

otata 46

(October, 2019)



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from otata's bookshelf

Kim Dorman, [*the color of milk tea*](#)

TOKONOMA

[October]

I have always been very sensitive to Petrarch's Italian, even if I don't it well, wherever I open his books again. I feel that language (immediately, before all reflexion or analysis) as totally clear cut, completely porous, as made up of numerous openings (as if you walked through galleries all of glass and space). sound sweet and crystalline at the same time. But above all porous, for the divine infinite. Alveoles. A web of words that holds the sky or filters it as the trees do?

Language in harmony with the Tuscan landscape; the way I thought I could see lines from St John of the Cross in the landscape of Majorca, in the past.

— Philippe Jaccottet
from *Seedtime* (André Lefevere, trans.)

F.J. Seligson

ONE DAY IS A LIFE

You are born in the morning when you wake up. Writing a dream, a young man drives you in a self-driving chocolate colored car by shops with golden Buddhas and statues of fantastic beasts on the roofs. During meditation you see a male and female Buddha joining in love for all beings. Standing up, you sing the Five Taoist Healing Sounds and whirl like a Sufi. On the balcony you stroke the wings of a golden-brown butterfly who loves the violet peppermint flowers. A long legged light yellow and black lace butterfly dances about you and other flowers. Called by Poetry the computer opens for a few lines. The mind worries about an e-mail sent yesterday – *Am I misunderstood concerning ...? Better let it go*, but guilt creeps in through the day. Ride the 272 bus to an exhibition of Tibetan Buddhist Art at a temple. Friends greet you and the Tibetan Ambassador to U.K. tells you about his visit to the Five Holy Peaks in China, the cable car up and walking down.

Elegant paintings mix spirituality and sexuality – mutual adoration and bliss. Blue Third Eye – eyes on hands and feet. You hear Lama Glenn say, “Rest your mind in the pure light moment of sleep.” *Ah, that’s what I need – to rest my mind in the pure light moment of sleep.* But you wander out and through the Contemporary Art Museum. Next week they’ll be showing “The Big Sleep.” That’s another kind. You buy Vincent’s Garden for the wife in the bookshop. The checkout woman speaks kindly. Across the street are the Royal Palace grounds. A street vendor sells you a hot egg tart by the crosswalk. Clouds in the West create a spectacular sunset with sun rays blasting through. They light up a huge scissor-like dragon with the sun’s blazing eye in between. Other dragons, a white and a black, are streaming over sloping roofs to the East. Buy a warm doughnut for the wife. Board a 272 bus home. Seaweed soup comes for supper. Write a letter of apology. Prepare for class. Soon you are going to sleep. Then you will die, again.

John Levy

IN A DREAM AS I LOOKED AT A FRIEND'S LARGE ABSTRACT PAINTINGS

on big pieces of paper another friend, sitting back in the shadows, said, "The squirrel looks for the tomato." He said this as a pronouncement and at first I thought it was a commentary on the paintings. The paintings were fabulous and I couldn't tell if the remark was meant as a sort of critique or something akin to praise. Or was he saying that some people don't understand how to look at an abstract painting? I thought I recalled him saying this once before, but couldn't remember when that was or what he meant then either. I woke up. It was a little after 2:00 a.m., and it seemed important to me to remember the comment. I knew I'd forget it if I didn't write it down. If only I could also have been able to reproduce, even sketchily, the magnificence of the abstract paintings (which were mostly blues and blacks in harmonious clouds all the way out to the edges of the paper). After I wrote a few notes to myself about the dream I added, "I am seeing the red tomato while not knowing the meaning of the comment." Only later does it occur to me that I am the squirrel, looking for and seeing the tomato. The tomato is tomato red.

