to China?

donnalynn chase

murdered
for her choice to be female
prayers for rain

Roger Abe

remember the precepts
and let the silverfish go

donnalynn chase

medical alert
after blood transfusions watch
for West Nile virus

Carol Steele

she introduces her father
to her new boyfriend, Mohammed

Roger Abe

honeymooners' groans
through the hotel walls
4am and still no sleep

donnalynn chase

chocolate calligraphy
melts on his lover's body

Carolyn Fitz

moon if this were
our last night
how long I would watch!

Alison Woolpert

persimmon juice on her chin
my delighted granddaughter

Carol Steele

anticipating
a baseball championship
the mayor's new suit

Roger Abe

the trumpet races
while Ella sings scat

Alison Woolpert

I buy a bucket of worms
from the boy's street stand
don't know why

Carolyn Fitz

fifty years as a queen
and still loved by her subjects

Roger Abe

frail blossoms
an elderly couple skips
in sturdy shoes

Alison Woolpert

Peace March in the city
the emerging leaves

Carolyn Fitz

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL
Tomislav Mareti, Zagreb (Vrapche) Croatia
Karina Klesko, Louisiana, USA

humid night-
in the quiet market square
only the cats play

down the mississippi
thousands of stars blink

sweatin' jazz
laissez les bon temps rouler*
New Orleans style

under the street lamp
fingering fills and runs**
a hat full of change

creeping along the balconies
"Keyhole Blues!***

out of the shadows
a lone clear trumpet-
"ohhh yeah. . . "#

Notes.

*laissez les bon temps rouler'let the good times roll

**fingering fills and runs...strings...

*** Keyhole Blues by Louis Armstrong

at the end of a lot of his performances...his last words..."oh yeah, ain't that wonderful" trademark voice.

probably 2 'real' renga sorta #11
THE SUN COMES IN
Marlene Mountain
Francine Porad

new ceramic heaters the power goes out the sun comes in
sweater-bundled as usual house in the suburbs
'female impersonator' on tv too fancy until a knife appears
good manners do not include homicide
in symbolic terms red may become as damaged as black
Carl Bernstein lectures on Watergate scandal

women's homeless shelter volunteers answer the call
bent down by the snow bamboo hardly grown
almost overlooked on the windowsill chalky sand dollars
for the well-off the economy well-off
comparing bottom lines of Form 1040 for 2002 and 2003
juncos slip in and out of everywhere
ovarian cancer the dark center of her patchwork quilt
troubled even through the art flicks
eyes forced awake by the blaring 'groovy Scooby-Doo'
so few on the ark how did the harem theory start
an old joke: Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes?
oh the moon to colonize who's the tyrant now

tomatoes in foreign space canned or frozen or neon blue
mussels and their beards wrap a piece of driftwood
neatly-turned whistler till dubya's 'missionaries' get done
a flag tops the sand castle moat fills with sea water

drained from the day i'll give it another chance tomorrow
calendar packed with notes empty suitcase
rain that didn't show up along with a wandering ladybug
political news not who to vote for but what to wear
to marry off each poor earthling or send her off to mars
a good man is hard to find but with Rover...
tracks gone warm as grass reappears in a flattened green
winter spring summer and fall writing haiku

familiar contest poems not only the idea but the words too
a gag order imposed but the air full of leaks
Michael Jackson due in court for the alleged molestation
from mother to grandson marble tops & cupids
ornate frames hold a red-haired doll and my little-girl photos
a rebirth into the shallow arms of matisse

Jan 12-16, 2004

probably 2 'real' renga sorta #13
UNBRUSHED HAIR
Marlene Mountain
Francine Porad

unbrushed hair unraked leaves undropped the other shoe
orders from the 'higher chain of command'
throughout all the world 'moral authority' run rampant
son's promotion a secret temporarily
i sneak past mud purple irises kissed the stolen yellows

romantic rerun of An Affair To Remember

changes in thought patterns due to aging tested by U of W

'al Jazeera' on the net bored it's non-spin

sweet smelling alyssum does not have 'hidden roots of evil'

out of their winter bed tadpoles and restless

great odds great sex ninety-nine out of a hundred times

men's fear of men women clothed head to tip-toe

startled by the daddy long legs skittering across the room

open doors for the 2nd time a wren flits in

anti-US protest streets filled with many thousands of Cubans

16m no 'god' to love no 'god' to love me spring dawn

Classic IQ Test suggests I could be a writer or a painter

here he goes a haiku boss out to out art again

the seventeenth-year cicada well i don't think they're ugly

photo carried until 'Is he much younger than you?'

after the talking head's rambling quickly only 10 seconds left

such a fuss over punctuation 'A Pain in the Colon'*

a two-toned red hot poker to be a hollow with a mist to be

on an archeological dig the palaces of Jericho

the sky full of noise a 'sundance' film warns of 'mild violence'

how to clean up what's seen and heard in public

to detainee bodies rumsfeld's clandestine 'do what you want'**

Bush and Kerry both courting the swing votes

lead by my nose to the milkweeds a long time before a bloom
barren land turned into a garden

wet paintings spread over table and floor I may switch to collage
60s slides of rust has each rusted in cardboard boxes
joy of apartment living the super called to come fix the pipes
thru part of a house thru part of a window the moon
a butterfly! the fortune teller speaks of a yet-to-be love
last year's cayenne peppers way overdue

Footnotes

* London Times columnist Rod Liddle, former BBC radio news editor

**Seymour Hersh in 'The New Yorker' re the defense secretary

May 12-16, 2004

WHO'S READING THIS

Marlene Mountain

Sheila Windsor

who's reading this poem is haiku a watch-word for spooks

howl in the night there's only me

the owl sculpture/eye 'shevinity' a big part of home life

fish net his alter ego

'9/11 commission' the spin begins by 'wrongwinger' nit-wits

the blue planet i hear it hums

thunder rolls in with a bit of rain unrolls out to a quieter place

chalk face the geisha

beneath the pond's surface the better part of the newt

tennis men pajama-looking women half-naked
groomed and ready to meet he brings condoms and sweets
i need a 'bubble head' to match the rest
they keep trying to 'reach' him the autistic boy with the smile
a wren sings as if ok is better than ok
'retail therapy' not for me i'll take the garden and jasmine tea
that moon talk a stop for gas/food/lodging
breakfast in my hand a small green scowling pumped-up man
chain-link fence w/barbed-wire for the protesters *
his new old flares i think they might once have been mine
for the hummers a watermelon rind the crows
beyond your knowing beneath your feet a gaggle of giggling rats
nothing to say pundits trash the next first woman
graduation day 'thatcher's children' maybe but they look good to me
my way of learning the journey of unlearning
words in a bottle swept out to sea a loneliness no-one can fathom
old springbox stuff in it that ought not to be
double double toil and.... a fitful tossing turning kinda sleep**

nightmares no match for the dawn
if an election of erections rewins i'm heading out for for for
stand up night it's finishing that's hard
on their own to suck down their own leaves purple irises
under stone wiggly and white

heaviness in the air full of trees and cicada shells

pinning for love fingers a donut

wrapped in the flag 'their' rights family values & stem cells

for her return the light

notes

*a cage on the grounds of the democratic convention in boston/america

not gitmo/cuba

**double double toil and trouble - macbeth

july 22-31 2004

probably 2 'real' renga sorta #12

A FRESH START

Francine Porad

Marlene Mountain

though not much to say a fresh start slowly filling the blank page

now that i can go i don't wanna go anywhere

47,000 troops get called up for a year in Iraq surge in violence

for the prison guards men forced to masturbate

probes into mistreatment by those few 'rotten apples'

a perfect purple tops a perfect green stem

a wren intent on nest-building intent on way too many ideas

at day's end home sweet home

pills to take away the pain but not what really hurts

two editors of the same journal respond: no

wanted or not daylily leaves then blooms then matted roots

I need a chair pad to sit and enjoy the primroses
committee upon committee upon committee will the buck stop
free shopping coupons you can print from your computer
in the old days a smith-corona clacked out the 'unaloud haiku'
morning traffic the usual birds unseen unheard
inactive the world passes by in bits and pieces of c-span
channel switching I watch four TV programs at once

Mother's Day lineup if not today when? the close ones arrive
back to my uncomfortable comfort zone
soothing Posturepedic mattress beneath the puffy quilt
brief landing a swallowtail flits off in a fit of joy
smiling faces on the brochure about medicare-plus
if you-know-who's for stuff i'm automatically not
gone over once again anecdotes about his foolish ex-spouse
i could write a book that i could never write
another W-2 for 2003 an amended 1040 to be mailed
are we in watergate or vietnam or both
changes made I thank God every day that I am an American
border crossing hummers to the sweet things

how deep is the spring that flows 1200 feet to early coffee
cell phone cameras in the least-likely places
if it lasts over four hours see the doctor of male enhancement
diagnosis: chronic non-suppurative destructive cholangitis*

debris melted within dirt melts a heart remains dirt of a mind

sudden rain pounding the sundeck

Footnotes

* technically correct and ponderous term for PBC – Primary Billiary Cirrhosis

May 4-12, 2004

probably 2 'real' renga sorta #14

GADGETS

Francine Porad

Marlene Mountain

gadgets here gadgets there two-in-one DVD/VCR on its way

fire extinguisher in plain sight if i could work it

competence not measured by the new SAT changes expected

great instincts butterflies to sweet williams

same-sex marriage license given in Massachusetts crowd pleaser

little boy with a big stuffed toy walks from his dead home

thunderstorm an inch from the window spooked satellite dish

no let up an Iraqi bomb with nerve gas explodes

fight refight rerefight rererefight rerererefight rererererefight

I snub the news sketch a bouquet

mid-afternoon after a written haiku i believe i'll crash again

screach of brakes how many near-misses

100 billion dollars a year just waiting to happen striped violets

stock market something else to ignore

more bulldozers clear more room on the 'road to peace'

country lane sun brings out trees' long shadows
native geraniums by the woodshed wren nestlings within
twittering above the garage ceiling pipes

'...don't get around much anymore' low mileage on an old car
would art in asheville blow my mind
a promise to myself to look only look at Mexican trinkets
my son says what to toss out not knowing
hold over from childhood he mechanically removes the garbage
'despicable' 'nonhuman' 'thugs' released in droves
AOL Help can't in that world political culture tries to rule
yesterday i decided today i undecided
my financial company has changed but not my broker
founding fathers' in masonic values we trust
statistically a higher quality of life Judaism's disciples
devastation in gaza bright red

seeds of white cukes still in white papers in a white pail
huge bucket of washing powder reordered
parliament session protest condoms of cornstarch at tony
creative switch pitching paint not words
all japanese crow poems linked to all japanese crow poems
vacation plans my plants travel to my neighbor

May 16- 20, 2004

BAITING THE HOOK

Patricia Prime

Catherine Mair

jogging along the river bank dog and owner

not a leaf yet - cold afternoon

trapped in the rushes a child's rubber duck

discussing the old landing - in Japanese

behind the mountains the first hint of a cloud

stranger - we compare notes on canine behaviour

preening itself on the signboard - the seagull

carved sea elephant - its highly polished back

side by side on the jetty children fishing

long cast - sunlight catches the flying sinker

baiting her hook - the ducks' inspection

adjusting her wristwatch - waiting mother

AUTUMN GOLD

Patricia Prime

Ron Moss

autumn gold –
on the polished table
zespri fruit

morning walk
Japanese Maple leaves
on our shoes

another grey
added to the homeless dog

bitter daybreak

empty farmhouse
the weatherboard's peel
a setting sun

in a bamboo box
a lunchtime treat
salmon sushi

crushed mint
the breath again
of simmering peas

pine log
felled in a storm
burns in the grate

cusp of moon
the dark lake
settles into sleep

THE KEEPER OF TWO DOORS

A multi-genre installation

James Joyce

Werner Reichhold

I

(About the structure of a beam continuously be lengthened and clay birds taking flight)

Hightime is up be it down into ours according

bride-luck the shifting of shaking shambolic

park's acoo with sucking loves Rosimund's by her wishing well

the book of skinheads swallowed one picture of two heirs

in the house of breathings lies that word all fairness

so cheesed in the pharynx of a Burgerqueen

the permission of overalls with the cooperation of night-shirt

she's an elf for English as she was a seven-by-the-teen

how they succeed by courting daylight in saving darkness

the evil of axes leaking oil

our thirty minutes wars alull

overgrown milestone in its own snake hole

the toy that shall claxonise his whereabouts

godfather's mini-nukes pass through the custom

where flesh becomes word and silents selflound

II

(Shifting scenery: After death your identity may have to respond to stimuli of which you have a chance to get a foretaste now.)

knock knock
wars where

which war

whooveropium smells
the hord a step sideways

on the bunk of bread
winning lies the corpse
of our seedfather

harvesting naked
ladies-go-to-bulb

quiet
takes back
her folded files

the slender by the walks
way through the creek

at her proper mitts
if she then
the then that matters

gnostophonically tuned
in church? No
Mr. Bish hopps into jail

the hunger it takes
the sooner they tumble two

sand
the way I think
of floating time

the swayful pathway of the dragonfly
spider stay still in reedery

global warming
the siren yells
global cooling

spell me the chimes
they are tales all tolled

III

(Attempts against steeling our historic presence from the past postpropheticals.)

Unclean you art not. Outcaste thou are not.

Leperstower, the karman's loki, has not blanched at our pollution and your intercourse at ninety legsplits does not defile.

Untouchable is not the scarecrow is on you. You are pure.

You are pure. You are in your purity. You have not brought stinking members into the house of Amanti.

Ellem Inam, Titep Notep

we name them to the Hall of Honour.

Your head has been touched

by the god Ennel-Rah and your face has been brightened by the goddess

Aruc-Ituc.

Faithlifters say charismaticans appear in glass-mobiles.

Maya sends Mia

headfront down the temple for indulgence by the meter-man's oracle.

Tableau! Tantra & Chiropractic,
turbulance, tabularasa, tick-of-teck

but fine alley tete-a-tete: how quallcomic

he chews on his sandwich, how netescaped she giggles whisperushing her teenaddress:

<give-in@worm.org>

IV

(When the appropriate wave of the unseen laps upon the shore of possibility, and more than two patterns are moving at a time.)

Daphnedews

how all so still she lay

neath of the whitehorn

child of tree

like some losthappy leaf

much to foretel

much with no consequences

burning

breath sailing through

its own attention

wind broke it

wave bore it

reed wrote of it

Syke ran with

hand tore and wild went war

shell shaped sway

as if wishes follow

the night-view of an oyster

the kind that hosts in ripples

a soft lip's storm

his e-mail arrives
with a burst of cymbals sprite

no sun today
except for a daffodil
on the hill karina

a row of tongues
await the wafer's touch jec

in Knossos too
the pillars of the temple
tumbled down sprite

half man half beast
a slave to this desire jrs

our summer love
plays on the jukebox
bittersweet and strange karina

back from Iraq
he's grown three inches jrs

magic mushrooms
form a circle
softly now the moon jec

a toast of cider
in the amber dusk sprite

composed via email on The Renkujin Palace
begun 21/12/03 completed 05/01/04

SLEEPY TIME

Max Verhart
Betty Kaplan

dozed off on the beach
the rising tide calls me back
to the present

yesterday's dreams disappear
the morning sun wakes anew

sunny day -

on the windowsill
a yawning cat

just listening
to the pitter-patter -
rainy afternoon

furniture heaven -
a young couple testing beds

snuggled in . . .
favorite good night story
sleepy time!

