# OTATA 42
# (June, 2019)

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## from otata's bookshelf

*Rupert Loydell, A Confusion of Living*

# Tokonoma

## Fragment

The window gives
on the golden aspect
where vehicles pass
with silent coachmen.
A cascade of hair twists
down to the hips
the body that possesses it
contemplates
with eyes wide open
the spirit that was lost
a fragment of the world
for a time opened up.

— Jean Follain
from *Jean Follain: 130 Poems*
Christopher Middleton, Trans.

*Joseph Salvatore Aversano*

## IGNEOUS

w/o distraction

one can still
see the fire

& w/ some
patience even

the rock

rain in
long

thin
palm

leaf
rain

birds
in the

eaves
of this

rain
chatter

the rained
on earth

scent
of rain

# *Maria Laura Valente*

*via crucis —*
my soul drips
step by step

emptiness laughs
behind the broken mirror
—*vertigo*

*Agnus Dei —*
a barricade of sins
deep in my throat

floating incense
drags me to the inner abyss ...
*horror vacui*

*miserere mei, Domine —*
I repent
I repent not

carefully choosing
the words to rewrite my ego —
*ego me absolvo*

# *Jeannie Martin*

## Photosynthesis

each day
is hidden
inside of
each night

sunk deep
into leaves,
moss, plankton

into each
green cell

moving like
a million
tiny muscles

growing
everywhere

making food
in the wet
darkness

the hand
of God
that opens

inviting us
to eat

exploded
light

# *Deborah P Kolodji*

Hi John,

I just got back from Japan, where I went to Matsuyama and visited the Isso-an (Santoka's hospice hut). I sat on a pillow on the tatami near where Santoka died, where I was served macha tea and wrote:

tea with Santoka
a bird I don't know
calls outside

I submitted it to a local haiku contest they were having there and they gave me an award. (Everything is in Japanese so I'm not sure what the award is even called, although they wrote me that they are mailing me a certificate and a Santoka t-shirt.). Basically, I was sitting on the tatami and sipping tea and they gave me a form to write a haiku. Then, they discussed it in Japanese (which I don't understand) with bits of English and then they all bowed and said it was a good haiku.

bamboo wind chimes
the hollow feeling
before prognosis

the hole
in my train ticket
a thousand miles

## *John Levy*

picking up a fallen leaf my mind grows

silence means anything
the edge of a meadow
at the end of an alley
cumulus clouds filled to the brim
with sun

## My Mother, Zoe Weiss Levy (1923 - 2009)

Her first son died at birth. Her second son
did not. I was either her second or third son
depending on how she counted (if
she did
consider me her third
she never told me, but she kept

secrets). One more son
and then she stopped having children,
most likely sure
she'd have another son if she tried again.
She didn't, as some mothers do
who wished for daughters, dress any of us up

like girls when we were small. Nor did she complain
or seem
disappointed. It was simply
a fact. She didn't get what
she wanted. In many ways I believe,
now, about ten years after her death, much

of her life
was about not getting what she wanted.
Is that very different from most people?
I'm not someone who would even
attempt to answer that. I was born
and immediately a disappointment. We

were close, especially as we got older.
At the moment I feel like I have her face
somehow, though we never resembled each other
much. Or maybe not so much her face, but
somehow I feel like her right now, and I don't recall
ever feeling like her before. She wouldn't have

written this, but it is as if she is standing in my body
as I write. When she wrote songs for
loved ones, to perform at birthdays, she'd use
her rhyming dictionary. And this
doesn't rhyme, except I feel
I'm rhyming with her.

## April 3rd, 2019

for Leslie

We've lived in the desert
on this piece of land for
33 years and this
morning

you show me
the first poppies
that
have

ever

grown here.
Not many, and they're yellow, but

we're
not many
either. For many, you point out

the aphids

on a green stalk
near the poppies, busy
little
sap suckers.

# *Sonam Chhoki*

## When all of Life is Darkness

the night our firstborn died
as I lie curled in grief
with what unseemly haste
the full moon lights up the empty cot

even though the barbets call
and willow catkins glow in the spring sun
numbed by our stillborn
I have winter within me

## A Memory deeper than Consciousness

full of dark rapture
the nal-jor-ma beats her hand-held drum
this slow discolouring of hills and trees
as she freights us to the other world

like a bridge she spans the shores
of our ancestral past and our pitiful present
with her crown of Dhyani-Buddhas
her incantations to the Dark Mother

# *Mark Young*

## Bardo Thodol

The scoreboard
didn't move

at the end
of the fifth innings
of the sixth game
of the play-off series

whilst a visiting
Irish tenor sang
a saccharine anthem

but Amerika
kept adding names
to the Book
of the Dead.

