

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

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GRAPHICS by

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BOOK REVIEWS:

Fly-ku by Robin D. Gill. Key Biscayne, Florida, Paraverse Press: 2004. Perfect bound, 9.75 x 7.5 inches, 228 pp., haiku in kanji, romaji and English with copious commentary, 0-9742618-4-X. \$15.00. Contact robin d gill.

Silk Flower by Ruth Holzer. Edited by v. tripi with art by Merrill A. Gonzales. Pinch Book Series No. 7. Swamp Press: 2005. Folded, 4.5 x 4 inches, and opened, 19 x 4.5 inches. \$4.00 each postpaid from Ruth Holzer, 601 Madson St. Herndon, VA 20170.

water poems by Kirsty Karkow. Edited by Cathy Drinkwater Better. Black Cat Press, Eldersburg, Maryland: 2005. Perfect bound, 6.5 x 5 inches, 130 pages, \$15.95, ISBN:0-9766407-0-8. Order from Black Cat Press, 613 Okemo Drive, Eldersburg, MD 21784.

Hudson: A Collection of Tanka by Kisaburo Konoshima translated by David Callner. The Japan Times, Tokyo, Japan: 2005. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5 inches, 136 pages, original poems in kanji and English, photos, ISBN4-7890-1179-8. \$25.00. Contact David Callner.

past imperfect by Stanley Pelter. George Mann Publications, Hampshire, England:2005. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 88 pages, ISBN: 9-780954-629922. Contact Stanley Pelter, 5 School Lane, Claypole, Newark, NG23 5BQ, Lincolnshire, UK.

Rain: Haiku by Geert Verbeke. Cybernit.net, 4/2 B, L.I.G., Govindpur Colony, Allahabad, 211004 India. Flat-spine, 96 pages, haiku in English, French, Dutch and German, full-color cover, illustrated with black and white graphics. Euro: 12 or \$15. Contact Geert Verbeke, 14 Leo Baekelandlaan, 8500 Kortrijk, Flanders, Belgium, Europe.

Sunlit Jar -- Four Seasons of Haiku by Carmen Sterba Radish Series # 30 (hand-bound haiku series) edited by Wim Lofvers, Private Press, 't Hage Woord Rijsterdijk 25, 8574 VW Bakhuizen The Netherlands, Published 2002. Reviewed by Marjorie Buettner.

The Mountain Poems Of Meng Hao-Jan, translated by David Hinton (New York: Archipelago Books, 2000 and When I Find You Again It Will Be In Mountains: Selected Poems Of Chia Tao, translated by Mike O'Connor (Boston: Wisdom Publications, 2000; by Karma Tenzing Wangchuk.

Haiku mit Köpfchen, Anthologie zum 1. Deutschen Internet Haiku Wettbewerb, Herausgeberin Erika Wöbbena., 2003, Hamburger Haiku Verlag, 15:21cm, gebunden (perfect bound), 130 Seiten. ISBN 3-937257-04-7.

Haiku mit Köpfchen, Anthologie zum 2. Deutschen Internet Haiku Wettbewerb. Herausgeberin Erika Wöbbena, 2004, Hamburger Haiku Verlag, 15:21cm, gebunden (perfect bound), 120 Seiten. ISBN 3-937257 06-3

Gepiercte Zungen, Haiku-Jahrbuch, 2004, Anthologie, Wolkenpfad Tübingen, 2004, 15:21cm, gebunden, 108 Seiten, www.Haiku-heute.de. ISBN 3-936487-05-7.

Ich träume deinen Rhythmus, (Kronach, Bayern - Hauptstadt der Poesie), Anthologie, 13:21cm, gebunden, 142 Seiten. Herausgeber Ingo Cesaro, Neue Cranach Presse, Kronach, 2003 www.ingo-cesaro.de

Hinterhofhitze, by Gerd Börner, Moderne Kurzlyrik. Haiku und Haibun. IDEEDITION Berlin, 12:19 cm, 164 Seiten, ISBN 3-00-015797-2. Preis Euro 12.90. Books on Demand GmbH, Gutenbergring 53, 22848 Norderstedt. by Werner Reichhold

ON-LINE BOOKS / WEB SITES

Jane Reichhold

Marlene Mountain,
A TRIBUTE TO CID CORMAN by Karina Klesko,
The Anglo-Japanese Tanka Society , Tanka Splendor 2004

NEW TANKA MAGAZINES

red lights edited by Pamela Miller Ness. Saddle-stapled, 3.5 x 8.3 inches, 36 pages, two issues per year (January and June) with annual subscription of \$10 in the USA, \$13 in Canada and \$15. elsewhere. Submissions are due in-hand on April 15th and November 15th. Poets are paid \$1.00 per poem. Send subscriptions and submissions to Pamela Miller Ness, Editor, 33 Riverside Drive, Apt. 4-G, New York, NY 10023-8025.

Ribbons edited by An'ya. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 11, 28 pages, single copies for Tanka Society of America members cost \$2.50 and \$3.25 for non-members. One year memberships in the Tanka Society of America are USA \$15, Canada \$18.00 and elsewhere for \$20. Contact Kirsty Karkow, 34 Indian Point, Waldoboro, ME 04572. Send submissions to an'ya, PO Box 102, Crescent, OR 97733.

DVDS

by Liza Dalby called "Geisha Blues"

BOOK ANNOUNCEMENTS

bottle rockets press announces the publication of The Windswept Corner by Alan Pizzarelli

LETTERS

FROM: Don Ammons, Denmark, Tom Clausen, anna rugis, Richard Stevenson, John Barlow, England, Yvonne Hardenbrook, John Bennett, Gail Whitter, Jason Sanford Brown, Tom Greer, Kadir Aydemir, Turkey, Rob Cook, Marianne Bluger, Canada, Sarah L. Whitworth. Contest News from: Tallahassee Writers' Association and Haiku Poets of Northern California, 2006 TANKA CALENDAR COMPETITION.

PARTICIPATION RENGA

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

This issue of LYNX is dedicated to:

Kazuo Sato
1927 - February 20, 2005

Kazuo Sato, professor, critic, haiku poet, and internationalist, encouraged the development of haiku across the world. He also helped to introduce overseas haiku back to Japan where it had been looked upon with suspicion. The popularity of world haiku today is undoubtedly due in large measure to the efforts of Professor Sato and to R. H. Blyth. Sato had been a student of Dr. Blyth. Kazuo Sato was Professor Emeritus of Japanese and English literature and comparative literature at Waseda University (Tokyo). He also studied as a research fellow at the University of California, Berkeley, as a fellow at the East-West Center, Honolulu, Hawaii, the San Diego State University (California), and other academic institutions abroad. Professor Sato was author of several important books on haiku, and was for many years editor of the respected "Haiku in English" column in the Mainichi Daily News, Japan. This monthly column will continue. Send haiku by e-mail over the web site or via snail mail to: Mainichi Daily News, Haiku in English, 1-1-1 Hitotsubashi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 100-8051, Japan.

ARTICLES

In celebration of the 20th year of APA-Renga / Lynx, we are happy to announce that all the participation renga finished or discontinued since the beginning of the magazine are now available online as APA-Renga / Lynx Twenty Years of Renga. Here is the introduction with a hope that you will view the whole book!

Introduction to Twenty Years of Renga

The idea for Participation Renga came from Jim Wilson, known in 1986, as Tundra Wind, who was living in Monte Rio on the Russian River. As a Zen Master with Korean lineage, and musician with admiration for John Cage, Jim learned of the Japanese poetry form of renga before learning of haiku, as almost everyone else had done. He was fascinated by the idea of non-linear writing and excited by the idea of how what one wrote was dependent upon the poetry of the previous lines that came from someone else.