2-5 juni 2004

WITH STICKS AND DOGS
Sheila Windsor
Marlene Mountain

wildflower meadow with sticks and dogs they search the long grass

the old mossy bridge older tomorrow

this morning's morning glory a little deeper purple each dying breath

rooted in the land circles of rusting art

rain rain and more rain the tortoise comes out yawns goes in

no channel on gardening repeated ads and news

billions & billions of dollars and counting dubya told it's hundreds

sleep pods the price of a nap

day after day world sex trade what does the little girl get in return

rent boy they don't see his eyes

'weapons of mass destruction' no arms in the armless soldier

end badge blowing away the dust*

a break in the cloud something for the sunflower to look up to
reflected in the pond is my image still there
dragonfly carrying sky and when you think where it came from
around cucumber plants wormy rotting hay
grandad's old garden shed only the bindweed to hold it
a lizard erodes up the eroding cliff

treason falls from a senator's lips those two liars above us all
post hutton tony clings to his post
malescholarshit includes arkeology manthology masterfragment **
punkchewAshun diss cuss shun blah
corruption america israel palestine who's religious now or ever
world bank which world

yards and yards of tarmac yet the daisy made it through
mother nature's gullywash 'my' rocks to her creek
christmas the allotment pine dewy draped with spider's silk
mist in the valley though 'nothing special' it is
grandma's roses black and white the black all faded grey
bit by bit the daylily drop-off

a god's armageddon the neocons would die to make it happen now***
2000 in the end it came and went

on the horizon in a white hat on a white horse a haiku inspector

heavy breather she blows the whistle

1st moon walk celebration i close my mind before i can open my eyes

a chimp a child and one too many breaks

notes

*campaign for nuclear disarmament

**words from 'shetrillogy'

*** short for neo-conservatives

june 15-21 2004

THE JUDGE ASKS

Sheila Windsor

Marlene Mountain

Cindy Tebo

summer rain the judge asks saddam for his mother's name /s

dubya's higher father of all dubya's wars /m

a bush in bullshit the double 'l' for double lies /c

taleban gone burqa on /s

the irony berlin wall takes irony root irony israel /m

hells bells another catholic church for sale /c

not wishing to swear in company he calls his wife a witch /s

passed past daylilies worldly testosterone /m

h g wells 21st century in the fog of victory the invisible victims /c

sudan sudan sudan is exactly where /m

dandelion clock blow by blow what makes men tick /s

new savings and loan not one tree saved /c

proposal amendment 1 of each = marriage the record straight /m

sad eyes saying he's gay /s

kitchen clean up between dish towels a leaflet on depression /c

roadside emissions the blues of chicory make do /m

gothic doorway something half eaten clings to the moon /s

'look don't touch' the pipe organ stalactites /c

venus fly trap snaps shut on an indeterminate muffled buzz /s

smoke-filled bar the e_it sign missing the x /c

bad & good news terrorists about ready then we can believe it /m

so many alerts we switch off /s

not just a mariner's tale the rogue waves taller and realer than paul bunyan /c*

bunched up for a photo-op world males who fuck our earth /m

'sexism and the city' another woman up against the glass ceiling /s

wanted by the armed forces america's youth /c

which doctors will fax which info to the next doctor who am i /m

form after form are you sure you're insured /c

the hole in a hepburn frames a child's passing face /s**

empty notebook for the red ink of a faded rose /m

all the way home a paper crane in the hands of its creator /c

'final demands' the suicide letter /s

if i could have said stop just before cicadas brought the heat /m

raining harder the heron stays on its rock /c

christ 2000 years after christ she's stoned for being /s

find a philosophy that's equal /m

notes:

*Rogue waves are giant waves that were once thought to be a mariner's tale but have been verified by satellite images

** barbara hepworth/sculptor

RED STEER

sheila windsor

ron moss

how shall i bear it
this calla lily's beauty
lightly cupped
when my heart aches
with yearning for his love

the old dingy
splendid in flaky red paint
we loved its feel
i rowed us into the moon
and the dance of phosphorus

Salome. . . .
the priest's pupils
blacken
in remembrance
of his dream

the 'red steer' quietened
fire-fighters travel home
with their stories
he smiles at the sound of rain
and takes her in his arms

at a window
table for one, she shapes
characters
to walk the corridors
of your mind . .

against the wall
the street-sweeper dreams
his shadow, empty . . .
the memory of her

still gnaws at his chest

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

sheila windsor

ron moss

painting into night moon on moon

a wave breaks slipping again into darkness

beyond the reach of sunlight creatures only dreamed

abandoned drive-in a line of bull ants clog the speaker

hyde park corner fire and brimstone mist the air

heat wave the cricket spectators clap in paddling pools

stony ground the daisy made it

fine spices the indian restaurant's warming smell

almost christmas saddam helps us out of a hole

pot black final blue chalk on his new bow-tie

not enough brooms to go round the crucible

car crash a trapped man's life in other hands

between floors the lift stops . . .

outback road a hitchhiker shimmers

rainbow bubbles into cloud

art class today's colours still in her hair

on the tip of his tongue . . . my dragonfly tattoo

digging for shells w! et sand in our ears

immaculate conception in the bin a mutilated woman*

falling down a blind man checks his glasses . . .

SONG IN THE GAPS

sheila windsor

ron moss

twilight . . .
a blackbird tugs a worm
through wet grass

rusted weather-cock
slips the rising moon

a shy glance
towards the royal box
blushing swan

pub closing time
terraced houses light up
starlings in the roof gutter

city graveyard
a robin's song in the gaps

working lunch
seagulls tear at bread
between calls

A SNAKE SKIN IN THE CANOE

sheila windsor
cindy tebo
karina klesko

sunrise through a gap
in the morning glory, cat's eyes sw

17 pages missing
from dad's journal
we take turns filling in
the possibilities ct

bloody knife
black deep into night
starfrost swirls
his pane, where sunflowers
are ochre and he plucked them
from the gutter sw

up and down stairs of ambiguity
petals of a rose unfurling its scent kk

mother wears her bra
on the outside of her blouse
with a big smile
she asks my name
as I look like the girl
in the picture on the wall kk

tropical pet shop
grand opening
the owner's snapshot
of a fake palm tree ct

last week's fishing report recycled
a snake skin in the canoe ct

the devil peeps over
batman's right shoulder
while a beautiful lady winks
bedroom curtains sw

those dark dreams
hanging from his chain
decades of skeleton keys
I put two shiny quarters
in the nickelodeon
"Heaven Can Wait" kk

SOLO WORKS

GHAZAL

THE TIME IS UP...

T. Ashok Chakravarthy

The flowers of martyrdom
Wilt without attaining freedom
Their blood has gushed out
To transmit life to a new plant.

The chill wind which often blows
No doubt, blew across the dew
The advancing season of summer
Unfolds several of its true colors.

A flower itself is a dream shattered
Its aspirations are at all times fated
The chill wind slices its petals delicate
The hot Sun snaps the life in haste.

Similar is the position of own life
Surrounded by travails and grief
Dreams shattered, the love-lorn heart
Like the doomed flower is about to wilt.

The moment of martyrdom is precise
The freedom from agony is imprecise
The element of love, I transmit yet
I know, the time is up for the ultimate.

DISMANTLED LONGINGS

T. Ashok Chakravarthy

A poem finds fertility to sprout
From the seed of a disillusioned thought
I assume, it's a beginning perhaps
To reach the peaks of a new musing.

Enclosed in self imposed circumstances
When can we share peace and serenity?
Moving within, as creators and destroyers
How can we establish a kingdom of peace?

The tide of peace had already run ashore
Desperate, we stretch hands unto the giver

Without a nest to dwell, the dove of trust
Flew-off across the sun beyond every view.

Until the burst of violence rocked everyone
The time gave many a chance for peace
When engrossed in joys, we ignored its worth
Now, the same tendency flocks for peace.

The fastened doors of peace lay abandoned
Instead, brutal and vicious violence greets
Together they plough and trample peace
The longings built seem dismantled forever.

Like a sower who scatter seeds in a field,
Who can scatter the seeds of peace now?
If the field itself is soaked with unholy blood
Does a scope exist to plant a garden of roses?

REIKI RAIN
Tree Riesener

Can't depend on curing your recurring ills yearly with Easter cake and champagne?
You need a hand on your head, traffic director conducting the green light of reiki rain.

Keep prowling lions and the angel of death away by concocting covered dish suppers;
feed the shift sleeping inside and the ones sleeping their week in the joint-achey rain.

Not a paper towel, sponge or tampon, healer, keep a finger in heaven's dyke; don't let curfew ring until
we're strong enough to be cured; hold back the breaking rain.

Terror! No one here for your remaining days; a watery bit of gold, a cold grey sky;
at breakfast endure with all-night-soaked cornflakes, watching snowflakey rain.

Throw mercy into the mix. Tomatoes benefit from a pinch of salt, corn from sugar.
S and M, who's on top today, who's on bottom? Slaughter hides in mandrake rain.

London bridge is falling down; lovers suckle in our arms, the door turns, universal
jumps with toothpicks. Fear no blessing wounds in heaven's gentle slaking rain.

Single lustrous feather tumbling from branch to branch; crow become looping, lapping
sky mass, abandoned tree slowly rebounding, refuge still there in reiki rain.

FINAL RITES
Tree Riesener

The children could hardly go on carrying the coffins,
their dead playmates were too heavy in the coffins.

Rain-soaked, sun-stricken, they walked on, eyes ahead.
Had they been such bad boys, to be responsible for the coffins?

So many miles, they couldn't hold the boxes steady;
the gaily-colored prize-day banners slithered from the coffins.

Finally they could carry them no more, eased their burden down,
breathed a moment before starting to push and pull the coffins.

Sliding on the new graves' overflowing floods of oil,
they slipped into the gaping holes very easily, the coffins.

The snake-oil man tried unction with his claiming sign,
but the mothers cried, don't let that touch them in the coffins.

I saw this just the other day, passing through the streets,
but they have stern rules: you must not photograph the coffins.

Now, under the trees, in their last home, silence, but I am troubled
that, in those graves, they are awash in oil, floating, the coffins.

HAIBUN

IF I COULD

For My Mother Julia Conforti
Gerard John Conforti

If I could I would reach for a star and hold it in my hands. If I could I would cease the raindrops falling with the autumn leaves. If I could I would bring the sunlight to your heart and give you all the happiness you deserve. If I could I would bring buttercups from the spring meadows and give them to you. If I could I would walk a million miles to be with you. If I could I would take away the emotional pain you feel deep within your heart. If I could I would stand upon the mountain summit and watch the moonlight spread light upon the green valley below. If I could I would gaze at the nightly stars and know there is a God. If I could I would seek shelter from the storms raging across earth. If I could I would walk a lonely road and pick a white blossom from a tree.

Spring meadows:
pools of rain ripple
my heart in sorrow

If I could I would seek the sunlight wherever it shines in the birth of spring. If I could I would I would walk with you down the roads lined with white pines and know the silence you held within you for

years. If I could I would never be alone without your memory. If I could I would never leave you alone to suffer like you once had to. If I could I would gaze up at the towering pines and see the full moon shine into my eyes.

Lost tonight
I go seeking love
this autumn night

If I could I would know where there is darkness I would bring you the sunlight in spring and seek the spring clover in the meadows. If I could I would bring down the walls which held you so long. If I could I would bring the love from the bottom of my heart and know the pain you feel. If I could I would give back the years lost to you when there was isolation in your heart. If I could I would begin again and make what happened to you never again. If I could I would bring the spring moonlight on nights when you are alone in your thoughts. If I could I would do all these things and know you've been a great mother of four sons.

Summer shade:
cool winds blow beneath the leaves
stirring in my heart

PAINT CHIPS by Gene Doty

swift boat captains steering into a hail of hostile pixels paint scraped from the wall falling in a swirl of chips the twigs limbs stems trunks of the vines the bushes the rattle of bullets inside the TV tube sounds like nothing so much as silence between syllabic holes stitched in a cicada's song unraveling the grape vine running the spell-checker on the divine word yields too many coinages not enough tattered phonemes trembling where the moon completely free of brush and vines shines in a haze of darkness four flags rippling from the SUV recall the desire the fear the agony the hope no one stands on the moon or anywhere near it

The way I heard it, my friend, the astronauts carried cicadas
With them to the moon, carried buckets of blue to paint the lunar sky.

TRAVELER'S MOON Karma Tenzing Wangchuk The Bodhisattva Institute

Last night I left my room in central Tucson and began a residence at the Dakshang Kagyu dharma center on the east side of town.

In fall of next year, four members of our sangha are scheduled to enter a three-year meditation retreat in northern California. I moved to the dharma center in order to make preparations.

Leaving one
temporary home
for another,
a waxing gibbous moon
my companion and guide.

I MISS THE MOST

Betty Kaplan

I miss him most not when I climb into bed at night. I've grown used to that.
It is the long day and all the little things we did together.
I wash the dishes and think of all the dinners.
I fold the laundry. Where are his socks?
Emptying the grocery bags, I miss the surprises he put in when I wasn't looking.
And those very special long trips.
It's all of this plus more.

Oh darn!
the light is out
how to change the bulb
it's up too high

I'll have to climb

TWO COMPLEMENTARY SHORT STORIES

Werner Reichhold

We have been invited to a grandchild's heyday. After the wedding ceremony, dinner was served at the community room of a church in Oakhurst, California. The guests have been placed at twelve round tables, each of the tables equipped with a digital camera for taking pictures of relatives or friends, resulting in over four hundred photographs to choose from.

One of our grandchildren, age sixteen, a first prize winner of the National Horse Riding Competition for Juniors, seemed to appear at the party very absent-minded. Where was she? Suddenly she pulled out a tiny computer and started typing. I asked her what she was writing about. Her answer: "Want to read it?" - "Yes please" I answered rather shy, and she showed me this:

r no 1- 6
() e Mon
luv u 24/7

This means short for:

'rents* not home from one to six o'clock pm
'moon-cycle' ends Monday
love you twenty-four hours seven days a week

'Instant message'?
Secrets of shortest poetry, reduction-madness?
Bon jour math-destruction?

(*rents: a rented couple of grown-ups, all mixes of genders available)

The incident reminded me on what I copied out of a newspaper more than ten years ago, later published in our magazine Mirrors. It is the last part of the end game of a Chess World Championship

Lautier could not
well answer Kasparow's
sharp 14d4 with 15de?!

because 16Ne4 ed?
17Qb5 Bd7 18Nf6 Qf6 19 Qd3
Og6 20 Qg6 fg 21 b5 Ne7

22 Be4 c6 23 Ne5 Be8
24 b6 wins
for White

in this hypothetical line
16 Bc4 is also bad
because of 17 Nf6

Qf6 18Qe4 Rfe8 19Rfe1
Kf8 20 Ra7!
Ra7 21 d5 Ne7 22 Ne5 d8

23 Ng4 Qd6 24 Bf4
Qd7 25 Qh7 Bd5 26 Qh8
Ng8 27 Nfg! Gh28 Bh6 mate.

One can't help but to admire the highly calculated links and shifts reflecting here the Chess players' ability to adaptations in a similar way as we are all asked for in everyday situations.