## A Small Compendium

High summer
is such an
elegant phrase

but he kept
a small
compendium
of winter

on hand
for days

like this.

## Escape Unknown

A half-remembered story
or a myth. Ulysses - was
it? - being told to take
an – was it? – oar
& go inland until
he came across
a village where the
implement was unfamiliar.
Shutters go up
inside the brain as the
heat increases. He drove.
No-
where in particular, just
trying to find a spot
where he recognized
none of the landmarks.

SEVEN MORE NOT-SO-RANDOM FACTS

Canaries are yellow.

The Beatles' submarine was yellow.

A lot of words rhyme with yellow including some great ones — e.g. violincello.

More words rhyme with red. It's the other pole. He'd rather be dead than seen playing a violincello. It's why orange was invented. Compromise.

Banana skins are yellow except when they're dead. Have you ever seen a banana playing a violincello? I'm just wild about saffron. They call me mello cello.

Jaundice is yellow. Sometimes jell-o is too. E-lec-tric-al banana. About the same time as Electric Ladyland. Hey Joe, where you gonna go with that cello in yr hand?

Yellow isn't yellow. Except when it's jaundiced.

## THE MAKINGS

molehill
molecule
molarize
polarize
lacerate
medicate
fountain
mountain

## IN SIGHT

Translucency on
a different wave-
length. Not light
from behind
but from with-
in. How sweet the
beets are. Leave
the words  out.

## MEANWHILE, IN THE OPERATING THEATER

For a small surcharge we can
tailor a dogfight with music
& lyrics to suit your time frame
or walking ability. Yes, it is
against hospital etiquette; but with
the large number of wolf sightings
last week, even after we asked
both patients & visitors not to
feed or interact with them, we
now need money & a means of dis-
traction. Neither of us can afford a
circus, so let's go with the dogfight.

# *Johannes S. H. Bjerg*

## Påskeparalleller 2019 / Easter Parallels 2019

Skærtorsdag

mælkebøtter

mit sidste brød

hvad mere
er der

delt med myrer

at sige

Maundy Thursday

dandelions

my last bread

what's more

shared with ants

to say

Skærtorsdag

alene

tre
kra-kra

længe nok
til at se

før
gry

at jeg ikke er

Maundy Thursday

alone

three
caws

long enough
to see

before
dawn

I'm not

Langfredag

hele natten

varmt nok
til at gå
med bare
fødder

en spætte

op ad bakke

og salme 51

.

Good Friday

all night

warm enough
to go barefoot

a woodpecker

uphill

and psalm 51

Langfredag

hvis jeg basker
med armene

tusmørket
fyldes

forbereder
jeg så

af mørke

luften på svaler?

Good Friday

will waving
my arms

dusk
fills

prepare
the air

with
darkness

for swallows?

Påske lørdag

det er sandt

det ukendte
indeni

fravær

uden
mig

har en vægt

Holy Saturday

it's true

the unkown
within

absence

without
me

has a weight

Påske lørdag

hvad

jeg lægger

der er talt

nyt sengetøj
på

forbliver

Holy Saturday

what

I put on

is spoken

new sheets

remains

Påske Søndag

først en gul

selv den
gnavne nabo

så en hvid

væves af lys

sommerfugl

.