Kelly Sauvage Angel

lifting our voices
to the wind
butterflies' glide

sweet dreams
and, yet, the dahlia's
mourning dew

surrendering myself
to the
thistle
thistledown
thistle down yonder

moonless night
we dissolve
into cricket song

curtains drawn
an unfamiliar bed
welcomes us home

first harvest gathering the last of the loves-me bones

the thrust
of it
autumn rain

silent his shudder still my sigh

the illusory art
of forgiveness
fiddlehead fern

the truths
i dare not utter
phthalo blue

whatever you need
to feel loved
cold snow moon

generations before and beyond rusting trestles

Kim Dorman

All songs
are a part
of Him,

who wears
a form
of sound.

— *from the Vishnu Purana*

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

On the day of the sacrificial feast, the tethered and dragged-in black bull got away. Crossed the busy street without looking left nor right. Knocked over stalls, whole shelves of food. Then made it out onto the highway. Its tether trailing behind as far as its tail. It took them till after dark to catch up with it. To where its bulking black mass stood under a tree. But if you ask me, the bull they were really after . . . had already become night.

My great grandfather, the Sicilian cobbler. Who made his own wine, played cards, and never went to church—no not when God would anyhow stop by to see him. Like the time his face went flush with tears they say was from drink. And no churchgoer would ever believe him, when he swore that the Lord, having come down to earth, went barefoot.

Kyora Umeda

香りの無い空中庭園に蛍

no scent in the hanging garden the fireflies

秋の風動かぬ石を叱れども

autumn wind
even when scolded
the stone doesn't move

法師蝉「順路」はこちらと寺の庭

autumn cicada —
“this way”
in the temple garden

巨大な守宮ひよいと現る影画かな

huge gecko
suddenly shows up
at the shadow play

留守番の犬の世界や水中花

a watchdog's world — artificial flower in water

どつかりと上がりかまちに残暑かな

slumping over
on the entry stoop
late summer heat

マネキンの指先に秋の陽沈む

into a fingertip
of the mannequin
autumn sunset

日焼けした本の背表紙秋の初風

the sun-faded
spine of my book...
first autumn wind

ひとところに吹き寄せられる色紙片

to one place
wind-swirled confetti
settles

溶接の火花ちらちら楽園への扉

welding sparks flicker down a gate to paradise

David Rushmer

FROM 'ROTE'

WRITING XXII

flower sleeping
in the skull
of a butterfly

skeleton
of your breath
on the mirror
where I wrote my name

WRITING XXXIII

wrote
rote
rot

WRITING XXXIV

Speak of me
so you may hold me
at a distance

in the sky
a spine of birds

WRITING XXXVII

what is their form,
an immensity of otherness

beautiful and rare
book of dust

A MATTER OF SILENCE

speaking of
lilacs

a bruise of magic
on the tongue

mirror

with wings cut

“...one closes the eyes of the dead so that they no longer look from our side...”