Living in a rather remote, but scenic, part of northern California, Jim wished to practice this kind of writing with others – with strangers. Jim was already the member of several APAs, which stands for Amateur Press Association. These were large and small groups of persons who bonded together to share their writing on a non-selective basis. Each member paid a small fee, just to cover printing and mailing costs, and submitted work on a regular basis. The written submission, being it poetry, or in Jim's case, science fiction and personal journals, was copied, collated and then mailed to each participant.

From this Jim got the idea of writing up several hokku, he had in the meantime done his reading on the form, copying them on colored papers and placing them in light cardboard folders. These he sent to any and everyone he could interest in the idea. Unknown to him, just miles down the road, were two women who were already writing renga together and separately.

Terri Lee Grell and I had already met after Terri by chance bought a copy of my long, little chapbook, *Duet for One Mirror* (22 pages: 1984) in a local bookstore. Each of us reached out pulling in our friends so that a unique group formed including Celeste Fannin, who later illustrated so many issues, Ken Leibman who went on to be the editor of *Frogpond*, the journal for the Haiku Society of America, Eric Folsom the editor of the influential *Factsheet Five* in Canada, Larry Gross the publisher of *Whup!* and educator known for his work with the Korean poetry form, the *sijo*, with the resulting magazine - *Sijo West*, done with Elizabeth St Jacques .

Jim's distance from the current haiku scene was a certain advantage for him. Instead of following their methods and instructions, he was free to recreate a very new kind of renga – and he did from the very beginning. Gone were all the century-old Japanese rules, and subject matter. Jim gave each renga new rules. Some were to be only one-liners ("Redwood Shadows"), others were all three-liners and some had the traditional mix of two and three lines. For the first issue, Jim and his partner, Bob Jessup, responded to the initial hokku (along with some made up initials to swell the ranks). This policy of identifying the links only by initials stayed in place during all of Jim's years of editorship.

Probably the greatest innovation that Jim brought to renga writing was his concept of the renga "blooming" or "withering." Each time someone wrote a link the renga was expanded. If two persons responded to the same link, that renga was then duplicated. Now there would be two versions of the renga running simultaneously with it possible for two or more participants to continue on these versions or expand them into as many branches as there were responses. The potential for a staggering number of renga going on all at once might have daunted or stopped a lesser person, but Jim believed in the righteousness of following one's dream. He also had the idea that any link that got no response would eliminate that branch of the renga. Thus, as long as people were adding links, the renga would bloom and multiply. If no one was interested or inspired to respond to a link, that branch would be dropped. In some cases, renga that were fairly developed, would hit a point where no one responded to any of the branches and the renga was discontinued before it was finished.

It was only with the use of computers that all of this was made possible. The cut and paste feature permitted one to add the previous parts of the poem to the new links and to control (somewhat – errors did abound) the ordering of the poems.

In each packet, rubber-stamped with the logo "APA-Renga," Jim and Bob sent out the sheets containing the renga, instruction on how to participate, letters, and later, even short articles on renga writing. Publication was scheduled for every six weeks with the first deadline being August 11, 1986.

The way one joined APA-Renga was to open an account by paying in \$5.00. Jim then kept track of how much it cost him for production, envelopes, and postage and subtracted this from the account. Contributors were charged for publication costs only. If a participant failed to contribute, but got the magazine, and extra \$1.00 per issue was subtracted. In each issue was Jim's hand-written note of the status of the account.

Contributors had several privileges. They could start a renga, set up any rules or goals, and write the beginning verse or hokku. They could add on to any or all of the renga in the issue. This rule was soon modified to allow only 12 adding links after Celeste Fannin overwhelmed the system by writing responses to every renga and every version. In addition, contributors could send in "two pages or less of comments, observations, gossip, tips, hints, prognostications, reviews, editorials, notices, advertisements, etc." Soon completed renga, either solo or in collaboration, were being added.

By the second issue, there were nine active renga. After issue six Terri and Jim had gotten together, and figured out a way to cut production costs (all those colored individual, full-paged sheets of paper were getting expensive to print and mail) and decided on the slender 4 x 14 inch format, which fit the width of the printed renga. Jim missed the colored papers, but the new format was intriguing and easier to read and use. At this time, the rule came up that one could not reply to one's own links and has continued ever since.

In 1989, Jim's partner Bob Jessup became ill with AIDs, and Jim's last issue was five months late. At this point he handed the magazine over to Terri, who had in the meantime moved to Washington to settle on the Toutle River, on the flank of Mt. St. Helens. There she worked for the local newspaper. Thus, when she took over APA-Renga she first changed the name to Lynx (as a pun on the linking in the participation renga). It was her idea to print the zine on newsprint and enlarge it. As a poet herself, Terri widened the audience by including all genres of poetry and writing. With her ability for marketing the subscriber list began to lengthen. Still, there was only a small group who maintained an interest in and continued to contribute to the participation renga. Many poets felt their personal voice was violated if they wrote with others and that their work might be compromised by exposing it with less talented authors. Others knew better and hung in there with the activity. At one point the participation got so slim, Terri polled the readers about whether to continue the participation renga in Lynx.

The participation renga were a lot of work. It was a huge job managing all the versions of a renga, figuring out to which one the new work was linking, and which ones were discontinued. And they took up a lot of paper space as the renga got longer and longer. It required a lot of work to be invested for only 5 – 8 persons.

In 1992, after seven issues, planned for three times a year, Terri quit her newspaper job and her last issue was printed on a copy machine on 11 x 17 inch sheets. Eight of the 24 pages were given to the participation renga. The next issue was scheduled for August but never appeared.

In the summer of 1993, Terri called me saying she had decided to go for her MA in psychology and asked if we would adopt Lynx. Feeling I could never make the zine as big and impressive as Terri had, Werner, my husband, and I agreed to at least keep the renga going. Part of the enormity of the job with Lynx, was the huge influx of stories, articles and free-verse poetry. Deciding that inclusion of these other genres was leading interest away from the participation renga, and since my interest in tanka had grown, we decided to steer the Lynx back toward the haiku scene. Since we already had a copy-printer for AHA Books, we bought a comb binder, and redesigned the magazine with lynx-brown covers and crème pages in a 4 x 11 inch format. Werner came up with the distinctive Lynx logo. That first issue was illustrated by Marlene Mountain, and had twenty pages of participation renga out the total sixty.

By drawing in the haiku and renga writers, Lynx became the primary outsource for renga. Most haiku magazines found they took up too much space on their square pages, but all renga fit right in Lynx and contributed new ideas and contributors to the participation renga. Still the interest in renga was so small, despite our having subscribers in 17 different countries, so it was good we also published tanka. It wasn't long before we had, along with participation renga, collaborative tanka.

By the year 2000, our printing machine had given out and we were having Lynx printed in Fort Bragg, and now losing about \$600 per issue. We decided to put Lynx completely on-line and cease paper printing. We did this among howls of protest and some boycotting, but in the end (at least today) it has turned out to be the right move. Even though, according the hit counters, Lynx is having eight to ten times more readers, the contributions to the participation renga have remained small - about eight to ten

persons.

From the beginning, it was Jim's dream to be able to somehow collect all the completed renga done as participation renga. And once, in 198, he made a booklet of the first renga we completed called, Old Pond, based on Basho's famous verse

old pond
a frog jumps into
the sound of water

which had twelve links and twenty-four versions. For this effort, Jim included all the links, even the ones which withered and did not go on so that absolutely nothing was lost.

