

**LYNX**  
A Journal for Linking Poets

XXVII:1  
February, 2012

Table of Contents

**COLLABORATIVE POETRY**

CAT IN ITS IDLENESS

Anna Attard Cini & Francis Attard

DRUNK ON RAINBOWS

Susan Constable, Jane Reichhold & Ken Wanamaker

YUGEN DIALOGUE

Valentin Dishev & Vania Stefanova

Haiga Emily Romano

NEW ROOF

Dick Pettit, Jann Wirtz, Hanne Hansen & Vasile Moldovan

THE RABBIT'S EARS

Giselle Maya & Amelia Fielden

SNOWFLAKES MELTING

Patricia Prime & Rodney Williams

Haiga Alan Taylor

OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN

Patricia Prime & Rodney Williams

EVERY FEATHER

Patricia Prime, Andre SurrIDGE & Catherine Mair

OVERLOOKING THE BAY

Andre SurrIDGE, Catherine Mair & Patricia Prime

THE KEEPER OF TWO DOORS

Werner Reichhold & James Joyce

THE SEA OF TRANQUILLITY /DE ZEE DER STILTE

Paul Mercken, Fokkina McDonnell, Vanessa Proctor, Francis Attard

NEW WINE / SAKÉ NOUVEAU

Dick Pettit & René Sieffert

Haiga Wolfgang Beutke & Anne-Dore Beutke

## SOLO POETRY

GHAZALS

GHAZAL

Winston Plowes

GHAZAL

Winston Plowes

GHAZAL

Winston Plowes

## SYMBIOTIC POEMS

NIGHT OF THE GRIZZLIES

Steven Carter

ERRAND

Steven Carter

THE WINDOW OF LIFE

Gerard John Conforti

Haiga Emily Romano

THE HICKORY BENCH

Elizabeth Howard

BEING THERE

Alegria Imperial

REFRACTED TWILIGHT

Alegria Imperial

Haiga Doris Lynch

SWIMMING TO ALASKA

Doris Lynch

A FEAST

Giselle Maya

CONIFERS

Giselle Maya

CREAM

Carol Pearce-Worthington

RABBIT HOLLOW

Carol Pearce-Worthington

BOOM

Jane Reichhold

ON A WOODEN BENCH IN THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

Charles D. Tarlton

Haiga Emily Romano

SEQUENCES

DREAM CATCHER

Ed Baranosky

FROG GIGGING

Ed Baranosky

LANDAU

Claramarie Burns

(DIS)CONNECTION

Claramarie Burns

ON THE ROOF OF HELL

Aubrie Cox

JAMAIS DE LA VIE

Ruth Holzer

GREY SEASON  
Silva Ley

FOR YEARS NOW  
Chen-ou Liu

LOVE IN A FOREIGN LAND  
Chen-ou Liu

ON THE CUSP OF THE SOLSTICE  
Doris Lynch

ECHOES OF LOVE  
Earl Moore

AGONY  
P K Padhy

HIS CHANGING YEAR  
Joanna M. Weston

#### SINGLE POEMS

SECRETS  
Don Ammons

TWO SIJO  
Gene Doty

SECRETS  
Don Ammons

Garry Eaton

Ryan Jessup

Leslie Ihde

Alegria Imperial

ayaz daryl nielsen

RK Singh

Rachel Sutcliffe

Magdalena Banaszekiewicz

Jeanne Jorgensen

Clotilde Wright

Haiga Alan Taylor

## **BOOK REVIEWS**

Wild Violets, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Members' Anthology 2011 Edited by Jerry Ball and J. Zimmerman ISBN 978-0-9745404-9-8. YTHS: [www.youngleaves.org](http://www.youngleaves.org)  
Review by Alan Summers

Beyond the Reach of My Chopsticks, New and Selected Haiku by Fay Aoyagi. Blue Willow Press  
<http://fayaoyagi.wordpress.com/>  
Review by Alan Summers

Haiku Wisdom. Living the Principles and Philosophies of Kung Fu, Haiku and Nature, by Don Baird.  
Modern English Tanka Press Baltimore, Maryland, 2011. ISBN 978-1-935398-25-7  
Review by Colin Stewart Jones

Snow Moon: haiku and haibun by Steven Carter. Alba Publishing, Uxbridge, UK, 2011. ISBN 978-0-9551254-4-7  
Review by Colin Stewart Jones

Taking Tanka Home by Jane Reichhold,. AHA Books 2011, second edition. Introduction and translation by Aya Yuhki. Perfect bound, 7.5 x 7.5 inches, 100 pages, Cover artwork by Werner Reichhold. Bilingual with kanji and romaji of each poem. \$15 ppd. Order from AHA Books, [Jane@AHApotry.com](mailto:Jane@AHApotry.com)  
Review by Gene Doty

Haiku 21: an anthology of contemporary English-language haikuedited by Lee Gurga & Scott Metz, with an introduction by the editors. Perfectbound, 205 pages: over 600 haiku by more than 200 poets, Modern Haiku Press, 2011 (Lincoln, IL) ISBN: 978-0-974189-45-1.  
Review by Werner Reichhold

Armadillo Basket by Helen Buckingham. Waterloo Press, 95 Wick Hall, Furze Hill, Hove, East Sussex, BN3 1NG. Trade Paperback, full-color cover, 6 x 9 inches, 70 pages, £10. Contact: [waterloopress@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:waterloopress@hotmail.co.uk)  
Review by Jane Reichhold

## **BOOK NOTES**

Poosplaatsen Langs De Dommel, Vic Gendrano's new book announced:  
<http://haikuharvest.blogspot.com/> , Steve Holtje wrote a book review of Breasts of Snow: Tanka and

Life of Fumiko Nakajo translated by Hatsue Kawamura and Jane Reichhold.  
<http://culturecatch.com/literary/fumiko-nakajo>

## **ARTICLE**

Personal Reading Notes from Janick Belleau and Review of The Blue Planet

## **LETTERS TO LYNX**

Ryan Jessup, Don Ammons, Dick Pettit, Silva Ley, Dan Barth, Patricia Prime, Edward Baranosky

REPLIES TO OUR NEW YEARS GREETING From:

Carl Brennan:, Silva Ley, Pamela A. Babusci, Red Slider, Terry O'Connor, Penny Harter Giselle Maya, Jeanne Emrich, jann wirtz, Fay Aoyagi, M. Kei, Ion Codrescu, Clelia Ifrim, Kat Creighton, Olga Hooper, Alegria Imperial, Don Ammons, hortensia and camellia, Joan payne Kincaid, Oprica Padeanu, MONDIALS WORLDS, Baskaran Gavarappan, Gary LeBel  
Johnny Baranski, Gillena Cox, Ron Moss Chen-ou Liu, thomas heffernan, Alenka & Bostjan, Paul Mercken, Ramona Linke.

## **COLLABORATIVE POETRY**

CAT IN ITS IDLENESS

Anna Attard Cini  
Francis Attard

Cat in its idleness  
& appetite for whitebait good ...  
the cluttered desk

the strangle-hold of warm talk  
by the door-to-door salesman

the morning glory  
star-shaped blue at daybreak  
the woven blossom

quorum for Sunday meeting  
at the vegans club

not much  
of a weight added, shadow  
of no import

frown on her face sums it all up,  
but who will notice?

the shrike's cry  
takes us by surprise  
weak lock on the door

changing house just a whim  
the sultry heat & a low moon

randomly profound  
the mood for a heart tattoo  
a smile seducing

a gilded mask with stubborn  
chin & smooth mouth says love

in Venice for Carnival  
under the Bridge of Sighs  
promises withdrawn

bare shoulders cold  
under a wintry sky

the imminent fear  
of nightfall  
of profiles

in its inherited strain  
auctioneer's voice fast &  
furious

dowager in riding boots  
& on the leash  
a greyhound

a whiff of good will  
autumn at the livestock show

in its fancy framework  
scarecrow's warhorse look  
& the moon is bright

oak tree design on minted coin  
woodpecker sculpts

## DRUNK ON RAINBOWS

Susan Constable  
Jane Reichhold  
Ken Wanamaker

butterfly colors  
the air woven with  
autumn leaves /jr

near the cornucopia  
a wild geese sampler /kw

fir needles  
finding their way  
into the house /sc

each of the party guests arrive  
wrapped in different perfumes /jr

sandalwood  
burning on porcelain...  
winter moon /kw

the distortion of my smile  
in the car's hubcap/ sc

who can hear  
the wild heart beating  
racetrack varoom / jr

only the yearning herdsman  
scuffling through leftover snow / kw

in solitude  
I gather fiddlehead ferns  
for tonight's salad /sc

eating an elegant dinner  
we listen to the violin solo / jr

a stream  
of champagne swirling  
in my flute/ kw

drunk with the beauty  
of sweet peas and rainbows /sc

composed online at AHAforum  
September 27-October 27, 2011

YUGEN\* DIALOGUE

Valentin Dishev

Vania Stefanova

Trace in memory  
Shadow of a gnome

Idea is on tiptoe  
Horny cat

Fingers of a idea  
The cat is puma

Red and black  
The cougar to hunt

Hunters of words  
Singing boomerang



Haiga Emily Romano

## NEW ROOF

Dick Pettit : 1, 5, 10,14,17, 20,23,26, 30,3

Jann Wirtz : 2, 6, 9, 13,19, 22,25,28, 32

Hanne Hansen : 3, 7, 12,16, 29, 31,33,35

Vasile Moldovan : 4 ,8, 11,15,18, 21,24,27, 3

the new roof  
should be on next week  
autumn rain

apple scented attic  
roots in the cellar

the sky in silver  
the landscape in grey colours  
cannot find the moon

today the old people listen  
to the echo of childhood bells

sorting gear  
in the dusty pavilion  
time for tea

cold hands around the cup  
add a dash of amber\*

out in the streets  
waving old flags  
on the first of May

rocking on a lime twig  
two turtle doves

citrus slice  
and a pinch of salt  
Tequila passions

I could if I thought I should  
but maybe I won't

the smile of a child  
is enough for the parents  
to end their quarrel

cries at the doctor's  
his dog is no big comfort

seeing the Tardis  
far beyond Sirius  
the Volpuk hides her eyes

snow in the wintry wind  
stings like specks of ice

tracks of sledges  
icicles hanging from  
grandpa's moustache

grandma cooks every day  
she loves boiled potatoes  
march wind

a single spray of blossom  
taps on the window

on the Easter Monday too  
they remain in the parents' house

the war over, but still  
fear of snipers  
in the greening streets

there's a city in the jungle  
completely overgrown

North Star brilliant  
laurels of the Nobel Prize  
on a poet's forehead

Red Bull Podium hero  
drenches all in champagne

a glorious night  
the moon out, dancers  
reeling in the square

the whirlwind snatches an unread  
love letter from my hand

into the storm  
with no word spoken  
now I'll never know

louder than the hubbub  
a friendly touch

Valentine's concert:  
chirping sparrows under the eaves,  
minstrels at the window

little winter flowers  
frost on the birdbath

nobody could reach  
the big violet orchid  
before it drowned

thrashing about, his wallet  
disappears in the crowd

this windfall  
finances a six-week stay  
in Thailand

a backpacker teaches a while  
at a school under the trees

steady purpose  
and persistent application  
is the key to success

a kitten finds a hundred things  
to touch or look at

our baby in her pram  
on her first trip  
in the light green wood

only a breath of wind and  
wild bees beginning to swarm

\* amber = whisky

## THE RABBIT'S EARS

Giselle Maya  
Amelia Fielden

long after

their harvest time,  
dry corn husks  
the shape and color  
of a rabbit's ears

man in the moon  
rabbit in the moon. . .  
why is it  
I see there only  
the delay of daylight

Rabbit  
wise and cautious  
do teach us  
to go straight ahead steadily  
walking between rain drops

in our car  
the navigation system  
displays only  
the streets one should drive,  
not the way one should live

Sunday lunch  
with three friends  
a salad with violets  
and in her garden  
we find snowdrops

the importance  
of small things, these earrings  
he chose himself  
more valued than the sum  
left to me in his will

shadows  
of shaven heads  
on the shoji –  
walking slowly at a temple  
long searched for

paper blossoms  
showing on the shoji  
there are children  
with pokey fingers  
in this family home

twelve-armed  
Kannon at a Nara temple ...

delighted  
I stay in her presence  
rooted to the earth

to the music  
of a bush-warbler,  
black butterflies  
dance above yellow iris  
at Narihira's temple

a flower's name  
deep blue thistle face  
not remembered ...  
when I stop thinking  
'cornflower' comes to mind

"off with his head"  
Alice's dream or nightmare  
in Wonderland  
so colourful, so scary  
so loved by children

at the tea party  
"does your watch  
tell you what year it is?"  
the hatter and the hare  
expand Alice's sense of time

a harmony  
of kimono-clad ladies  
attentive  
to their tea ceremony master,  
to the tightness of tradition

on the scroll  
rabbit in the moon  
painted –  
was it you who crossed  
my path this winter dawn ?

SNOWFLAKES MELTING  
Patricia Prime  
Rodney Williams

I recall his kiss  
when we met at the station  
that winter's day  
before going to a concert  
snowflakes melting on our lips

eighteen years  
together from age eighteen  
her ex-partner  
still cooks her a Christmas pudding  
another eighteen years on

she carries a book,  
towel and bottled water  
to the beach . . .  
but she'd rather be in town  
where her friends are partying

birthday calls  
to my older brother ~  
he always wishes  
me my own happy returns  
four days overdue

at a party  
my nephew introduces  
his new girlfriend ~  
a tall girl, with blonde hair:  
a Niuean beauty

sighing, she smiles  
listening to his schemes . . .  
her cat  
between their pillows  
really the one in charge

taken for a stroll  
in the foothills that open  
from her garden gate  
I share a slice of her life  
a swathe of her thoughts

my son a chemist  
in doctoral research  
beyond me  
tells family friends with pride  
how his father's poems improve



Haiga Alan Taylor

## OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN

Patricia Prime

Rodney Williams

a circus of birds  
performs on the beach:  
oystercatchers,  
terns and black-backed gulls,  
fossicking for shell fish

jellyfish  
sponges and sea-cucumbers  
pipi and kelp  
over warm golden sand  
a laden picnic cloth

struggling  
out of his clothes  
a young father  
sprints down to the sea  
& splashes his naked baby

jade-green  
as his love's eyes  
the cape  
pokes its tongue  
at a storm out to sea

'first sketch the coastline  
with a soft pencil', I say  
to my granddaughter  
as she paints a watercolour  
using one of her brushes

against the sandbar  
beyond this sheltered inlet  
white caps  
from the break off the strait...  
telling you the truth

on the bluff  
overlooking the ocean  
a memorial plaque  
to hundreds of drowned sailors  
aboard HMS Orpheus

through these heads  
the South Pacific ...  
hector dolphins  
smallest of their kind  
direct our helm to harbour

#### EVERY FEATHER

Patricia Prime V1, 6, 7, 11  
Andre Surridge V2, 4, 9, 12  
Catherine Mair V3, 5, 8, 10

noon sun  
camellia petals  
begin to fade

warmer day, all the car windows

down a little for her dog

from the bridge  
she stares at the water hole  
where boys dive at full tide

saved for later  
a letter from an old friend  
overseas

full moon, the dementia patient  
recognizes raindrops on the path

along with autumn  
the revolutions  
of a clothesline

I wear a warm blue jacket  
pretending it wasn't secondhand

haiku boulder  
rescued from the flood tides  
lovingly hosed down

a steaming hot bath  
light drains from the sky

perched on the railing  
a quail  
every feather just so

a spray of orange blossom  
in the girl's hair

dad's garden  
she pulls spring onions  
for the salad

#### OVERLOOKING THE BAY

Andre Surridge: V1, V4, V7, V10

Catherine Mair: V2, V5, V9, V.12

Patricia: Prime V3, V6, V8, V11

cherry blossom –  
what a journey

this ant has made

his flecked eyes  
too cool for springtime

family gathering  
our talk punctuated by  
laughter

hulling strawberries  
one for her, two for the bowl

inking haiku  
on carved boulders –  
the stained knees of her jeans

retirement present  
a gold-nibbed fountain pen

memoirs  
must wait, he has to paint  
the house

autumn wind turns the child's hair  
into a burnished halo

in moonlight  
that slight hump in the ground  
the old cat's grave

freshly baked cheese scones  
her grandmother's recipe

winter wedding  
he adjusts the bride's  
fur stole

overlooking the bay  
the spot where he proposed

#### THE KEEPER OF TWO DOORS

Werner Reichhold

James Joyce – The lines of James Joyce are taken from his book *Finnegan's Wake*, first published in Great Britain by Faber and Faber Ltd 1939.