Easter Sunday

first a yellow one

the grumpy
neighbour too

then a white

is woven
from light

butterfly

Påske Søndag

A Love Supre-
me

jeg støder
en tå

så passende

mod
en hvidkalket
sten

som aldrig før

Easter Sunday

A Love Supreme

I bang
a toe

as fitting

'gainst
white painted
rock

as ever

# *Carolyn Hall*

dug up memories
rusted skate key

hanging the paintings back where they were art

could you repeat that super moon

cattails high as the sky her measured words

crows or ravens discounting the sun

tent city of the homeless dandelions

first warm day yellowjacket and I

getting to know her goldenrod

manzanita branches the length of their burn

# *Peter Newton*

## Time Flowers

walking stick
the lichen bloom's
pop of color

its ruffled edge
Victorians too
wore the lichen's bloom

a star explodes
in the next galaxy
a lichen blooms

lichen
only a matter of time
blooms

chiseled letters
the depth
of lichen blooms

devoted dog
lichen blooms
age-old companion

gray to green
lichen blooms
complete the circle

## Erosion Control

assuming
a scrub pine posture
survivors

loneliness
when I need to speak
scrub pine

hardy stock
scrub pine
New Englanders

scrub pine
sea shore
mind set

threadbare
needle-leafed
scrub pine

overwintering
scrub pines
hollow the dune

strength in numbers
the solitary
scrub pine

## *Stephen Toft*

projecting my thoughts the frozen waterfall

horses in mist evolved beyond language

siesta time
i leave my shadow
at her door

left my boots
on the doorstep
night jasmine

deep winter
in the brain
a secret bone

# *Kim Dorman*

## gleanings / fragments

May 2019
Kerala, India

(the sun
is broad)

like a leaf

— Anaximenes
of Miletus

(Trans. Kathleen Freeman)

## Days and Nights

hot season
longing for
a cool wind

smell of rain
that doesn't
come

dry thunder

Trees, Sky

fire-
flies
&

heat
light-
ning

river grasses,
the touch-me-not
coconut trees

cry of the
brain fever bird

a gecko on
the wall close
to the light,

winged ants,
fireflies,

one star

the moon
&

one or
two

stars

Time,
unwearying

& full,
with ever-

flowing
stream,

self-
begetting ...

— Critias of Athens
(Trans. KF)

we are
not

even
waves,

but
foam

putting our bedding
out in the sun

birds quarrel in
the trees

the air is still
& humid

noon heat

dry, mud-
rutted
backroad

egret stands
on a cow

## Addendum
## May, 2019

Early morning
along a narrow path
to the road,

a neighbor warns
that a cobra
was seen yesterday
by the gate.

We walk slowly.
Rain drips
from the trees

# *Giuliana Ravaglia*

*vento di marzo:*
*ritorna l'eco delle fontane*

march wind:
the fountain's echo returns

*fremito d'aria:*
*galleggiando nel vento la mariposa*

air quiver:
floating in the wind the mariposa

*pioggia lontana:*
*la luna galleggia fra le nuvole*

distant rain:
the moon floats in the clouds

*fiori di ciliegio:*
*la tua bocca nuda sul cuore*

cherry blossoms:
your naked mouth on my heart

*vecchio salice:*
*tutto il cielo sulle spalle*

old willow:
the sky on shoulders

*Sirio:*
*l'ombra chiara d'una falena*

Sirius:
the light shadow of a moth

*nidi vuoti:*
*il silenzio del mio giardino*

empty nests:
the silence of my garden

quiete serale:
il suono d'una preghiera in lontananza

evening quiet:
the sound of a prayer in the distance

*fiori di ciliegio:*
*scivola sull'acqua il peso delle ombre*

cherry blossoms:
slips on the water the weight of shadows

*ranuncoli gialli:*
*aria e sole il primo sguardo*

yellow buttercups:
air and sun the first look

*primavera profonda:*
*le acque bianche dello stagno*

deep spring:
the white waters of the pond

*navigo a vista:*
*quell'impensato attimo all'imbrunire*

I navigate by sight:
that unexpected moment at dusk

*fiori di mandorlo sul marciapiede:*
*stammi vicino*

almond blossoms on the sidewalk:
stand by me

*solitudine:*
*del tuo respiro vestirò il mio silenzio*

solitude:
I will dress my silence in your breath

*alta l'allodola:*
*glicini a cascata sul davanzale*

the lark high up:
wisteria cascades from the sill

*vento di maggio :*
*granelli di senape all'orizzonte*

may wind:
mustard grains on the horizon

*nuvole basse:*
*il maggiociondolo pieno di luce*

low clouds:
the laburnum full of light

*fiore di tulipano:*
*il grembo di mia madre*

tulip flower:
my mother's womb

*Tiffany Shaw-Diaz*

in the cello

a heartbeat
once owned

by the willow

# *Elmedin Kadric*

I?