For the twentieth anniversary of APA-Renga/Lynx, I have compiled all the finished versions of the participation renga, but have had to drop the versions which did not survive. However, since putting Lynx online, all those versions, since June of 2000, can be viewed. Paper copies of all the renga are still floating around, and are in the American Haiku Archives in Sacramento, California, so they are not lost.

As you read over the completed renga you can see how names of persons you may recognize have come and gone, but in the end, the genre is done only by a very select group. Here is the list of the participants.

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

Bob Jessup, George Ralph, Kenneth C. Leibman, Nasira Alma, Pat Shelley, and Ronan are now deceased.

Before I let you get on to reading these renga, I would like to point out some of the ways in which these are a very special form of poetry.

Renga, due to its almost 1,000 year history in Japan and its many permutations with accompanying rules and roles, is a very fascinating poetry genre. Because all the action, and the poetry, occurs between the links, it is very demanding to read and understand. However, thanks to the "stream of consciousness" writing experiments of the early twentieth century, we are better prepared to not only understand how renga work, but to do them ourselves.

Already at this time there is a fairly large deposit of modern English-language renga as evidenced in Werner Reichhold's book, Symbiotic Poetry. While most of these renga are written by a previously

selected group of writers, the participation renga are written by an ever-shifting group. In addition, most renga written today are done by persons trained in, or at least greatly exposed to, haiku. By drawing from this wider audience, the participation renga written here are not so rule-bound and thus, are freer and more inventive. The subject matter encompasses all emotions and all levels of writing – as a poetry of the people should do.

Working with the many versions, it was easy to see how selective writers were in choosing the stanza to which they wanted to link. Simply in the act of deciding to answer to this link, and not that one, the writer has been selective. A decision has been made that this previous link is weak, doesn't relate to me, or my experiences, or is taking the renga in a direction I do not approve of. By being able to write responses to only 12 (and later 10) of the many, many versions of the poems, the writers themselves were determining the direction of the work. This is the direct opposite of the so-called renga master, who alone determined the worth of link and could decide if a stanza was to be included in the final version or not.

Some of the participation renga were discontinued before they reached the length the hokku writer had determined. Very often these verses included subject matter or such diverse writing methods that no one wanted to associate with this group of writers. I know I often could not respond to certain renga because I simply did not like them. Other persons did value them so they were able to write add-on links because the style fitted them. Democracy at work.

As you read through the renga, remember that all of these links, except the first or the last ones, are there because someone wrote a response to them. This means that each person sending in links, had many stanzas that got no response, and thus these branches were left out of future issues of the magazine. It was not always easy to discover that the marvelous stanza you had sent in last time failed to move one single person. I am fairly sure I am not the only person opening a fresh issue of Lynx, counted the number of my links that got a response and lived, and briefly mourned for the lost ones. At least the stanza was published in one issue and the others would continue to be repeated in future issues, even into this collection.

Some of our participation renga probably should not be named as renga at all. The ones started by Jean Jorgensen, which required no writing, but only the addition of a cliché or lines from a song, should more properly be called symbiotic work. Still, they were fun and gave us good lessons in linking. Even persons who might not have felt capable of writing renga, could participate in these works, so they were excellent for beginners. The rhymed Burma Shave signs "renga" would also surely slide out of the territory of real renga.

Some of the rules the hokku writers dreamed up seemed almost bizarre. I think of one in the early years where the author made a complete framework of seasons and subjects for each link. Needless to say, it did not last very long.

Writers starting a new renga were encouraged to think of it as their renga and stay with it. By deciding, again that principle of choice, about which links they liked, and responding to them, the author was able to shape and continue the renga. Some people failed to follow this suggestion, but Carlos Colón, who is not only an excellent renga writer, but also a very conscientious person, scrupulously followed the rule. In his "Open door" renga there is one beautiful version he and Jeanne Cassler worked on nearly alone. It is like watching professionals dance. Surely influenced by the then-current fashion of writing haiku in a continuous line of overlapping words, he brought the craze into the renga domain – something that never would have happened in other renga-writing groups.

While many of the participation renga are short (the longer they are, the harder they are to manage while multiplying and typesetting), the one started by Jim Wilson in 1986, titled "Gently Wiping Dust," is still currently available for new links. At one time the renga had shrunk to one version, and I thought it would die. But it survived, bloomed and currently has ten versions and 17 options or verses it is possible to add a link to. By having the participation renga online, it is available now for anyone to follow even the discontinued links.

Still it seems very gratifying to have all the completed renga compiled together. Do not let your eyes glaze over by the repeated links, but read to notice how different endings change the whole character of such similar poems. There is much for modern poets in any genre to learn from renga writing. Just remember to keep your attention, not on the links, but on discovering what is happening between the links to discover the true poetry.

Jane Reichhold
Gualala, CA
March 15, 2005

MY MEMORY THEATER
Terri Kelly

When I think of the beginnings of Lynx I think of the ocean. It was on the north coast of California where I first met Jane Reichhold and Tundra Wind in the mid-1980s and a new wave of the renga movement began. Was it fate that all three of us lived on the wild Sonoma coast within about 30 miles of each other? Maybe.

Renga first enlightened me by way of Jane's "solo renga" chapbook - Duet for One Mirror - which I had purchased at a gift shop in Jane's hometown, Gualala, about 20 miles from where I lived at Salt Point. I sent Jane fan mail (I remain her biggest fan). She told me about a local "Amateur Press Association" zine, APA-Renga, that had just begun to make the rounds to a handful of renga collaborators by way of Tundra Wind in Monte Rio. An issue of APA-Renga was sent to me. I loved it. I responded to all the renga there. The poetry in APA-Renga was bold and raw and wild, like the ocean that pulled on my feet.

Sometime later, Tundra Wind contacted me about eventually taking over the publishing of the zine. He needed to hand over the making of APA Renga to someone who could keep the renga going and perhaps expand on the original idea for the zine. He wanted to see if I should be the one to take over APA Renga. He lived close by in Monte Rio, so he came to my house and we sat at my kitchen table and got to know one another. I think the visit was mainly for him to see if he trusted me. I probably tried to impress him somehow, but Tundra Wind is such a wise soul that he probably overlooked my naiveté and just let his intuition tell him if I should be the one. Obviously, I passed the test.

The transition to Lynx wouldn't happen right away. It happened in 1989 after I moved to Washington state. I became the editor of the local newspaper there, which meant I had access to the tools needed to expand on Tundra Wind's idea for a renga zine, and turn it

into something that could be distributed far and wide. I changed the name of the zine to Lynx after consultation with Jane and Tundra Wind.

Lynx mimicked the size and shape of APA Renga, but was published on newsprint. This was before widespread access to desktop publishing, so Lynx was put together in the old "cut and paste" method, which I had learned from putting the newspaper together the same way. Lynx went out to 1000 addresses worldwide (that's the minimum you can send out for a bulk mail permit), though only a handful were subscribers. I do remember that I submitted information about Lynx to many literary directories, and then I began to sign up for giving workshops and presentations of renga at literary conferences, schools, and wherever else I could in the Pacific Northwest. The Lynx family grew. The original renga blossomed and new renga began.

Then a wonderful thing happened. A friend sent composer John Cage a copy of Lynx. John Cage contacted me and said he was sending me a grant to publish Lynx. Yippee! He sent grants each year for three years and was a big fan of our avant garde approach to renga. There was much unsolicited publicity about Lynx on account of John Cage's notoriety. Lynx was featured in a traveling exhibit of zines sponsored by the Hemingway Western Studies Center. We owe much to John Cage for spreading the word about Lynx. He would tell people how a handful of poets were reviving renga in the original spirit that Basho intended. I received letters of support from friends of Cage, including Gary Snyder, William Stafford, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Lynx was put on the shelves of specialty book shops far and wide, including City Lights in San Francisco, Powells in Portland, and Gotham Bookmart in NYC. It was high time for the new school of renga.