## 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 shambolically  
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 hops into jail

the lunger 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-tech  
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 foretell

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

terror of the nonstruck by day  
cryptogam of each nightly bridable  
game here endeth  
the curtain drops  
by deep request

seems to be mutating  
as on early waves  
stand still     orange  
evening behind blinds  
in your mirror

pfall if you but will  
rise you must  
for the nod of the nabir  
is better than wink  
to wabsanties'

sleeve-touch-dream  
merely electric  
eccentric  
one hand in the first room  
of a beach castle

First published in Lost and Found Times, June, 2004

## THE SEA OF TRANQUILLITY

September space probe  
skirting the sea  
of tranquillity

pm

big orange berries  
glow in the sun fm

she makes a present  
of her old Halloween costume  
to her daughter vp

silence: ghost writer  
recasts a rejected script fa

at the zebra crossing  
the lollipop lady  
and fierce looks fm

dad snickers  
at our lovely ski holiday pm

widow & toy boy  
come party crashing  
on New Year's Day fa

taped to the back of a drawer  
a love note from long ago vp

frankly my dear  
I don't give  
a damn pm

opera by Berlioz  
(3,7) across fm

the train to Darjeeling  
zigzags into  
cool mountain air vp

crab enters a trumpet shell  
hermit under the moon fa

being wired up slowly  
the subject quips about  
sleep deprivation fm

counting Liverpool's  
superlambananas pm

on the poster  
it is raining civil servants  
with bowler hats fm

daily trip to the office  
a white butterfly                      vp

fragrance at daybreak  
azalea unfolds its blossom  
of frilled petals                      fa

the newborn lamb  
shakes its woolly tail                vp

This is an autumn imachi.  
See <http://renkureckoner.co.uk/>  
click on imachi.

Players:

pm = Paul Mercken, sabaki (The Netherlands)

fm = Fokkina McDonnell (United Kingdom)

vp = Vanessa Proctor (Australia)

fa = Francis Attard (Malta)

## DE ZEE DER STILTE

de ruimtesonde  
van september scheert over  
de zee der stilte

dikke oranje bessen  
gloeien in de zon

ze schenkt  
haar oude Halloweenkostuum  
aan haar dochter

stilte: spookschrijver herwerkt  
het afgewezen script

bij het zebrapad  
de klaar-over  
en vinnige blikken

Klaartje Kip en Minnie Mouse  
lekker op skivakantie

weduwe & toyboy  
komen een feestje binnenvallen

op nieuwjaarsdag

achter een lade geplakt  
een billet doux van lang geleden

eerlijk gezegd liefje  
kan het mij  
geen donder schelen

opera van Berlioz  
(3,7) horizontaal

de trein naar Darjeeling  
zigzagt op weg naar  
koele berglucht

krab kruipt in een trompetschelp  
heremiet onder de maan

langzaam bedraad  
grapt het subject over  
slaaptekort

het tellen in Liverpool  
van superlambananas

op de poster  
regent het ambtenaren  
met bolhoeden

de sleur naar het kantoor  
een witte vlinder

odeur bij dageraad  
azalea ontvouwt haar bloesem  
van geplisseerde blaadjes

het pas geboren lam  
schudt zijn wollig staartje

Dit is een herfst-imachi.  
Zie <http://renkureckoner.co.uk/>  
klik imachi aan.

Spelers:

pm

= Paul Mercken, sabaki en vertaler (Nederland)

fm = Fokkina McDonnell (Verenigd Koninkrijk)

vp = Vanessa Proctor (Australië)  
fa = Francis Attard (Malta)

Paul Mercken having sent the 18-verse imachi from his group, I thought it might be interesting to have an old one as well. I translated le Saké Nouveau from the French of René Sieffert in Friches, his translation of the whole Areno 1689 collection of 10 kasen & 400+ hokku. The one half-kasen is by Ransetsu & Etsujin, two of the leading lights in the Nagoya group encouraged by Bashō.

The translation can't be exact, but hopefully gives a fair idea. It's dedicated to Francis Attard, whose idea it was, I think, that their group should make an imachi. Dick Pettit.

### NEW WINE – SAKÉ NOUVEAU

Translated by Dick Pettit from the French by René Sieffert in Friches which was translated from the Japanese in Arano.

not worth drinking  
there's a lack of fortification  
in le saké nouveau

jolly nippy this autumn  
and I don't care for hot baths

while he sleeps  
moonlight through the window  
on his scattered books

collecting medicinal herbs  
in the shade of the mountain

shouts and kicks  
as wild horses harass  
his peaceful nag

across the river, then

the footpath to the castle

a pockmarked face  
but teeth so clear and gleaming  
like ivory

she doesn't know music  
but a wonderful voice

tears flow down  
as pass to here and there  
wandering clouds

ordered to marry again  
he's distressed and helpless

all morning  
he's been frying for the guests  
sleeves rolled up

the paper lanterns fixed  
a handyman takes his leave

taking off  
one of his garments to be  
ironed and scented

tomorrow the priestly tonsure  
tonight this beautiful moon

all the womenfolk

out in the whitening dew  
shedding tears

the doctor doesn't care  
he just turns his back

blossom falling  
dusk coming on  
nothing stops him talking

the little bird calling  
what tales could he tell?



Haiga Wolfgang Beutke & Anne-Dore Beutke

## GHAZALS

### GHAZAL

Winston Plowes

Despite his temper, he never wrote in red  
He would have lost if he ever wrote in red

His suicide note spoke of both lust and death  
“All my lights went out,” the lover wrote in red

After the knife blade, their palms smeared the future  
Death will us part, the blood brothers wrote in red

Your mother’s case notes clearly speak of madness  
Barely legibly, the doctor wrote in red

“Winston will never amount to anything”  
My final report – the teacher wrote in red

### GHAZAL

Winston Plowes

Let’s celebrate “The day it rained”!  
Yet sadly you just say, “It rained.”

You water down my yearning years.  
Pruning back each new day – It rained.

Green shoots of love were drowned at birth.  
You’re flattening the hay. It rained.

The old tin roof’s a xylophone!  
And yet again you say, “It rained.”

Without my coat I struggle home.  
I’m courting clouds of grey, it rained.

Your eyes witnessed beauty Winston.

As others looked away, it rained.

## SOLO POETRY

### GHAZAL

Winston Plowes

No love lost around your letters  
History tightly bound your letters

Thistle heads disguised as roses  
Friendly faces frowned, your letters

Dark words piled in a dark corner  
A discarded mound, your letters

Like the dying amaryllis  
In my tears, I drowned your letters

Echoes rest in empty places  
A faint distant sound, your letters

Inside the drawer without the key  
Prying fingers found your letters

Bitter fruit grows in barren soil  
Buried underground, your letters

Her ship will never dock Winston  
Words have run aground, your letters

## SYMBIOTIC POEMS

### NIGHT OF THE GRIZZLIES

Steven Carter

modern medicine robe—  
Blackfoot shaman

“It hurts,” Julie whimpers to the priest. “Would you please hold my hand?”

Much later, Blackfoot Indians would say that a killer spirit had been let loose in the mountains. Make that two spirits; but they were right.

naatsi aakii, naatsi kiyaayo

That night—an August night in 1967—is unusually dark, even by Montana standards: Mt. Grinnell and Heaven’s Peak are vague shadows against the starless, moonless big sky of Glacier Park. During an interview a week or so afterward, a helicopter pilot describes the attempted rescue as flying through curtains of black velvet. A Vietnam vet, he admits he’d never been scared flying a chopper until this night, when two 19-year-old girls lay dying somewhere below.

The girls—Michelle is the other victim—embark separately on an overnight camping trip, each with a male friend: Julie to Trout Lake, Michelle to Granite Park Chalet (the chalet is full up, so the kids have to camp a few hundred yards away, where the first grizzly finds them.)

Tourists in the chalet clearly hear the screams; someone waves a flashlight and yells down the hill, “Is anything wrong?” When would-be rescuers arrive, Michelle’s boyfriend—who’d been thrown out of his sleeping bag before the 500-pound sow dragged Michelle, still in her bag, into the woods—tries to follow the bear, only to be restrained. Twenty minutes later they find Michelle, scalped and barely alive.

At about the same time, near the shore of Trout Lake, a favorite grizzly hangout, Julie and her boyfriend are eating, then discarding, wild chokecherries (even though ripe, they’re too sour for inexperienced palates); then, a few minutes after retiring for the night, they hear odd snuffling sounds, like someone with a bad cold.

pak-ki-pis—tsi-o taa’ t-ts-pi

“It’s a bear,” Julie whispers, and just like that the big beast—another sow—is upon them, injuring the boyfriend, then concentrating on Julie who, like Michelle ten miles away, can’t get out of her sleeping bag. It takes two hours to find Julie, who loses too much blood.

In a documentary film made forty years later, a Blackfoot Indian named Steve—expert tracker and assistant to the Catholic priest assigned to the Browning Reservation—attempts to describe his feelings of that long-ago night. Halfway through the interview he chokes up, shakes his head, and the camera turns away. (Later the priest reveals that Steve had told him, “They’re home with their ancestors now,” before he could’ve possibly known there were two girls involved).

oki niksokowa

Julie is flown to Granite Park, where Michelle has just passed away, and where, as it happens, two doctors are spending the night. The priest holds Julie’s hand and tells her—the last words she would ever hear—“God is looking over you.” “I know He is, Father,” she murmurs; then her grip relaxes. Only then, holding a bag of plasma, one doctor looks at the other and both shake their heads.

ai yo kah

The filmmakers also interview Michelle’s parents. All these years later, the mother is too stricken to

speaking, and the father still looks in despair. But he says he can't blame the bears for being what they are, and that he's attempted to deal with the grief and loss by contributing to an environmental group dedicated to saving *ursus horribilus* from extinction.

nis-kum'-iks

dawn star—  
the chopper  
heading home

From the Blackfoot:

naatsi aakii, naatsi kiaayo (two girls, two bears);  
pak-ki-pis—tsi'o taa't—ts—pi (August, when the chokecherries are ripe);  
oki niksokawa (hello to all my relatives);  
ai yoh ka (she is sleeping);  
nis-kum-iks (our younger brothers [animals]).

## ERRAND

Steven Carter

My father-in-law isn't the most sensitive of creatures. A cattle and wheat rancher, the unforgiving pragmatics of ranch life has coursed through his blood since childhood. And he can be blunt and crude with his fellows. I remember the car salesman in nearby Conrad, a recent throat cancer survivor clearly equipped with a voice box, so that his speech was guttural, echoic, and barely discernable. As he tried his best to extol the virtues of a new Plymouth, and to my mother-in-law's infinite chagrin (she'd been there before), my father-in-law asked, "Something wrong with your throat?" On another occasion, the local pastor explained why he first started moving from state to state: "It was when I was called to the ministry." "Who called you?" my father-in-law wanted to know.

... So I was surprised that July morning when he asked me, "Want to come along?" He certainly didn't need me to help him drown a litter of kittens, our first morning chore. On Montana ranches, hundreds of miles from the nearest animal shelter, such things aren't only expected, they're necessary; innumerable wild cats running around constitute a major nuisance, and many attract coyotes.

I wasn't overjoyed at the prospect, but I couldn't very well say no. I was at least thankful that my father-in-law hadn't adopted a neighbor's technique of picking up kittens one by one and smashing them against the barn door.

In the shop, where the kittens had been born—the mother was out hunting—he handed me a burlap sack, went outside, and returned with two or three heavy rocks. I put them in first, then the kittens, trying not to hurt them. We said little on the way to the small reservoir—my father-in-law was a man of few words anyway. As the flatbed Ford rumbled and rattled down a rutted dirt road, I could hear mewling from the sack at my feet.

sound of the creek

hay meadow—  
second cutting

At the reservoir, he surprised me a second time. “Want to do it?” he asked. I certainly did not want to do it, but again I couldn’t say no. So I grabbed the sack, got out of the truck, walked up to the water—and hesitated. Except for one or two sparrows shot with a BB gun in childhood, I’d never killed anything. A warm wind from the south picked up as I listened to the mewing and felt the bag move slightly. Then I tossed it in the air, still hearing the kittens as it splashed dead center in the reservoir and disappeared.

Was my father-in-law testing me in some strange, minor way? Initiating me? I watched the bubbles from the sack diminish and finally cease. Then I turned.

There he was: leaning on the flatbed, his back to me, pretending to look assiduously into the distance, toward the fields of headed-out barley down east. I’ll be damned, I said to myself, as the wind blew harder and we heard faint rumbles of thunder. He didn’t want to watch.

day moon—

not yet grazed  
young grass on the hill

THE WINDOW OF LIFE (excerpt)  
For Jerome David Spiegel  
Gerard John Conforti

I can view the spring flowers blooming in the garden across the street. It is a small garden, but with beautiful flowers. Today, there is not wind nor cloud in the sky. In April, the rains will come wetting the meadows of grass with flowers and weeds.

someone walked across the meadow tracks of footprints



e  
Haiga by Emily Romano

## THE HICKORY BENCH

Elizabeth Howard

Snowed-in, I stand at the window, torn between misery and beauty. Cold creeps under windows, sweeps baseboards, fluffs dust bunnies under the bed. On the other hand, the world is so beautiful I stand admiring. Trees and shrubs wreathed in white lace, snow piled in drifts, one an igloo, another, a polar bear.