- Bernard Noel -

further
beyond the form
the flesh of it

the wind
beating its lungs
against your shell

the flesh of it
from the beyond
further

Elmedin Kadric

what's left of
the rain song

the laurels
of bedrock

alone holding her own icicle sun

flagpoles
40 watt
bulbs
in early
spring

may you need to wasp
~ 19 ~

Vincenzo Adamo

*piango una bugia
il morto
non è mio padre*

I cry a lie
the dead one
he's not my father

*autunno
mio figlio maggiorenne —
il cielo canta*

Autumn
my adult son
the sky sings

*meditazione
solo farfalle bianche
in questa notte*

meditation
only white butterflies
on this night

*piove a dirotto —
sul manifesto scorrono
i titoli di coda*

it's raining cats and dogs —
the credits run
down the poster

*fruscio di canne —
i cachi rotolano
nel declivio*

a rustling of reeds —
persimmons roll
down the slope

*battito d'ali —
una farfalla in cielo
con mio padre*

flutter of wings —
a butterfly in the sky
with my father

*giglio fiorito —
una ragione c'è
se sono single*

lily flower
there is a reason
if I'm single

John McManus

puppet show
the kids behind me
argue about god

non-stop rain
she spits out
all her pills

humming out of tune
the man beneath
the beard of bees

arcade claw machine
a guy with prison tattoos
paws at my nephew

empty cupboards
birds swoop for crumbs
in my neighbour's yard

nesting dolls
describing the voices
inside my head

childhood home
with tears in her eyes
mum throws a rock

mountain temple
a mantis climbs
my arm

Lucy Whitehead

start of summer
I kick over
the glitter jar

hand-spinning
a freshly washed fleece
summer clouds

shaded tide pool
shimmer of wind-blown water
on stone

longest day
waiting for a book
of fairy tales

a cracked mermaid
on the empty flower pot
summer drought

dozing
in my lover's arms
a kite bobbing in the breeze

far from home
a bronze lion
opens its wings

height of summer
surfboards ride
a wave of light

inside a curled up leaf
a single raindrop
holds the sky

waking alone
I mistake my heartbeat
for the sound of rain

end of summer
I pull a cloud-grey feather
from my hair

my backup files corrupted summer's end

Lucia Cardillo

*colline in autunno ...
un velo di ruggine
sull'altalena*

autumn hills ...
a thin layer of rust
on the swing

*spiaggia deserta ...
porto l'estate con me
in una conchiglia*

deserted shore ...
I bring summer with me
in a conch

Joanna Ashwell

gypsy tales
a tail flick
of thunder

fading now
the bridal bouquet's
brittle stems

flickering around me
another moth
drawn to die

swing bridge
autumn leaves
to and fro

the mizzle
of an autumn morning
upon my lashes

beam by beam
the moonlight
braids the barn

another bend
where the river
meets the hush

Elisa Allo

*sera d'estate:
nel suo ultimo giorno
sogna l'oblio*

summer evening:
on his last day
dreaming oblivion

*separazione —
staccionata infinita
il nostro viaggio*

splitting up —
an endless fence
our journey

*pioggia autunnale
ma il ciliegio fiorito
canta di nuovo*

autumn rain
but the flowering cherry tree
sings again

*l'ape scompare
rendez-vous tra i petali
di ranuncolo*

the bee disappears
a rendezvous between
buttercup petals

*sposa d'ottobre...
il frusciare dell'abito
sopra le foglie*

October bride ...
the rustling of dress
on the leaves

Andy McLellan

late summer
wingbeat by wingbeat
golden-ringed dragonfly

end of summer
the pale sky
etches a crow

trying
each jumper in turn
early autumn

Angela Giordano

fiori di zucca dentro l'orto del nonno il tramonto giallo

pumpkin flowers inside Grandpa's vegetable garden the yellow sunset

fichi maturi

l'animo fanciullesco di un vecchio artista

ripe figs

the childlike soul of an old artist

*luna del raccolto
le mani veloci dei contadini nei campi*

harvest moon
the quick hands of peasants in the fields

*lunga notte
i passi del vagabondo sempre più corti*

long night
the tramp's steps ever shorter

*aceri infiammati
così rinfrescante il vento autunnale*

inflamed maples
so refreshing the autumn wind

*dentro il vigneto
un grappolo di stelle —
quiete d'autunno*

a bunch of stars
in the vineyard —
autumn stillness

*lo scoiattolo
inizia le provviste —
più secchi i rami*

The squirrel
start the supplies —
the branches drier

*sandali estivi —
sull' unghia il nuovo smalto
brilla nel buio*

summer sandals
on the nail the new nail polish
shines in the dark

Isabella Kramer

blue eggs—
the poems I've only thought

war cemetery —
juvenile foxes play
amid the stones

Eufemia Griffo

*foglie cadute
nessuna conosce