I published Lynx as long as I could. When I lost access to the printing tools at the newspaper office, and the transition to desktop publishing began, a friend of mine, Nicky Benjamin, who had a few drafting tables, a desktop PC and a laser printer in her garage, helped me put together Lynx. In 1993, I turned it over to Jane Reichhold when I moved to Portland to finish college. Now my masters degree allows me to teach at the college level, and often I teach English, literature, and composition courses at local colleges.

I engage my students in renga because it is such a wonderful teaching tool, naturally awakening the muse for those who didn't know they had it in them.

One special memory I have is the renga William Stafford started and shared after he heard my daughter and I recite a renga at one of his book parties. It's one of the last things he wrote before passing in 1993. It hasn't been widely published, despite the

notables participating. It's the way I remember him – trying new things even to the end of his days. You can read the renga.

Jane originally sparked my interest in renga, and now Jane is the Lynx-keeper. It's fate. Thanks Jane. We owe so much to your steadfast nurturing of the only renga movement that matters. I have fond memories of Lynx and have kept in touch with a few participants over the years. Hiroaki Sato and I have collaborated on a few pieces that were published in Japan.

When the World Wide Web came along it was clear to me that hypertext had something in common with the structure of renga. Renga and hypertext demonstrate the natural way that humans think, by grouping related thoughts and emotions into an infinite string of memory theaters. Renga is mnemonics

for the soul. When I re-read the renga that Jane and I shared, I can smell and taste and feel the ocean.

Note: You can visit Terri via her web site.

THE HIGHWAY HAIKU PROJECT IN SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA by Carlos Colon

Photo: Nadine A. Charity

The "Highway Haiku" project, which began in fall 2002, is a collaborative venture between the Shreveport Regional Arts Council (SRAC) and Lamar Outdoor Advertising. Fifteen poems and 10 visual art (non-poetry) billboards were selected in 2002 from over 300 entries. The plans had been to run the haiku/haiku-like poems on highway reader boards; however, once the first poem appeared and ran about a week, the reader boards began having a surge in interest from paid advertisers and became booked solid and unavailable for poetry.

In late summer 2003 a new reader board was built adjacent to the Common Street bridge, and before the first poem could go up a children's theater bought advertising space on it. At the end of August, the second poem of the project finally appeared, followed by another by the same poet 12 days later. A paid advertisement came next for a week, then the fourth poem of the project ran for an extra two weeks or more until paid advertisement again monopolized the reader board.

Also, in fall 2003, there was a second "Highway Haiku" call, for which 29 artists submitted 136 works. Eight haiku were selected for 1-2 week appearances on the reader boards, and 10 visual artists were selected for billboards that would circulate throughout the region for a period between 6 and 18 months.

Throughout 2004, no poems were displayed as part of the project, although each of the many visual art billboards were identified as "Another Highway Haiku," taking Eric Amman's idea of haiku as a "wordless poem" a bit too literally.

At the urging of the SRAC Literary Panel, the "Highway Haiku" project restarted on February 2005 when Lamar Advertising built a new reader board near one of the busiest intersections in Shreveport (Youree Drive at Kings Highway). SRAC paid Lamar to finish out the 11 poems from the 2002 call and to include the eight additional poems selected in 2003. The contract called for each poem to run seven days, changing out each Friday. So far, the poems have been keeping on schedule.

Photo credit: Fred Dozier

Nan Dozier with her haiku in 2002

Poets selected in October 2002:

Nadine A. Charity (1 poem)

Nan Dozier, former Haiku Society of America member (6 poems)

Ashley Mace Havird (3 poems)

Lakisha Hamilton (1 poem)

Marian M. Poe, Haiku Society of America member (2 poems)

Lisa Yarbrough (2 poems)

Poets selected in October 2003:

Carlos Colon, Haiku Society of America member (4 poems)

Theresa L. Mormino, Haiku Society of America member (4 poems)

UKIAHAIKU FESTIVAL 2005

Jane Reichhold

Ukiah is a Pomo Indian word as well as the county seat of Mendocino county, which you may have noticed is haiku spelled backwards. Since Mendocino county seems filled with artists and poets, it is not surprising that Ukiah has a very active poetry program. The many poets, they even have a local poet laureate, got together about three years ago and decided to have a ukiaHaiku Festival. They sponsored a contest in the schools, and got lots of entries. So they did it again and last at the awards ceremony they invited Harumi Blyth, Robert Blyth's daughter as speaker. That was so successful that they held the festival again in April, poetry month in the States, and this time they invited me to judge the contemporary entries and then to give the keynote speech. And so I did.

"Thank you for inviting me to participate in this event today. It has been so inspiring to hear all of these excellent haiku and to meet their authors.

Before I begin I would like to say a few words on the importance of haiku. Ever since Western Poetry, that is poetry written by persons in Europe and America, abandoned the form of the sonnet, and then the ballad, to develop "free verse" or a poem that has no form shared by others, there has been a huge blossoming of poetry. By not having any set form, people who never would have thought of themselves as poets, suddenly had the freedom to write what they call "a poem."

I believe this was a good thing for poetry and for the people. Look at the abundance of poetry readings and especially of web sites for poetry and just be thankful. However, as more free verse poetry pours out around us, its very freedom makes some of us want to also have a form, a fence, a plan for our poetry. Here comes haiku.

But with it came several problems. The largest one was its smallness. Poets who admired the book-length poems of the Europeans, decided you could not get poetry into just three short lines and declared haiku as a non-poetry form. This happened about 100 years ago and a lot of people have still not yet gotten this idea out of their heads.

Even as late as the 1980s "authorities" declared that haiku were NOT poetry, and many poets believed them and still do.

So I warn you, if you become a haiku writer, many poets will find you not fit to invite you to read for them, be in their anthologies, or even sit at the same table with them. Be prepared to be ostracized, shut out, laughed at, and to become invisible as poet. Not only will you be treated as if you are the member of a minority group, you will also be in the minority. But this is good.

This is good because you are already on the spot where the other, and much better known poets, will have to go. This is because, by learning how to write haiku you are learning about the very heart of poetry. The paradox is how easy it is to write a haiku and yet how very hard it can be to write a very good one.

I know, sometimes they seem to drift down with the ease of snowflakes falling on your tongue and other times you can struggle with the wording of one for haiku years. I know because I still have not properly written about the very first time I felt a haiku.

At the time, 1967, I was living in the Sierra foothills and had gone to SF to pick up a load of clay. It was too late to drive back that night so I found a bookstore and hung out there until it closed. In order not to appear to be free-loading I bought the cheapest book off of a close-out counter, more for its small price than its small poems. Yes, it was a book of haiku – translations of the Japanese masters: Basho, Buson and Issa. And yes I was instantly charmed by them. But at the time I was studying the poetry of Robinson Jeffers and William Everson and I thought that only this was real poetry – the kind of poetry I wanted to write.

Then one day, as I was sitting at my newest kick wheel, still outdoors under a big pine tree, just as I was pulling up the clay, you know that magical moment when the clay takes on a life of its own and begins to grow upward under your fingers, tickling your palms, just at that moment, a mocking bird began trilling a clear and incredible song (as they do in the spring when announcing their territory). It was if the sound of the song entered my ears, traveled down my neck, dropped through my arms and flowed out my fingers so that it was the bird's song that made the pot rise up and take on a form.