almost twelve

pierced through the eye of a needle
a moist threat
comes out red

hometown the old battleground

ANONYMOUS

ouroboros

moan
morn

mean
moon

a false
memory

alone
in spring rain

part of war
he says

the pain
of paintball

# *Dolores Santoro*

*Luna d'inverno*
*Vanno lente le dita*
*sopra il fermaglio*

Winter moon
the fingers move slowly
on the hair clip

*La luna rossa*
*Il calore di un volo*
*attorno al nido*

Red moon
The warmth of a flight
around the nest

*Va e viene il vento*
*Si posa negli occhi*
*la luna piena*

The wind comes and goes
A full moon takes place
in the eyes

*Meditazione*
*Cambio peso al cedere*
*di un ramo secco*

Meditation
Shifting my weight
when a dry branch bends

*Chiude la scena*
*il vecchio cantastorie*
*Vento d'autunno*

The old ballad singer
closes the scene
Autumn wind

## *Louise Hopewell*

broken rainbow
the sharp edges
of clouds

sun streak
on the mud pool
waterlily

the bully
offers his hand
sun shower

falling leaves
the stillness of mist
between raindrops

rain pattering
on yellowed grass
birdsong

red spots
on the zebra crossing
last day of school

triangular hills
a loose sheet of metal
on the hayshed

# *Concetta Conti*

*sbarco alle 13.00*
*in un disegno*
*la sua famiglia*

landing at one o'clock
her family
in a drawing

*anniversario*
*il postino salta*
*la mia cassetta della posta*

anniversary
the postman
skips my mailbox

*trasloco*
*nel cespuglio di rose*
*la stessa luna*

moving house
in the rose plant
the same  moonlight

nuovi boccioli
la lingua di mio figlio
che non capisco

new buds
i don’t understand
my son's slang

*primavera italiana*
*le memorie*
*che non voglio conoscere*

italian spring
memories I don't want
to know

*vacanze*
*aspettando il libro*
*dei sogni*

holidays
waiting for
the dream book

# *Guliz Mutlu*

## Carmina

*Amathus, Cyprus, Hellenistic era…*

I.

Red coat with sleeves down to the wrist, she's there!
She offers of fruits, not for profit, she yields the fruits
And sacrifices all willingly to Aphrodite of Amathus.
Carpodes her name, fruitful Carpodes not sells fruits.

II.

Carpodes says, "I have a kindness done one,
My service is done, but I'm not a benefactor."
For me, you are the beneficent and bountiful,
Carpodes, I must show all my kindness to you.
I will cultivate your land well, I will well make
You a swift chariot, I will add it the ornaments
Of doves gilded carmine and albescent. Smile,
My diurnal and nocturnal joy of remembrance!

III.

In some places, sometimes, in some places...
In some cases, sometimes a cause, Carpodes.

IV.

Me, the stupid fellow, aren't you the grandfather of Cimon?
I'm not addressing her manor, neither gods nor demons.
The frogs croak in the mysteries, shaped like beasts.
I'm here by chance, I have two edged sword, and I'm lone.
On the blade of my hunting spear, I sleep atop. Black night,
I'm as a voting pebble as it's falling into the old urn, so
Carpodes won't hear my cry. This sound was from frogs.

V.

I am not in Homer. I am not Homer. I'm lost.
And life is flowing away, fluctuating, unsettled.
I am not in Heraclitus. I am not Heraclitus. I'm lost.
This also occurs in the oracles. Later I will see.
Rarely in our mortal lives the words flow, the stream
As also the gush flows. The fountains run with water.
Let flow! Let the land run milk and honey! Because
In the same sense the verbs don't control your name.

VI.

"Why are you hurrying now, eager and impetuous?
When you were standing still quietly, you stand up."

"The altar now serving as a sanctuary to the refugees"
She answers. To begin from the beginning, she smiles.

VII.

One complains for the breads, the barley cakes,
But not me who celebrated festival of Aphrodite.

VIII.

Mother, foster mother, grandmother, good mother,
Wife, midwife, concubine, nurse, daughter, child,
I am a small ladder or stairs with purple girdle,
Blooming with violets, holding arrows and quiver.
A loud cry of sorrow, joy or surprise. Of grief
Or annoyance I made of. I shed light, a quick fire.

IX.

It sounds like whistling. Who whistles aloud?
Of planetary influence, one tear away, one strip.
One left rubbish in copper mines, one torn flesh.
The sea waves I heard, It sounds whistling more.

X.