At the same time, doesn't one feel that those lines somehow fulfill most of our expectations about writing a poetic sequence? Please look at the 'leaps,' deconstruct where and when they come into effect. In this game, done by partners, and likewise elsewhere experienced by persons catastrophically in love and put on the spot, still hesitating to decide for a move but finally almost absent-minded, paralyzed acting, and becoming a mate or getting 'mate' - do they react by choice, or not quite?

HAIKU

Negative twenty
frozen tears on my eyeball
the wind swept you out.

Serena M. Agosto-Cox

white skin, concrete head
red nose chilled with wind
stubborn, glued to you.

Serena M. Agosto-Cox

lipstick kissed away
dark smudges 'round sparkling eyes
cheeks flushed and flaming

Victoria McCabe

sky tinted teardrop
pale silk cheek of riverbed
lip tremble velvet

Victoria McCabe

SEQUENCES

MONTAUK
hortensia anderson

morning fog -
the sound of seagulls
from somewhere...

dozing on warm sand -

a few clouds drift off
into the blue...

red hibiscus -
the hummingbird's wings
leave me breathless

ripe orange hips
on the wild rose thickets –
lingering heat

moonlight
spreading on the oaks -
I step through shadow

wandering home
with buckets of blueberries -
evening cool

BLUE
Dave Bachelor

out in the cold
shivering
in the silence
 old words
 rattle in my head

outside the
pulmonary clinic
nurses in white
puff on
cigarettes

solitary bag lady
trudges past
a church
 round a bit of candy
 grackles chatter

after these years
of yearning
 a tiny stone
 drops from
 my shoe

great ideas forgotten

where do they go
after the windstorm
dust beneath
the door

one day we are born
on another we die
the blue flowers
of the iris
again and again

REPAIR GANG Tony Beyer

tea break
bib and braces overalls
and roll yr owns

rag of flame
the wind tears apart
under the billy

boots crunch
deep gravel
between the ties

who said ties
they're sleepers
mate

part way
into the tunnel
tracks still gleam

first mild
spits of rain
the hut awning

rolling freight
slow pour sideways
the shunter waves

day's end
this time the job
takes them home

TAROT MEDITATIONS

shirley cahayom

5 of cups : you look at the overturned cups
and feel deep sorrow
have you forgotten the other two
which symbolize hope
that you can build on ?

8 of cups : say adieu
to a broken relationship
though it is hard to bear
time to move on
grab the chance to start anew

the hermit : this is the time
to leave your busy world
go deep within yourself
to find the guidance
from the inner recesses of your soul

the star: there is a release
from difficult situations
life opens up
be inspired by your sense of hope
and follow your dreams

the sun : after all the pains
sorrow and suffering
the sun always shines
you can open your arms
to embrace its light

FOR OCTOBER

tom clausen

winter sunrise
as I sit on the edge
of my bed I wonder
what thought, if any
will seize me...

it was the two hours
before dawn
when it rained so hard
that I could not sleep
sifting life thoughts

for all the progress
in our world
an old woman on the bridge
slowly pushes an empty cart
talking to herself

on my work break
I see no way out for a tree
but to stand there
and take it, growing
and reaching for all it can

this unholy thought
that the young couple
with their lovely baby
are mere organisms
being used by life itself

something awfully sad
that my own son
in the comfort of our home
would simply enjoy
a movie about war

could be I'm tired
or lost, but to close my eyes
and nod off
while the world goes on
gives me certain peace

SUMMER HAIKU HARVEST
Leslie Einer

country road
unpaved and puddled
curving into pine shadow

through the heavy air

of a summer noonday
burst yellow butterflies

golden stepping stones
cross an ebony sea
pathway to the moon

gusting night winds
the tap-tap-tapping
of a broken shutter

a stand of aspens
shivers in the chill wind
autumn music

a cold rain
drizzles on winter-bare fields
drips from rusted barb wire

pale moon
clutched in arthritic fingers
of black winter trees

glints of starlight
glimmer coldly in the blackness
of a desert sky

pale sliver of moon
anorexic cousin
of autumn's full orb

a foghorn moans
the waves come rolling in
from a blackened sea

hanging fat and full
over fields of frozen stubble
harvest moon

spring thaw's trickle
gathers volume and a voice
roar of the rapids

sparkling
in the lake's evening mist
a diffusion of moonbeams

brazen ocean breezes
reshape

the shifting dunes

old southern town
a passing tornado
integrates housing

'neath a moonless sky
the rolling surf unfurls . . .
furls

A POSY OF ROSES Amelia Fielden

it was hot,
nearly empty bus
with a driver
massive thighs bulging
from uniform shorts

she was plump
and blond and pretty,
all in black
with a chunky toddler
clutching her tight skirt

one hand held
a posy of roses,
one a purse-
stepping up on high heels
she says "excuse me

excuse me,
does this bus go to
the cemetery ?"
"we go to Woden" -
the engine is idling

"which bus goes
to the cemetery then ?"
urgently -
"no bus to the cemetery,
taxi stand's over there."

"you can walk
from Woden terminus"-
a passenger
wants to get going,

looks at his watch

he doesn't see
the shoes, or the toddler
or the tears
streaking mascara -
she begins to back off

there's a lady,
the old-fashioned kind
in the front seat -
"sit down next to me, "
a voice to obey

she's talking,
the blond in black, can't
stop now that
someone will listen -
"it's my baby there,

my Ryan,
four months he was,
had cot death.
only I've never been
back to the cemetery

Jason won't
take me, reckons no point
in flowers
neither - stop whinin' 'n
I'll give you a lolly"

the lady
decides - "you're coming
home with me,
we'll have a cup of tea,
then my husband and I

we'll drive you
to the cemetery"-
I'm ashamed
to be just listening,
just listening and hot

A GIRL MADE OF WATERCOLOR
Mary Rand Hess

A jar o f water,
Burnt Sienna, Cobalt Blue –
a picture yet unknown.

Brushes sweeping
across a rain soaked city
and a girl – alone.

Her shadow
hovers by closed shops
reflecting off the streets.

One raindrop
smears the cheek
of a girl made of watercolor.

The city needs the dark
but she'd leave
if she could walk off paper.

NEW YORK NEW YORK
Ruth Holzer

into the tunnel -
a flag and a sign
Lest We Forget

this clean place
I don't know it -
Port Authority

rubble
on Eighth Avenue -
a Greek vase

subway racket -
indistinct dialect
of my city

talking of brownstones
we stroll past
women in boxes

uptown restaurant -
twice I upset
tumblers of water

craft fair
under white tents -
summer drizzle

who's first in line
Haitians or Russians?
a Babel of fists

missed express-
waiting in fumes
for homebound local

PLAINT

Elizabeth Howard

Smoky Mountain cabin
where five sisters refused
to yield to man or government
flycatchers sweep in and out
feeding fledglings

twilight blizzard
a thrashing limb flings
a kestrel into the beyond
I quaver about the hearth
face bathed in a rosy hue

belittled
the boss's party guests
gather at the lily pool
watch a black carp swim about
snapping prey

like the orphaned lamb
I fed with a bottle
you lie in wait to butt me -
if you'd allow, I'd cuddle you
against my bruised breast

note penciled on the door
CLOSED FOR FUNERAL-
so like the country store
site of a murder-suicide
and childhood dreams of blood

Statue of Liberty closed
we tour the grounds

see the icon from all sides
snap photos of French soldiers
mourning our loss of freedom

VIEWS FROM A PATH

Fran Masat

country lane -
a lone tree's shade
where she used to lie

barbed wire fence -
black plastic flutters
in the wake of a car

stopped on the road
flecks of blue twinkle
through rushes

roadside shoulder
a motionless snake
with its stomach to the sun

an open window -
tomorrow's weather
through a lone overpass

riverbank -
sunlight reflects
off the bottom of a bridge

prairie interstate
dark line
of cattle on a trail

sunset
alone on the road
I climb the last hill

hot black night
red and green lights
far above a field

JAZZ-FILLED NIGHTS

Summer in Montreal would not be the same without the Jazz Festival!
Thelma Mariano

darkness descends
as I surrender
to the sound of blues
beyond the moist night air
the smell of hot dogs and beer

my body sways
to the rhythm of his guitar
taking me
to another time when
all I had to do was let go

music that
I hoped would help me forget
she sings
"baby, I need your loving"
the night you are gone

the fluid motion
of hands on African drums
a staccato beat
like the constant rhythm
that plays out between us

the slow tempo
of this number reminds me
of you or is it
the way he moves his lips
on the harmonica?

pale orange lights
and a legendary moon
all the props
the two of us did without
to make the night magic

FROM A GARDEN
June Moreau

it comes from a place
that has no name
and it is

the very heart of beauty –
the red rose

in a garden
with red roses
a child's song
is a sky
for the dove

in the twilight
of a spring day
it is the friend
of my solitude –
the white rose

it is so far away
I can't believe
how far away it is –
the sound of a violin
in torrents of rain

it settles here,
it settles there,
in doing so
it settles everywhere –
the red dragonfly

the white moth
flittering along the path
I think it flew
from the window
of a dark, gray stone

at midnight
the sun decided
to come back
I thought it were
a huge marigold

when I looked
into the mirror
this morning
I saw the song
of a bird

A L O N E
R.K.Singh

Waiting for the train
alone on the platform
swatting mosquitoes

After the party
empty chairs in the lawn -
new moon and I

All guests gone:
after the late party
night and I

Nothing changes
the night's ugliness
in the lone bed

5 Alone
in a shrunken bed
aged love

In the well
studying her image
a woman

Knitting silence
my wife on the bench
after lunch

A moth
struggling for life
on wire

Between virgin curves
he deep-breathes evening mist
rests in the hollow

Shell-shocked or frozen
he stands in tears on hilltop
craving nirvana

The lone mushroom -
a pregnant woman
stares out of the window

Facing the sun
the lone flower
dying to bloom

A dead leaf hangs
by a spider's thread
invisible in sun

Under a tree
in meditation sunken
a lone stone

Alone
on the National Highway
Hanuman

F E A R
R. K. SINGH

Slung-jawed awake
two grinning skeletons sit
bolt upright in bed
hear the shrieks next door but
too scared to call the police

The nightly ghosts crowd
my mind's passage to forge
gods' names in disguise
I fail to scan the face
of thought and life in the dark

The chill outside
deprives me of the bright moon
I breathe in my fears:
asthmatic bouts haunt and
jealousy itches the throat

Night's prisoned friends
keep me wake with planes
flying over the Ashram*
every now and then I watch
the direction matters

One thousand miles
traveling together
in tense silence
he and she contemplate
the next round of duel

I can't cement cracks
nor save the frames from collapse:

the wreck reveals the myth
I need not knit new dreams
if truth's so cold and stingy

(*spiritual sanctuary)

SOUTH COUNTRY FAIR SUITE
Fort MacLeod, AB, July 2004
Richard Stevenson

a day to go -
I buy extra camping gear
and a Donovan CD

only a buck
to see the headless woman -
the smile lasts all day

first time at the fair -
his bag of mushrooms lost
while riding the river

lobster boys -
too busy making the scene
to use sunscreen

new age hippy -
four decades late but still
the elfin dancer

short, squat, middle-aged -
she can wear an umbrella hat,
floral pantaloons

with his sunburn
he looks like a cherry freezie
squeezed out of the tube

Kimberly T-shirt -
If it's tourist season
why can't we shoot 'em?

"Church of the Long Grass"
the song the band is singing -
grass trampled flat

Yahoos on timbali
"hoping to be discovered"
at three a.m.

twigs in her hair -
dandelion gone to seed
fragile in the wind

Fuckowee tribe -
"where the fuck a' we?"
homeless and free

not just granolas,
psychedelic relics,
but soother cool kids too!

massing thunderheads -
ground sheet swathed speakers
pop and hiss

SIJO

creek-bank sitters
 with cane poles
 plastic bobbers
wet with sun

snapping turtle:
 its beak pokes
 from deepest pool
of dark water

the water clear,
 my stringer empty:
 Oh, catfish,
where do you hide?

Gino Peregrini

DREAM
Tree Riesener

Something new in bed last night. Submit. Fall into the arms of God. Perfume cool smooth sheets, my body, seduce prophetic dreams. Cat leaping and stomping in the night, settling from time to

time on open window sills, fitting his body along mine to await dawn. My last thoughts before sleep? Ascension Day stretching all the way back and all the way forward, placing us, humans, always with God. Pentecost coming, the wind and the flames. My last dream before waking? Oh, the bed is so soft. I'll remember. No, up and to my notebook, write quickly.

Tall candle striding through the church dark
in shadows and fragrance,

flame overhead, blaze leaping to my eyes.
Turning to pass,

so I refuel diminished candles where choked
flames gutter low.

EMISSARY Tree Riesener

Creation from void-- ball of string, two sticks, endless variation: afghans, sweaters, mittens, socks. Fish nets. Mouthfuls of air sucked in, pushed out, manipulated by lips and tongue into songs of love. Slice of tree pressed flat, black liquid, sharp stick. Swirl and swoop, cross and dot, leave behind trails of black design. In front, nothing. Behind, meaning, black marks that leap through space, cue rage, love, understanding.

Follow the pen, black letters
flowing onto the white page.

Dropped into the opening, go through
the tunnel; I cannot follow.

Emerge, leap into his eyes, leave
the abandoned page white.

SOLO RENGA

MASK OF MADNESS Jane Reichhold

equinox
the skies unable to be
sun or rain

on dried grass and soft dirt
someone lies in the meadow

the moon so full
hills flatten into valleys
of shining

from the patient's eyes
the twisted stream of mind

frozen fast
a tongue to the pump handle
is also iron

the solitude of winter
is like unto an illness

going far
to see a new doctor
my old ailments

his eyes looking into mine
touch shadows of my horrors

why do you hate
yourself a child of the gods
with a gift of life

love is a far country
where pleasure is the coin

unable to count
the nonsense of incense
uncurling smoke

what color is it?
touching skin to skin

petal soft
the white pink of ideas
before dawn

walking in dewy grass
because I want to be taken

budding trees
leaf out in a green
worn by nymphs

warm winds fragrance
growing begins in the south

again
I am a child burning
with shame

the Man in the Moon saw it
happening all night long

an owl hooting
soft feathers cover
sharp talons

the only sane day of the year
All Hallow's Eve in my heart

trick or treat
I've never had a choice
in mice and men

the perversity of Santa Claus
coming down my chimney

there is cruelty
in the fairy tales
of life

which we accepted
not knowing any better

my face
given to me by my mother
slapped by father

the school of hard knocks
made of willow switches

tearing apart
the flower of mystery

only to find

the shimmering of moonlight
scattered by puddles

wanting a doll
to clasp my neck

and hold me

the plastic faces continued smiling
even when dropped on their heads

I am beautiful
even as I am dancing
do you love me?

the boy child only saw
a fish on a bicycle

the fountains of Rome
magic was in the hands
of bronze makers

coins crossing state lines
in the girls' velvet purses

the brocade path
as trod by the Japanese
in these woods

a pond is a friend
of the circling moon

crickets
echoing crickets
sky grass gold

from mountain to hill
the Indian love call

when young
at the movies I understood
the pull of desire

the body old remembers
too well the other life

the virtues
of the blood pressure meds
celibacy

for what does one scheme
when out of the chase?

religious attainment
remains in the myth of potency
Viagra

the high price of mouth
to mouth advertising

how can they call it spam
such an offer comes brown bagged
the wine bottle

passes from hand to hand
in generations too

visiting famous places
seem worn and frayed
with rising mist

from Niagara Falls
on the starch box

the newly-wed
irons on his favorite shirt
more wrinkles

oft-creased letters
read again by grandchildren

giggling in horror
our ancestors were famous
and did it too!