About ten years later I learned that one called such experiences a "haiku moment." I also learned that some people felt that having such an experience would be the basis for the very best haiku. Unfortunately, all the many, many haiku I have written about my first haiku moment have failed to be good haiku. There are many reasons for this.

First of all, I did not think that I, as a non-Japanese could write a haiku. I know I wrote down words in three lines in my notebook and I definitely knew that what I had experienced was the exact kind of inspiration that occurred in haiku, but I refused to think of it as haiku. It was like stealing someone else's candy bar and making it mine by eating it. I was thrilled with the idea that by reading of the haiku of other people I could come to a new way of experiencing my own life, but I truly thought I had no right to imitate someone else's poetry.

This feeling is one that is shared by almost every poet who comes into contact with haiku. Poets will read the translations of the Japanese masters, but refuse to write haiku. They may imitate parts of the form, as by putting their own free verse into three lines, or by writing about nature, but they do not study the form enough to write a "proper" haiku.

Therefore you have taken steps that 90% of the poets now writing have been unable to take – to study and to WRITE haiku.

Again there is another paradox with haiku. It needs a lot of rules. A lot more rules than such a short form should even need. Many of you are still working with the 5,7,5 rule and if I had more time I would love to help you get over that threshold. But if I did that I would load you up with even more rules. And I encourage you, since you have made such prize-winning beginnings with haiku, that you stick with the form and learn all you can about it. Good luck. I started writing forty years ago and I am still learning, still revising my work, still trying to make it better.

Because there are so many rules, luckily no one can follow them all, so we are forced to pick the ones we do follow. Having read the haiku for the section I judged, it was clear to me, who had adopted which rules to follow. Rules are not a bad thing, especially when you get to pick them. And I do encourage you study all the rules (they are in my book and on my web site) and pick a set for you to try to follow. The good thing is that when you really good at following any rule, you will become bored with the poems that result and will pick another one and the form will be fresh and new to you.

Because we are all following a different set of rules, haiku can be very different. You have experienced that here today. And the form can be even more elastic, expanding to contain the silliest jokes to the deepest almost religious enlightenment. You see, haiku are truly the heart of poetry and therefore they can be the seed of any poem.

This is a reason haiku is taught in the schools. And haiku should be studied as the first introduction to poetry. But what I would like to impress upon you is the idea that you need not outgrow haiku. As you grow up, haiku will grow up with you, become complicated enough to entertain you until your hair turns white.

Now comes the courage part. To stay with haiku is to earn you the disrespect of poets and the poetry mainstream. To them haiku is too simple (because they have not studied it enough to even write a good one), too child-like, and yet as poets we need to become like children, still filled with the wonder of the universe.

Western poetry is too often a teaching of one's philosophy of life or built around the poets' feelings. And that is the most fun stuff to work with. We love our feelings, we delight in letting others know how we feel, and we find our feelings very, very important. The problem with building poetry completely on feelings, is that they are our very own. Perhaps a poem may touch someone who has had similar experiences, but no one can duplicate the description of another's feelings.

Haiku bypasses this pitfall. By putting into the poem mostly images of things, without description, the reader is given the material to evoke a feeling but is not bound to follow the author's feelings. Do not go to sleep on me at this point, because here is the crux and secret of Japanese poetry.

By using the names of things, and especially the images of nature (and this includes human nature as

well as nature-nature), you are aligning your poem with the eternal the everlasting, the world of nature. Our feelings are fleeting. In fact you cannot hold on to any emotion very long, even if you write a poem about it. So the poetry that will last is the poetry built on everlasting images. Notice the popularity of Basho's poems, now over 400 years old and teaching us new things with every translation. How much 400 year old Western Poetry are you studying or even reading? If you do read Shakespeare's sonnets you will notice that the poems that survived are the ones filled with the images of things.

Writing poetry is the art of being exact. And nothing teaches you this faster than haiku. When you have so less words to work with, you must make every effort to make each word count and therefore poetry IS the choosing of the best words for the deepest feelings.

Maybe this is the best place to end this speech. And it has been a lot harder to make a short one. Three hours would have allowed me to make a proper beginning. Saving you that on such a lovely day, I do want to encourage you to stick with haiku. You have proven you have a talent for it. Do not throw away this gift because it may have seemed to be easy for you. I would wish that you would delve deeper into the form. Study its beginnings, read how it has developed, listen to what people are doing with it. You can make a difference! The form is still evolving in English, and all the non-Japanese languages, and you can make a difference in what it becomes by sticking with the form. As you continue to write haiku, continue to evolve yourself, you will, in this process, change the form. Haiku is just beginning to be recognized as a valid poetry form, and you are here on the ground floor. Whatever the genre becomes it will become what those of us today are writing. Each haiku, like a drop of water, becomes the sea of haiku literature. Through our eyes and ears, come the images of our world. They pass through the nets of our hearts and are offered up on the plates of pages of ink or monitor screens for others. I wish you well and many haiku in your lives! Blessed be!

[Because I could not get permission to quote the winning poems, here are some I wrote on that day.]

ukiaHaiku festival
only the ocean is still
on May 1

no wind
and yet I am to give
a speech

rolling on Hwy One
the surf so still
only the car moves

Point Arena
on a sleepy Sunday
only flowers open

going by the rez
the road lined with the red
of Indian paintbrushes

startled
the blackbird flies

into his song

coming inland
the depth of the sea
in redwoods

climbing the pass
the huge white clouds
we can see from home

greeting a friend
grape leaves sprout
on arms of vines

meeting
at Church and School Streets
ukiaHaiku festival

clouds gathering
for the haiku meeting
my nervous nerves

prize winner
the best haiku written
by the tiniest girl

(for Dennis Dutton)
in new robes
the whole festival blessed
by his presence

the ride home
every path invites us to walk
in the redwood forest

the sun finally sets
on our exhaustion
our happiness

The next day we found out we made the front page of the Ukiah daily newspaper. You can see their story [here](#).

REPORT ON KEVIN STARR

Werner Reichhold

In the most influential daily German News paper, Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, (6 pages alone of Fuilleton - referring to events in the arts) from November 22, 2004, we found a long article about Kevin Starr. In there, the report gives the German readers a detailed description of all the books professor Starr wrote about the California history, titled Americans and the Californian Dream, of which six volumes are already published. Right now, his book of essays, titled Coast of Dreams, California on the Edge 1990-2003, appeared in the market, and is a great seller. Beside this, the article mentions Kevin Starr's position as a professor at the University of California, Los Angeles, and his accomplishments as the State Librarian of the State Library, Sacramento, California. During his reign, he helped founding the 'Haiku Archives', a constantly growing collection of works written by the best American writers concerned with the Japanese genres of Haiku, tanka, renga and haibun.

DEUTSCHE HAIKUSZENE - GERMAN HAIKU SCENE

(auf deutsch - in German)

Werner Reichhold

Since more and more German writers are reading the web page of Ahapoetry.com, we concluded that articles about new developments reported also in German would be helpful. So here follows the first one of a planned series.

Deutlicher als zuvor haben in den letzten drei Jahren Verlage in Deutschland daran gearbeitet, sich der Weiterentwicklung des deutschsprachigen Haiku anzunehmen. Die unter 'Book Reviews' an anderer Stelle erwähnten Publikationen deuten auf neue Ansätze, und es wird sich bald erweisen, dass die unterschiedlichen Wege, die deutsche Autoren anstreben, ihre Wirkung auch im Ausland nicht verfehlen. Vor allem aus dem Blickwinkel der zahlreichen, im englischen Sprachbereich erscheinenden Bücher und Magazine darf man sagen, dass eine Anzahl von Schriftstellern in Deutschland einen durchaus eigenen Ansatz zum Haiku erarbeitet haben.