Write or not scholia, commentaries on Carpodes,
At my leisure, tardily, not at all, hardly!
If not so Carpodes, much less so Carpodes!
Be master of it! I am a shorthand poet, Carpodes.

XI.

Carpodes walking slowly today. She is changing
One knee for another. She passes out of a house.

XII.

Do I make others change? Do I? I hand on from
One to another. Do we cross each other? Rafters!

XIII.

Moonless, without crown of celery,
Unholy, profane and sacrilegious,
But maidens not solemnly extolled!
Who is undignified, ignoble, indecent?
Starless, causing grievous woe, mourning
Speechless silently, Adonis endlessly.

XIV.

Of sparkling stones, of the birds
The name of the sacrifice, aloud.

XV.

Her star-shaped ornaments not
For the night to shine in and out.
All asked about her dark beauty,
But I'm watching the bed, sleepless.

XVI.

Of the goat, of the wolf, gold, brown and honey,

Pale yellow and tawny, with thistles and wheat,
I bear safflowers for her. fine skin of the sunlight,
Blood thicker than water, I shoulder the mountain!

XVII.

Itching, caused by a nettle. Does that touch you too?
I won't attack every word, Such as is caused by a nettle.

XIX.

Life is short as childhood,
Having lately drunk, child.

XX.

She used to gather in the fruits of the earth for Aphrodite,
Tame horses for Athena and her heart subduing for Hera.

XXI.

Understanding Carpodes' wisdom like the altar labored, making full
Of bloom, her bread made from first fruits, often cherishing offering!

## *Elaine Wilburt*

Saturday pancakes bubbling fly hatch on the creek

# *Debbie Strange*

meteor gone before i can say it

Alzheimer's mother has forgotten her tongue

worry stone a black hole at the centre

## *Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo*

April rain —
drop by drop the scent

# *Stefano d'Andrea*

*il di saltella tomba mio*
*pettirosso Emily sulla del amico*

Emily's Cravat on friend's
Red hops my grave

o s d s e s

s a i p r e

di capra

di cane

di Mozart ?

s a t r d o e

c t e e b n s

of goat

of dog

of Mozart ?

. . . . . m e m o r i a  f r e d d a . . . . . .

i

vasti

intervalli

tra

s t e l l a

e

s t e l l a

. . . . . c o l d  m e m o r y . . . . . .

the

vast

intervals

between

s  t  a  r

and

s  t  a  r

## corteccia di pruno

o

scil

la

la

man

ti

de

mos

sa

dal

ven

to

b l a c k t h o r n  b a r k

mo

ved

by

the

wind

a

man

tis

swings

*collina degli stivali*

*s o l e*

*v e n t o*

*p i o g g i a*

*n e v e*

boot's hill

s u n

w i n d

r a i n

s n o w

sun

wind

rain

snow

## *Kala Ramesh*

city lights
hunger in the eyes
of a flower seller

parking lot
bats roost-hang
the twilight hour

midnight raga
the river waits
for no applause

the vastness in a held breath this hazy moon

quiet still the darkness of an empty nester

waves crash
pockmarked boulders sizzle in unison

nursery
A yin and yang
toddlers B
C D build
ing
blocks
E

*after Marlene Mountain*

## *Adjei Agyei-Baah*

the wind dropping a leaf from its beak

a cloud climbing another mountain of cloud

bird—its effort to bed the sky

palm reading
my star
out of sight!