"thou shall not covet
thy neighbor's ass"

pornography ring
run by priests
exposed

between the birch trees
pagan church of the moon

reading something
in the autumn wind
red leaves

swirling around circus posters
bits of torn tickets

the train
leaves the station
stationary

picked for Valentine's Day
a card covered with hearts

knock knock
who's there?
Amsterdam

Amsterdam who?
I'm so damn tired of love links

daffodils
where I planted
the tulips

the brightest pink
in her lipstick

the perfume
all the way from Paris
an unpronounceable name

no logos on these clothes
or labels to scratch the neck

who is old now?
mums open whitely
under a new moon

a freeze predicted
picking green tomatoes

gifts
planning dinner around
the bounty

more children living in poverty
each year the rich get richer

trade the known governor
for an actor?

the recall election costs us
twenty-six million dollars

violets
as plentiful as memories
in the spring

water gushes forth
in sparkling drops

before sleeping
the smallest bird chirps
with my prayer

beginning the journey
chanting to the pillow

scared to go
happy to arrive
the travel weenie

Big River even larger
seen from the kayak

how romantic
yet who can make love
in a canoe?

a pair of ducks
land on the lake

an island
no one knows where
they go

nightfall makes a sound
that is beyond spelling

the full moon
above the far ridge
drums

going into the sweat lodge
thirteen women circle

on the beach
farewell to a body
diminishes us all

she goes to haiku meetings
only to meet the men

what a surprise!
she falls in love
with a woman

building a snowman
for target practice

icicles drip
in the warm sun
high overhead

contrails connect countries
without diplomatic relations

there is no peace
as long as one person
oppresses another

the roadmap blown up
by a suicide bomber

leaves
thin on the graves
of the young

ignoring the moon
fall previews of new shows

on TV tonight
cider and popcorn served
at the art show opening

city guests titter in superiority
as they narrow their eyes

the mountain girl
becomes a wife in spring
the age-old crime

cherry blossom virgins
flaunting their holy state

lessons in love
the acts of beasts
without words

padded with mother's chest hairs
the nest for rabbit babies

our characteristics formed
by our inadequacies

such is life

the drama script
we live to write

CASKET IN THE HEAT
Lewis Sanders

Casket in the heat
my sad steps
back to the car

From a tree
blackbird dropping to the grass

Empty farmhouse
forgotten house shoes
by her bed

Sickle moon
a beer in my silence

Night walk
only shadows
among the trees

Morning scent
of her in the house

Returning
to the city
her grave far away...

TANKA

at summer's end
all that's left of this moth
an empty shell
the tapestry of its wings
the poetry of its life

an'ya

Cafeteria -

whitewashed walls, white tables
We eat in silence.
Peaches, plums in the fruit-bowl
to remind autumn's colours.

Cristian Mocanu

piles of shoes
soup, fallen leaves and mice
all orderly
what on earth would happen
without gravity?

kirsty karkow

winter
in this downtown
japanese apartment
i try warming up my feet
in a cold blanket

john tiong chunghoo

December, December
I turn into a crystal
someone puts me
on a little fir tree
deep in the forest

June Moreau

in the panes
a rose, blood-red, reflects
another hundred days in Baghdad
from my unkempt garden
petals fall orderly

James Wren

tonight the moon
went into its closet
to knit a dream
for the old bear
in its rock-laden den

June Moreau

mountain trails
 city streets
 can't find my way home
 where do I go
 when I go to sleep

Betty Kaplan

this cloth left to dry
still at the backdoor landing
reaching to touch it -
was it April rain, March rain
last wiped from your mud-caked paws?

Lawrence Fitzgerald - to Bastion di San Marco

the sight
of dawn's blue-tinged shafts
through broken clouds
a larger meaning
just beyond my grasp

kirsty karkow

doubled over
after a hailstorm of fists
a bloodied cherub
allow me this pretense--
 don't "cry uncle"

James Wren

belying
the scent of death
violets
spill from a ribcage
hide the rusty trap

kirsty karkow

Korean wedding cups
seven white cranes circle
cracked glaze
tossed into my backpack
how suddenly love shatters

James Wren

this heart of mine
is a great horse
it has been known
to gallop
beyond the horizon

June Moreau

still waking daily
to this nightstand photograph
you crouched on my knee -
can it be just three short weeks
then your college years begin?

Lawrence Fitzgerald - to Lauren Kate Fitzgerald

Kinkakuji

summer vacation around the corner
my parents whisper--
 off-guard, down-wind
 only kinkakushi in sight

James Wren

almost lost
in memory
that café
frat boys singing the whiffenpoof song
someone asking for my hand

doris kasson

in a half sleep
 I roll over to find him
 no longer there
 all the years
 now yesteryear

Betty Kaplan

snuffed out
a half-smoked cigarette
in a dark sea -
 filthy habits burn on
 but never follow the tide

James Wren

one daughter says "Hi Mom"
the other "Hello Mother"
so different but . . .
 which one loves mother the best
I know they love the same

Betty Kaplan

some talk to a stone
others whisper to the sea
wherever they are
it is our hearts
that hold them

Betty Kaplan

inquisition kiss
maternal hostage rebuke
to ignorant child
sacrifice to elder lies
fire branded jubilee

Victoria McCabe

and now these crutches
i wonder what it was
i prayed for
all those years ago
all those genuflections

doris kasson

choking light escapes
the depth of superstition
transitory thought
the breath of liberation
shaking fist in heaven's face

Victoria McCabe

comes around dawn
this surreal dream
you dying again
me finding the time
to kiss you goodnight

doris kasson

WITHOUT GENRE

TOPSOIL

Sheila Murphy

contralto to a second shadow
turns to thirst across the makings of a sea
across the makings of a sea awash with
drift in toward the silence
to select the feather from the breeze
of change | uplift the season
of remunerative leaves that launch
these divots of the daylight
of the recent siege one sees
through juried eyes the pinch of blame
the sacral shortage
the endorphins thinned to woven seed
how are we to manufacture daylight
from the cover of the seizure of this day
give us our work
our simplified one step before the next
before such window light

HAND ME DOWNS

Sheila Murphy

even cotton's something

slaughtered. wheels
pumped glasslike hems into
these borderlines. we curve
into potential
cures, vault over
natural rejection. relatives
turn matrices. the hemisphere
dips into its inverse.
a shadow limns brash although
shapely light. then din gives
in to quiet likened to
the chalk wings of this moth.
something does not matter, and I'm trying to remember
what it is
across the life span of dreamtables
lives the penny drum uplifting accurate, resplendent
information from beneath the veils of data
shelled from protein filaments turned to ash
a sash across my divan minimized the place to sit
he heard the nightlit foster care of avarice
begin to dim his lights / accounting for
the touch tone panty line approaching
tendencies one brought to writhe
upon the follicled young nest / there lay the test
that quilted even rivers while we worked beside

and brushed our hands across the night

what is present tense but an elastic band

of hope or fear slipped between heresy and a window

seat facing imagined truth then moving past

more quickly than anticipation finds fruition

BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

Breaking news

Just as this issue of Lynx was put up on the web we got something in the mail that you have to hear about now, so we are tucking this extra in with the hopes that you will help spread the news.

This year Winfred Press (Larry Kimmel) and Clinging Vine Press (Linda Jeannette Ward held a tanka contest. They got 154 entries from five countries. The first cut was judged by Sanford Goldstein and then Laura Maffei and Larry Kimmel co-judged the final 18 winners. Twelve of the winners' poems were accompanied by a large drawing by Merrill Ann Gonzales to comprise monthly pages in a large 11" x 17" calendar. The six commended tanka are included on the last page. Winners were: Art Stein (1st Place), Marjorie Buettner (2nd Place), Pamela A. Babusci (3rd Place), Margaret Chula, kirsty karkow, Pamela Miller Ness, , sheila windsor, Susan Antolin, and Tom Clausen.

This is a big calendar with space for appointments and you get a tanka a month with a black and white (or actually lovely soft cream color) drawing related to the season by Merrill Ann Gonzales. Order now. And as a bonus, on the back pages are the guidelines for entering this contest next year. If you missed out this year, do make sure you are there in the future! There are prizes of \$80, \$40, and \$20 to be won as well as getting your winner in a calendar. Great idea!

2005 Tanka Calendar by Winfred Press, Larry Kimmel, and Clinging Vine Press, Linda Jeannette Ward. Spiral-bound (so it opens flat), 11" x 17", filled with ink drawings by Merrill Ann Gonzales, winning tanka and all the days of your life next year. To order the 2005 TANKA CALENDAR, please send \$12 for USA and Canada postpaid, or \$15 postpaid for overseas. Checks drawn on US banks only, and mailed to either: Larry Kimmel, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340," or Linda Jeannette Ward, PO Box 231, Coinjock, NC 27923.

Isthmus by Tony Beyer. Puriri Press: New Zealand. 2004. Card cover, sewn, 5" x 8", 24 pp., \$NZ15.00 (within New Zealand) or \$US10.00 (outside). ISBN 0-908843-29-6. Order from Puriri Press, 37 Margot Street, Epsom, Auckland 3, New Zealand.

On the cover of Isthmus, the title floats on a sea of pearlized blue paper announcing that Tony Beyer is sensitive to the importance and meaning in everything concerning the five tanka sequences that make

up this book. The titles are: "The Chemical Factory," "Abattoir," "Volcano Part," "The Foreshore," "Timber Yard," and "Historic House." From these you can see that Beyer writes about that which he knows and is familiar to him.

The poems are set perfectly and because Beyer writes tanka with fairly short lines, he can easily place four on a page without crowding. He has a good feeling for words and images as well as being spiritually advanced enough to write in "Historic House":

everything outside
the window
has changed
except the sky
changing all the time

Beyer is able to write stunning individual tanka with the same skill as he puts together a sequence. Each poem is like a clear-eyed visit to a place in Beyer's environment that reveals what is there and what is there that often is not revealed.

The Smell of Rust: Haiku by Margaret Chula. Katsura Press: 2003. Perfect Bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 100 pps., full color cover, ISBN 0-9638551-2-3, \$14.95. Order from Katsura Press, P.O. Box 275, Lake Oswego, OR 97034.

Somehow, it always seems to be an occasion when Margaret Chula publishes a new book of her poetry. Perhaps it is the fact that Katsura Press has set a standard of excellence in book making that is so professional, so mainstream one feels that our too-often genres are finally getting the notice they deserve. And the quality only begins at this point. As one opens the soft cream pages, the beautifully set haiku slide easily off the pages into the reader's mind. There is just the right amount of haiku per page, three or less, so each poem radiates and vibrates clearly and individually.

Chula's haiku exhibit all the great qualities we have come to know and expect from her tanka, and yet she is such an expert that there is never a question of whether a poem should be a tanka or haiku. She is secure in her style built from years of studying both forms in English and in Japanese. As you can see, her poems are presented without initial caps and with a minimum of punctuation. This allows the reader to find the several ways the different haiku can be read.

spring breeze
scented with wisteria
my just-washed hair

Among the many haiku is a gem that begins on page 89 – "Searching for Emily." This is a poem sequence written upon the adventure of seeking the grave of Emily Dickinson. What adds to the interest of this work is the fact that Chula has chosen to compose the opening to the poem with alternating tanka and haiku. Just as the reader becomes familiar with the patterning, Chula then stays with the haiku form for the rest of the poem. I found the device very interesting and one that has been too-little employed by poets adept in both forms. Some may have wished she had continued alternating regularly with the tanka, but I understood why she chose this format – that is the way reality goes. Tanka are harder to write and when one is writing on the fly, haiku come more quickly and easily. It seemed to me, that in the beginning of the poem when she was fresh she was able to use tanka to record her impressions, but as the impressions upon her senses began to multiply, there was only time to use

haiku. For the reader also, this patterning works to speed up the poem and to push the author into the background while letting the scene of the graveyard come forward. Even if you are not a fan of Emily Dickinson, this is the poem to read for what Chula does with haiku and tanka. If you are a Dickinson fan, you will certainly want a copy of this poem as well as the rest of the book.

Margaret Chula lived and taught for twelve years in Kyoto, Japan where she also obtained a teacher's license in Sogetsu School of Ikebana. *The Smell of Rust* is the fifth book of her work. She is active in giving lectures, workshops, and performances in the international haiku community while living in Portland, Oregon.

The First Hundred Years by Ruth Holzer. New Women's Voices Series, No. 29 published by Finishing Line Press, P.O. Box 1626, Georgetown, Kentucky, 40324. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 30 pps., ISBN: 1-932755-44-6.

Ruth Holzer, and her poetry, is familiar to readers of *Lynx*, but what they may not know is she is also an accomplished writer in various other poetry genres. *The First Hundred Years* is a showcase of her ease in moving between different forms, following the needs of her voice and message. She rhymes, she writes in free verse; even includes an excellent ghazal:

Dumplings

The dumplings you may eat in a dream
are warm and tasty; but still a dream.

Annihilation angel, his embrace forever
devoted to dust, arose in a dream

For a castle, it's not so bad a castle
where they almost died of love – it was a dream.

The real postman races across town to deliver
another of your letters – bahalom –in a dream.

Press to your face, Ruth, that yellow sweater,
his chaos ray of sun, and wake from your dream.

The message is heavily influenced by experiences of her living in Europe while remembering the Holocaust and her attempts to come to terms by those times and events. There are a lot of very grim images in the work and much of farewell and adieu, yet one has to give Holzer credit for stating so bluntly what she feels and how she sees the world. *The First Hundred Years* presents a much darker view than most of her work in *Lynx*.

Ruth Holzer grew up in New Jersey and worked in California on minority education and other community programs, as well as in magazine and textbook publication. She has also lived in London where she worked in the press office of the American Embassy. She now lives in Virginia where this year she won the Edgar Allen Poe Memorial Award sponsored by the Poetry Society of Virginia.

Vital Forces by Yuko Kawano translated into English by Amelia Fielden and Aya Yuhki. BookPark:2004. Perfect bound with a full-color cover, 5.5 x 8.5, 180 pps., kanji and English with a foreword by Kawano. Order from Amelia Fielden.

Vital Forces was first published in 1997, by another of Japan's foremost female tanka writers – Yuko Kawano. Now for the first time, thanks to the long years of work, Aya Yuhki and Amelia Fielden, bring the tanka of Yuko Kawano to the English readers. The tanka are presented, with three or four to the page, on the right side written in kanji, and on the left in the normal five lines of English. Wisely the poems are set without caps and with only the minimal of punctuation so they are easy to read and yet retain the feeling of the Japanese. The English is faultless and this is a real pleasure to find in a book of tanka translation. Educated enough in both English and translation, Amelia Fielden and Aya Yuhki are comfortable in bringing the Japanese poetry as poetry and not as English sentences. Thus even more the work in Vital Forces is worthy of being studied and emulated.