Innerhalb der größeren Literaturszene hofft man darauf, dass die anhaltende, sehr viel Papier verschwendende historische Rückbeziehung auf japanische Vorbilder ein Ende, zumindest aber eine Einschränkung erfährt. Die Wiederholung von längst Bekanntem und Verarbeitetem wirkt nicht nur ermüdend, sondern schürt unaufhörlich den berechtigten Verdacht, dass ohne diese Korsettfunction japanischer Vorbilder anderssprachige Haiku nicht vertretbar wären. Und das, um es deutlich zu sagen, ist mit der Kreativität deutscher Schriftsteller unvereinbar. Vielmehr gilt es der Erörterung und Ausleuchtung dessen, was jetzt in Deutschland an Haiku geschrieben worden ist, weitesten Raum zu geben. Das würde denjenigen, die der engen Szene vorwerfen in Nachahmung zu verbleiben, den Wind aus den Segeln nehmen. Ziel ist, der Verbreitung von heute entstandenen Haiku weite Beachtung in anderen literarisch interessierten Kreisen zu ermöglichen. Wir sprechen von dreissig Jahren Haiku-Erfahrung. Wenn wir nicht konzentriert vertreten, uns in dieser Zeit mit der Arbeit am Haiku freigeschwommen zu haben, sehen wir alt aus, und die hinter uns liegenden Entwicklungen könnten

nur als ein auslaufender Trend abgetan werden. Es soll Leute geben, die darauf lauern.

Machen wir uns nichts vor: Was erwarten die Käufer, die gerne Übertragungen japanischer Dichtung gelesen haben? Sie suchen sicher keinen Verkaufsknüller, keinen steilen Hasen im Felde der Kurzpoesie. Was erhoffen sie zu finden, wenn sie englische oder deutsche Haiku in der Buchhandlung oder am Netz durchstöbern? Alles noch mal wie gelesen oder so ähnlich? Nein, das genau kaufen sie nicht, können sie auch nicht brauchen. Potenzielle Leser suchen, wenn sie denn suchen, nach wirklich neuen Haiku, die vom Stoff her und ihrer Gestaltung nach neue deutsche Dichtung repräsentieren, entwickelt aus unserer eigenen Sprachkultur. Wie, fragt der Interessierte, hilft das Haiku weiter zur geistigen Orientierung, was ist überraschend kurz und genial eindringlich zur Sprache gebracht? Was beunktet darin einen neuen Menschen. Finden die Leser das, dann greifen sie auch in die Tasche und bezahlen. Ansonsten hängen sie still weiter am Glücksgefühl der hochgeschätzten Übertragungen japanischer Haiku.

Wenn es denn so ist, dass die zu enge Kopplung dichterischer Inspiration an fremde, schon erprobte Vorbilder einen Energie mindernden Schatten auf dem Produkt hinterläßt, sollte sich die Frage stellen, worauf das beruhen könnte. In dieser Hinsicht erscheint es interessant, sich erneut die Arbeitsweise anerkannter Schriftsteller ins Gedächtnis zu rufen. Diese nämlich leben im Wachzustand ähnlich wie alle übrigen Menschen offen zu allen Eindrücken ihrer umgebenden Natur. Dann aber kommt die Nacht, der Schlaf. In diesem Zustand - und das wissen wir nicht erst seit Freud werden die am Tage aufgenommenen Eindrücke neu geordnet, eingeordnet in schon seit Urzeiten angelegten organischen Substanzen. Wissenschaftler wollen belegen, dass wir während der Schlafperiode im Unterbewußtsein Arbeit leisten, oder besser, dass eine Art Verarbeitung alles schon angelegten Materials mit dem neu hinzugekommenen Stoff stattfindet. Eine aber ganz seltsame Fügung scheint es möglich zu machen, dass sich die Methode der Verarbeitung bei einigen Personen deutlich unterscheidet von derjenigen anderer. Es wird umschrieben als ein im Unterbewußtsein entstehender Sprung, so als ob Materie die Fähigkeit hätte, in Selbstorganisation eine Mutation auszulösen.

Die schwer zu beantwortende Frage bleibt, wie der Einzelne dieser in ihm stattfindenden Mutation später im Wachzustand eine künstlerische Gestaltung geben kann. Wir fragen, wie kann aus der Sprache der Nacht, der Traumwelt, eine Sprache des Tages und eine Schrift werden? Es geschieht und viele Menschen haben diese Erfahrung gemacht - dass wir, durch welchen Anlaß auch immer, schon während der Schlafperiode oder am sehr frühen Morgen erwachen und, noch nicht bei vollem Bewußtsein, plötzlich ein Bild sehen oder einen Text klar vor Augen haben. Diese oft ganz kurze Botschaft enthält sehr wahrscheinlich die einer Person absolut einmalig zugehörige Prägung. Diese Botschaft ist „das Haiku der Nacht, am Tage registriert“. Wegen der zeitlichen Flüchtigkeit dieser Erscheinung gilt, sie unmittelbar zu notieren. Meine Empfehlung läuft darauf hinaus, diesem hier beschriebenen Phänomen Raum zu gewähren, ihm eine Chance einzuräumen, und ihm eine von allen erlernten fremden Inhalten und Schreibmethoden befreite eigene Form und Aussage zu verleihen.

Natürlich kann alles das im Tagtraum sich ähnlich vollziehen. Mitten durch ein Sonnenbad gellt ein AHHH über Algen und Muscheln am sonst fast leeren Strand. Vom Ohr zum Bleistift sollte es ein blitzschneller Griff sein. Den Moment gibt es nicht, zwischen Flut und Ebbe ist alles Geschehen ein Fließen, ein vor oder nach dem Rauschen. Bis das unsere Registrieremaschinerie erreicht, müssen unzählbare Operationen fein sauber ineinander greifen. Der Verlauf des eigentlichen Schreibvorgangs ist dann das letzte Glied in einer komplizierten Kette von Schaltungen, die wir nur teilweise durchschauen.

Alle Ehre dem Haiku, es ist als Form Ursache alles dessen, was Generationen schon für diesen Vers

an gestalterischen Möglichkeiten bereit gehalten haben. Er, der so sehr kurze Vers, öffnet zum Beispiel den Blick auf ein Gebilde mit anlockender erster Fallenstellung, gefolgt von einer geplanten Irreführung, und mit der dritten Zeile fällt der Vorhang: Hervor tritt der Hase im Mond, der neue Zahn in Kindesmund; eine Verknüpfung von zuvor noch nicht aufeinander bezogenen Phänomenen. Es ist genau dieser gleichzeitig sattfindende polyfokale Blick auf die Natur draussen und seine Reflexion aus unserem Innern, die zusammen die Produktion in bildender Kunst und Literatur seit dem letzten Jahrhundert vorangebracht haben. Dem Haiku, der Haiku-Sequenz und besonders dem gemeinsamen Schreiben steht in dieser Hinsicht noch sehr viel Raum zur Verfügung.

Das "Märchen von den 17 Silben die auszogen andere Sprachen anzuziehen" ist unsentimental beigesetzt. Die Runde macht, es sei ein Schelm, wer sich noch leistet zu diesem Thema Krokodilstränen fließen zu lassen. Die Anzahl der im Haiku verwendeten Silben ist das Resultat größter sprachlicher Verdichtung, beruht aber längst nicht mehr auf der Innehaltung eines mißinterpretierten Zählsystems.