il suo destino*

fallen leaves
no one knows
his fate

*tramonto d'autunno
le foglie cambiano
dal giallo al rosso*

autumn dusk
the leaves changing
from yellow to red

Caroline Skanne

wild rose breeze
a cuckoo calls
from the east

where to . . .
the night breeze
carries laughter

sun, moon, earth
gently she curves
a willow branch

love, you say
tasting the word
slowly
before deciding
it's a strawberry

waking up in a sparrow's dawn song

all day rain
what about that book
I never write

still wet grass
finally a day without
shoes

(soon)
in the past tense
wildflower meadow

the world
doesn't need
your flowers
they say
but I insist

stone steps
down hops a fly
with only one wing

unfolding the mind chaos of stars

going home
an old oak
with its crows

Brad Bennett

mountain clouds
walking through
a moment

midsummer
a kingfisher twitches
its crest

blue morning...
a patch of cosmos
sways in the wind

happy to be
here to there
for the ant

the day
laps against the shore
lake swallows

Mark Young

IT'S NOT AN EASY FIGHT

Gunshot noise is
very hard to
replicate in its
full glory. Some
combination of
contrasting colors

& fresh ingredients
always seems to
get in the way.
Already there's
less shrimp in the
coastal lowlands.

AN UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY

Came on a little edgy,
a little strong. Nowhere else
to go with it. Caught in the
act, the truck backed up
to the loading bay, half-
empty with what was still
to come. Not even that.
But the engine running.

FRACTALS

Self-
symmetry under
magnification. Snowflake curves.

DAISY IRAE

A small shiny-black beetle
crawls across the inside
of the car window. The field
is being prepared for rice. We
watch a riverboat move in waltz
time along the highway. A stop-
light sings silently to itself.

[ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE]: THE BUSH / KERRY DEBATE

Like a
comedy
of manners

or a
masque
where one

protagonist
wears the face
of a weasel

& the other
the face of
a horse.

THE FINAL WORD

He avoided flying. The mall
was air-conditioned. How could

she have been so stupid. The clouds
were gathering, storm colors, in nat-

ural skin tones, based on status &
dreams. The heat made the pave-

ment soft, forensic reports spewed
from the coffee machine. The person

she usually shared the room with was
overseas. She enjoyed the privacy.

Fractled

quietly
fishing for carp
this stillness
while hummingbirds
surround me

a tight line
the beauty of
letting go

how long has it been
to feel this moment again?
in sway with the trees
and to see things as they are
on this homemade swing

deep summer
the child in mom
lifts her spirit

Corrado Aiello

*bimbi irritanti
io ascolto il suono
delle stelle*

annoying kids
I listen to the sound
of the stars

*attese e attese...
come cambia l'aspetto
delle nuvole*

waitings...
how it changes the look
of the clouds

*pioggia serale:
mi appisolo tra le braccia
di madre natura*

evening drizzle:
I doze off in the arms
of mother nature

*luna crescente —
aggiungo un'altra tacca
alle mie ossa*

crescent moon —
I cut another notch
into my bones

*cadono i nomi
dalle montagne – restano
solo montagne*

names falling
from the mountains – mountains alone
last

*

sole dormiente ...
un poeta raises up
il proprio dèmone

sole dormiente...
un poeta evoca
his own daemon

inkblot
in the page
of the sky

inkblot
on the page
of the sea

inkblot
from the soil
straight in me

★

thunderbolt –
thoughts gather
let up

John Hawkhead

wishing for dolphins
we purchase
plastic inflatables

sky change
the cold edge of grey
in his last coin

Margherita Petriccione

gutters' silence —
splinters of moon
under my feet

under the thumb
wild plum stamens —
lambs on the lawn

organ notes -
picking up from the ground
a fallen flower

"American Gothic"
presses at every window
a wind storm

green lightning!
right there! an instant!
on the horizon ...

white silence —
the thuds
of the rackets

Jack Galmitz

a boy
plays ball
steps ahead of nightfall

Jeannie Martin

last leaves
side by side
fluttering

fallen leaves
a deeper smell
of the ground

October sunlight
this stone still warm
in my hand

who just sat here?
warm boulder

Alegria Imperial

SMALL AND BIG THINGS

a squeal like the very big thing that bursts out of a hang nail
howl from pitted clams a brrrrfitt for the wrong cause
piping off a throttled throat twisted dogma
mulch bed soggy with fog gurgling mealy poetics
purplish cloud imprints carved into a seed if bells rebuke