Vital Forces is Yuko Kawano's seventh book of tanka, so the reader can be assured that Yuko Kawano, too, is an expert on writing tanka in Japanese. At this time of her life, in her forties, she is experiencing the future loss of her two children, a boy and a girl, as they prepare to leave her home. She seems to put herself through a great deal of anguish just thinking about their leaving. From reading between the lines in the poems, a reader can get the feeling that she much prefers thinking about her beautiful young son than her old, baggy-eyed husband. As with many parents of teen-age children, she tries to seduce her way into their lives with her mother love, but she is constantly repulsed, and thereby greatly wounded. Tanka seems her solace for this pain.

The many tanka of the book are broken up into sequences, each with a title. A few are only one-poem long, but most of them have 7 – 11 tanka per sequence. I liked the title "Paper-thin Soup," I also admired Yuko Kawano's ability to pace the selection of her poems by using renga methods, to some degree. What I mean by this, is the fact that often the sequence started with a poem about some facet of nature and her relationship to it to set the scene. Then when she had runs of poems about her children, she would occasionally intersperse them with the nature-nature poem as relief to the constant lamenting.

I feel very impatient with these poets with only one focus for their poetry and maybe their lives? The book would have appealed to me more if Yuko Kawano had not bitched and complained so much and so publicly about her kids. Tanka are supposed to be about love, yes, but from reading these poems, I got the feeling of a very oppressive smother love. Every mother is guilty of this to some degree, and especially during the difficult years when the kids are teen-agers, and yet the attitude that "as mother I have a right to complain of how my kids treat me" and to make this as the sole focus of the book was just a bit too much for me.

The title for the book came from the poem:

I feel the strange presence
of my sleeping son –
he is using
his vital forces
as he sleeps

And she continues with:

if I can get the kid
to eat something
she warms up –
her words trickle
like raindrops

Cold Stars White Moon by Larry Kimmel. Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340. Spiral bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 44 pp., \$8.00 postpaid USA; \$12.00 overseas, ISBN: 0-9743856-7-0.

Larry Kimmel seems to have taken a selected section of his best tanka and arranged them into a book-long tanka sequence. It was good to find many of my favorites of his works reappearing in this new arrangement. I love his tanka when they are multi-faceted and as rich as:

Looking down
on that distant page
of meadow –

a railroad train straight as a sentence
and I too mountain high to read its noise

The "too many" words in the lower section, as compared to the upper part, add to the sense of the poem and one has to applaud his courage to do this. Most of Kimmel's tanka follow the short, long, short, long, long patterning but when he strays, it is done with intent. Many of the poems follow the classic comparison between an observance of nature and his inner landscape such as in:

All morning
the mood of the otherwise
forgotten dream –
the backs of maple leaves
turned silver under water

Many of the poems seem to have a whiff of memory of a lost love with sweet remembrance of times long ago, and others deal with the everyday feelings of a poet who is completely aware during the smallest occurrence.

Some may wonder why the poem begins with a capital letter and yet has no period to "end the sentence," but it seems Kimmel has his reasons for wishing to continue this practice.

Sanctuary by Giselle Maya. Published by Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France. Hand-tied with handmade cover papers, 7.5 x 9.5 inches, 52 pps., \$20.00.

Sanctuary consists of collaborative poems Giselle Maya has written with three other women. Two were done with Mari Konno, three with June Moreau and four with Jane Reichhold. There is enough mixture

of *kasen renga*, shorter *renga*, and linked *tanka*, and linked *haiku* to add interest and pacing to the book. The various voices, led throughout by Maya, offers an interesting study on the different ways these four persons write and handle the various genres.

Not only are the genres mixed, we have an international cross-section with Giselle Maya in France, Mari Konno in Japan and June Moreau and Jane Reichhold in America. Giselle, due to her many travels between all these countries is the perfect person to pull together the common element in the works. It is all too easy to overlook the importance of such international persons as Maya and the contribution that can only be made by such an individual. Not only does Maya, do the publishing, she has also been poet enough to write well and much with this combination. Someday this has to be recognized.

Due to her love of *tanka*, or individuality, Maya often chooses to set the links of *renga* as if they are *tan renga* – two persons writing one *tanka* – so that the poem seems a linked *tanka*. This system may momentarily confuse persons used to seeing *renga* written in two- and three-line stanza, but it is entirely sensible and admirably shows the interconnectedness of the pairs of links. By using the now conventional method of putting the authors' work in either roman or italics, the reader can concentrate on the fluidity of the poem without the initials of ownership.

Due to Maya's penchant for using only nature-nature images, the book is heavily weighted in that direction. Only in her work with Jane Reichhold does one find the normal mixture of human affairs and nature verses as in *renga*.

The book is prefaced by Maya's comments on the *renga* form and the experience of writing *renga* with other poets. Included are illustrations from Claude Monet, and a series of excellent collages by Maya titled, "Planets."

A Review of *Breasts of Snow* by Sanford Goldstein

Hatsue Kawamura and Jane Reichhold, *Breasts of Snow: Fumiko Nakajo: Her tanka and her life*. The Japan Times: Tokyo, 2004, 152 pp. \$20, ppd. Order from AHA Books, pob 767, Gualala, Ca 95445, USA.

To those of us who have translated collections of Japanese *tanka* poets, a golden chance may appear when we come across a *tanka* poet whose poems are so moving and profound that the work becomes a total labor of love. Such a moment must have come to Hatsue Kawamura and Jane Reichhold in presenting for the first time a considerable body of the work of Fumiko Nakajo. I have often quoted Takuboku's 1909 comment from an essay in which he says *tanka* is a diary of the emotional life of the poet. Fumiko's life was *tanka*, and her *tanka* are her life. When we consider that she died at the early age of 32 in 1954, that she began writing *tanka* in 1947 when she joined a *tanka* circle in her home town Obihiro in Hokkaido, that in 1954 she won a *tanka* competition for a 50-*tanka* sequence in a magazine whose publication won her instant fame, that her first collection was published in the same year in July, and that she died the very next month, her achievement is all the more startling. It was none other than Nobel Prize winner Yasunari Kawabata (the award given in 1968) who wrote the preface for that volume entitled *The Loss of Breasts (Chibusa Soshitsu)*. Fumiko had sent a letter to Kawabata asking him to write its preface, and moved by her letter and her poems, he complied.

When I started reading the translators' Foreword to *Breasts of Snow*, I found it was a biographical presentation that suddenly ended with World War II over and with Fumiko's husband in trouble for engaging in some illegal practice connected to his railway-related job, the discovery made after the birth of the first of their four children. I wondered if there had been some printing error that had eliminated the rest of the biography. But I soon realized the translators continued their biographical summary bit by bit in most of the translated poems as each appeared. Thus readers can easily see the connection between Fumiko's tanka and life.

To cite one example where biographical data and analysis are essential in aiding readers, the poem on p. 22 may serve as a typical entry:

"Because of the quality of Fumiko Nakajo's tanka, and her ensuing fame, she became acquainted with another locally well-known tanka writer, Taku Omori. Through their shared passion for tanka, the couple began to have deep feelings for each other. Omori was already married[,] and his wife, who was also a member of the tanka club, was known and admired by Fumiko. Even this did not stop her from falling in love with him. This love, with an experienced married man[,] was very different from her previous encounters with men in that she had respect and admiration for him beyond the passion. Because Omori was in the last stages of tuberculosis, the relationship was even more romantic in being platonic.

being a slave
to the hot palms of passion
now far away
two persons in the distance
where snow is falling

"The expression of 'snow' of the last line is a metaphor of their more restrained, cooler love. Also the concept of snow falling obscures and isolates the couple from the eyes of the rest of the world."

Readers will discover in reading the 143 poems in the collection that Fumiko's life was filled with extraordinary desire for love, with problems of violations of cultural codes, with vacillations in the wish to be a good mother, with complicated and overwhelming anxieties about her cancer and surgeries, with the paramount importance of nature in her life, and with her eventually confronting the approach of death and its meanings. The translators list eight divisions from Fumiko's works to form a startling sequence with a dramatic beginning, middle, and end and a profound conclusion in which the significance of life and death eventually coincide.

Fumiko's poems are often startling in their passionate and visual revelations. In one poem she refers indirectly to her lover's sexual organ:

"sitting as if
embarrassed about legs too long,
aren't you?
having such a casual chat
surely I am his elder" (p. 56).

During her stay in a hospital when her cancer was spreading to lymph nodes in her neck and throat, she touches a male visitor's sleeve buttons on his jacket. Write the translators: "She may have made a connection between the three ornamental buttons on the jacket of Western suits and the buttons of the

fly on men's pants" (p. 115). Her sexual references are even more veiled in her close observations of nature:

"as if in joy
the oyster bound
by winter kelp
will raise up
a thorn of flesh" (p. 105).

When I taught creative writing at Purdue University, I often told my students that creativity is the art of making interesting or unusual connections. Fumiko's tanka amaze us by the creative connections she makes. One example will have to suffice: "overhead a sound/fireworks in the night sky/shoot up and open/everywhere I/can be taken." The translators comment: "This poem contains the only sexual scene in her tanka collection. The verb *ubawarete* – 'taken' – can mean a woman's body is 'taken' by a man's so that she is taken in passion or as 'possessed' as in almost crazy. In addition, the loss of her breast means that a part of her body has been taken away from her which adds greatly to [the] ephemeral aspect of fireworks. The fireworks symbolize her fleeting, transient and ephemeral happiness, since she now knows she is fated to die soon" (p. 70).

In an essay at the end of the translations, entitled "Fumiko Nakajo as a Poet," Jane Reichhold lists three new writers of tanka over the past century that have made a real difference to the world. She cites Akiko Yosano, Machi Tawara, and Fumiko. "It is easy for male readers," Reichhold writes, "to 'fall in love' with the works of a 'sweet hot thing' but not a dying woman, scarred with the loss of both breasts with children weeping in the background" (p. 150). I believe it is the appeal of Fumiko's tanka, translated at times in colloquial English, at times in formal patterns, to pierce us with their emotional and intellectual vigor. Tanka poets ought to read Fumiko, especially those who focus on nature in the human scene, for while I have often felt that nature-oriented tankaists seem to superimpose their images, Fumiko is often able to fully integrate the image with her emotional state. But let's not limit Fumiko's readers. It would be a good thing if the wider world also read her to discover the multiple diversity of the tanka form.

Destination by Aya Kuhki. stand@rt Publishing House, str. V. Babes, 3 B, et.2, ap. 14, 6600- LASI, Romania. Perfect bound, 128 pages, with a black and white photo section. Poems are in English and French by Dorin Popa.

It seems this collaboration of translation and publication was the result of a meeting at the World Congress of Poets meeting in Lasi, Romania, on October 28th – November 1st, 2002. From the several photos of this meeting in the back of the book, one can deduce that Aya Yuhki and Dorin Popa met and Popa offered to translate Yuhki's poems into French and publish them in Romania. This interaction makes one realize how our world has shrunk and been enlarged by new constellations working together. Aya Yuhki, who often has poems in Lynx, writes in both Japanese and English. For this we all can be very thankful as she is among the very few persons able to bring her natural talents so completely to both languages. She has also been an important influence of the flow of English tanka into Japanese with her translations of the books by Father Neal H. Lawrence and Anna Holley. Please note that she was also a translator, with Amelia Fielden, of Yuko Kawano's *Vital Forces* also reviewed in this issue.

In *Destination*, Aya presents her many tanka, four to a page, in 27 sequences consisting of one or two pages. Her range of experiences and ability to focus on the beauty and magic of many experiences, often while traveling – hence the title, gives a breadth to the book that keeps it fresh and new on each page. Even within a sequence she reaches out and mixes up collection of experiences while keeping to her subject so that the reader feels intrigued and invigorated by the combinations of images. An example is:

Flying

birds acquired
wings in their eagerness
to fly;
my heart is impressed
by the theory of evolution

sound of birdcalls
mindful of His will,
creatures
of God express themselves
in beautiful languages

snowy heron,
keep black bill
erect in the water,
solitary figure
casting a shadow

a fly in winter
buzzes against the window
in dazzling sunshine
the sounds
seem like hailstones

as I pass
by the pet shop,
a parakeet
with blue feathers
talks to me

The English appears on the left-hand page with the matching French version of the poem on the right. I tried to type in the French to show you, but somehow my Word program refused to behave. I can say however, that the French is word-for-word with the English, and even line-for-line – which makes this book an additional treat for someone wishing to brush up on their French skills.

In the very back of the book, Aya Yuhki has two poems which she calls, "Collaborations of Poem and Tanka," in which she, following the example of Ikuyo Yoshimura's poem in *Poetry Pulse*, combines the forms of what she calls *tyouka*, but which we were taught to call *chôka* – the form written in 5 or 7

sound units to any length, but closing with a 7 – 7 pattern. However, in spite of this explanation, Aya Yuhki uses a free-verse pattern (which leaves us where?) with the addition of one or two tanka (or as she refers to them in this as Hanka) at the end. This kind of an explanation is typical of why discussing Japanese poetry can be so confusing for us foreigners.

Nevertheless, from what I can deduce from this strange mixture of description and the poems themselves, (without the Japanese romaji to be able to count the units) Yuhki is really attempting to make a symbiotic work from free verse and tanka. Both poems begin with strangely shaped four-liners (are these remnants of the sedoka?) and then the first one – "Destination" – launches into two sets of eight-liners, closed by another four-liner and the two tanka. The second one – "Your Massiveness" – follows a different patterning, but also ends with two tanka. Yuhki is to be complimented on this attempt, because I agree with her that this is the ultimate new way of absorbing genres of other cultures and other times. She is surely on the forefront of what is happening with poetry in Japan and therefore you should make an attempt to get this book.

Reeds: Contemporary Haiga No. 2 edited by Jeanne Emrich. Long Egret Press, Edina, Minnesota: 2004. Full color gated soft cover and full color illustrations throughout, 110 heavy-weight pp., 8.5 x 5.25 inches, essays by Stephen Addis and Raffael de Gruttola with an interview of Gary LeBel by Jeanne Emrich, \$16.00. Order from Jeanne Emrich, P.O. Box 390545, Edina, Minnesota 55435.

Reeds opens with an introduction by Jeanne Emrich that establishes her as the current most knowledgeable expert on the subject of contemporary haiga – Japanese for the genre of poems written beside or with a graphic element. Then she immediately bows to Stephen Addis, the expert on Japanese haiga, who centers his comments around the work, "Two Deer" by Nakajima Kahoo (1866 – 1925). To my delight, two of his classical haiga are the openers for the illustrations. This is an excellent way of showing haiga's most recent past and the vast changes that have already occurred in the genre. Editor Emrich has arranged the book so it starts out gently with these "quiet" examples using sumi-ink brush work before exploding into the bold and colorful works that seem to be on the cutting edge of this genre.

The majority of the haiga are printed in full color, one to a page, so the reader can enjoy each image or the facing images. Most of the time Emrich arranged the pages so both sides show the works are of one author, or else someone with very similar techniques in order to create a flow with minimal changes.

It cannot be easy to get between the covers of one book, such diverse artistic methods as Ion Codrescu and Gary LeBel. There is also an excellent interview of Gary LeBel that will only be more valuable when people look back at the beginnings of haiga outside of Japan.

Raffael de Gruttola has an article on his experiences matching his haiku with the very talented painted, Wilfred Croteau.

At the close of the book, one finds generous descriptions of the twenty-eight contributors. These come from Japan, Tasmania, Romania, Canada and the United States to prove that Reeds has the whole world represented.