Wenn wir davon ausgehen, dass die kleine oder mittlere Gruppe aufgehen wird in einer einzigen, schnell miteinander korrespondierenden Gemeinschaft der Schreibenden am Netz, dann verstehen wir, welche Formen zu erwartende Kritik in Zukunft annehmen wird. Unsere Arbeiten werden ohne an Personen gebundene Rücksichten miteinander verglichen und beurteilt. Wie ein jeder von uns nur nach dem wirklich inspirierenden Neuen Ausschau hält, so unterliegt die eigenen Arbeit eben diesen Kriterien genau so unbarmherzig.

Den mutigen Verlegern ist sehr zu danken, denn ohne ihren langen Atem ist die Vertretung der japanischen Genres im großen Literaturbetrieb kaum zu bewältigen. Die deutschen Autoren des Haiku herauszustellen ist mehr denn je von Bedeutung, weil sie ohne Frage mit ihren besten Arbeiten die allgemeine Literaturszene beeinflussen können. Man möchte vermuten und wünschen, dass es nicht lange dauern wird, dann kann so etwas wie ein Ruck durch die Medien gehen, die, beeinflusst durch Neuerscheinungen auf dem Markt, dieser lyrische Kurzform endlich die ihrem Wert entsprechend Beachtung schenkt. Eine in den U.S.A. mit viel Überlegung und ausgefeilter Strategie bevorzugte Methode der Verbreitung des Haiku besteht darin, diese Form den Verantwortlichen für die Lehrerausbildung näher zu bringen. Im Haiku schlummert ein kaum zu überschätzendes poetisches Potenzial, das, wenn in geschulten Händen angeboten, Lehrern wie Studierenden einsichtig macht, welche geheimnisvollen Bereiche eines allgemeinen künstlerischen Erwachens hierdurch angeregt werden können.

Wie gesagt, die deutsche Haikuszene verschafft sich aus ganz eigenen Energien heraus zunehmende Beachtung. Um den einzelnen deutschen Autoren Gelegenheit zu bieten, ihren Arbeiten, und damit ihren Namen ein vielgelesenes Forum zu eröffnen, gibt es das amerikanische Magazin LYNX, am Netz unter Ahapoetry.com, als erstes Kapitel dort leicht aufzufinden. Ahapoetry.com, begleitet und unterstützt internationale Entwicklungen seit 1988. Am Netz seit 1998, deutet die Leserzahl von 670.000 Einschaltungen auf weitgestreutes internationales Interesse. Sowohl auf dem Postwege (Ahapoetry, P.O.Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445, U.S.A.) als auch bevorzugt über e-mail (wreichol@mcn.org) nehmen wir Haiku, Tanka, Haibun und renga/renku, sowie weiterführende Versuche über diese Formen hinaus zur Publikation an. Ahapoetry.com ist bekannt für weitgehende Offenheit gegenüber Autoren, die Neuland hinter den japanischen Genre zu erforschen trachten. Einsendungen bitte zweisprachig, in deutsch und English, und, wenn gewünscht, auch als Übertragung in weitere Sprachen. Die Veröffentlichung erfolgt dann ebenfalls mehrsprachig.

Stellungnahmen zum dargelegten Stoff sehen wir entgegen und werden darüber im Magazin LYNX

berichten.

MEMORIES OF KAZUO SATO

Jane Reichhold

In the summer of 1989, Kazuo Sato offered to make the four-hour drive up from Berkeley to visit us at the barn, where we lived then. Jane (I've forgotten her last name), a young Japanese-American girl, and two Japanese young men accompanied him on the trip. After getting acquainted over tea and tidbits our guests were eager to see the rest of the property. As soon as we got outdoors, our cat Tuxedo came running up to Kazuo as if greeting an old friend. The cat simply would not let Kazuo walk. He twined himself so completely around his ankles, the only way we could proceed was for Kazuo to carry Tuxedo, which he gladly did as he explained that he and his wife had twelve cats at home. This explained why he had written the book, *And the Cat, Too* with all those cat haiku.

As we wandered among the huckleberry bushes under the pines, Kazuo asked to excuse himself to go to the bathroom. Being that we were already outdoors, I asked if he wished to use the "outdoor one." Suddenly he was as joyful and excited as a child. So I led all of us down the path to the big sequoia tree under which was our "throne."

The year before I had commissioned a carpenter to build a huge redwood throne for Werner's Christmas present. It was basically a box with a back and arms added to it. The hole in it had a heart-shaped lid and underneath was a hole in the ground over the roots of the tree. Because we had so little water there on top of the ridge, it was very helpful to save a few flushes by using this throne. Also we thought it was a marvelous experience to sit there in the quiet of the woods with only an inquisitive blue jay to watch as we "took care of business."

When our group arrived in the clearing where the throne sat, Kazuo took one look at it, turned around and ran. To my horror, I thought I had insulted him or so embarrassed him that he had run away. Imagine my relief when he quickly returned with his camera. He wanted one of the guys to take a photograph of him on the throne!

SOLO WORKS

GHAZALS

PAN YARD LIME* 2005

gillena cox

January, the moon's full in the night sky
Smaller lights of twinkling stars

A cooling gentle breeze
Intimates his aftershave cologne

Pulsating sounds from the steel band
In the pan yard filling the night space

The rich blend of food and prattle
Excites every music connoisseur's palate

Conscious, each of one's own space
Yet unconsciously swaying to this one rhythm

Communion of pan music
Season of Carnival

His empty plate, except for a few grains of rice
Tonight's moon is still a full moon

*The word "Lime" is used here in the Trinidad and Tobago dialect sense, and it refers not to a fruit, but to an activity of people getting together in common consensus to have fun. See this link for more "Trini" dialect words.

NIGHT GHAZAL
Abra (Barbara Mackay)

Come, take my hand and we will walk the elbow of night
I will lead you beyond blackness into the glow of night.

In the east a glacier appears and walks forward on the land
white and blue icebergs glitter as the sun nips the toe of night.

In the framed mirror I watch myself dance the fandango
I am naked and wanton protected by the soul of night.

How is it that I have come to love what I once feared
those ghosts and goblins formed by the shadows night.

Once I had a great love who walked across the sky
by day, now he lives in the hollow of night.

Crows wing in and perch on the limbs of a tree and I
Abra glimpse their blackness just before the swallow of night.

EXODUS

Ruth Holzer

Shmuel-called-Shepsel, he got out,
far from the Tsar when the Great War broke out.

Bumping under burlap sacks on the road to Yashinovka,
through rain and flame, Chaya got six children out.

Her parents, may peace be upon them,
lay in the Goniadz graveyard, a narrow way out.

Pioneer cousins tugged on their boots,
hiked to distant Palestine, singing their way out.

The last horse in the village stumbled and balked,
but pulled the wagon of life, bringing invisible Ruth out.

TURNING THIRTEEN

Sue Stanford

over the puddles, over summer clouds
cricket cheers reverberate: the lingering light

the last daydreamer rehearses a love scene
startled, she slips the words up her sleeve

cheap mascara reddens her eyes
at the year end disco girls dance with girls

that song, she feels as though she had written it
MSN, the art teacher's pregnant

a tampon explodes in a jar of tap water
mixed feelings she marks off the end of Term Four

crossroads: which way did they go?
for an instant a baton connects separating runners

HAIBUN

JERSEY DEVIL
Robin M. Buehler

Cursed is thee; this child within. Not even planned, yet it grows! It grows, and I count the days. The days 'til I rid thee from me, flesh of my flesh. Bone of my bone. This thirteenth child I wish gone from me.

cursed since conception
Mother Leeds' thirteenth child
grows inside

Leaves rustle, giving way to his first taken steps. Be gone, wretched creature. I cast my eyes away from thee, never to lay them on thy winged and hoofed limbs. Be gone, I say! Be gone from my sight!