A hickory bench sits near the fence so I can observe the meadow: deer and wild turkeys; wildflowers (Queen Anne's lace, daisies, Joe-Pye, ironweed); birds (cardinals, finches, larks, bluebirds); the pond with cattails, herons, and frogs. From my window, I see nothing moving anywhere in the landscape. Not even a red-tailed hawk watching for a slight shift in the snow.

Snowed-in, too, the bench looks cold and lonely. For a moment, I fancy it asleep under plush eiderdown, waiting for spring. But experience tells me otherwise. While I am preoccupied, battling dust bunnies, poring over books and keyboards, the bench keeps watch on the meadow—snowfall to snowmelt.

the hickory bench  
ever viewing the meadow  
first witness to the quickening—  
peepers, sparrows, fawns—  
even now the earth throbs

## BEING THERE

Alegria Imperial

...it is the rhythm that's constant it seems and not the stillness—the way the wind pulls and withdraws and the way the leaves sway and retract or how the clouds gather into masses and then dissipate into air or is it merely the eye that misses the jagged movements and edges and catches merely that moment when the rhythm shows and reassures us as in the constancy of flowers even as petals begin to brown and curl in the edges and fall, stripping the branches of their name because all we recall is their being there as in moments we have flowed into still flow into like on our early morning walks  
when

shifting tides —  
the river unloading burdens  
for us to decode

## REFRACTED TWILIGHT

Alegria Imperial

... first time ever that twilight struck me as that almost sacred time when the day tears away to let night slip in today, how the bleeding sunset fades into lemon yellow to shell white so much so that facing west where the light seems to turn down as in a timer heartbeat by heartbeat, the houses, trees and flowers even weeds become solid walls of darkness—no punctured points on twigs, no dancing spaces between leaves—but haven't I watched this on my daily walks long ago back in Harbor Hill but then, the roosting sparrows and the first star on tips of pines pulled my steps back to ruminate and settling in, twilight would be for us that time when

first star—  
we turn down the darkness  
on our own sky



Haiga Doris Lynch

SWIMMING TO ALASKA  
Doris Lynch

We decide to drive to Alaska. We head through Oregon and Washington, enter British Columbia, and later traverse part of the Yukon. In B.C. the mighty Fraser River's whitewater pounds below the highway. Beside it, signs advertise fresh apricots. They taste like the air: fresh, sweet, and delicious. Past Edmonton, we finally turn onto the Alaska-Canadian Highway.

Everyday we take side-trips to lakes. After driving, I dive into each, relishing the silky feel of the water. Swimming a modified breaststroke, I stretch and contract my limbs while gazing at the knobbed mountains and pine forests. Some days I stare deep into the turquoise water and discover giant rocks below. Sometimes, after jumping out of the lake, I take a deep breath, and then flipping legs over head, enter again, swimming as far down as I dare go—until my lungs ache, and I must surface again, desperate for air.

I learn the landscape by smelling each new lake's individual scent and by feeling with my bare feet its black pebbles or grey sand. The locals greet us as though we are neighbors. Little children approach my husband and me and ask for our names.

on lake's shore children carve sand mountains

But we don't only swim in lakes. We rush down hills into wild rivers but carefully test their waters before finding quiet eddies or places where we can ride the current safely downstream. At Liard Hot Springs, we arrive just after a burly grizzly has cleared every pool. But even in the hot springs, I slip my head into its black liquid. The only couple that have remained after the bear-sighting yell excitedly, "Come up! Don't dare stay under. Bruin may return looking for cooked meat."

After crossing the border into Alaska, on the highway to Tok, we see signs for one more lake. At this boulder-rimmed cirque, for the first time I force myself to jump in—the air temperature has dropped considerably. But once inside, I feel as though I can stay forever. My skin adjusts to the cold swirling around me. My heart's rapid beat begins to slow down. The water becomes my liquid skin.

Two weeks later, we fly to Nome. At a beach by the Bering Sea, the Eskimo kids frolic wearing the widest assortment of clothing: gym shorts, dungarees, a flowered dress, t-shirts advertising California Fried Chicken. No one owns a bathing suit. I dive under the waves, then leap out of the sea. Droplets of cold water splatter over my arms, breast and thighs. I spear my body into another wave realizing that this will be the last swim of the year because here a hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle, we're already on the cusp of winter.

dog-paddling  
in the Bering Sea—  
looking for Asia

A FEAST  
Giselle Maya

september day  
this high room  
all mine  
for thinking dreaming  
castles in the air

for planning

looking at the mountain  
son and daughter how i wish to share this time  
with you all daily things quite miraculous  
making plum jam quince chutney  
leaping through meadows with cat Anise four little eyes of two kittens white with russet spots looking  
at me wondering who this creature is who puts out food and plays with them moving a peacock feather  
along a small yellow rug just for the fun of it

i feel rich  
yellow roses are in bloom  
the clear spring's  
ceaseless flow  
through autumn leaves

CONIFERS  
(comprendre et communiquer)  
Giselle Maya

a day of practice

a one and a half hour drive from the mountains to Avignon  
to see my daughter and share a day of tai chi practice and lunch

we met in a public park with water ducks swans a picnic table  
her students and I

a delicious potato and courgette salad I brought and others also had made special food to share

during morning practice I saw the sky through high leaves, breathing, letting go –  
my daughter's voice soothing and pleasant

all was silent, we stretched our bodies and minds content and at ease

later we drove to the river Gardonne which flows from the Cevennes mountains  
into the Rhone  
and found a spot of sand to practice in the afternoon

swimming  
in the cool green river  
you approach  
just close enough  
for me to see your eyes

shades of green  
the wide river

ripples  
tree shadows  
skim the sand

a beautiful day flows by winding and full of  
currents of learning, practicing, clearing away debris,  
the artifice of mind by listening closely to the body  
nothing more

CREAM  
Carol Pearce-Worthington

squeak of the fan  
the only cricket  
she has

Her first born son. They beat you with sticks?  
Somehow she knows. His head bleeds; his hair stinks of molasses. He wears boxer shorts found in the grass. Others moan in the darkness. He does not look back. Barefoot, he limps over gravel roads and along highways. Carefully he opens the screen door. Life will work for him now. Now he has a future. He even crawled through twice, twice. But he didn't shout didn't run, crawled real slow, while others around him buckled. So he has to be chosen; one of the cream guys. And there she stands. Silent, arms folded. He wants her to be glad. Victory, he whispers. Her face doesn't change, doesn't light up as it does when he gets an A in school. Blood trickles across one eye and down his neck.

on her knees  
at prayer  
hands so small

RABBIT HOLLOW  
Carol Pearce-Worthington

It was like that then. Darkness catches my mother, father, and me in the car, and we don't want to go right home so he says let's go to Rabbit Hollow. No, she says. What is it? I ask. Just a beer joint, she says. He says nothing. It must sit on one of those dusty county roads among his childhood fields where the air carries a sweet smell of mowed hay and corn stalks sway under the moon. Our road tonight cuts a swath through moonlit hills, where headlights appear first as sparks, pass, then vanish. Rabbit Hollow? How far is it where is it? what is it? He will say no more. And so we head back home.

...last night together  
stars sliding

down the other side

BOOM

Jane Reichhold

What's that?

That noise?

Yes, it's deep, like a door closing. Or banging shut.

I don't hear it.

There it is again. The earth almost shudders.

That boom?

Yes, it is a boom. Now I don't hear it. Wait. Wait it will come again.

Are you sure you heard something?

Yes! maybe you have noisy neighbors?

None are that close.

The boom was deep and loud so it probably came from far away.

There is no wind today so it cannot be from that.

Boom!

There! did you hear it again?

clear skies

the sea unable to hold back

the sinking moon

DAILY ROUTINE

Betsy Snider

A bright band in the east pushes against the dark sky, slowly expanding until the trees are sharp against the ribbon of road that unspools before her. Her bathing suit feels damp under her clothing, layered against the beginning of winter. The memory of yesterday's swim lingers on her skin, the faint smell of chlorine now filling the car.

red eyes wide

white tail flickers

river like slate

She sheds her shell in the locker room, glides into the pool's embrace and begins her daily meditation, stroke by stroke. For an hour, she lives in each second as the sun begins its climb past windows that frame the lanes.

yesterday  
koi flutter in the breeze  
trees stand bare

ON A WOODEN BENCH IN THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART  
Charles D. Tarlton

I'm not too sensitive to color, not really. I don't use it with any nuance that I know of. The form of the thing is more interesting to me than color. I take the color as primary - like, if it's the woods, it's green; if it's blood, it's red; if it's earth, it's brown.

—Cy Twombly

Scratches on the patina of ancient stones, flowers at the gravesite glistening in light rain, old posters on the wall—go into a pocket for later. Back in the studio they bloom in the heat. They are the largest canvases in the world; a mystic's whisper of blood, words, and flowers.

draw a single  
line, a line to the edge  
of the oceans  
and the world. Draw it again,  
and again, and again.

illegible  
rouge in foreign script  
scrawled there roughly

among chrysanthemums  
is the artist still here?



Haiga Emily Romano

## SEQUENCES

### DREAM CATCHER

Ed Baranosky

Then in a thousand fold thought I could think  
you out, even to your utmost brink,  
and (while a smile endures) possess you, giving  
you away, as though I were but giving thanks,  
to all the living.

Rilke

the last Ghost Dance,  
a medicine man's lost dreams  
buried in the north wind  
barred by the black tree line  
are long-departed

unfinished distances  
still carry the long scars  
of the last Ice-Age,  
forsaken wounds buried  
by the deep cold

permafrost shields  
the unmarked trail  
to the arboreal forest  
a few dry branches  
claw at the horizon

endless prairie marsh  
worn deep by forgotten black  
buffalo hoards,  
ancient gullies scoured  
by the vanished mammoths.

pine pitch  
scent-stained hands  
lift old stones  
setting out a wide circle  
to map the stars

to trap the four winds,

the voice of the grandfathers  
imprinted still  
by the prairie Windigo  
untold by chance

the vision  
quest stalks death  
forsaking fear  
ambition, furs, gold,  
the unforged self

within the vast  
presence, time erodes  
memory, snow-blind  
the dead settle boundaries  
with the old gods

a swarm of crows  
circle a solitary Inuksuk  
casting long shadows  
from the slow-moving glaciers  
across the liturgy of dreams

a few chosen words  
arrested in mid-chant  
by the cry of a falcon  
rising in the updraft  
winnowing seasons

a shaman's vision,  
first must be understood,  
nothing else matters.  
no regrets  
follow these footsteps

the unblazed portage  
swallowed by arboreal forest  
after the pillage of years,  
the raging rapids labyrinth  
roars into the pathless future.

FROG GIGGING  
Ed Baranosky

Furu ike ya

old pond

kawazu tobikomu  
mizu no oto

frog leaps into  
the sound of water

Matsuo Basho

## Old Pond

The bull frogs were too quiet  
and tonight the sun dropped into the marsh  
the longest day of the season.  
Jim skinned the amphibians,  
ice-pick-pinned flashing and wet.

“There, that’s all there is to it,”  
dropping his penknife into the creel,  
still damp from the marsh;  
“They don’t ever die easy, you know?  
Must be the electricity, I guess.”

In the dim camp light  
Jane noticed he’d cut himself,  
blood pooling in his palm.  
“Beer won’t do much, here  
pour this moonshine onto it.”

“Yup, Two hundred proof  
anniversary,” he quipped,  
“just enough to blind love  
and kill the pain of stigmata.  
Just like chicken, they’ll say.”

## Chicken

The scent of scrub pine  
mixed with skunk cabbage,  
and campfire smoke  
frying cat fish and frogs’ legs,  
And the mosquitoes were loud.

“Years after the attic fire,”  
he said, “you could still smell smoke  
in the pillows when you slept.  
I trapped enough mice then  
to make a fur coat or a muffler.”

“The finest brushes,” she said  
are made from the armpits of mice,  
or was that weasel or mink?”

“Kolinsky sable,” he said, smiling  
“Now there’s a job description.”

“Shaver of rodent armpits?  
No wonder they’re expensive.” she laughed,  
still stirring the simmering food.  
“How’s your hand? Up to a game?  
Blackjack or poker?”

Blackjack or Poker

“Fix and fix and  
now you’re all better ,”  
She laughed, waving a glowing twig  
over his closed, injured palm  
“I always wanted to be a healer.”

“Yet all along, without noticing,  
you were already a poet,” he said  
frowning. “I knew a dealer once,  
he was always looking over his shoulder,  
watching for the spying pit boss.”

“ Deal then,” she said  
as he fan-shuffled the deck.  
“I’ll have to show you that trick,  
sometime,” he said, dragging  
his palm flat on the table.

In a flashing movement  
Jane grabbed the ice pick, pinning  
his palm to the table,  
spotting the blood-pierced eye  
of the Queen of Hearts.

LANDAU  
Claramarie Burns

frail dream you open the door  
from the inside

invasion of asterisks trample  
in happy stampede across the sill

stained-glass carpet  
(on fire) still    magic raft

steady tramp looses sharp scent  
crushed cardamom ventricles

beat to time of  
steps strewn across—abandon

you enter here freely  
from inside

in the depths of  
my mirror

(DIS)CONNECTION  
Claramarie Burns

pillars    columns    waves  
sunlight    water

slow rise of light  
weight of gold about the windows

current closes  
the fan turns

what happens when  
your fingers forget me

& the fruit stays green & hard?  
just once I want the fleeting taste

of your corners  
unhurried across the branches

ON THE ROOF OF HELL

Aubrie Cox

beyond crayon walls  
the warehouse window  
barred and braced—  
its cracks filled  
with the end of the day

reading room packed  
with books  
and murmurings  
as the guests of honor  
unfold their own chairs

living the high life—  
the fuzzy silhouettes  
of factory buildings  
as blue seeps  
past the window frame

stories of her wayward uncle  
in the frosted  
fish scale window  
the pink streak fades  
in the middle pane

someday  
we'll jet-pack through  
the sodium light city sky  
to where people  
make love on the moon

through back doors  
and alleyways  
poets filter out  
for another night  
on the roof of hell

JAMAIS DE LA VIE

Ruth Holzer

men  
who are built for comfort:  
you can never know  
enough  
of them

the love  
of my life  
not—  
but the one from whose mouth  
I sipped wine, who drank from mine

not a drag  
nor a swallow  
do I regret  
only that  
there isn't more

we fall asleep  
to the sound of rain  
on Roman streets—  
I wonder when  
our world will end

being  
with you—  
sometimes it's almost  
like being  
alone

string quartet  
in the villa gardens  
a sultry breeze  
you gazing around  
in your rakish straw hat

guitar preludes  
you used to play for me  
every night  
now and then  
hardly at all

when I awaken  
nothing here but a pen  
under my spine  
and an unfinished letter  
on a sheet of blue paper

reconsidering

the story line  
with a cold eye  
it appears so clear  
we didn't have a chance

could I not  
recognize  
a narcissist  
even after all this time—  
jamais de la vie

GREY SEASON  
Silva Ley

Till you died  
the story of a garden  
full filled with flowers.  
I read and reread  
watching, crying in late sun.