THE CITY FRAMED

crisscrossing (season-less)
wind in a black plastic bag

his molting (scales, nails, horns and halfmoons)
propped up in stoops

squirrely glance
(webbed) embrace in a window

in a boxer's wet snores
(evidence) wiped off his lips

Giuliana Ravaglia

Attimi

Spogli gli spazi lungo la riva
ma guardando verso l'alto
leggere sfumature s'alzano sugli occhi soli

toni su toni sempre più tersi
imperlano d'azzurro fugaci orizzonti

cieli capovolti verso marine profondità
a lambire - sulla candida pelle -
attimi d'ambra

MOMENTS

You bare the spaces along the shore
but when you look up
weightless shades rise to your solitary eyes

tones on tones always clearer
bead the blue fugitive horizons

inverted skies over depths of sea
lapping — on bright skin —
amber moments

*i l sole basso:
ai bordi delle vigne i settembrini*

the low sun:
September asters at the edges of vineyards

*chiaro di luna:
ancora nell'ombra le sue promesse*

moonlight:
his promises still in the shadows

*sole di paglia:
la luce del mattino sempre più lenta*

sun of straw:
the morning light getting slower

*non sosta il fiume:
profuma già d'assenza l'ultima rosa*

the river doesn't stop:
the last rose already smells of absence

lamponi acerbi:
le domande di ieri senza risposta

unripe raspberries:
yesterday's questions unanswered

crepuscolo:
una rosa appassita sulla panchina

dusk:
a dried rose on the bench

fiore in bottiglia:
la gonna rossa dentro l'armadio

bottled flower:
the red skirt in the wardrobe

colori a cascata:
fra stracci di luna una lacrima chiara

cascade colors:
between rags of moon a clear tear

*caldo settembre:
ancora fra i rami le capriole d'estate*

hot september:
summer's summersaults still in the branches

Roberta Jacobson

foreclosed sign
tacked on house -
reindeer on the roof

under the plastic a beach

moonlight through the loopholes

the sun sets
as the sun does

Carmela Marino

*Alla finestra
conto gocce di pioggia
di questo inverno*

*Svanisce una goccia
al tocco di un ditino*

At the window
counting rain drops
of this winter

one drop less
at a finger's touch

Robert Christian

WRITTEN INTO BLANK PAGES AT THE END
OF A BOOK

Spaces here
for my own book
attached to that of
Walter de la Mare

I came upon you
poet extraordinaire
because a friend once said
How underrated you were

And I have found lines equal
to any and thereby
proof that love and memory
Survive in words of poetry

24 - 25th September, 2019

TO JOHN

Finlay
the exact
antidote
to rot

Philosophy
curl away
as cellophane
browning

For use
and temperament
dictate
only love

IN A CATALOGUE

To remember
To be
Always

Antonio Mangiameli

Sebbene non sia tanto presto la città è vuota, arrivo subito in aeroporto. Per me avere tempo è cosa insolita così ai controlli mi sento in una situazione di privilegio, non ho premura di passare, faccio con lentezza, guardo le cose intorno, le persone, le loro abitudini, le loro fissazioni.

*le valigie
l'utile l'inutile -
paranoia*

Il volo sarà in orario tuttavia manca ancora tanto. Adesso nessuno ha fretta, bisogna soltanto aspettare. Scelgo una poltroncina, mi metto comodo, scambio qualche parola, trovo pure divertente ascoltare le cose che le persone si dicono.

*sala di imbarco -
tutti uguali i discorsi
dei passeggeri*

Although it's not very early, the city is empty. I quickly arrive at the airport. It's unusual for me to have time. I'm not in a hurry, I don't worry about rushing through security. I go slowly, taking in what's around: the people, their habits, their fixations.