One cannot avoid comparing the works in Reeds 1 and Reeds 2, so I would encourage readers to get

both books to watch the evolution of this exciting part of the haiku world. How fortunate we are to have so many artists among the haiku writers and even more blessed to have the work and patronage of Jeanne Emrich.

Tulip Haiku: An Anthology by Angela Leuck. Shoreline Press: Quebec, Canada, 2004. Perfect bound with a full color cover, 5.5" x 6", 106 pp., Introduction by Christopher Herold, ISBN: 1-896754-34-1, \$12.95 in Canada; \$10.95 US. Order from Shoreline, 23 Ste-Anne-d-Belleview, Quebec, Canada H9X 1L1

What a joy it is to see a haiku book so beautifully and professionally made as Tulip Haiku! Angela Leuck, Associate Editor at Shoreline Press, has pulled out all the stops to make this book very special, from size, cover design and colors, to the placement of the individual haiku within the book.

The publication was coordinated with a launch in Montreal for an "Evening of Tulips" and then continued on to Toronto for its Tulip Festival, as a souvenir of Canada. Most of the poets were gleaned from Haiku Canada members as well as friends from the U.S., France, Australia, Ireland, New Zealand, India and Japan. Angela Leuck is in her own right, an excellent haiku poet, so her choices were impeccable. The poems are presented in lower case with a minimum of punctuation one or two to a page. These are divided into fourteen sections to wisely pace the reader's attention and give force and direction (always an issue in anthologies) to this collection. The preface by Leuck gives a bit of history of the tulip's arrival to the Americas as well as a succinct history of haiku's own trip here.

Even though the cover indicates this is a book of haiku, a few tanka are sprinkled in among its shorter cousins. Tulip Haiku contains the works of many familiar names as well as those less well-known.

no matter
what colours
I pick
a sadness . . .
tulips in the wind

Pamela A Babusci

Boven de wolken (Above the Clouds) Derde haikoe-boek by Bart Mesotten. Uitgeverij Pelckmans: Flanders, 2003. Hardcover, 544 pp., Indexed, ISBN:90 289 3357 3. Contact Uitgeverij Pelckmans, Kapelsestraat 222, 2950 Kapellen, Belgium or Bart Mesotten, Drogenberg 100, 3090 Overijse, Belgium.

The first 365 pages of Boven de wolken (Above the Clouds) Derde haikoe-boek are in Dutch but from there on the haiku and haiku sequences are translated into various languages – very often English. For anyone wishing to see the source of so much that was done for the Haikoe-centrum Vlaanderen, the national haiku organization for Flanders, here is the place to find the haiku of Bart Mesotten. He has now given over his jobs in the organization to others, but he still continues to write haiku. This large and beautifully made book is also an honor to Mesotten who was winner of the Masaoka Shiki International Haiku Award in 2000.

LETTERS AND ARTICLES

LETTERS TO LYNX

(Hint to those who print out the Lynx pages: If you set your paper orientation to horizontal you will get the full page of these text pages.)

Dear Jane and Werner, Today is an important and happy day for me because of your appointment of Joint Editor-in-Chief of World Haiku Review. It is so for the World Haiku Club as well, and without exaggeration also a little bit for the world haiku community as a whole. Therefore, I am opening a bottle of Champagne (a good excuse any day) to celebrate your assuming the positions and to welcome you most warmly to the World Haiku Club! Even if we cannot drink together because of the geographical difference we can toast together in spirit. Hip, hip, hooray! - Susumu Takiguchi

. . . Then to explain the form of our tankatriad: There are nine verses ...each participant decides randomly on order of poets/each poet having three verses.

2. Line Verse - In the first triad ...can be any subject
- 4- Four Line Tanka -"the root verse" a light whimsical verse deciding a theme from the first verse.
- 6- Six Line Tanka - up to 34 syllable tanka that develops the ideas /theme in the previous verse and brings the Triad to a conclusion.

The Second Part of the Triad begins

2. Line Verse - links back to the two line verse in the first triad and shifts topics.
- 4- Four Line Tanka- "the root verse" a light whimsical verse choosing a new theme from the previous two line verse.
- 6- Six Line Tanka - usual range 34-44 syllables but ultimately the counts are left up to the authors. This tanka develops the new topic and brings it to a conclusion.

The Third Triad

2. Line Verse links back to previous two line verse and introduces a new topic
4. Line Verse- "the root verse" determines the theme
6. Line Verse develops theme and concludes it . This last Tankatriad should loop back to the beginning of the series.

Each section of the Tankatriad does not "have to be written in order of 2-4-6 it can be switched mirrored etc. but the two line verse needs to link to the previous two line verse. As with all rules, these are only guidelines. - Karina, along with Sheila Windsor and Cindy Tebo

. . . It's been a while since I sent you anything; thought I'd try you with a sequence of haiku that came out of my time at South Country Fair in Fort MacLeod, Alberta, this past weekend. The South Country Fair is an annual music festival with two music stages and one poetry stage that runs from the Friday night to Sunday afternoon, the third weekend in July, at the Fish and Game park grounds just outside Fort MacLeod, Alberta. Acts rotate every hour, so there are dozens of performers and all kinds of music -- folk, jazz, blues, rock, alternative, worldbeat, zydeco -- you name it -- and some 3500 people of all ages attend, on day passes, on weekend passes, evening performance passes, etc. Many people camp out and take advantage of the cool river flowing through the site, or sell hippy paraphernalia in the

outdoor mall -- candles, hemp clothes, didgeridoos, scarves, dresses, jewelry, etc. -- or various food items. The whole event is wonderful, and I try to make it every year. Here is a sequence of haiku from this year's observations. - Richard Stevenson

PS. And here's my current bio statement: Richard Stevenson has read to enthusiastic audiences across the country and is the author of seventeen full-length collections of poetry, plus a CD of original jazz and poetry with jazz/poetry troupe Naked Ear. Recent titles include *A Murder of Crows: New & Selected Poems* (Black Moss Press, 1998), *Nothing Definite Yeti* (YA verse, Ekstasis Editions, 1999), *Live Evil: A Homage To Miles Davis* (Thistledown Press, 2000), *Hot Flashes: Maiduguri Haiku, Senryu, and Tanka* (Ekstasis Editions, 2001), *Take Me To Your Leader!* (YA Verse, Bayeux Arts, 2003), and *A Charm of Finches* (haiku, senryu, and tanka, Ekstasis Editions, 2004). *Parrot With Tourette's* is forthcoming from Black Moss Press in their Palm Poets series and *A Tidings of Magpies* is forthcoming from Spotted Cow Press. He regularly reviews poetry and fiction, and periodically runs adult and young adult workshops. He holds degrees in English and Creative Writing from The University of Victoria and University of British Columbia and teaches Canadian Literature, Creative Writing, Composition, and Business Communication at Lethbridge Community College in southern Alberta. Originally from Victoria, BC, he currently lives in Lethbridge, Alberta.

. . . here's a linked piece for your consideration in lynx. we did it a bit differently. the pattern. and we also attempted to write 'nature nature' content in one section then comments about 'the world' in next. then back to 'nature nature' and so on. an interesting experience especially since we needed to write to our own links more often. thanks for reading. - Marlene Mountain

. . . Having come across your site, I submit hereunder two original-unpublished Ghazals, for your kind consent. I am sure, you will go through the poems and do the needful accordingly. Regarding myself, a poet hailing from India, I am aged 43 yrs., composed nearly 1000 poems during the past two decades and presently employed with a "Government -Partnered State Co-op Bank" at Hyderabad City, India. While wishing to have a long-lasting association, I assure to contribute more poems in the days to come. T. Ashok Chakravarthy

. . . I trust you and Jane have had a good summer and are doing well. We've had a good summer--I didn't teach, for once, so I had a lot of "free" time. I never seem to do everything I think I can, though. Our house--a 19th century, two-story, nine-room, frame building--is being repainted, with a lot of repair done as well. It will look great when finished. I may put some photos on my web site. The piece I'm submitting--"Paint Chips"--is pasted in below. It's the third thing I've done in this form, which I'm tentatively calling "ghazal-prose." It adapts the haibun to use a ghazal couplet (a "fard") instead of a haiku. Lynx earlier published a prose piece with a couple of sijo ("Arctic Air" [XVI:3, October 2001]), so I thought you might be interested in this one. In reading a book on Ghalib, I discovered the idea of the isolated ghazal couplet--the fard. There are several in Ghalib's work. Anyway, eventually, it occurred to me to combine that isolated sher with a piece of prose. There are two in my 2004 blog on The Ghazal Page, and now there's this one. I'm hoping others will take up the idea. Using a form other than haiku (such as a tanka, sijo, fard) offers different possibilities of tonality and theme. I hope you like this piece. - Gino

. . . Notes on my piece "Two Complementary Short Stories": One can't help but to admire the highly calculated links and shifts reflecting here the Chess players' ability to adaptations in a similar way as we are all asked for in everyday situations. At the same time, doesn't one feel that those lines somehow fulfill most of our expectations about writing a poetic sequence? Please look at the 'leaps,' deconstruct where and when they come into effect. In this game, done by partners, and likewise elsewhere experienced by persons catastrophically in love and put on the spot, still hesitating to decide for a move but finally almost absent-minded, paralyzed acting, and becoming a mate or getting 'mate' - do they react by choice, or not quite? (A double short story exercises two stories as appearing integrated by strong shifts or leaps, thematically or otherwise composed. A modification of this term would be called a short story sequence, referring to three or more stories combined and equally characterized only through the way they are linked by techniques solely invented by the author. In case two or more authors offer stories related in any possible new way, then the work can be named symbiotic short stories. All three forms can occur as such or varied by integrating verses of any existing genre or new ones. To make the occurrence of those forms even more sophisticated and spiritually enlarged, one may think of integrating- but not adding, please- pictures of all kinds of visually media or well, sound components, in case one wants to burn a CD. A writer more orientated toward Japanese literature, defining haibun as 'a journal of a journey plus verse', may feel tickled to create a double haibun. Or in case of a modification, when three or more haibun appear integrated by strong shifts and leaps, thematically or otherwise organized, one can call it a "haibun sequence." If several authors prefer to work together, then the term "symbiotic haibun" could be applied.) - Werner Reichhold

. . . You may be interested in seeing the lesson plans I've designed for the National Endowment for the Humanities' website, "EDSitement." These lessons complement classroom studies, and teachers can consult them for reliable online resources. Among the lessons I've written for them, I have one to teach ghazals and one for tanka. I'm currently working on lessons for other Asian forms including the haibun, the luc-bat and song-that-luc-bat, and the lu-shih.

--Guzzle a Ghazal and --Tanka? You're Welcome! As you can see, your AHA resources are invaluable to me as a classroom teacher. I greatly appreciate your work. As a side note, it may amuse you to learn that when I was in high school in Audubon, New Jersey, one of our substitute teachers for a brief season was Nick Virgilio. He was an odd little troll. Regardless of the topic he was called to fill in for, he threw out the emergency plans and taught haiku. Quite kinetic and rabidly enthusiastic, he once beamed me in the forehead with a chalk eraser to demonstrate "the experience of the moment." I'm afraid that incident -- or rather, the huge gash in my forehead as a result of that incident -- was the cause of his dismissal as a substitute teacher in our schools. Ironically, some 25 years later, my husband became a United Methodist pastor of a small church in Camden, NJ, where one of the prominent members was an active member of Virgilio's Haiku Society, helping to print and publish his newsletter (I think it was called Frog Pond?) and composing haiku of her own (although I think technically they were senryu). Nick's brother Tony was a good friend of the church, and we got together often at church social functions; he's a wonderful man. In your work, did you ever have the opportunity to meet Nick? I'd be interested in your views of his work. I understand he was highly regarded in Japan, or was that merely good press he received here in New Jersey? Ef

Jane, My wife, Sumiko passed away May 28th at dawn. I'd like to think she waited until after she heard the robin's morning song before she started off on her new adventure. - Hal Hamlow

Dear Werner, Thank you for your notice of my tanka in The Tanka Journal. I don't know why I didn't send there years ago. My hope is that this will extend my audience. Writing is after all, in part, about sharing. I was impressed with your own work in the same issue, "Colors of No Choice." I am trying myself to take the themes of tanka into new areas, so it is good to see what you and a few other are doing. New themes, new means of expressing old themes. On Saturday I went to the HSA meeting in Boston, and stayed overnight with my son. I was asked to read from The Tanka Journal with several others from here on the east coast. I also read Carol Purington's work. It was a small group of about 20 to 25 persons. From my stand point the reading went well. I read on the Yahoo Tanka Group mail last night the very distressing news about Hatsue, I assume this is Hatsue Kawamura. Is there any further news of her condition? My best to you and Jane. – Larry Kimmel

Dear Larry, Thank you so much for your response. Yes, indeed, in many ways you and I are on the same path. I wanted to add something to my last letter when I talked about your tanka in The Tanka Journal. I wanted to ask you if I mentioned to you a book that was of great importance to me about fifteen years ago when I started to write haiku and tanka sequences: The Modern Poetic Sequence, by M.L.Rosenthal and Sally M.Gail, Oxford University Press. Price was \$11. So in case you don't know the book or don't want to spend the money for it, I offer to loan the book to you for as many months as you want to study it. (Basically the first 60 of the 500 pages say everything that's important). May I tell you that even though that since 30 years I read here and there in Newspapers or magazines some of Jacques Derrida's work, something made me feel I missed reading more of this philosopher's ideas about 'deconstruction.' Now, Larry I can not tell you how very much I learned especially from a book containing several lectures of his performed since 1967. In English translation, you can find it on Amazon.com , titled 'The Script And The Difference', in French titled 'L'écriture et la difference' (to follow all of his complicated thoughts; I myself read his books only in German.) Again, I would recommend this book to anybody concerned with literature. No, we didn't here more about Hatsue Kawamura's condition. One of her sons, living in the States, said he will keep us informed. Hatsue now is in a coma for the third week. I wrote to her husband Hiro, but right now he is not capable to answer letters. Werner.

. . . It is now three months and two weeks since Hatsue suffered a stroke. She still has not awakened. Sometimes she opens her eyes but makes no other movement. I visit her every day. I exercise her arms and play music for her. Soon they will move her to another hospital. Yasuhiro Kawamura

. . . in a letter from Angela Lueck, is this request for : Rose Haiku: Shoreline invites submissions for Rose Haiku, the next in its series of "flower" anthologies. Haiku (or tanka) about roses may be previously published, but include publication info. Submission deadline: November 1, 2004. Email, or mail to Angela Leuck, Associate Editor, Shoreline Press, 4807 rue de Verdun, Montreal, Quebec H4G 1N2. And for: Jazz Haiku: Shoreline invites submissions of haiku (and tanka) for its upcoming anthology: Jazz Haiku. Poems need not refer specifically to jazz, but should be inspired by listening to or playing jazz. Submission deadline: December 1, 2004. Email or mail to Angela Leuck, Shoreline Press, 4807 rue de Verdun, Montreal, Quebec H4G 1N2.