Some heliantes left,  
dahlia's, phloxes, roses.  
Do you trim the hedge?  
The fade of colour: gold  
across a border, not existent.

Your labour still glowing,  
the snorflies admired,  
the snails well-saved.  
The soil still breathing you,  
I wait as we waited for buds.

FOR YEARS NOW  
for W. G. Sebald  
Chen-ou Liu

my hometown  
memories hang from the eaves  
of a rooming house

they tremble faintly  
each time a day passes

loneliness  
has her black eyes  
through them  
I see my past rolling  
on the screen of spring nights

in mind space  
time moves in my direction  
it curls back  
when I visit my mother  
in daydreams

everyone I meet  
speaks with a funny accent...  
in dreams  
I return to my hometown  
an ocean away

LOVE IN A FOREIGN LAND  
Chen-ou Liu

April rain...  
chasing memories  
of my dream

love-in-a-mist...  
is there a way back  
for both of us?

one star  
between bare branches . . .  
thoughts of home

standing where  
she left for the south...  
carved names in snow

ON THE CUSP OF THE SOLSTICE

Doris Lynch

how quiet  
the quiet before  
winter dawn

first snowfall  
the neighborhood runner  
walks in tights

six crows  
silent in a snowy field—  
noon whistle

nickel-sized snowflakes  
old man at the bus stop  
wearing one glove

past midnight  
can't stay indoors  
when the barred owl calls

not so close  
small skunk  
running in the road

winter sky-watching  
sycamore branch divides  
one star in two

ECHOES OF LOVE

Earl Moore

the spring garden  
passionate love poem  
softly echoes  
my longing for you  
but now emptiness

butterfly  
the garden bench  
Monarch  
floating softly to my arm  
echoing your soft touch

southern grass  
soft morning fog  
lightly moves  
as your fresh body  
at the movie last night

white dove  
lands a few feet away  
picnic basket  
the echoed love of the past  
and marriage vows to last

AGONY  
P K Padhy

stormy night  
deep darkness tears through  
whiteness of woman  
silencing every one else and  
letting moon to set in shame

I scream  
in the vacuum of loneliness  
and talk to myself  
reading the pages of remembrance  
with a request wind to reply my voice

final breath –  
he kisses the warmth of death  
closing all senses  
the greatest experience he inks  
in different shadow of darkness

in my loneliness  
with patches of shadow  
I try to live  
bridging distance of remoteness  
with the ripples of remembrance

different silence  
amidst roaring screams  
life eclipses

into a distant absence where  
God turns into stony silence

she hopes  
sitting on the rocky corner –  
the freshness of waves  
to rinse the shore of love and affection  
drowning the twilight of long separation

### HIS CHANGING YEAR Joanna M. Weston

end of summer  
hoses coiled  
and hung

sudden shower —  
changing  
the kitchen tap

smooth water  
over small stones  
daily chores

sunrise —  
a tree breaks  
the skyline

church door —  
love-in-the-mist  
gone to seed

the day before my birthday —  
trying to catch  
a snowflake

winter dusk —  
his leaning  
gravestone

calendula —  
the anniversary  
of his death



a monk scatters bread  
for the tourists  
Garry Eaton

crow calls  
through a cold gray sky  
regrets linger  
Ryan Jessup

empty tables  
the waiter opens the door  
for the cat  
Garry Eaton

soft dribble  
quick tongue  
this cat  
studies water  
like all others  
Leslie Ihde

airport ashtray  
torn snapshots  
of a native girl  
Garry Eaton

call me flash  
my brother said  
zooming past me at 5  
on the phone he tells me  
that his wife left him  
Leslie Ihde

in my palm  
the fortune teller

traces lines  
one slides off my destiny  
away from yours  
Alegria Imperial

as a child  
afraid in the dark  
I finally decided  
to be the monster  
and scare you  
Leslie Ihde

as the moon  
transforms in sunlight  
we shift roles  
you into a clown, i  
a hummingbird  
Alegria Imperial

painting the glow  
in the green of forest:  
unseen fingers  
RK Singh

not so different  
from our ancestors  
we collect stones  
and pieces of wood  
to make art  
Leslie Ihde

my sister  
adopted the doll  
I neglected  
    will we argue when it's time  
    to take care of mom?  
Leslie Ihde

recoiling from

the dog's seizure  
I watch my father's  
comforting touch  
despite her foamy mouth  
Leslie Ihde

red from sun  
red from blushes  
my skin reveals too much  
Leslie Ihde

first frost  
our breaths blow away  
each other  
Alegria Imperial

now that  
Amanda Knox is free  
I want to be let  
into prison  
freedom is so hard  
Leslie Ihde

at the sound of sleet  
chrysanthemums  
hang their heads  
Ryan Jessup

autumn chores –  
moving caterpillars  
from the bike path  
ayaz daryl nielsen

winter roses –  
the longing begins

at moonrise  
Alegria Imperial

winter sky  
on my window  
a robin  
Rachel Sutcliffe

winter evening  
waking in the distance  
moon through the trees  
Ryan Jessup

icy night  
the squeal of tyres  
broken glass  
Rachel Sutcliffe

new piano  
the deaf boy puts his ear  
to the keyboard  
Magdalena Banasziewicz

first snow—  
only the grandma  
dozes off again  
Magdalena Banasziewicz

time of waiting—  
in the Christmas Eve compote  
swelled fruits  
Magdalena Banasziewicz

shared walk—  
just your footprints  
in the deep snow

Magdalena Banaszekiewicz

somehow ironic  
these settlers who worked so hard  
to clear the land  
now rest in a graveyard  
in remote wilderness  
Jeanne Jorgensen

With blurred vision  
I keep repeating prayers  
that pawns my being  
in the chess of life without  
knowing when he intervenes  
RK Singh

quiet spring night  
she gently rubs his feet  
with her feet  
Ryan Jessup

tangle together  
flames of a double lamp  
on the terrace  
RK Singh

For Sale sign—  
the mail box is slanted  
under the blooming plum  
Clotilde Wright

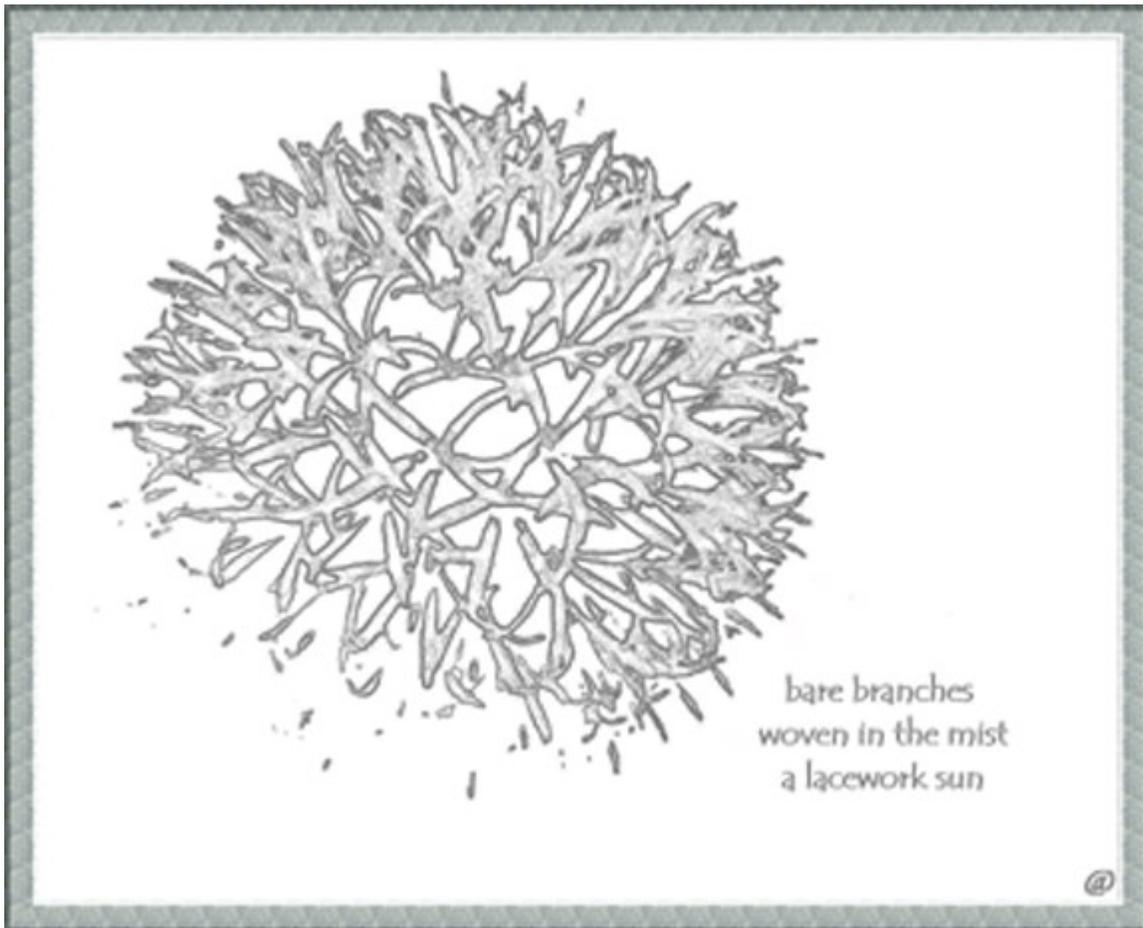
Post tsunami  
amidst the rubble—  
a stone Buddha's smile  
Clotilde Wright

Even the giggling  
school girls pause—  
Nagasaki bomb museum

Clotilde Wright

It must be a gift  
from the Pure Land—  
a thistle's purple bloom  
Clotilde Wright

Drop after drop  
of summer rain  
so glad I forgot my umbrella.  
Clotilde Wright

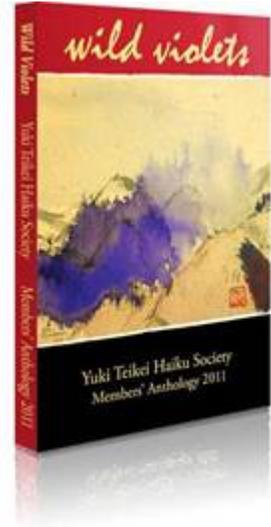


Haiga Alan Taylor

## BOOK REVIEWS

Wild Violets, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Members' Anthology 2011 Edited by Jerry Ball and J. Zimmerman ISBN 978-0-9745404-9-8. YTHS: [www.youngleaves.org](http://www.youngleaves.org)

Review by Alan Summers



## VIOLETS

The anthology showcases seasonally focused haiku from its members; a summary of winners from the Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest (2010); haibun; and essays. Ann Bendixen's fine interior art as folding inserts open out into larger pages that work as fine art subject dividers: a great idea, and very practical. An idea of her dramatic and effective touch of colour is shown with the full colour book covers.

I would like to state that this is a most beautifully put together book by a great team, and my only regret, and worry, is that the book may have already sold out but I see on their homepage that a second printing has been authorized. Do check the Society's home page on a regular basis, and even ask if you can get advance orders, it will sell out!

So many haiku to choose from, but here are a handful:

witching hour  
a cloud slips away  
from the moon

Christopher Herold

his oxygen tube  
stretches the length of the house

winter seclusion

Deborah P. Kolodji

spider silk  
it too has come to ruin  
under the cherry tree

Michael McClintock

By way of a review I will be addressing one essay in particular as it covers a contentious subject, possibly even deemed controversial in some quarters.

This Editors' Greeting that introduces the anthology includes this paragraph:

The first three essays concern our core tools. Patricia J. Machmiller discusses the considerable value of the kigo. In 2010, she led several one-day seasonal workshops to study the use of the kigo in haiku. Her essay "Kigo: A Poetic Device in English Too" opens the essay section because the kigo is the bedrock of our study. Anne Homan, lead-editor of the San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki (first published in 2010) shows us the importance of a saijiki (a kigo dictionary) and YTHS's process of constructing one. Deborah Kolodji addresses the ginko (the practice of writing haiku while walking).

The anthology's title is from a haiku by Patricia J. Machmiller:

the little child  
wanting only to be held—  
wild violets

For anyone not familiar with Patricia J. Machmiller:

<http://www.americanhaikuarchives.org/boardmembers/PatriciaJMachmiller.html>

Machmiller approaches the subject in an intelligent open manner, giving a clean clear introduction about kigo for those new or even familiar with haiku.

She explains that kigo (plural and singular spelling) are devices used in haiku and renga and are symbolic of a season, and hold the power of allusion to literary, religious, and historical references. This simple statement holds a key, if not the key, to the ongoing debate whether non-Japanese writers can be allowed to use the kigo device.

Kigo have had two histories, one of a poetical device that resonated deeply with writers before, during, and shortly after Matsuo Bashō, on a level that may have included a genuinely deeply felt emotional set of triggers and insights for both writers and selected readers. But which readers, of what socio-economic or cultural background? Was kigo limited to aristocratic circles and later also to the emerging and dominant merchant classes of the new middle classes?

Bashō made renga and its starting verse of hokku (later to morph into haiku) more accessible, to a wider audience. But were the ordinary working class members able to be allowed access to enjoyment of haikai literature (namely renga, and standalone hokku, later haiku) and its devices including kigo?

My preamble is to wonder whether the kigo was purely an academically created and driven poetic (literary) device privy to just an elite, perhaps articulated in an exclusive manner from working class people's awareness of the natural world around them via their agrarian ties. We know that the post-agrarian society entering the industrial age had access to writing implements, and paper and card, and may have utilised seasonal words and phrases in their greeting cards and letters, as well as poetry, but were these the same as kigo, or early naïve attempts?

The second history is of the increase of centralising kigo despite Japan's different climates from the South to the North of its islands. Bureaucracy decreed that kigo became regimented, and pre-eminence given to those that related to the environs of the old capital of Kyoto, and the newly emerging capital of Edo aka current day Tokyo.

Is kigo really the Japanese people's collective consciousness, and so all non-Japanese people must be excluded? Or the secured preserve of a few?

We know that hokku and haiku began to be readily available under two American actions, the mid 19th Century arrival of US black ships brokering an end to isolation for Japan and opening up of world trade; and the 1945-1952 Occupation of Japan after WWII. Japanese artists welcomed these actions and embraced Western art, which influenced haiku poetry, and of course the West were introduced to Japanese art including poetry.