# *Patrick Sweeney*

a class trip
on the short wavelength
of lavender

not a famous Shinto spot:
only an old man sitting
next to a dwarf pine

consecrating my sore feet
in the holy water
of a street puddle

washing mud
off potatoes
I've returned home

tornado warning
where the cicadas sound like
snakes in the trees

beginning cricket songs
her first recital
in the dark

# *Eufemia Griffo*

*casa della nonna*
*le impronte delle sue piccole mani*
*sull'arcolaio*

grandma's house
her tiny handprints
on the old spinning wheel

*vecchio telaio*
*la nonna ricama*
*un piccolo non ti scordar di me*

old loom
grandma embroiders
a little forget-me-nots

*tarda primavera*
*i boschi di sambuco*
*ricoperti dalla neve*

ate spring
the  elderberry woods
blanketed by snow

*cumulonembi*
*un martin pescatore sta volando*
*con il vento*

cumulonimbus
a kingfisher is flying
with the wind

*luna di fiori*
*una farfalla monarca insegue*
*la sua ombra*

flower moon
a monarch butterfly chases
its shadow

*cigni sul lago*
*il bagliore argenteo*
*dell'ultima neve*

swans on the lake
the silvery glow
of last snow

*luna di primavera*
*le piccole gemme crescono ancora*
*sulle fredde tombe*

spring moon
the tiny buds still grow
on the cold graves

# *Antonio Mangiameli*

*io e mia moglie —*
*il va e viene*
*di una zanzara*

my wife and I —
the to-and-fro
of a mosquito

*io mio figlio*
*una zanzara morta-*
*sangue di famiglia*

family blood —
me my son
a dead mosquito

# *Andy McLellan*

spring beach
the turning tide
shallows a crab

waking up
on the other side of green
spring oak

ink brush
night wraps paper
wraps stone

mint tea
rain falls
into rain

# *Lucia Cardillo*

*ciliegio in fiore …*
*una vecchia promessa*
*incisa sul tronco*

cherry blossoms...
an old promise
engraved on the trunk

*l'abbraccio di papà…*
*l'odore della pioggia*
*sul suo cappello*

Dad's hug ...
odor of rain
on his hat

*squarcio nel tetto …*
*tra i fiori del glicine*
*battito d'ali*

roof crack ...
on wisteria bunches
beat of wings

*un solo ramo*
*al di là del recinto …*
*rose scarlatte*

one branch
beyond the fence ...
scarlet roses

# *Ezio Infantino*

*un bel respiro…*
*solo ora mi accorgo*
*dell'erba nuova*

a deep breath..
only now I realize
about spring grass

*è elegante*
*l'inchino dei cipressi*
*al vento amico*

how's elegant
the bow of the cypresses
to the friendly wind

*finestra rotta…*
*la lampada appesa*
*mossa dal vento*

broken window…
the hanging lamp
swings at the wind

*dubbi al mattino :*
*chiedo consigli o asilo*
*al bosco amico*

morning doubts :
I ask for advices or refuge
to the friendly wood

*scodinzolando*
*si avvicina lento -*
*notte randagia*

wagging the tail
slowly comes near -
stray night

*acquamarina -*
*l'affondo dei suoi occhi*
*nei miei silenzi*

aquamarine
the lunge of her eyes
into my silences

*la luna dietro...*
*al prossimo semaforo*
*cambio percorso*

the moon behind me…
at the next traffic light
I'll change road

*luce improvvisa...*
*fugge una lepisma*
*da un vecchio libro*

sudden dazzle...
a silverfish flees
from an old book

*sorpasso in curva...*
*un bimbo mi saluta*
*dal finestrino*

passing in the curve ...
a child greets me
from the car window

# *Francesco Palladino*

*uova pasquali*
*mangiando una gallina*
*al  cioccolato*

Easter eggs —
eating a hen
made of chocolate

イースターエッグ
チョコレート鶏を食べる

*John Perlman*

43 years
to the day my
mother died at 54
we sit in our 70s
above small waves
of the shallow sea of
sharks barracuda
& tarpon

a sailboat with
blue sails furled
glides toward
the harbor

## After Irma

In a gale
off the bay
two three-foot
banana trees do the
deinonychus fan dance
of the beaks and claws
among the palm
fronds' ecstasies
of newborn
zoomorphs

## Bahia Honda

this blank notebook
a gift from my daughter
at Christmas now
golden at sunrise
in the eastern clouds
above the turquoise
seas in the Florida
Keys warm as
bathwater my
wife dips in
the shallows
where hurricane Irma
scoured the paleo-
coral beds & the palm
trees fell and leaf-
less mangroves
died

Big Pine Key

Circling vultures
betray the burial
cache of miniature
island deer illness
starved or car-
struck day
by day
night
into
night

## Bouquet

Do the infinitesimal
green insects fleeing the
hibiscus know it’s
today only while
tiny spiders match
the longer-lived flowering
bougainvillea with tri-colored
petals of orange and pink
and scarlet?

Key Deer Blvd.