. . . announcing a new tanka journal - red lights - with Pamela Miller Ness as Editor. You are cordially invited to become a charter subscriber to red lights. Annual subscriptions include two issues (January and June). \$10. US, \$13 Canada, \$15. elsewhere. Payment is accepted by check in US\$ or cash. Pamela Miller Ness, 33 Riverside Drive, Apt. 4 - G, New York, NY 10023-8025 USA

. . . another of the tales from my prison gigs, but a significant one because it lead to my being asked to speak at the state conference this year . . . the workshops had been making quite a splash . . . so, some of the officials, administrators, etc. decided to come see for themselves . . . anyway, this bit of writing, posted to the teapot last year, documents that particular session before the prisoners got started on their own paintings. - Zolo

Back From The Prison Gig . . . The Saga Continues . . .
Zolo

. . . it seems like such a long time . . . just got back from another long gig at the state prison on Long Island, haiku and haiga workshops . . . and for me, "coming back home" always means in part, coming back to the Teapot, to the haiku poets on our list . . . it's good to see all your names here . . . and just in case anyone doesn't know it, we really do have a list of the best haiku poets working in the field today, the pioneers and the new wave . . .and i believe we're lucky to see fine work being posted here all the time, regularly in fact . . . poems good enough to win contests or to be in any of the best publications . . .

i do want to tell you a bit about the prison workshops, but before i do i want to thank everyone who was kind enough to mention my last series of poems, "it just can't shake" . . .

i've mentioned in past postings how the classroom on long island is set up with a big central rectangle of 4' X 6' tables all clustered together . . . and that the "prisoners" sit all around it, twenty or more of them . . . and this time was no different, except that this time there were quite a few visiting officials from BOCES . . . teachers, and counselors and psychologists, and administrators . . . all there to see for themselves what this "haiga/haiku thing is all about" . . .

i should mention that there were some of my old students there . . . Jason was there, you might remember him, he wrote:

even behind bars
the sound of piano
is so soothing

. . . but not Mike, unfortunately, Mike screwed up big time, and now he's upstate at a tougher program . . . funny, his haiku from the last gig seems somehow prophetic now:

a moment ago
there was a moose
in that pool

. . . Lalainia is doing well, i know you couldn't forget her, and she's now part of the Day Reporting Center, goes home every night, sleeps in her own bed . . . and she's a lot happier . . . she came to visit me, and i told her about your comments on her painting and verse, and sheila, i gave her the poem you wrote for her . . . she just smiled and said, "tell them all i said thanks" . . . i was happy to see her looking so dressed up . . . she's allowed to wear street clothes on her "check ins" . . .

i think it's important to mention that long island was in the midst of a genuine heat wave the whole time i was there . . . temperatures went close to 100 degrees every day . . . that's the setting, and on the island, it means a lot . . . everyone is affected by it, no one can escape it . . .

. . . since there were so many folks to deal with, it was important to me to "give 'em a show" . . . so, i hung twenty huge flip-charts around the classroom . . . and used my plastic squirt bottles of paint . . . and filled my palette in the most dramatic way, and lost myself in a surging wave of haiga energy (people love to see something come into existence right before their eyes) . . . so please envision:

a room filled with blackboards and computer desks, and big windows all along a long wall, and the tables in the center forming one big table with more than thirty people sitting in comfortable armchairs around it . . . and a central aisle all around that table making a circle around it, and edging that, twenty big flip-charts ready to be painted at lightning speed, without thought or hesitation, like a lightning storm hitting over and over again all around them . . .

. . . my brushes are big . . . 18 inches long, round heads, flat heads, and there are plastic buckets of paint on the head table, sponges, paper towels, sticks, feathers, palette knives, all kinds of implements for creating lines and smudges and textures in paint . . . i'm dressed in tight black jeans, my socks are black with blue diamonds up the outside of the ankles, i'm wearing soft black leather walking shoes and a navy blue rayon shirt with white palm trees on it . . .

and then, i begin with just the first haiku . . . and the first simple haiga, just to get their attention and to create something right before their eyes that will start the wave of painting i have planned . . . and this first haiku, so simple, yet so apropos, became a kind of koan or riddle for the week, with people coming back again and again to discuss it, to make sense of it, to make comments about it, and to add to the possibilities of its interpretation:

heat wave . . .
traffic doubles,
red lights too

. . . it epitomized everything long island is on a day of intense heat, especially on continuous days of intense heat . . . the highways are almost always laden with traffic on the island . . . but on really hot days, it suddenly seems that traffic doubles . . . i guess folks want to get out of the house, want to go to the shore, want to find a way away . . . i don't know . . . it's just phenomenal . . . there suddenly seems to be twice as many cars as usual . . . it's soooooo hot and soooooooo congested . . . people converging from all angles all around at top speed, people in a dither, people talking madly on cell phones, moving as fast as their atoms . . . it's like being inside a huge pinball machine, bizarre, surreal, electric, hot . . .

and not only does it seem that the traffic doubles . . . but the red lights seem to double too! and they seem to last twice as long! so . . . without belaboring this, it made for quite a few fun and fascinating comments and moments of discussion with some folks who were really gettin' into it . . .

let me interject here . . . my sincere apologies for the terrible photography i'm going to post . . . but you must realize that these were really big paintings, far too big to scan, something like 3' X 4' each . . . so i just snapped a photo of them with my very small Olympus digital camera and did the best i could to make them acceptable . . . please know that the depth and true color of the paint is impossible to capture in this way . . . you must know that you can't see all the deep strokes and striations in the paint in the attachment photos, or the "back of the brush" strokes that seem to amaze everyone . . . (for some reason, no one expects me to suddenly flip the brush over and paint with the bristleless end of it . . . but i always do) . . .

. . . i must say too, in a situation like this especially . . . size matters . . . and quantity matters . . . and brightness and color and especially freedom of strokes, surety, and energy of application . . . and that the haiga should come one after another in rapid succession with everyone watching wide eyed and even gasping as the paintings seemingly explode from the brush . . .

. . . the 2nd haiku and haiga we discussed in the classroom was an oldie of mine . . . i'll attach the haiga for your viewing . . .

on the big oak desk . . .
a vase of fresh cut flowers
hides the ticking clock

. . . i chose this one because it lends itself to discussion, and to didactic explanation, using the 5-7-5 form that so many people are familiar with, so it bypasses that question and moves the group into an analysis of the disparate elements juxtaposed in the verse to create a "haiku moment" . . .

i want to tell you a funny anecdote here, then i'll return to the tale of the painting session . . . something that will portray the kinds of relationships that exist at the prison among staffers, and that's something i've never touched upon in any of my prison workshop postings thus far:

. . . the assistant director of the whole program was in my classroom a lot, a really nice fellow with two master's degrees . . . smart, but a truly humble fellow, and very intrigued by haiga paintings and haiku in general . . . and he writes haiku and tries to paint haiga, really participates . . . his name is matt kozak . . .

anyway, i came into the classroom laughing one mid-morning . . . and i walked up to matt and said . . . "i just had a pretty interesting haiku moment in the men's room" . . . he looked at me wide eyed and made a crazy face . . . and said, "i'm not sure i want to hear about that one" . . . and we both laughed, and he asked what happened . . .

i told him that i walked into the staff men's room and there was larry connelly, a psych/counselor, tall as a bean pole, long bushy gray hair, corduroy jacket and slacks, leather patches on the elbows, standing in front of the urinal in a state of panic . . . yup . . . it was that moment when you realize the drain is plugged up and the water begins to pour out of the sides and down the front of the porcelain bowl and splashes onto the floor and over your shoes . . .

and there was larry, trying with all his might to jam the silver handle of that stand up toilet into the next world . . . flushing and flushing it with all his might, and the water was coming down in unstoppable streams and splashing and pooling all around him . . .

then . . . suddenly, magic happened . . . the drain unplugged and to larry's great relief the water flushed down and stopped pouring out . . . and the nightmare was over . . .

i was laughing . . .

he turned to me with his hair standing straight out against the lighted, frosted window like a spiked halo . . . and a wild look on his face . . . it was too perfect for words, it said everything . . .

i just looked at him and shrugged and said, "hey, larry, it happens to the best of us sometimes" . . .

larry blinked profusely and nodded and walked out without saying a word, really having gone through one of those times when you just hate being human . . .

so, when i got back to the classroom and saw matt, i told him about larry's "moment" . . .

and he said, "i challenge you to put that into haiku" . . .

so, almost always up for a challenge, i said, "i'll not only put it into haiku, but in traditional 5-7-5 form and i'll paint it!"

. . . and the gods were with me . . . i picked up the brushes and in a wave of inspiration painted a huge painting of that men's room wall complete with porcelain urinal . . . life sized . . . i mean it looked like you could actually stand and pee in it . . . and then the basin pouring out a flood of water . . . streams of multi-colored shades of blue . . . and then big slamming splashes of blue, and then swirling, pooling puddles of blue below it . . . it came out amazingly good . . . so real . . . and yet so genuinely "painted" . . .

and for the haiku i wrote on it:

a moment of truth . . .
as the water overflows
a clogged urinal

and i dedicated it "To Larry", and signed it "Zolo"

matt was delighted, and everyone who had heard the story was roaring . . . so . . . i took the painting, flip-chart size, down the corridor of doorways to larry's office, and found he'd gone out to lunch . . . and that was good because it gave me the chance to scotch-tape the painting to the back of his office door, on the inside of the door . . .

a half hour later he came into the classroom nodding his head, smiling, looking all around at everyone knowingly, and extended his hand to me . . .

i said, "Larry, i wanted you to have an original Zolo . . ."

and all of us had a real good laugh about it . . .

. . . now, back to the painting session at the classroom on the first day of prison workshops with the prisoners all assembled and the visiting dignitaries keenly observing . . .

i load up my palette, squirt bottles of paint blazing in my hand . . . i approach the first flip-chart, and the room begins to fade . . . suddenly i'm painting on the big canvases and images are exploding from the brush . . . i can only vaguely hear the background murmur of the group watching as the paintings begin coming into creation in a kind of fury . . . fast strokes, quick, strong lines, dashes and jabs in all directions like sword-play, and splatters of paint give way to circles and shapes and suggestions of forms . . . brushes are dipped and dipped again and again in buckets of paint . . . folks watch in

fascination . . .

. . . and now i'm reeling around the big table full of amazed onlookers, painting one big painting after another, spinning from one canvas to the next, turning back on myself to dash a bit of red here, a stroke of blue or green there, an explosion of splatter on another . . . and in a short period of time, almost like magic, the room and the table is ringed with canvases full of big colorful images, flip-charts covered with new paintings . . . birds and fish and flowers and faces . . . pine trees and waves and mountains and moons and lightning bolts appear in a circle of fresh creations . . .

and when the twenty canvases are done, and my eye has finally scanned the circle of paintings like a beacon for any possible necessary additions or touches, the paint brushes just automatically fall from my hands, my hands and arms and glasses covered with paint, my shoes splattered with paint . . . and then there is silence, and the session is finished, and the wave passes

. . . and as fast as i painted them, that's as fast as i give the paintings away . . . one by one they come down off the wall like wafers or candy or butterflies as folks come up to shake hands or talk or to make their comments . . .

. . . and that began the week at the prison . . . and the 2 paintings i'll post now, are what remain for me to share with you . . . Zolo

. . . I thought you might find this event interesting, Will be away all weekend taking part in 24 hour performance piece at the BALTIC Centre For Contemporary Art with 12 other poets. Notes by Alec Finlay on our intentions below... paul conneally

We will compose a 100 verse renga together, working from noon to noon. The renga platform is designated as the station for WORK. our work is the poem. I would like to keep all discussion to an absolute minimum, and, if possible, to have silence on the platform, beyond the reading and selecting of the actual verses themselves. Talking, relaxing and meeting people should take place in the REST area, which is provided. Shiatsu massage is available at some times, in the REST area. Ask Tamsin if you would like a massage. She is fully qualified.

At any time you may leave the platform and go to REST or SLEEP. There is no obligation to write. There are toilets on either side of the orientation spaces.

FOOD will be provided at mealtimes. During the gallery opening hours light food, tea and coffee is available from the cafe on the ground floor.

If possible I would like everyone to spend all of the time on Level one, either in the WORK, REST or SLEEP spaces, but, of course, if you wish to look around the gallery during opening hours that is fine.

Please do not leave level one during closing hours without asking CREW, so as not to cause the security cover concern. Most exits are locked.

In event of a FIRE ALARM then CREW will lead you to the nearest exit.

During gallery opening hours the entire space is open to the public (except SLEEP, the Cinema). Hopefully this will not be too intrusive. We are involved in a 24 hour performance, mostly silent, and people can watch.

NOTES ON PROCEDURE

Each poet will be a MASTER for one hour during the day and one hour during the night. Please sign up for the hours that you wish to do. The MASTER poet is solely responsible for selecting one verse, from all of the verses offered. The MASTER'S decision is final in every respect during their tenure. However, the wording and lineation of each verse is decided by each poet. The MASTER can make suggestions if he or she wishes, but the final form of the verse is always the decision of its author. The MASTER may select their own verse.

The procedure is that we should complete slightly more than one verse every 15 minutes. We should reach verse 20 by 4.30pm
verse 40 by 9pm
verse 60 by 2am
verse 80 by 7am
verse 100 by 12 noon

It is each MASTER's responsibility to ensure that we remain on schedule. At each round the MASTER announces the verse number and specified theme. Poets should also refer themselves to the supplementary themes that have been suggested (listed below the schema). We write for between 5 and 10 minutes at each round. During verses 1-20 poets usually need a little longer; between 20 and 50 we should be on song; after that is no-man's land. The MASTER then asks the poets to read. Each poet reads the verse before and their own new verse, twice. Read as clearly as possible, and without commentary, unless there is something you feel it is important to add, relating to a link or theme your verse is referring to.

To manage the MASTER's role it helps to jot down the verses that you think work best, and then concentrate on selecting from a few verses, and compare each for its effectiveness as a link. The MASTER may ask to listen to two or three verses again, to finalize their decision. They then indicate which version has been selected. Be careful that the decision making process does not go on too long. Some rounds do require more time, but be sure to catch up on lost time during the next verse(s).

Each poet has been assigned a number (1-12).

1. Bruce Bamber
2. John Cayley
3. Ken Cockburn
4. Paul Conneally
5. Anne-Marie Culhane
6. Alec Finlay
7. Linda France
8. Harry Gilonis
9. Elizabeth James
10. Ira Lightman
11. Gerry Loose
12. Martin Lucas

At each round that you offer a verse each poet must write their verse neatly onto a sheet that is passed round. Please always put your number alongside your verse. The MASTER will then draw a circle around the selected verse, and then the sheet will be given to CREW to transcribe. The renga will be presented in two forms: a sheet with all of the verses offered, a sheet with the selected verse only. These will be displayed on the gallery walls. You will need to keep a neat record of the poem by you at all times. I suggest that you also keep a generous amount of note paper, and that you take a new page every ten verses or so.

The schema was prepared by Martin Lucas. The seasonal patterns preserve the haphazard arrangements of actual renga. There is no attempt to make them obey any more symmetrical scheme. It is to be understood as a very faintly-ruled guide, but should not become a straitjacket. The breaks in the 100 verses indicate separate sections, which would have been printed on different pages in the original classical presentation. The opening (jo) phase corresponds to the first 8 verses, and the closing (kyû) phase to the last 8. The rest is the middle bit (ha). The seasonal schema reflects the classical Japanese preference for Spring and Autumn. Winter doesn't feature as much, and Summer is barely touched upon. We can equalize these proportions in the writing, if we wish to. A 15th century renga would always have incorporated a number of additional thematic elements, which we have included as suggestions: Mountains, Waters, Dwellings, Falling Things, Rising Things, Travel, Laments, Religion, and specific Place Names.