Why the resistance regarding haiku's most potent tool, namely kigo, when haiku already started to absorb some Western techniques under Shiki? Would we, should we, insist that Japanese writers desist from writing Italian (or English) sonnets if they so desired? Of course not, and at least sonnets in English have been done.

I wonder if the mystification of the Japanese people by Westerners is bordering on not only mistaken beliefs, as if the Japanese people were separate from all other cultures and races, but encompasses patronising characteristics which are disingenuous, and precariously close to an odd form of inverted racism.

The West is a larger group of poets than ever before, and joined by those in other nations, who look to Japan's haiku as one kind of inspiration or another. The one great strength of Japanese haikai tradition is to share, and the non-Japanese nations also share by reading each other's work unless there is censorship imposed on them.

And certainly poets since Milton have strived to read widely, and absorb widely the many methods of other poets, of anything that could inform their work. I am often reminded of Bill Manhire's poem On Originality: <http://www.nzepc.auckland.ac.nz/authors/manhire/originality.asp>

These last two verses sum up my own approach to poetry, where I long ago left my early misinformed isolationist stance, and fear of contamination, so common amongst many poets first starting out; where we avoid the influence by others, of whatever nation or race.

It is a difficult world.

Each word is another bruise.

This is my nest of weapons.  
This is my lyrical foliage.

We know poets concern themselves with form (or genre) with its shapes and techniques, and yet out of all forms and genres of poetry worldwide it seems there is almost an embargo on haiku with its most telling technique, that of the kigo. Where it is common practice in poetry to utilise and adapt new and old techniques from other lands, it is almost seen as verboten, and actually anti-Japanese to use kigo, and label it as such. I feel that both Bashō and Shiki would have been perplexed at this block in a poet's attitude, and a potentially dangerous chink in their arsenal.

Merely calling something a season word or a seasonal reference, if a non-Japanese writer attempts haiku, could be misleading and unfairly limiting both to writers and readers of haiku outside Japan, especially if the word(s) go beyond just the spelling out of a season.

I agree with Machmiller when she says: "...I do not believe that the Japanese have a lock on kigo..."

Unlike Machmiller I feel it's time to make saijiki (the kigo dictionary) a regular actuality in countries where there occurs a large number of haiku and renga writers. This process needs to be fluid and inclusive: not an exclusive club for elite literati to dictate to lesser mortals. As well as potential new strains of inverted racism, I worry that an ongoing inverted snobbery has gone on for too long both in Japan, and in the West. Or is it misguided rose-tinted spectacles placed on a fainting goat?

Machmiller states how certain words and phrases in Western culture already operate as kigo. I don't intend to quote or reveal any more of Machmiller's essay, as I want the anthology (in its entirety) to be part of many a haiku poet's reference library.

On a final note, it seems that the terms kigo and its partner term kidai are Post-Isolation Japan:

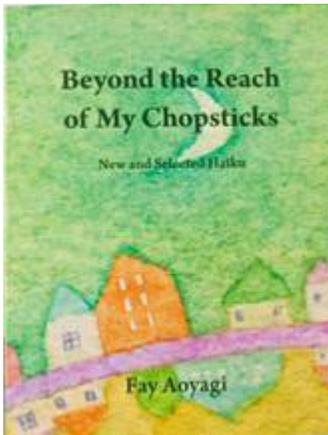
"After haiku became a fully independent genre, the term "kigo" was coined by Otsuzi Ōsuga (1881-1920) in 1908. "Kigo" is thus a new term for the new genre approach of "haiku." So, when we are looking historically at hokku or haikai stemming from the renga tradition, it seems best to use the term "kidai." Although the term "kidai" is itself new—coined by Hekigotō Kawahigashi in 1907!

Itō, Yūki. The Heart in Season: Sampling the Gendai Haiku Non-season Muki Saijiki, preface in *Simply Haiku* vol 4 no 3, 2006.

This was originally reviewed in: *Notes from the Gean* Vol. 3, Issue 3 December 2011

Beyond the Reach of My Chopsticks, New and Selected Haiku by Fay Aoyagi. Blue Willow Press  
<http://fayaoyagi.wordpress.com/>

Review by Alan Summers



(photo by Garry Gay)

Fay Aoyagi's haiku collections are a must for anyone serious about haiku, in my opinion. Fortunately for anyone who has missed out on her earlier work we have the extra bonus that her latest collection also includes a Selected Haiku section showcasing work from both of her previous collections.

Aoyagi's first haiku collection was a landmark book when it looked worryingly possible that haiku may finally, at least in English, become dried up like one of those tumbleweeds [ <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tumbleweed> ] you often saw in Westerns to show a town had died, become a ghost town. That's what seemed to be the final logical outcome until books of the refreshing quality as in *Chrysanthemum Love* appeared.

There may appear to be a lot of jockeying at present about who will be remembered as a haiku writer, outside of Japan, on a world stage level. I would suggest, whether you are new, or a seasoned reader, to haiku, to search carefully which books you add to your haiku library. If you are a writer of haiku as well, only quality reading will inform your own writing.

There are few haiku writers who can harness, seamlessly, the old and the new, or can break out of a perceived mould of what a haiku should be, and what a haiku writer should be. All I can say is look out for them, and keep their books close to your side, and be particular about which haiku books build and increase your library.

I have my own list of authors who I see as the real thing, and some writers know that I include them, and I am always on the lookout for new exciting writers. I have high expectations after the stop start developments of the 1990s. Although the 21st Century is still new, barely over its first decade, we need more writers of Aoyagi's qualities to cement haiku in the West as a true tradition, and not as a strange experiment. Aoyagi is the real thing, and I urge you to beg, borrow, or steal her earlier collections, and if you are quick, you can even purchase her latest collection.

Just a few of her haiku, but you'll find yourself both reading from cover to cover, and dipping in and out. The book is a pleasure to hold and look at, and is a suitably convenient size and shape to find permanent residence in a coat pocket.

low winter moon  
just beyond the reach

of my chopsticks

who will write  
my obituary?  
winter persimmon

plum blossoms  
a specimen of my dream  
sent to the lab

simmering tofu–  
father asks where I intend  
to be buried

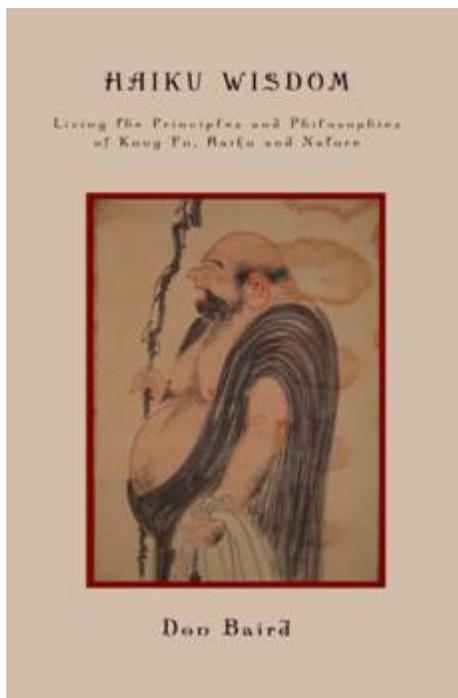
slow ceiling fan  
a town hall meeting  
of the pet shop goldfish

pastel-colored day  
a password  
for the budding willow

A slighter longer version was originally reviewed in:  
Notes from the Gean Vol. 3, Issue 3 December 2011

Haiku Wisdom. Living the Principles and Philosophies of Kung Fu, Haiku and Nature, by Don Baird.  
Modern English Tanka Press Baltimore, Maryland, 2011. ISBN 978-1-935398-25-7

A Review by Colin Stewart Jones



I did wonder how to approach this book—whether to read it as a self-help book with haiku attached or a book of haiku containing motivational teaching—the simple fact is Haiku Wisdom is both and I need not have worried—the key to its reading is to sit a while and listen to tried and tested advice, as a diligent student would.

Baird is a master martial artist and an award winning haiku poet and he is, no doubt, a teacher of great merit too. Baird does not preach nor does he ask anything of his students that he has not or would not do himself, rather, he adopts the warm conversational tone of a favourite uncle. He often reminds us of the importance of play and the playground; where much of our learning is gained and to above all keep that lightness of touch – karumi – in all that we do.

This is a playful book which has some seriously good advice, for anyone who would receive it, and as one would expect from a true master of Kung Fu, Baird, advocates order and discipline over fighting. Though I have never seen Baird in full fighting mode I'd bet, that if his teachings and haiku are anything to go by, he kicks ass—but I also know he'd rather talk you round first.

Baird's haiku often pose a kind of question which his prose answers.

indoor cat  
... outdoor cat

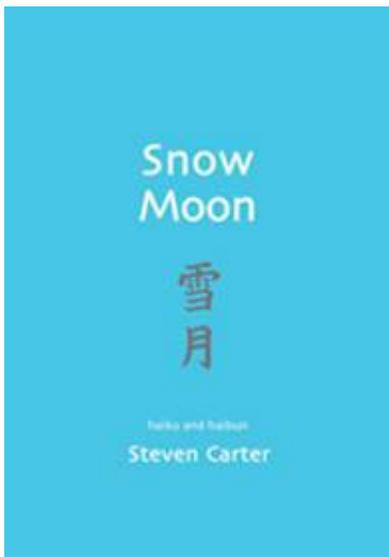
nose to nose

I will not supply you with the resolution—I have purposely kept quoting from Haiku Wisdom to a minimum because it is just one of those books that you have to read to get. This is a truly unique haiku book and there is part of me that eagerly awaits the follow up but then the student in me knows that there can be no more until I have learned what has already been put to me. Haiku Wisdom may take around ninety minutes to read but there is a lifetime of teaching, contained within, to put into practice.

A thoroughly recommended read!

Snow Moon: haiku and haibun by Steven Carter. Alba Publishing, Uxbridge, UK, 2011. ISBN 978-0-9551254-4-7

Review by Colin Stewart Jones



‘I’m in no way, shape, or form religious; and yet, and yet....’  
Steven Carter: from the haibun, Sawtooth Ridge.

Steven Carter is a retired emeritus professor of English and his writings have won several awards for literature. Snow Moon is his first collection of haiku and haibun and seems chiefly concerned with the writer’s search to gain some sort of understanding of his place in life. As literature students we are taught not to confuse the speaker of a poem with the author, while we can perhaps do this with his haiku, Carter’s haibun style draws heavily on his own experiences and there is no separating the man from the poetry.

bathing in its own light  
the moon  
....those who are gone

snow moon—  
rummaging the attic  
all my fathers

As the above haiku might suggest, Carter delves frequently into his family history in Snow Moon: A

history which is both violent and tragic. In the haibun, *Descent*, he tells of his paternal grandfather's father who killed five men in a family feud and was subsequently murdered. In, *In a Day Threatening Rain*, we learn Carter witnessed his mother's death; a scene which Carter seems to revisit often in his dreams as we find in the haibun, *The House*. Given the above, it is understandable that Carter is searching for some meaning to it all:

taking early retirement—  
    winter moon  
        no longer part of something

There are, however, moments of wry humour, even if they are tinged with a certain sadness:

    yellows  
        of sunrise  
            the world's oldest man dead

While the current holder of the title may have died he will always have a successor to take place, and on it goes. So paradoxically the world's oldest man never dies as we are, in effect, never without one.

There are poems about lymphoma and the resultant chemotherapy in *Snow Moon*—one wishes the author well—but the overall sense is one of numbness or rather a reluctant acceptance that the world keeps on turning:

May's new moon—  
    grandfather's  
        grandfather clock stopped

Though I enjoyed his haiku, I believe Carter is more effective in his haibun: his prose style is tight and he has the knack of being sometimes informative yet still about to tap into our imagination with his choice of language. In the haibun, 1991, Carter describes Auschwitz in such graphic terms that we cannot help to be moved. Carter adopts many techniques in this final piece from *Snow Moon*— there is metaphor, matter-of-fact, and the downright mundane. Yet he ends with the cliché of a violin playing:

in the wind  
    sound  
        of a violin

There is, of course, the association to the expression where “Do you hear violins playing!” means that the person does not really give a damn. And this is perhaps the point of *Snow Moon*: we live, we die, and in between we suffer with no one to really empathise with us and our pain. Have you ever really told the truth to someone who has asked, how are you, and watched them baulk when they did not get the positive report that they are accustomed to?

cicadas—  
the elderly man's words  
    if you cry, cry alone

Recommended!

Taking Tanka Home by Jane Reichhold,. AHA Books 2011, second edition. Introduction and translation by Aya Yuhki. Perfect bound, 7.5 x 7.5 inches, 100 pages, Cover artwork by Werner Reichhold. Bilingual with kanji and romaji of each poem. \$15 ppd. Order from AHA Books, Jane@AHApotry.com

Review by Gene Doty



## Recommended

Asian poetry, especially from Japan and China, have influenced American and Western poetry in many ways. Translations and advocacy by Arthur Waley and Ezra Pound were significant factors in this influence. Use of Asian forms by poets writing in English has expanded greatly in the last half-century. Japanese poets and organizations now accept tanka (and haiku) in English as legitimate uses of these forms.

Jane Reichhold's new book, *Taking Tanka Home*, exemplifies the adaptation of Asian forms to American poetry and the positive reception of work by Western poets in Japan. Jane Reichhold has several decades of accomplishment as a poet and editor. Her role in bringing tanka into English is described briefly in Aya Yuhki's Introduction to *Taking Tanka Home* and further in Jane's "Author's Notes" at the end. Recognition of Jane's role is shown by her being invited (along with husband, Werner) in 1998 to attend the First Poetry Party of the Year at the Imperial Palace in Tokyo.

This collection comes from Jane's participation in the International PEN conference in Tokyo in 2010. As a result of that conference, Aya Yuhki read Jane's tanka and decided to provide Japanese translations

for this second edition of *Taking Tanka Home*. Everything in this edition is bilingual, a feature which should make it especially valuable to students of language and culture.

The tanka is a traditional Japanese form based on counting syllables. A traditional tanka has five lines of five, seven, five, and five syllables respectively. English writers of tanka have dropped the strict syllable count but usually stay with the five-line form. Like haiku, tanka are not titled, nor do they rhyme. There is now a Tanka Society of America that publishes a quarterly journal. The Reichholds' AHA Books sponsors a number of tanka-related items. You may purchase *Taking Tanka Home* there.

Jane's accomplishments as a tanka poet are demonstrated in many of these poems. As with any collection, the reader finds some poems that immediately strike home and others that are more distant. Returning to the collection, the reader will find other poems that strike home. Here are some comments on a few of the poems that struck me immediately.

### Dynamism

What kind of movement can a poem in five lines and less than 31 syllables have? How does it keep from being a static image? Well, what if the image itself moves? And surprises the reader in moving? For example,

roots  
of the fallen pine  
move again  
a deer comes into view  
with a fine rack of antlers

The roots of the pine move twice: first, when the tree falls, second, when the deer moves into view, its antlers at first appearing to be the roots moving again. This fine tanka exemplifies how Jane's images can move and express/create surprise.