After centuries trapped
on mangrove islands
the Key deer small as
dogs nibble on edible
bushes roadside
signs implore
tourists to go
slow cameras
snap at open
windows women
sing com-
passion
*Aw, a tiny*
*Fawn*

---

White ibis
stalks the
shade of our
neighbor’s
fencerow
swallowing
tiny lizards
as ancient
as itself

# *Réka Nyitrai*

inchworm's song—
lullaby for an unknown
soldier

morning sky—
a dove's
azure call

at the edge of a cloud the sliver line of a dove-trap

# *Anna Cates*

## monarch

& milkweed . . .
the last piece

of a puzzle
always fits

bucolic skies
half buried beside the barn
jersey's jawbone

daring
the radiation zone . . .
white sand verbena

# *John McManus*

Hiroshima Day
grandpa silently paints
his model plane

skeleton key
turning slowly
into my father

holy men climbing
the stairs to the city
a train thunders past

brontide . . .
refugees scatter
along the beach

charred tower block
the piercing cries
of wheeling swifts

grandpa's allotment
used needles litter the soil
where flowers once lived

# *Angela Giordano*

*leggera pioggia —*
*l'odore della terra*
*sopra la pelle*

light rain —
the smell of earth
on the skin

*dune sabbiose —*
*in viaggio verso casa*
*all'imbrunire*

sand dunes —
traveling home
at dusk

*giorni più lunghi —*
*le dita profumate*
*di primavera*

longer days —
scented fingers
of spring

*tanti studenti*
*tra zaini colorati —*
*grigi palazzi*

many students
among colorful backpacks —
gray buildings

*sussurra il vento*
*tra i papaveri rossi —*
*un mare l'erba*

the wind whispers
among the red poppies —
a sea the grass

*sul vecchio muro*
*le scritte di libertà —*
*parole al vento*

on the old wall
the writings on freedom —
words in the wind

*fiori di cardo —*
*la tua grande ironia*
*così pungente*

thisle flowers —
your great irony
so pungent

*ricordi amari*
*dolci piselli sgusciati con la nonna*

bitter memories
sweet peas shelled with grandmother

*campo di colza*
*il giallo ha invaso l'orizzonte*

rapeseed field
yellow has invaded the horizon

*primavera —*
*questo senso di vuoto che non mi abbandona*

spring —
this sense of emptiness that does not abandon me

*crepa nel muro*
*la violacciocca sboccia senza preavviso*

crack in the wall
the pansy blooms without warning

*soffio di vento*
*una  farfalla oscilla sul filo d'erba*

a puff of wind
a butterfly sways on the blade of grass

# *Alegria Imperial*

UN-WEIGHED

*a river of feet rumbles into my stare*

against furious  bands
of whiteness
*the flow*

no winking pebbles  or snouts that sigh
ageing suns
*unmoved*

threaded light  poised  to swarm
my breast
*heaves and dips*

on wind-stirred copper  leaves
a papery moonset

*the soundless roar*

i ram fear-gripped through
barricades
*to eternity*

your bath's steaming  a wind-whisper
the turn to
*a drizzle-in-cups*

hands that scrape my skin  detritus of
altered states
*her words*

the depths of my being wash  into a mud pool
sheathed-thorns in dregs

*un-weighed*

A SPY'S REPORT

of what's  found

sifting caked soil  on cracked soles
censured  senses
*rambling words*

many-a-nights'  worth
a window's bared  innards
*tin-laughter*

threadbare birch  stray moons
unhinged
*poked chords*

julienned clouds racing  pumped-up eyes
on galaxies
*a restless whirring*

stilled in pools for  divination
mud crabs crawl
*into naked ears*

I, a witness, to the  fall of cotton-souls
in place of death count

*crosses of missing limbs*

nameless sums

ABOUT SPRING

fevered-chill the deep green of a scratchy pencil  on my floor dead stars a slatted-sky spewed far off the wind's malignant eyes a seamless sphere  growing ears wet stones in chronic rain  in a sonogram a frog song  green again the gills of garden pools  turtles tipped on rocks swallowed stillness  dipping face-full in petal stream a shallow sky  hazed wimpled-peaks in her teacup folded wings

## NO MAN COULD TRACE

swelling buds
the sea rising from depths
…black begins to fade

noisy cloud
flung to the wind
turning almost as one bird

chill night-air…
solitary
among eel grass

the river dimly remembered
no man could trace
a shining armor of scales

a pair light as corks
for a season…voices hushed
until the air come clear again

(Author's Note: a found poem, Source & Method: words and phrases randomly picked up and woven into a poem from Book 6 *Migrants of the Spring Sea*, 2 *Spring Flight*, 4 *Summer's End*, 1 *Flood Tide*, 3 *Arctic Rendez-vous* of *Under the Sea-wind* by Rachel Carson, A Signet Science Library, The New American Library © by Rachel L. Carson, 1955)