*suitcase
the useful the useless -
paranoia*

The flight will be on time. No one's in a rush now; we have only to wait. I find a seat and make myself comfortable. I exchange some words. I find amusing to listen to the things that people say to each other.

*boarding room
the passengers' stories
all the same*

Robert Beveridge

sweeping sugar
get
it all up before April
brings ants again

salt
trickles
down

red velvet freckles
smeared with sticky, half-melted
cream cheese: milk drips past

Debbie Scheving

sandcastle competition
we wonder
at the impermanence

David J Kelly

clocks go back

recurring dream

no one thinks to change

the pillow cases

sundials

have a new scent

blue pencil
left with [this](#)
and this only

Maria Concetta Conti

*inquietudine
restare qui, fino all'alba
per rimettere in ordine*

restlessness
staying here, till dawn
to tidy up

*fine del sogno
non può essere solo
l'autunno*

dream over
can't be only
the fall

*pronto soccorso
sorridente come un angelo
pioggia d'autunno*

emergency room
smiling like an angel
autumn's rain

Réka Nyitrai

saying out loud
my Hungarian name
— quinces

sunny autumn
a paper crane unfolds its wings

autumn voices the unfolding silence of a nest

watching with bird's eyes the high sky of autumn

autumn sky till a soaring raven becomes a dot

a hole
made by a long whistle —
river mouth

a waving troubadour —
the waterfall at dusk

Dennys Cambarau

*Nuvole nel cielo
Sul terreno freddo rimangono
foglie d'autunno*

Clouds in the sky
On the cold ground remain
autumn leaves

Dave Read

a crow flies by the window I reflect on
the shadows I can't will out of my thoughts

the clouds darken without my consent
my son stays out all night with friends

it's dark before work and the mornings are cool
I drive myself into autumn

a muscle car roars at 3 a.m.
I wake to a racing heart

defined more and more by what I'm against
the length of a border wall's shadow

passing old men on the bench
the first cool autumn breeze

I wake stiff, sore, overweight, and nearly fifty
a branch hangs cracked on its tree

Tomislav Sjekloća

clear blue sky —
clouded yellow
lands on a buttercup

heavy fog —
every few steps
a surprise

lizard fight
one a tail
shorter

Matilde Cherchi

*Foglie appassite
Vedo nel mio autunno
tanti tramonti*

Withered leaves
so many sunsets
in my autumn

*Foglie d'autunno
Ogni goccia di pioggia
un distacco*

autumn leaves
every drop of rain
a letting go

*Di passo in passo
Ho perduto il profumo
delle stagioni*

Step by step
I've lost every
season's scent

*Vento d'autunno
I semi dell'estate
migrano muti*

Autumn wind
summer seeds are
silent migrants

*Cielo a pecorelle
Una calma mi invade
all'improvviso*

Sheep-like clouds —
suddenly
calm invades me

Hansha Teki

vespers with
 ancient chants
breath wisps of
 conjuring faith
aspirations
 in my own tongue

wolf hour
 drizzle-drench day
black swans
drift between
 cold
 cuts in keener
sleep
and non-sleep
 than a sword

to be
traces
of swan-glide
slashed in water

not to be
a tomorrow
that never ends

winter ends
my wisps
of words
to clouds,
a bird

lingering darkness
magpies question
the dawn chorus

flutter-winged
a butterfly
beyond
our here
& now

in a blink
*the beginning
of time*
pinpointed

words
which embody
 a universe
our
very selves
 edging to the precipice
in screams
of nowness
 where words
 wave back

deep night vigil
 sounds within
a flightless bird
 the sounds without
rises within
 something slips
 in-between

before dawn
 stillborn day
enlightenment
awakens
 a cockroach scuttles
to a drone attack
 from the glare