### Leaps

One theme in the *Chuang Tzu*, a major Taoist book, is the importance of changing perspective, awareness that one's perspective is always relative. There are several examples of leaps in perspective in this collection. The poem above is an example on a small scale.

granite basin  
only inches deep  
with snowmelt  
yet the depths of heaven  
bring every star to it

This tanka, of course, also has the leap in perception as the deer/pine tanka. The leap in the next one has a fairy tale resonance:

in high mountains  
suddenly the round moon  
full of concern  
leaves her place in the sky  
to check on the lone traveler

The reticence of tanka saves this poem from sentimentality. The care of the moon for the traveler seems very natural.

Sometimes the leap is internal, proprioceptive:

in a fog  
with no east or west  
my confusion  
seems as if I am wearing  
the day wrong side out

Personally, I've worn more days "wrong side out" than I can count.

#### Metaphysical Tanka

The last poetry in the book is a series of five tanka, "Unrecognized Friends." Aya Yuhki calls them "metaphysical." They are abstract and epigrammatic; appropriately to the label "metaphysical," the diction and imagery of these tanka is abstract, asking the reader to compile meaning from them. Fortunately, these tanka do not state their meanings as overtly as this description may suggest. These poems are my least favorite in the book, but that's a matter of taste. Here is the one that speaks to me most strongly:

grief  
the tunnel of love  
lengthened  
by our moments together  
swift passing days

Haiku 21: an anthology of contemporary English-language haiku  
edited by Lee Gurga & Scott Metz, with an introduction by the editors.

Perfectbound, 205 pages: over 600 haiku by more than 200 poets, Modern Haiku Press, 2011 (Lincoln, IL) ISBN: 978-0-974189-45-1. \$20 + \$3 (shipping) in U.S.; \$20 + \$6 (shipping) in Canada; \$20 + \$12 (shipping) all other countries

URL: <http://www.modernhaiku.org/mhbooks/Haiku21.html> Order site: <https://www.createspace.com/3737478>

In forms ranging from monostich to multilayer to interlinear spaces, *Haiku 21* reveals a shift in haiku writing in English today. Along with typically haikuesque sensibilities come fleeting remarks, cosmic wonders, whimsies, dissonances, gritty and elegant meldings with nature, veritable koans. An eye-opening collection. —Hiroaki Sato

This is the most important anthology of English-language haiku to be published in decades. If you are curious to discover how this briefest form of literature has evolved in the 21st century into a novel and potent contemporary poetics, open this book! —Richard Gilbert



Just a moment please

This seems the editors' message spread with the Introduction of *Haiku 21*: "Come to our name-throwing, name-erasing ceremony, stay schooled and censored and follow our rules. Heaven save us from not yet occupied territories.

Do not mention disjunctive methods and Jacque Derrida's seventy years old deconstructive attempts without us, the scholars of this book, who want to appear as the inventors of those and other terms.

Don't jump out of the single-verse-theory into sequences; refuse mentioning more than one-hundred years old multi-genre poetry, let alone Symbiotic Arts of the western hemisphere. Do not nibble on the scented oils of long verse-text-collaborations- they may ruin kids playing in sand castles. Bury older guide books on the subject of "how-to."

It's the late-comers' fate running contra miles of stored Arabian/Western old and contemporary poetry-right, at the world's uncountable libraries. Out of those sources it was where the Japanese in the 20th century learned and than changed their haiku-concepts- late, yes, but let's not ignore it- some did it painfully consequent.

Does one have to worry about Shirane's mind-set? Did he fantasize himself into absurd conclusions on who did what and when concerning Symbolismus and Surrealismus throughout the European literary world?

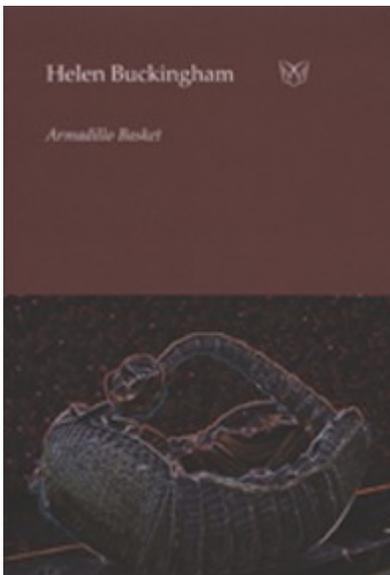
Keep an eye on the many discrepancies and twists in Haiku 21, it's probably part of a method. The editors very likely realized that it does not work in the long run but they didn't know any better right now.

You should look at the net: There is a long never leached LYNX greeting the many privileged writers glad not to be published under "ku".

How about becoming your own fata-morgana and take off for a swim in your waters' verbal abilities organizing themselves?

Werner Reichhold

Armadillo Basket by Helen Buckingham. Waterloo Press, 95 Wick Hall, Furze Hill, Hove, East Sussex, BN3 1NG. Trade Paperback, full-color cover, 6 x 9 inches, 70 pages, £10. Contact: [waterloopress@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:waterloopress@hotmail.co.uk)  
Review by Jane Reichhold



As you can see, this professionally made cover with an intriguing illustration should tempt any buyer of poetry books. It is faithfully within the current fashions for books of serious poetry and yet I am mystified, however, by seeing the author's name so large and at the top and then Armadillo Basket, the title, so much smaller in thin italics below.

This title, which in haiku repertory is very unusual, certainly piqued my curiosity so I sped over the early yellow pages looking for its source. It was in the haiku:

Dad's shed  
sorting through the drill bits  
in the armadillo basket

I can see how a basket could be made from the shell of an armadillo but cannot remember actually seeing one. (Note: I have now spent 1 ½ hours googling and surfing and now know more than I wish to about ‘dillos – more time than given to reading the book.) That’s okay. I am all for new images in haiku and for any idea enlarging my horizons. Helen Buckingham’s poems set me to thinking about old haiku writers and yet, here is Helen – still so young. We who have stacks of moldering haiku notebooks are on the look-out for new subject matter and yet here is some too young and too new to haiku who has leaped over the miles of ink we spent in writing ourselves beyond our desire to imitate the Japanese to start where we have worked so hard to get. Kudos to Helen!

Helen Buckingham already has six books in her credits – the first in 2004 – so she has earned her ink-stained fingers via a keyboard. She is obviously kool enough to escape the safe shores of free verse to dip her toe into the Sea of Japan. Heck, she has already been shocked by manga; what is missing in her education?

Does this woman, who is lovely in her author’s photo, know what a pivot is? Any haiku techniques beyond Skiki’s shasei? Where is depth and hidden meanings? Am I too old to connect to the happening world of the young in England?

Season’s Greetings

soused streets   grief and chips  
black ice    gritted lips

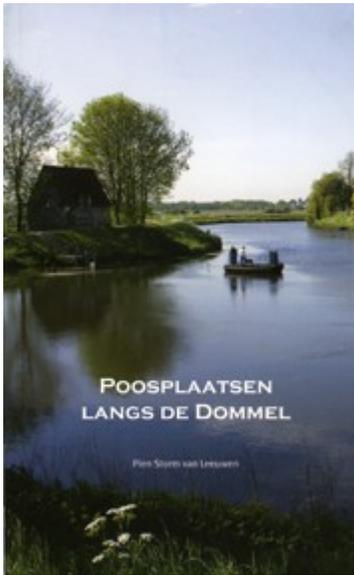
The Old Fox. . .

the umpteenth bitter  
kiss

I do hope you will buy a copy of this book and read it to see if I am totally wrong about her. I hope you can encourage her to become the English Machi Tawara. Write to tell me where to spread my ashes. While taking my own advice above, I did re-read Armadillo Basket once more and found this haiku I could, would, should and did admire.

evening  
the deckchair  
a warm lap

See? It is so simple. Why can’t you do it like that?



Among the books still laying on my desk, still waiting for a book review, there is this one.

Yes, it is written in Dutch and I can only understand about one in five Dutch words but that is not important. What is important is what one community in Holland is doing for its local poets. I have mentioned the program by Pien Storm von Leeuwen, thanks to the materials and the translations by Silva Ley aka J. van Aeist-Versteden. Pien Storm von Leeuwen, a poet and artist initiated an art project in which local poets would have their poems carved in stones which would be placed in resting spots along the local river – the Dommel. Not content with that, he went on to organize the photographer, Jan Willem Sturm van Leeuwen. to create a set cards about the poems and where they are placed. Not content with that action, he now has published this book, Poosplaatsen Langs De Dommel. Yes, the book is small, but the pictures are marvelous. If you have ever been to Holland, this book will, within a page or two, transport you back there. If you have never had this experience, then the romantic, rustic photos of this book will make you want to see these places for yourself. The poem from Silva Ley is:

Trees and towers everywhere  
as writing pegs in the landscape  
in wood, in the sky  
clouds and words  
pass by in a rush.

That does need to be held fast by a big fat rock along the river! Wake up world and plant the poems in lovely places.

## ARTICLE

Personal Reading Notes from Janick Belleau

The Blue Planet, Multilingual Haiku Anthology edited by Toshio Kimura. Hokumeisha, Tokyo, 2011. 72 pages. ISBN: 978 489448-669-0. ¥ 1600 /\$15/15 €. To order: toshio DOT kmr AT gmail DOT com

In The Blue Planet the title suggests a double feeling: on the one hand, the splendour of our blue and green planet; on the other hand, Mother Earth's suffering buffeted by humanity – the planet is blue and so are haiku poets concerned about or interested in environment and ecology.

Two languages dominate the collection with equal share: Japanese (on the left page) and English and the poets' original language (on the right page) if it is other than English – there are thus eleven languages gracing this collection.

The anthology is divided into two parts.

The first one « Memories in Blue » contains haiku written to commemorate the tsunami and the earthquake which devastated eastern Japan on March 11, 2011. Twenty-six poets convey their sadness in three lines:

pursued by radioactivity  
wandering mother and child  
meet a kitten  
Tōta Kaneko (Japan)

Magnolias  
in Germany – the earthquake  
in Fukushima  
Stefan Wolfschuetz (Germany)

late blossoms...  
the aftershock  
shakes them down  
Michael Dylan Welch (U.S.A.)

The second part bears the title of the collection: it is comprised of 24 poets (five poems per poet): two thirds come from Japan or have elected it as their residence; six live in Europe and two in America, namely the US and Canada.

In a postscript, Chief Editor Toshio Kimura, explains how this collection came about: « Japanese haiku poets (...)I wanted to share modern haiku with the world and started an international haiku workshop. »

He « asked haiku poets outside Japan for their haiku, and then translated them into Japanese. »  
According to Mr Kimura, the purpose of his anthology is two-fold: first, it « tries to demonstrate modern Japanese haiku to the world » – honour to who honour is due:

till captured and  
transformed into tears  
– a beast  
Toshio Kimura (Japan)

Revolution –  
every butterfly falls down  
occasionally  
Hiroko Takahashi (Japan)

Second, the work « aims at cross-cultural understanding, in line with the prosperity of haiku around the world. »

the flea and the horse  
sitting in the same meadow –  
late summer  
Marius Chelaru (Romania)

the snow melts  
a fossil of a jellyfish  
unearthed  
Dhugal J. Lindsay (Australia/Japan)

sweet, sweet legs  
all the way up to  
a shark face  
Andreas Preiss (Germany)

goat-bell  
a star  
goes out  
Philip Rowland (U.K./Japan)

Toshio Kimura is one of the directors of the Haiku International Association and a judge for the annual contest of the HIA. He is a member of Japan PEN Club, of World Haiku Association and an active presence in the Modern Haiku Association. One remembers that this Association edited the bilingual (Japanese/English) anthology *The Haiku Universe for the 21st Century* in 2008; Mr Kimura wrote the

illuminating first part entitled « Brief History of Modern Japanese Haiku ». The Blue Planet is presented in a much smaller format and shows the author's vision regarding modern haiku.

The form

The shortest poem of the world still likes to stand, in English, on three lines in 87 % cases. When it begs to differ, it stands on one horizontal line or on two:

under your wing the face of the glacier  
Lee Gurga (U.S.A.)

Cherry trees in leaf  
now at a quick pace  
Zhen Hua Dong (China/Japan)

The nearly quatracentennial rule of fixed 17 morae (5-7-5) has changed a lot since half of a century. How long or how short should be the haiku? Should one count 17 sounds or syllables? Or 17 words in some cases? Let us agree that a contemporary haiku should not insist on a fixed number of syllables. One word of caution: the short poem should remain brief enough to be read in one easy breath. Many Western languages require too many syllables to form one word or a proper phrase – come to think of it, some haiku look like a sentence folded on three lines instead of three distinct phrases. Also, does a modern haiku need a capital letter at the beginning of each line?

The lily of the valley blossom  
Has covered woods  
In white bride's dress  
Ivan Bondarenko (Ukraine)

The discrepancies between countries insofar as form is concerned, are numerous. There might be a reason for that: five out of six of the selected poets have a mother tongue other than English. The Japanese poets belonging to the international haiku group mentioned by Mr Kimura must be happy: haiku has crossed its territorial waters and came to nest in the heart of the international community... would it be about to define the Western version of haiku? Should it be known henceforth as a « tercet », a short poem or a micro-poem? Will the Japanese short poem still be called « haiku » if its rules are turned upside down?

The season word

Let us be humble by stating that a good number of Western haiku poets, including myself, do not grasp the deep meaning of the Japanese kigo. I shall use other words to convey the idea of « kigo », remembering a lecture given by Ms Madoka Mayuzumi at the 4th Festival international du haïku francophone (Lyon, October 2010). Part of her lecture was previously given in August 2010 at the

University of Bucharest, Romania at the 15th Symposium on Japanese Language Education in Europe. She explained that there are « over 400 ways to express (the season word « rain » ...) with the different kinds of rain falling in the four seasons reflecting the emotions of the Japanese. »

My guess is that no Western country can compete with a civilisation that has a thorough appreciation or understanding of Nature's moods which brings refined aesthetics to haiku writing and creates an emotional impact upon reading such haiku.

In *The Blue Planet*, the season word is favoured among the poets representing eleven countries – more than 90 % of the Japanese (natives and residents) and North American haiku show a natural reference or a keyword:

I walk the mountain  
in cherry blossoms  
pretending to have forgotten  
Michiko Iwabuchi (Japan)

After washing up  
putting a warm plate back  
in the cold cupboard  
David Burleigh (U.K./Japan)

European poets appear more liberal with 70 % of their poems showing a season word; some use more than one seasonal reference.

The snow melted away.  
Rain in the mist washing  
the snowdrops  
Marijan Čekolj (Croatia)

The cut marker & the juxtaposition

Both elements of haiku often seem neglected if not misunderstood. So many countries, so many view points.