A renga link would be associated with one of these themes by means of a keyword or reference, in the same way as a season-word establishes association with a particular season. Indeed, some season-words have a double function, e.g. "dew" is an autumn reference, but it is also in the category of "falling things", so it would count under both headings. The themes are dotted about the renga, with little or no sustained run of verses on any one theme, with the exception of Travel and Laments, which often do suggest maintaining the theme for 2-3 verses at a time, as the hint of a narrative develops. The numbers in brackets after each heading indicate a typical total number of references within a renga of 100 links. Mountains (5-10): e.g. mountains, peaks, valleys, hills, foothills, timber, forests, mountain pass, mountain path, or a named mountain. Waters (10): e.g. water, boats, ships, waves, current, rivers, shore, cove, wake, seaweed, tides, seabirds and shorebirds, named coastal features. Dwellings (5): e.g. towns, villages, houses, huts, interiors. Falling Things (5-10, but nearer 10): e.g. snow, rain (of all kinds), hail, sleet, dew. Rising Things (5-10, but nearer 5): e.g. clouds, mist (of all kinds), haze. Travel (10-15): e.g. innumerable various references to travel: lodgings, fitful sleep, the distance ahead or behind, going away or returning home, foreign lands, borders, roads, transport, etc. NB: travel is a fairly clear metaphor for transience, in Buddhist terms, i.e. our life-in-this-world as a fleeting, unstable form of restless movement. Laments (10-15): This theme doesn't translate at all into a contemporary western context. In Japanese/Buddhist terms it covers all references to things passing away, ageing, restlessness, disappointment, frustration, retirement, etc. Its spirit is one of disillusionment, renunciation, and ultimately acceptance. It unites both laments for what is given and unalterable (i.e. the processes of ageing, separation and decay inherent in physical existence), and laments for the waywardness of the world (i.e. the elusiveness of worldly success and the idea that the authentic life is one of detachment and, potentially, isolation). How we give expression to this in our culture isn't clear. We might ask: how much do we really have in common with this attitude? (I suspect it's truer to the nature of things than we are ordinarily aware of.) And also, we might reflect that all true Art challenges the status quo in one way or another; otherwise it's propaganda. Thus Laments might be extended in our time to cover the idea of the artistic, as well as religious, vocation. Religion (2-4): In Japan, this is reference to the concepts and objects of Buddhism and Shinto. For us, just about any religion is appropriate material, and if we're true to the spirit of the age we'd possibly want to extend to include

surrogate religions: the Arts, sport, politics, or any form of "social bonding for a higher purpose". Place Names (3-5): Places of nationally famous scenic or historical interest. In Japan, Fuji, Naniwa, Akashi etc. In Britain it isn't difficult to supply alternatives, although the choices would be less obvious. Although the theme of Love is incorporated into the general schema, it might also be helpful to include here a short list of Love references to emphasize the classical context. Thus: dreams, parting, bitterness, sleeping alone, being visited, yearning, waiting, tears, pillow etc. In other words, this ties in with Travel and Laments as a sense of absence rather than a celebration of something fulfilled.

JO

1 Autumn

2 Autumn

3 Autumn / Moon

4 Autumn

5 NS

6 Spring / Flowers

7 Spring

8 Spring

THEMES 1-8: Mountains (2), Rising Things (1+), Falling Things (1+), Travel (1). Optional: Place Name, Waters, Dwellings.

HA

9 NS

10 NS

11 Love

12 Love

13 Love

14 NS

15 NS

16 NS

17 Winter

18 Winter

19 Winter

20 NS

21 NS

22 NS

THEMES 9-22: Travel (3), Waters (2), Laments (2) [preferably not before v.15], Optional Falling Things (2), Dwellings (1+), Mountains (1+), Rising Things (1+).

23 Love

24 Love

25 Love

26 Summer

27 Summer

28 NS

29 NS

30 Spring / Flowers

31 Spring

32 Spring

33 Winter

34 Winter

35 NS

36 NS

THEMES 23-36: Travel (3), Falling Things (2+), Laments (1+), Mountains (1+), Religion (1).
Optional: Rising Things, Waters.

HA

37 Autumn / Moon

38 Autumn

39 Autumn

40 NS

41 Spring / Flowers

42 Spring

43 Spring

44 Spring

45 Autumn

46 Autumn

47 Autumn / Moon

48 Love

49 Love

50 NS

THEMES 37-50: Laments (2), Waters (1+), Mountains (1+), Dwellings (1), Travel (1). Optional: Rising Things, Falling Things.

51 Winter

52 Winter

53 Spring

54 Spring

55 Spring

56 NS

57 NS

58 NS

59 Summer

60 Summer

61 Summer

62 NS

63 NS

64 NS

THEMES 51-64: Travel (3+), Laments (3), Waters (2+), Place Names (2+), Falling Things (1+), Dwellings (1+). Optional: Mountains, Religion.

HA

65 Autumn / Love /Moon

66 Autumn / Love

67 Autumn

68 Spring / Flowers

69 Spring

70 Spring

71 NS

72 NS

73 NS

74 Love

75 Love

76 Love

77 NS

78 NS

THEMES 65-78: Travel (2), Waters (1+), Religion (1+), Laments (1+). Optional: Mountains, Rising Things, Falling Things.

79 Autumn

80 Autumn / Moon

81 Autumn

82 Autumn

83 NS

84 NS

85 Summer

86 Summer

87 Winter

88 Winter

89 Winter

90 Autumn / Moon

91 Autumn

92 Autumn

THEMES 79-92: Waters (2+), Laments (2), Falling Things (1+), Rising Things (1+). Optional: Travel, Place Name.

KYU

93 Love

94 Love

95 NS

96 NS

97 Spring

98 Spring

99 Spring / Flowers

100 Spring

THEMES 93-100: Waters (1), Laments (1) Optional: Religion, Place Name.

PARTICIPATION RENGA

Remember to respond only to the links printed in bold italic.
Deadline for links is January 1, 2005.

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
dream time when I see words unmasked WR

unguarded mirror
returns light slowly GD

stuck in traffic
again dancing alone CF

sensory deprivation
chamber unplugged CC

~&~

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

trembling as the door opens –
no escape, no refuge GD

she says I am glad
your eyes don't sting WR

~&~

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

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty

no light plenty quiet JMB

she changed from dressed to naked WR
when her bra drops away scar tissue GD

the healer in her card says
no loss without a win WR

rivers
folding down her chest JMB

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
egg cases the spiders left under the dresser drawers GD
a card a match a tooth a whisker a french fry a JMB

borrowed words
we never return JR

door-to-door salesperson
his nervous tic irks FPA

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
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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

add to Mt. Rushmore
a smiley face GD

~*~

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

~*~

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heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
bubblegum smack across her face JAJ
wiping her feet at heaven's gate Pat Shelley CC
"wind do not muss my hair" calm skies on the day of her death JR
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
when tears dry skin so tight the small smile CF

crease marks
on your e-mail CC

it is night, cactus
will you bloom again? WR

~*~

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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
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
it's Sunday morning dear stop – I am praying WR
of no concern preacher's tirade verger's golf day FPA

the dog at the window
growls between barks GD

another summer cold front
where are my shoes? CF

~*~

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ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
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

~*~

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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

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
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

sci-fic novels pile by my bed JR

~*~

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

for breakfast lunch and dinner - coconuts CC

cosmic beach Milky Way all lit 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

~*~

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
flies through broken screen: floor honey GD
sole so slick wave your hands JMB
words for the deaf - eye shine JR

kitty tails painting the moon blue CF

counting mute syllables 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
children flipping raisins at the wall WR
flies rest on the burning floor JMB
one victim states he's not Moslem WR
a crowd at heaven's gate fighting JR
monk lifted by two holy sisters CC
sponge soaked in dried stage blood GD
a shirt stiff beneath the bed JMB

the middle finger follows the clock's soft power WR

VANILLA RENGA

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

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

~&~
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

flesh and skin of ripe figs
rearranged in a basket 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

cuckoo in the hallway
so quiet on the hour FPA

seeds by snail mail
shake the money tree CF

~&~

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

~&~

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

garden's old pond
goldfish round a blue moon FPA

WITHIN/WITHOUT

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

Theme: interconnectedness

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery

left the hair combed my hand JMB

fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC

he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ

AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
blue heron passes overhead RF
sky food the gopher learns to fly JR
the joke on me echoing into eternity CC
not a word to mail no paper cut on my lips once hers WR
The drawer empty full of air JMB

climbing from the casket
M.I.A.
recovered CC

tax assessor looks
through the silence
in the audience FPA

~&~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
with jeans a belt of stars the radiance of a daughter JR
tied shoelaces tug of war between two teams of Barbies CC
in mirror: the head upside down JMB
jigsaw puzzle factory her missing timecard CC
hissing hose beneath the table JMB
after forty years her breasts still sweet GD
frozen in love the night Dad turned on the light JR
shadows in all our pockets still JMB
still warm the coin clicks into the cash drawer GD

the empty pocket
smiles JMB

~&~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
with jeans a belt of stars the radiance of a daughter JR
tied shoelaces tug of war between two teams of Barbies CC
in mirror: the head upside down JMB
jigsaw puzzle factory her missing timecard CC
hissing hose beneath the table JMB
after forty years her breasts still sweet GD
frozen in love the night Dad turned on the light JR
shadows in all our pockets still JMB
geese in flight glimpse of a pilgrim's way a woven straw hat FPA

dumpster angels
fixing the big wicker chair CF

~&~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
at the gulf course hole 18 flooded WR
Sunday the rain clears for a sun day JR
the choir's strange voices make distant harmonies GD
sweaty from her hands the him book slips JR
filled with drawings traced from a night by a comet's tail WR

love comes
and goes
but never leaves CF

passing freight train
last car tagged with my name GD

startling in a dream
monkey guffaws at the joke FPA

~&~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
blue heron passes overhead RF
sky food the gopher learns to fly JR
sky diver and hang-glider collide at four thousand feet GD
it is fall wet soil embracing unexpected guests WR

fiery sky & blades of grass
sketched in charcoal FPA

~&~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
at the gulf course hole 18 flooded WR

Sunday the rain clears for a sun day JR
the choir's strange voices make distant harmonies GD
sweaty from her hands the him book slips JR
rock face in pouring rain from scowl to frown to smile swabbed brows FPA

my body glows transparent
the sun shines through me JR

ENDSWITHTHENEXTROUND LASTCHANCETOADDON

LA RENGA LOCA

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

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

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

Talking
Willingly
In the manner of
Stereotypes used for a
Thousand times WR

Proper feelings
Often
Edges
Thrust into a
Reactive
You JR

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

To
Answer
Notes

Responding
Emotion
Names
Greater
Appetites JR

Love is
Ever waiting
At another
Place you don't expect WR

Even
Newcomers
Join in
On
Yoodles of fun JR

Ready to
Eschew the chains of linking?
No need to.
Gary Gay offers
An artful variation
You'll love it. CC

Haiku
And
Image
Graphically
Ambushed WR

Bad
Links
Often have a
Similar
Semblance to this
One of
Mine CC

~*~

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

How easy it is
Always writing verbs that end
In ing

Keep it to a minimum and
Use the present tense without JAJ

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To
Answer
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Responding
Emotion
Names
Greater
Appetites JR

Love is
Ever waiting
At another
Place you don't expect WR

Even
Newcomers
Join in
On
Yoodles of fun JR

Only
Nincompoops
Endeavor to
Leave
Intelligence out
No
Energy

Results in
Silly poems WR

Participating
Around
Renga
Tends to
iNtensify
Energy
Responses
Significantly JR

Splendidly
Advisable
Ku
Enabler CC

LASTCHANCETOADDONTOTHISRENGA

AT THE BEACH
Rule: 3 – 2 lines alternating
Ends with 12 links

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
tourists wading in surf eyes open for sharks GD
from afar calling her through both hands white teeth WR
bright green thong between pale cheeks GD
playing frisbee a mouth full of sand hair too JAJ
your eye low water JMB
concentrating on the gulls to neutralize the nausea - CC
oh watch the cage JMB
kitchen counter: behind the blender the mouse's tail GD
electric cord twitches JMB
kelp strand wound around her ankles GD

wet her
feet her JMB

~#~
fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg

drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
eating ice cream in the dark no more blondes WR
Carrot Top's telephone time travel . . . back in the Rotary Club CC
dark curls from under swimming instructor's suit 1950s lessons GD
watching my years reflected in the sea's mirror WR
on-leave soldiers ambushed by a wave of WACs CC
her bathing suit in line with the news WR

cutting out
the coupons CC

~#~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
Irishman explaining the steering wheel in his crotch: "It drives me nuts!" JR
spitting out a shell and a tooth WR
no more press conferences let them read the funnies GD
on which beach can we land and start another war? WR
sand-fort raised on a dune all fall down GD

August rains
broken record CF

~#~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
deep in the wave just as it breaks light glints GD
I twinkle and I shut my eyes for in the dark appearing stars WR
wearing sunglasses the Hollywood wantabee stumbles JR
on her hands and knees in front of Grauman's CC
"Whata beach!" the young tough snarls through slitted eyes JR
a dolphin jumps or was it Eve? WR
Primavera the nymphs swirl their gauze nachos GD
air a screen nipple lifts in shadow JMB
the wind lifts an empty grocery sack drops it in the weeds GD

morning ocean sounds
another new freeway CF

~#~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
eating ice cream in the dark no more blondes WR
Carrot Top's telephone time travel . . . back in the Rotary Club CC
dark curls from under swimming instructor's suit 1950s lessons GD
watching my years reflected in the sea's mirror WR
new year's eve dusty notebooks in a box hold fading years fast GD
expired credit card a comb JMB

brushed by the sea
watched by Homeland Security
a cormorant WR

~#~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
Irishman explaining the steering wheel in his crotch: "It drives me nuts!" JR
spitting out a shell and a tooth WR
no more press conferences let them read the funnies GD
on which beach can we land and start another war? WR
dusk or twilight the tip of the Dragon's Tail "mind you," says the sea slug FPA

fossils in Kansas limestone
amid a sea of grass GD

~#~

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in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
eating ice cream in the dark no more blondes WR
Carrot Top's telephone time travel . . . back in the Rotary Club CC
dark curls from under swimming instructor's suit 1950s lessons GD
blacklisted Joe McCarthy CC
sea-spume blurs the address on her card GD
channel surfer lands on "Surfside Six" CC

waves
starting to part
her hair WR

~#~

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gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
missing the obvious he slashes his foot on a mussel-covered rock JAJ
coming home quietly broken shells and I WR
her new treasure a wagon full of driftwood JAJ
the stick I threw now in a dog's teeth WR
smushed sandcastle curl-lipped snarl of the 98-pound bully CC
covert photos nude beach GD
shortening shadows the spike of a volleyball CC
no viagra left - he falls short GD
we both search for hairy kelp roots WR

gasping for breath –
the swimmer washed up
on the wrong beach GD

~#~

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no more press conferences let them read the funnies GD
on which beach can we land and start another war? WR
one if by land two if by sea weapons of mass derision CC

voting with our feet
now off to the beach JR