# *Maria Teresa Sisti*

*fior di magnolia —*
*tra le tue mani calde*
*tutto profuma*

magnolia flower —
in your warm hands
everything's fragrant

*un caffè caldo —*
*cosi freddo il risveglio*
*senza di te*

a hot coffee —
awakening's so cold
without you

*la luna piena —*
*aggiusto i miei capelli*
*mentre ti aspetto*

full moon —
waiting for you
I fix my hair

## *Hifsa Ashraf*

tear gas —
we walk through
the inner war

# ***Sonam Chhoki***
# *Geethanjali Rajan*
# Shobhana Kumar

SOME STORIES TURN INTO SONGS

***Another team meeting I watch a sparrow dust bathing in the flowerpot.***

*some stories*
*turn into songs --*
*a mosquito's whine*

Eyes firmly on the ground, the mind rides on unknown wings.

***a stirring . . .***
***the cobra senses rain***
***in the teak grove***

*Pillars of sunlight stream onto the field but some spaces remain untouched.*

after the city
a morning filled
with bird calls

***Picking wild garlic on the slope prayer flags crackle the wind.***

*temple bells -*
*a goat-herd wanders*
*across the valley*

Repotting dahlia bulbs childhood memories come alive.

blurred flight of bees
all at once it seems
spring has come

*A kite darts in the breeze, till a gust cuts it loose from the string.*

first a flutter
then ripples
in the birdbath

***Once more the rain-rinsed sky stirs half-remembered longings.***

*the tremble of wings*
*of a common Mormon —*
*spring reverie*

How quickly moments pass, the unfurling of gulmohur buds.

***who's to argue***
***the myna now mimics***
***new ringtones***

*The scent of citrus floats in, perhaps an aroma diffuser.*

annual review —
a babbler preens itself
in the car mirror

Tan bun rengay started: 2.3.17 and finished: 28.3.17

## *Madhuri Pillai*

crows nothing to crow about lashing rain

my age gym instructor's raised eyebrows

burying his voice the drawn out monologue

at the edge of autumn dandelions

## *Pravat Kumar Padhy*

dew-wet the thought gently melts

## *Ashish Narain*

sheets of rain—
a dog starts to bark
at ghosts

## *Spencer Sheehan-Kalina*

A letter in sand
for the waves to read like braille—

Such stories kids tell.

Elderly lady
wearing fuchsia flowers in
front of blue mountains.

# *Goran Gatalica*

*tiho poslijepodne —*
*slijedeći rijeku*
*miris glicinije*

quiet afternoon —
wisteria scent
follows a river

*suša —*
*imajući na umu*
*blagoslov žetve*

drought —
keeping last harvest's
blessings in mind

*proljetna poplava —*
*rijeka koja teče*
*neprozirna kao asfalt*

spring flood —
the river
opaque as asphalt

*monsun —*
*pakao pere svoju odjeću*
*u srpnju*

monsoon —
hell washes its clothes
in July

*svjetlucav mliječni put —*
*ribar veže čvor*
*u luci*

milky way —
come to harbor
the fisherman ties a knot

# *Vincenzo Adamo*

*il mendicante*
*davanti al tempio chiede. . .*
*la luna piena*

the beggar
in front of the temple asks. . .
the full moon

*senilità. . .*
*le mani ondeggiano*
*nei giorni d'afa*

senility. . .
the hands sway
in the days of sultriness

## *Corrado Aiello*

dawn on a train –
Japan unveils the name
of its new era

## *Lucy Whitehead*

the
weight
of
sunlight
on
water
sea
glass

cathedral light
sunrise inside
a purple crocus

first bright day
a daffodil left
in an open book

spring dream
finding god
in a box of paints

apricot buds
it's too soon
to say goodbye

letters I never opened  budding lilac

after a nightmare
daffodil buds
bursting open

swallowed
by shadow flowers at night
spring sickroom

convalescent haiku
a birdcage
left open

# *John Hawkhead*

riding home our spokes spiralling twilight

storm warning
we batten down the hatches
between each other

pitch alley a shadow hardens

empty winter sky
standing at my mother's grave
the emptiness of *ma*