Otaki Beach
 mythic chant
the cosmic silence
 stillness roaming about
roaring within words
 lonely places

the art of haiku boils down to this:

shadows
 a toothless old man
emerging
from the fog
 sucking marrow
while light dies
 from the skeleton
 of words

SILENT LIVE STREAM

As I stroll along the banks of the Waikanae River, it becomes clear to me that the making of a poem is also the process of translating a pre-verbal phenomenon into an idiom that changes one's perception both of the phenomenon and of the language used to evoke it. Patterning words into poems has become for me an act of language-making that strains towards the unique utterance of what has hitherto been outside the apparent purview of language.

a mosquito
 what is not yet
leaps the length
 pierces my heart
of our caresses
 with its absence

Sonam Chhoki

WHEN MARA VISITS . . .

Into the lichen-covered cave
She arrives astride a tiger
its eyes and nostrils aflame,
singeing the moss, a talisman to this day

In swathes
of the deepest red brocade
Mara appears
from a haze of myrrh

he intones
a deep-throated song:
"Walk my path of love,
Become be the One forever!"

Will the Sage's meditation
by glacier lakes and peaks,
in scorpion-infested lairs
douse the flames of passion?

Images rise before her
in fevered succession:
Mara sighs, Mara cries,
he dimples, he dances, he lunges at her

The Sage holds Mara's eyes
and from her depths
summons a lightning swell
of the cosmic OM

It fills the ancient cavern,
and shakes the oaks.
Mara closes his ears
writhing on the jungle floor

"This noise you make,
churns me inside out.
But I will not be quelled,
this battle is yet to be won!"

She replies:
"Ride my tiger of compassion,
let us soar the Garuda's heights
to the Rainbow of Bliss."

Mara spits, Mara swears
he swivels his head and shrieks
tearing the birds off their flight,
startling the *nagas* in their sleep

The Sage opens her Third Eye
of Crystal Light -
In a whorl of ululation
Mara dissolves

NOTES:

In Tibetan Buddhist iconography Mara is the god who creates cosmic illusions. He is famously depicted as the one who tempted the historical Buddha with visions of carnal pleasure. I've used this template to portray a female Buddha who is confronted by Mara's illusionary promises. She is inspired by the eleventh century Tibetan Yogini Machig Labdrön (1055-1149).

THE FEAR OF KNOWING . . .

Grains of karma
blown here and there
flicker the outlines of a face.
The eyes
violently empty of colour and light
all seeing or unseeing
I can't tell
if they behold me or beyond me
Are these eyes and I
fractals of dream or reality.

GEOGRAPHY OF MEMORY

the peaks have just turned pink
and the blue pines ripple the waning light,
in bursts of high-pitched calls
a scops fledgling flails out of the canopy

beyond the flagstone courtyard
paddy terraces undulate with fireflies
the winding path to the house
now slowly fades into the shadows

the bamboo blind at your window is raised
to the distilled scent of lime-white musk roses
I am no longer there
yet I am all there in the stillness of your dusk

Madhuri Pillai

falling through the cracks again this clinging grief

seed counter the length of my indecision

Maria Costanza Trento

MEMORIE

*Vedemmo le stelle nascere, brillare e morire
Sentimmo il silenzioso rombo dell'universo
Ma ora è buio
E io non posso raggiungerti
Dove sono io tu non ci sei più.*

MEMORIES

We saw the stars being born, shining and dying
We heard the silent roar of the universe
But now it's dark
And I can't get to you
Where I am you are no more.

Elaine Wilburt

chills—
seeing you
in a dream

last drops
of homemade wine—
recycling Pap's bottle

yard waste
at the curb—
heartwood

David Boyer

HAIKU ADJACENT TO SPRING

birds before dawn dream of a festival getting lost

uneven rocks in mist stay quiet about destiny

the soup in need of better verbs pepper or an asterisk

white sky early in the year a small dog creeps inside

a dream fed through a pasta maker daffodils droop

and in the and the end