Since Western languages do not have cutting words (*ya, kana, keri, nari*) as in Japanese, the poets sometimes use a punctuation mark such as the popular em dash, the ellipsis or the colon to suggest a pause or a change of register.

accumulated snow  
for bears dreaming

– futons  
Yi Yang (China/Japan)

I wonder the sea –  
sea is in my eyes too  
one drop of salt tear  
Judit Vihar (Hungary)

For me, haiku shows its originality or its depth by the way two ideas or images are juxtaposed. I prefer to read poets who think outside the box, who propose a fleeting thought/feeling/impression. I cherish poets who venture into an unusual association between two concepts seemingly incompatible at first sight, and those who reveal a piece of their heart:

Dead leaves whirling  
winds whispering  
to Mozart  
Yoshiko Fukushima (Japan)

So cold...  
if we were fish,  
my love  
Mikkii Nakayama (Japan)

My soul and breast  
in my arms  
this autumn  
Kiyoko Uda (Japan)

On a last note

One might wonder why I do not mention the name of the sole Canadian poet present in this collection? Modesty is the only answer. However, here is one haiku... for the record:

snow –  
buried under the flowers  
his ashes  
Janick Belleau (Canada)

## LETTERS TO LYNX

. . . Thank you so much, for taking the time to respond, and for accepting my haiku for the Feb. issue of Lynx! Coming to haiku has been a moment of truth in my writing life. I was an English major in college, with a focus on creative writing and all the necessary things that comes with that. And after I graduated, I then began delving into free-verse poetry in my early twenties and have had some minor success in publishing this form, but something happened in my process about a year ago, on my 30th birthday. I had become completely exhausted of too many words and abstraction! I was wordless for close to a year in my writing, and eventually, I found myself in my kitchen, washing dishes on a warm winter night, while noticing a moth on the kitchen window. And at that moment, something changed in me. I felt there was a way through words without words. And, I guess this was my initial "haiku moment." And, thinking back, after all that I have read and absorbed, your haiku translations of Basho have remained with me the most. So beautiful and so memorable! I cannot thank you enough for your words, along with your acceptance of my haiku. This means the world to me! My beautiful wife, Maria, and I are expecting our first child, Harrison, at the end of February, and I cannot fathom the moments and inspiration that this will bring for us! I wish you and Werner many blessings for 2012! Thank you again! All the best, Ryan Jessup

. . . Last issue of Lynx was ONE OF THE BEST ISSUES EVER!!! Let us begin at the beginning ---- EARLY SPRING: liked the way it was presented on the page. The heat and sun colors of BURNING SKY. DANCING PARTNERS --- ".....the grass was talking to me," CHILDHOOD CINEMA --- "flooding / the fallen cherry petals / swirl away"

Liked? Yes! and No! SALAMANDERS ALONG THE STREAM IN YOUR JAPANESE GARDEN The repeat and repeat and repeat of "in your Japanese garden" caused this reader to stumble. The same with Gene Doty's THE WORLD'S SCRIPTURES. I "know" the first has to end with "garden," and the second with "scriptures." But repeating a phrase, well, caused this reader to stumble; as Ruth Holzer's READING THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DESTRUCTION did not. She varied the way the ending "body" was presented. Are you clear on all that.....?

And the animated movie haibun most definitely worked!

But, alas, with the exception of "sowing for harvest" I found Colin Stewart Jones a trail to read. And your TONGUE-TIED, well, a bit scary! The last half year have been dreaming of walking on a beach at night beside a calm sea under a full moon. The only other person in the dream is the Mac Taylor character from TV's CSI NEW YORK!! Very odd.

To mention a great line / image .... "close enough to share / one shadow" by some guy named Werner. Know him? TAPS Conveys horror with simple blandness.

And, to close, both of Emily Romano's Haigo were great.

So, Jane, a bit of feedback. The above not the only efforts I liked, in fact, as said, this was one of the best issues ever. Don Ammons, Denmark.

My wife had laser surgery on her eyes a week ago. She was to the hospital today, and the word was very good. But she still has to take things easy for "a little while longer," no giving wheelchair, semi-bound, American husbands baths, no wrapping his beautiful left leg in an ace bandage. So these days we have "home-helpers" showing up every morning. Every home helper is of the female gender, and, seemly, tall and blond and blue eyed! Every morning I suffer through their help, really, Jane, I am being very stoic and brave!! Don Ammons

. . . We, that is Vasile (Romania), Jann(UK), Hanne & Dick (Denmark, though at opposite ends of the place) submit this renga. A bit B-movie-ish, in topics, but a fair representation of how we each think about things. It may be of interest to describe how we do things, by The 'Revolving Sabaki' method.

The convenor brings people together, in this case 4 of us, makes an Order of Play, and then, after the first 3 or so verses, a Plan for Seasons, Moons, Blossoms and Love sequences. This is highly provisional - players are free to diverge or ignore\*.

Three players offer for the hokku, the fourth chooses a verse. Then he/she offers 1-5 verses (usually 2 or 3) for v 2. The next player chooses and offers for v 3. Then so on until the end, when someone is asked to choose v36.

The one who offers, and the one who chooses can negotiate over a verse, and others may join in, though they seldom do.

The convenor tries to keep things going briskly, and makes sure the renga to date is copied beneath all offers (useful, as it's daunting to have to make offers off two or more e-mails. He very seldom intervenes, if at all.

At the end there's a tidying/mopping up. Everyone is free to polish up any verse, starting with their own. Is the picture clear? Is the tone right? Does the link need tightening or loosening? Are any repetitions of topic or sentence structure careless or meaningful? Are there too many, or not enough 'the's, or 'in's or 'on's etc. It might be thought that experienced writers can do without all this: Brother and Sister, they (or at least I) can't.

There is more discussion & difference in the 'tidy' than anywhere else. However, at least half-a-dozen groups have managed it amicably. It acts as a safety valve. Strong differences over verses can be shelved till the end, by when feelings have cooled.

The title chosen, all the players then agree to send their piece to Lynx.

\* The Bashō kasen are very free in placing of Moon, blossoms, etc. Not even the blossom at v 35 is sacrosanct. The first Moon can come anywhere in the first 6 verses, occasionally not then, and the last one as early as 23 (I believe the last moon signals the beginning of the final 'jo' section).

In, say, an Autumn kasen, Spring verses may appear in much the same place, though one set may be omitted. Winter & Summer verses may appear anywhere, and one of the two love sections may be omitted, or both given a perfunctory one or two verses.

One suspects the placing of these verses was part of the fun. All best wishes. Speed the Plough. –Dick

Pettit

. . . A surprise in my postbox! Congratulations with you new 'Taking Tanka Home', from you and Aya Yuhki. Second edition already, I see! Book itself is very tasteful: cover and lay out by Werner: a family book! Combination will attract many readers all over the world. I started reading. Hope it will push me to try to start writing again. Or better: to find the power to take some distance from the inner circle of grieving, which goes on grinding in mind and is still a painful sort of smoked window to the beautiful outside world. Nearly a year passed away and this week the lawsuit took place, (I wasn't there) with articles about it in the papers. To give a strong example to all who hurry away after they caused a bad accident by car. This happens often nowadays. Unbelievable: the offender is an artist and it is the second time he ran over a person to death! I feel a sort of compassion with him, not with his kills = irresponsible way of driving, for which he says to be uncounted for. I'll translate for you my first 3 tanka after a year. –Silva Ley

Here's a link for an article I came across today:

[http://www.mercurynews.com/entertainment/ci\\_19046344](http://www.mercurynews.com/entertainment/ci_19046344) Hope all is well with you. Dan Barth

. . . I'm pleased you enjoyed the shisan from myself and fellow NZ poets. We are thrilled to have our first experiments with shisan accepted for publication. I believe these are the first shisan to be written in NZ.

. . . At present I'm reading your wonderful book Basho: The Complete Haiku. What a tremendous amount of research and hard work must have gone into the making of this exceptional publication. Patricia Prime

. . . One editor insists I should write "prose" at least in fragments, and I find prose clunky, difficult to manage, and far too wordy generally, with a few notable exceptions (I've only written a few short pieces, one published in RISD Views, the Journal of the Rhode Island School of Design, largely because I'm an alumnus). I'm still trying to pull together my meeting with Janis Joplin in 1968, something I've struggled with literally for decades; it'll be done soon I hope to cap my last manuscript. I have six or seven unpublished, so far. A lot of Glosa, which doesn't apply to Lynx, and other prosaic attempts. But I try not to be preachy, as much as visceral. The original story for "Gigging" spun off the Basho (to set the tone and place). I started with two couples but that was too complicated. I began with the name "Jim", common enough in the rural Appalachians from New England to Florida, without it being obviously Quaker or Amish (who are also in New England, though less known than Pennsylvania, or Ontario), so "Jane" followed naturally as a "J" sound alliteration. I was attempting a dramatic dialogue in verse to reveal just the faintest outline of the story. My model was Robert Frost's book, "North Of Boston," which includes some beautifully done miniature verse plays. Well, I have some sympathy for frogs here too. Kind of the inverse of the Princess and the Frog. Charles Fort said (in the Thirties) that you could measure the condition of a civilization by the health of its frogs. The canary in the mine idea. Salamanders are also quite sensitive. This long before the environment was considered important. The first I remember reading with reference to the environment, in both broad and narrow terms, was Thoreau's Walden. After that, I recall Rachel Carlson, The Silent Spring, in the Fifties (?), about DDT. Frog gigging is something largely unknown by urban dwellers. It's mostly an archaic exercise, like hunting and fishing, gradually dying out. But remarkably, gigging kits can be had in Wal-Mart's, at least regionally (probably manufactured in China). The story is something I've been exposed to, at least in some memory-shreds, not always happy. The point here is that we are at our most authentic in isolation, when we're sure we're not being watched; the curtains are down, the stage empty, the audience left, the mikes disconnected. A "significant other" is usually discounted, as that person is

doing the same thing. So you're both alone in a relationship wrestling with your own darkest fantasies. Anyway, my conclusions aren't likely to be popular, even if familiar. Meditation isn't always easy. The cultural context is the rural East, or South East, the Appalachians as I mentioned. Cheating at cards is the surface evidence of cheating in a relationship. For her, this was a last straw, Queen of Hearts being an ironic twist. The card was under his palm, which she nailed with the ice-pick. The metaphor with cold-blooded amphibians is in the overall tone. Anyway, in the poem, Jane offers no argument, doesn't nag, is even supportive; until the last second. Then she shows she was never fooled. Some lines can't be crossed with impunity. ;-) Ed Baranosky, Toronto PS: I do tend to run on...But I started this poem probably thirty years ago, (with most of my notes either lost in the fire or discarded) and it never connected. It isn't quite what I envisioned but more than I had ever before revealed.

## REPLIES TO OUR NEW YEARS GREETING

Bacchanal

This is much: the season  
that sweeps through the bounds  
of my country.  
Brightness? A strange fire?  
But the peasant needs no words  
while his blood remembers  
The here & now, nobody's home...  
Will our blind king, then,  
be disrupting our passage?  
His tired armies  
versus the cataclysmos?.  
The horned one mimics  
their marches on his flute...  
Io Dionysos!  
He throws his sleek head back  
and roars with his lynxes.  
He breathes deep as the leopard breathes,  
the air alive  
with the perfumes of our riot.  
Our numbers few but irresistible  
we shall fall  
on your city's frail mesas.  
The gates will yield, and the gatekeepers too  
to the power of the thyrsos, god's gift...  
Over the ruins  
of your petrified order  
expect vineyards again!  
And for all your resistance,  
this god-sent delirium  
that dies into anguish, too real...  
Welcome to legend.

--Carl Brennan

[www.nzwide.com/swanlake.htm](http://www.nzwide.com/swanlake.htm) sent by Silva Ley

Pamela A. Babusci sent Episode 22: Haiga Gallery : Haiku Chronicles  
[haikuchronicles.com](http://haikuchronicles.com)

. . .The Ballad of Emma Good is up at <http://poems4change.org>. 13th season. Hope you all enjoy it. -  
happy holidays everybody!

- red slider

new year?  
how many syllables  
wind.

Terry O'Connor

My haibun, "Moon-Seeking Soup" from my chapbook *Recycling Starlight*, appears on Jama Rattigan's blog, *Jama's Alphabet Soup*, posted today, December 10th, to accompany the December 2011 full moon. <http://jamarattigan.com/2011/12/09/friday-feast-moon-seeking-soup-by-penny-harter/>. I am blessed and honored, both by Jama's comments and by the responses of her readers, to whom I've replied both individually and in a post at the end (so far) of the comments. And I encourage you all to try making the soup---it's really good. You should also add parsnips and peeled / diced apple for sweetening. If you read through my responses to readers' responses, and then mine at the end (so far) of those, I mention that I left those ingredients out of the recipe in the poem. Hope you are enjoying the holiday season so far, and as I said in my comment on Jama's blog, we all need to look for light as we approach the Solstice. I hope "Moon-Seeking Soup" helps you find the light in all you do, even the simple act of soup-making. Love, Penny Harter

secreting ring  
after ring the sound  
of trees whispering

giselle Maya

Jeanne Emrich  
jann wirtz  
Fay Aoyagi  
M. Kei  
Ion Codrescu  
Clelia Ifrim  
Kat Creighton  
Olga Hooper  
Alegria Imperial

Don Ammons  
hortensia and camellia  
Joan payne Kincaid  
Oprica Padeanu  
MONDIALS WORLDS  
Baskaran Gavarappan  
Gary LeBel  
Johnny Baranski  
Gillena Cox  
Ron Moss <http://haigaonline.com/issue12-2/issue.html>  
Chen-ou Liu

take-out...

OPEN blinking

in Christmas light  
thomas heffernan  
Alenka & Bostjan  
Paul Mercken

Ramona Linke

book1

frt

## BIOGRAPHIES:

Pravat Kumar Padhy hails from Orissa, India. He holds Masters in Science and Ph.D from Indian School of Mines, Dhanbad. His haiku and tanka have appeared in World Haiku Review, Lynx, The Notes from the Gean, Ambrosia, Sketchbook, Atlas Poetica, Simply Haiku, Kokako, Red lights, The Mainichi Daily News, Haiku Reality, The Heron's Nest, The Asahi Shimbun, Chrysanthemum, Shamrock, AHG, Magnapoets, A Handful Stones etc. His haiku was displayed in the HSA "Haiku Wall", Bend, Oregon, USA.

Charles D. Tarlton has a Ph.D. in political philosophy/American history from U.C.L.A. and has taught at several universities here and overseas. He retired in 2006 to write poetry and he has recently published a number of poems in magazines such as Review Americana, Jack Magazine, Houston Literary Review, Tipton, Barnwood, Haibun Today, Simply Haiku, Ink, Sweat, and Tears, Atlas Poetica, Red Lights, Sketchbook, mango moons, and an e-chapbook in the 2River series, entitled, "La Vida de Piedra y de Palabra: Twelve improvisations on Pablo Neruda's Macchu Picchu"

ayaz daryl nielsen is a poet/father/husband/veteran/x-roughneck (as on oil rigs)/hospice nurse - editor/custodian of bear creek haiku, his poems have homes in publications including Yellow Mama, Lilliput Review, Shamrock, Lynx and Shemom.

## WEB SITES

Learn more about Yugen:

<[http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook6-3MayJun2011/Sketchbook\\_6-3\\_MayJune\\_2011\\_Genre\\_Yugen\\_Authors.htm](http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook6-3MayJun2011/Sketchbook_6-3_MayJune_2011_Genre_Yugen_Authors.htm)[http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook6-3MayJun2011/Sketchbook\\_6-3\\_MayJune\\_2011\\_Genre\\_Yugen\\_Authors.htm](http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook6-3MayJun2011/Sketchbook_6-3_MayJune_2011_Genre_Yugen_Authors.htm)

Ingrid Kunschke

Tankanetz (German-English homepage.) <http://www.tankanetz.de/english.html>

Tanka and prose – Essays – Interviews – Tutorial – Reviews – Links to other magazines. Ingrid Kunschke is a most gifted German poet writing haiku-and tanka-sequences. We expect her influence will grow helping the German scene overcoming the single verse- theory growing into longer forms of contemporary poetry.

## CONTESTS

THE TENTH ANNUAL

ukiaHaiku festival 2012

A celebration and competition devoted to the haiku form of poetry

Start Date of Submissions: January 15, 2012

Postmark Deadline for Submissions: Friday, Mar 24, 2012

Festival Date: Sunday, April 29, 2012

Awards will be presented in the following eleven categories:

General Topics (Regional\*)

- 1) Children, grades K-3
- 2) Children, grades 4-6
- 3) Youth, grades 7-9
- 4) Youth, grades 10-12
- 5) Adults

Haiku about Ukiah (Regional\*)

- 6) Haiku about Ukiah, grades K-6
- 7) Haiku about Ukiah, grades 7-12
- 8) Dori Anderson Prize\*\* — Haiku about Ukiah, Adults

Haiku en Español, Temas Generales (Sumisiones Regionales\*)

- 9) Para menores de 18 años
- 10) Para mayores

International, General Topics, Adult:

- 11) Jane Reichhold International Prize\*\*\*

More information at:<http://ukiahaiku.org/haiku-guidelines.html>

The 14th International Apokalipsa Haiku Contest.

Deadline: March 15, 2012

No of entries: up to 6 original unpublished haiku (in one of the former Yugoslavian languages and/or in English) not under consideration elsewhere. Topic and form: any

Send four (4) copies of each haiku, or group of haiku, signed by a cipher, along with a separate sheet in another envelope with your cipher, name, age, profession, address, phone number and email address to: APOKALIPSA, Ulica Lili Novy 25, 1000 Ljubljana, Slovenia or [torevija@kud-apokalipsa.si](mailto:torevija@kud-apokalipsa.si) (subject: For haiku contest)

In which case enclose two attachments, one with haiku and another with your personal data, both signed by your cipher. Judges: Edin Saračević, Silva Trstenjak and Alenka Zorman. Winners will receive some practical prizes. Contest results will be published in Apokalipsa Review.

Dear Friends, Welcome to the Shiki Monthly Kukai! We continue our email-only kukai run. George has created temporary web page archives that can be accessed, heartily recommended, here:<https://sites.google.com/site/shikikukaitemporaryarchives/>

IMPORTANT NOTES: 1) Address all Kukai correspondence to: [st-kukai@haikuworld.org](mailto:st-kukai@haikuworld.org)

2) PLEASE use the exact subject "KIGO ENTRY" or "FREE FORMAT ENTRY" for the subject line of each submission.

3) Please sign your entries. The name you use to sign your haiku will be the name listed when the tallies are revealed and in the archives. Please sign with the name you wish to be known. We have several poets with the same first name, to avoid confusion do not use a common first name as your only signature.

4) Please align your poem to the left margin. "Concrete" or "visual" haiku do not present well in an email format. Plain text, tied-to-the-left ensures that your haiku is judged for content. One line, two, three, even four line haiku are accepted though final formatting on the web version may change line lengths. We can denote correct formatting with an (\*) explanation.

5) Please send each entry separately.

6) Please do not send entries or votes in e-mail attachments.

Further guidelines are available on our website: <http://www.haikuworld.org/kukai/howitworks.html>

George Hawkins The Shiki Kukai Team

Japanese Haibun Contest. Deadline January 31. Entry free. All the details:

<http://hailhaiku.wordpress.com/kikakuza-haibun-contest-2010-guidelines/>

#### The Haiku Calendar

The Haiku Calendar 2012 – the thirteenth annual calendar from Snapshot Press – is now available to order. This attractive desk calendar features 52 haiku by 39 authors from around the world. Not only is the standard of work in the calendar outstanding, but each year the press receives numerous comments on how effective the calendar is for introducing people to haiku (or vice versa) – all year long! Please consider supporting the press – and haiku! – by purchasing a copy for yourself and/or gift copies for friends, relatives, colleagues, etc. Further details are available at

[http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/calendars/the\\_haiku\\_calendar/2012.htm](http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/calendars/the_haiku_calendar/2012.htm)

All work included in the The Haiku Calendar is selected each year from entries to the Haiku Calendar Competition. The deadline for The Haiku Calendar Competition 2012 (for work to be considered for the 2013 calendar) is January 31, 2012. Entries may now be sent by email as well as by post. Please see the entry guidelines at [http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/contests/thcc/entry\\_guidelines.htm](http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/contests/thcc/entry_guidelines.htm) for details.

John Barlow, Snapshot Press.

The winners of the inaugural Snapshot Press eChapbook Awards are Chad Lee Robinson, Carole MacRury, Kathe L. Palka, Marian Olson, Vanessa Proctor, Lorin Ford, Penny Harter and Beverly Acuff Momoi, who will have their collections published online throughout January and February. A print anthology of outstanding work by these and other authors will also be published in 2012. The full list of poets with work selected for the anthology will be announced in December. For further details please see [http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/contests/echapbook\\_awards/results.htm](http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/contests/echapbook_awards/results.htm) John Barlow, Snapshot Press.

The Snapshot Press eChapbook Awards are international annual prizes for unpublished short collections of haiku, tanka, short poetry and haibun. Submissions are open from March 1–July 31 each year. Please see [http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/contests/echapbook\\_awards/guidelines.htm](http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/contests/echapbook_awards/guidelines.htm) for guidelines and further details. Unpublished book-length collections of haiku, tanka, short poetry and haibun may be submitted for print publication to The Snapshot Press Book Awards. Please see

[http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/contests/book\\_awards/guidelines.htm](http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/contests/book_awards/guidelines.htm) for guidelines and further details. John Barlow, Snapshot Press.

For results from the Polish International Haiku Competition

dip

Here are the results (in English and Polish):

<http://polish.international.competition.haiku.pl/results.php>

<http://polish.international.competition.haiku.pl/wyniki.php>

Rafał Zabratyński

## MAGAZINES

Four journals for your New Year's Reading Pleasure

Submissions are now open for all four journals:

Contemporary Haibun Online

<http://contemporaryhaibunonline.com/>

Haibun Today

<http://haibuntoday.com/>

A Hundred Gourds

<http://ahundredgourds.com>

Notes from the Gean

<http://notesfromthegean.com/currentissue.html>

And a listing of haiku, haibun, haiga, tanka journals:

<http://raysweb.net/haiku/pages/publicationvenues.html>

The Nov / Dec 31, 2011 Issue of Sketchbook is now on-line:

Sketchbook: Vol. 6-6: November / December 31, 2011:

[http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook6-6NovDec2011/0\\_Contents\\_Sketchbook\\_6-6\\_NovDec\\_2011\\_Cover\\_Emily\\_Romano\\_Currents.htm](http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook6-6NovDec2011/0_Contents_Sketchbook_6-6_NovDec_2011_Cover_Emily_Romano_Currents.htm)

The Sketchbookeditors send New Year's Greetings to each of you. Submissions are open for the

January / February 2012 Issue. Read the complete submission guidelines.  
Sketchbookeditors: Karina Klesko and John Daleiden

The December issue of The Ghazal Page is now online. You may access it at <http://www.ghazalpage.net/2011/december> or through the main page or the 2011 index. There are three pages this time, two presenting ghazals grouped loosely by theme and a third presenting two ekphrastic ghazals by David Jalajel. Ekphrastic poetry responds to a work of art; both artworks for these ghazals are reproduced with the poems, along with further information. As announced on the main page, <http://www.ghazalpage.net>,

and in the information folder, <http://www.ghazalpage.net/information/submitting.html>,  
I have slightly revised the submission policy and procedures for 2012.

Submission for regular issues of The Ghazal Page is open throughout the year; I will publish an issue when I have enough good ghazals, at least four and not more than eight or ten. Rather than quarterly, as in the last half of 2010 and all of 2011, issues will be published irregularly but, I hope, frequently. The next challenge will be announced when the issue for the music challenge is published. It will be a challenge involving art, especially ekphrastic ghazals; details will be in the announcement. -Gene Doty

Issue 11.3 of Roadrunner Haiku Journal is now up: <http://www.roadrunnerjournal.net/>

This issue features new poems (particles with integer spin), Scorpion Prize 24 & artwork by Chris Gordon, an interview with paul m. by Jack Galmitz, and Japanese haiku translations by Hiroaki Sato and Eric Selland.

I would also like to point out that we have now started a blog for the journal, R'r Blog: <http://roadrunnerhaikublog.wordpress.com/> where we are looking forward to discussing English-language haiku and contemporary English & American poetics. Our first post is a presentation, a simple opening up to readers really, of Philip Rowland's Scorpion Prize-winning ku (from issue 11.1) with commentary by Joseph Massey.

Submissions for issue 12.1 are now open and welcome and will be considered until April 1st, 2012. Please see submission details on the website ([http://www.roadrunnerjournal.net/pages\\_all/submissions.htm](http://www.roadrunnerjournal.net/pages_all/submissions.htm)).

Hope you enjoy the issue! Scott Metz,

Press Release – For Immediate Release – Please post to all appropriate venues 7 November 2011 – Perryville, Maryland, USA Today Keibooks releases Atlas Poetica 10, the latest issue of the highly regarded journal. ATPO 10 continues to publish tanka, waka, kyoka, and gogyoshi, along with sequences, prosimetrum, book reviews, announcements, and non-fiction articles on a variety of topics. This issue focuses on gogyoshi, and publishes the ‘Declaration of Gogyoshi’ by Taro Aizu, the foremost advocate of gogyoshi working in English, as well as examples of the genre by various practitioners. It also has a focus on book reviews, including an in depth analysis of Denis M. Garrison’s First Winter Rain, by Charles Tarlton. In addition, in keeping with Atlas Poetica’s dedication to scholarship about tanka, kyoka, and gogyoshi in various countries around the world, we are pleased to publish an article by Margaret Dornaus about Carles Riba and Catalonian tanka, as international contributions by poets from around the world.

Purchase online at: [http://atlaspoetica.org/?page\\_id=84](http://atlaspoetica.org/?page_id=84) or through your favorite online retailer. M. Kei

. . . I thought you might find interesting a website I created. In it, guys write the most stupid haiku you can image, sometimes funny, sometimes dirty. I imagine it might be shocking to destroy the beauty of haiku with topics like beer and nerdy stuff, but I thought like this some men would try writing and expressing themselves. This site is broiku.com, I hope you come by and have a look, you might even

want to list in your website as "weird" or "politically incorrect" haiku. Julio

Issue 2 of Ardea is moving forward very well. At this point, there is in hand enough material for about 75% of an issue the same size as Ardea 1. Submissions are coming in all the time. Further submissions are very welcome: haiku, senryu, renku, tanka, haiga and haibun, and also reviews and essays on multilingual writing in these fields. The projected cut-off date is late March, and I hope to have issue 2 online around June. Material not included may be held over to the following issue. Wishing you a pleasant festive season and a wonderful 2012, John Kinory

The new issue of Shamrock (No 20) is now available online at <http://shamrockhaiku.webs.com/currentissue.htm> It has a big selection of English-language and translated haiku, as well as two haibun. We hope you'll enjoy it. A print edition of the twenty issues of Shamrock, the Journal of the Irish Haiku Society, as they appeared on the Shamrock website (SHAMROCK HAIKU JOURNAL: 2007–2011), can be ordered via our site. It comprises works by 248 authors representing 38 countries (translated haiku not included), and covers the full range of haiku in English, from classic to experimental styles, as well as haibun and selected essays on haiku. Anthony Kudryavitsky. Editor, Shamrock Haiku Journal. Dublin, Ireland  
w.: <http://shamrockhaiku.webs.com> e.: [irishhaikusociety@gmail.com](mailto:irishhaikusociety@gmail.com)

die Monatsbeiträge Dezember 2011 sind online haiku-art ... haiku and haiga of the month Dezember 2011 are online: haiga - Claudia Brefeld, haiku - Karol Rosiak Eine besinnliche Adventszeit ... a nice Advent season, filled with health. Ramona Linke

Hundred Gourds 1:1 is now online

The first issue of A Hundred Gourds: a quarterly journal of haiku, haibun, haiga and tanka poetry is now online. <http://ahundredgourds.com>

The Editorial Team of A Hundred Gourds extends warmest thanks to everyone who submitted their work for consideration for this, our inaugural issue. Thanks to your enthusiastic welcome, it's a bumper edition. As well as haiku, tanka, haiga and haibun you'll find essays, interviews and a review in the Expositions section. There is also a memorial Feature dedicated to the late Janice M. Bostok, Australia's haiku pioneer. Lorin Ford, Australia.

The Fib Review Issue #11 has been posted to the Muse-Pie Press site. This issue features returning poets as well as poets new to the Fib Review, which represent an international community of poets from Canada, Israel, Italy, New Zealand, the UK, and the US.

Feel free to leave comments on Muse-Pie Press Comment Page. Be sure to visit the Writer's Archive which links the poems of all of our previously published poets to the archived issue in which they were published. We have changed the publishing dates for the Fib Review to February, June and October, with Issue #11 running until June 2012.

Shot Glass Journal Issue #5 features poets from Britain and Ireland in addition to international poets from Australia, Canada, Italy, New Zealand, the Philippines, and the US. It also features formal poetry

forms including the Tritina, the Jisei, the Mirror-Oddquain, the Ovielljo, the Rondel, The Shakespearean Sonnet, the Sijo, the Tanka, and the Triolet, as well as traditional and experimental free verse. We hope you enjoy Shot Glass Journal's diverse style.  
Go to: [www.musepiepress.com](http://www.musepiepress.com) Click on Shot Glass Journal in the left margin

**FINIS**