He flies
deep into the woods
forever damned

My thirteenth child. What have I done? But to cast thee out into the New Jersey wilderness and defend thyself, alone. What will come of thee?

He lives on,
if only in folklore,
the Jersey Devil

THE MOGAMI
C W Hawes

A night of rain in early July. The windswept torrents beat against the eastern windows, accompanied by occasional booms of thunder and brilliant flashes of lightning. I am reading Basho's Oku no Hosomichi while drinking cherry-flavored green tea. When I reach the part where the poet writes of the Mogami River, my wife calls to me from the basement asking me to help her bail water.

streams swollen
with heavy summer rains -
my leaky house!

NIAGARA FALLS
Robin D. Gill

like water off
a whale's tail

And a Japanese dressed all in white praying for something stands on the sea surface below . . .

like brushwork
rain pours down from
the whale's tail

When it rains, it pours! I imagine Japanese in a Hiroshige print or a Hokusai with clothing held over their heads in a run for shelter and, yes, a photo of a Morton Salt container in a whale's tail montage.

the whale's tail
has anyone called it
a time-rain?

A whaling dingy would not make much of a yadori for that shigure but, anyway, the water from a whale's tail could fill a book of poetry couldn't it!

ISSA JOINS A HAIKU GROUP

Mary King

Hello, my name is Kobayashi Issa and I am a new member to this group. I would like to humbly offer this haiku:

The moon and flowers,
forty-nine years,
walking around, wasting time.

C&C is always appreciated.
Sincerely,
Issa

Hello, Issa, and welcome to the group. May I say respectfully that it sounds as if the moon and flowers have been walking around and wasting time for forty-nine years. Perhaps they have but that probably is not what you had in mind. Maybe if you were to rewrite it as follows:

my hometown
many cousins -
peach blossoms

Feel free to discard this suggestion if it does not suit. Must go now--I think I may be coming down with a cough.
Best regards,
Shiki

Dear Issa, may I echo the welcoming words of my good friend, Shiki. I just love your haiku, how long have you been writing? Since you've asked for c&c, I will suggest just this very tiny adjustment to what you've written:

The butterfly is perfuming
its wings in the scent
of the orchid

I have tried to keep the gist of what you were saying, while adding what I think might give it just a bit more interest. But as my good friend Shiki said, this suggestion is yours to keep or discard. I'm sorry I can't write more at the moment, but there is a humungous frog that keeps jumping into the pond and the splashing noise is driving me crazy.

All the best,
Basho

Dear Issa my man,
As I was saying to Dean in another life on another plane entirely, you can't have birth without existence and you can't have death without birth. So just relax, have another drink and it will come to you. Or maybe it won't but being there is the same as not being there.
Catch you on the rebound,
Jack Kerouac

Dear Shiki, Basho, and Mr. Kerouac,
Thank you all for your most interesting comments and suggestions. They were all very helpful to me, and I may just adopt one or two. I'm enjoying reading all of the work posted here and hope to post another haiku tomorrow, if time permits. You know how it is, though: moon, plum blossoms, this, that, and the day goes.
All the best,
Issa

SEQUENCES

FOUR SEDOKA

Don Ammons

From a dreamed silence
an unseen hand brushes my cheek.
"Yes," her eyes smile. "I am here."
Heat spirals me down,
a moth to flame, an ego
burnt to smoldering, white-gray ash.

Summer rain splatters
asphalt, rivers of oily grime
down culverts. I lift my face
to sky, rain; close my
eyes, try to forget the street
paved city – country clay roads

Yellow rape fields. Flat.
Climbing hills. Falling away.
Bright yellow glaring eyes. And
over yellow fields
a strong sulfur smell of burnt
coal – Yellow flaming yellow!

From a restless sleep
the icy touch of a black
shrouded shade chills me awake.
"Who are you?" "Regret."
A long silence. The clock ticks.
I wait. Finally – "Which one?"

AFTER "RECESS REMEMBERED"

A pastel by J. G. McGill
Richard N. Bentley

The country schoolyard
Contains three worlds:
Night, day and the twilight
Within the night.

The passions and aspirations
Of children at recess
Move among the swings
With malevolence and power.

Leapfrog. Jumprope. Hopscotch.
Open graves. No one has
A shape or a color, or a name.
Our imagery breaks down.

See the moon shining
On the broken schoolhouse roof.
You adore the vision, but
You will be startled

Less by the vision than
By your remembrance of a scream
Heard in a dark stairwell
Fifty years ago.

A JUNE OF TANKA
Tom Clausen

my eye comes to rest
on a hole in the tree,
perhaps made by a woodpecker
 this way an emptiness
 finds me here and there

a storm coming up
and as I take in
the laundry off the line
it occurs to me
this is a moment to savor

I remind my son
that generally I try
to get along with everyone
and avoid fights
and no, I can't "take him"

this ebb and flow
of cards playing War
with my daughter...
I can't see the woman
she will become

yes, when I just work
for my family
it sort of works
but when I don't work for them
it doesn't work!

amazing to think that once
I had time in my life
to lay out sunbathing,
totally oblivious to
what on earth I was doing

LILAC BANNER
Elizabeth Howard

at the Hiwassee Refuge
a whooping crane
comes and goes with the sandhills
yet the big white body
belies its disguise

Canada goose
perches on the railing
one leg tucked up, heron-like--
sudden sunspots on the lake
blot its silhouette

sandhill cranes
high in the sky
trailing a lilac banner
announcing spring--
my scarf waves at them

plastic bags
hung in the barbed wire

wings flap in the wind
snowy egrets
dancing

like broad-winged hawks
cranes form a kettle
seem directionless
yet wind northward
in tune with destiny

SEASONS OF HEALING

Laryalee Fraser

obituary –
words hover over
my coffee cup
I reach for the telephone
swallowing the taste of guilt

painting the porch
where our laughter once circled
my arm stretches –
between these peeling boards
the soft brush of an echo

play time
with my grandchildren
drawing pictures
I paint my own childhood
in brighter colors

this slow journey
feeling my way through shadows
gold forsythia
frames your photo, announcing
a new season of healing

folds of sunlight
in a peach-tipped rose
her shy smile
with grandmotherly pride
I focus the camera

LEAVING MONTARA

Ruth Holzer

the cabbie waits –
we finish
a long goodbye

eucalyptus too –
it must give way
to freeway

changing my flight –
tricky game
of aircraft roulette

another
limp salad –
stuck in Dallas

landing at midnight –
how cold
it is here

ECLIPSE OF THE HEART

Thelma Mariano

at first light
I awaken in your arms
remembering
all those deliberations
and my plan to say goodbye

thoughts of you
as he saunters towards me
a black cat
now lying at my feet
wanting to be stroked

those age-old questions
about love surface again
the river tonight
as inky as the moon
now in full eclipse

if the night could speak
it would whisper your name
instead this silence
as I lie next to you
wishing for what you cannot give

the low timbre
of your voice in the darkness
of my room
leaves a resonance
long after you are gone

missing you
even though it's over
I walk past
the frozen patch of ground
where I last saw roses bloom

MOU OSHIMAI DA
Tim McGovern

Koibito,
snow falls
on the stone lantern,
and I whisper
"cherry blossoms".

In my palm
my offering
melts,
gone with a breath
like a dream of you.

Aijinchan,
all I can offer
will vanish,
shall we be
snowflakes together?

LATE SHOW
Kevin Paul Miller

night in the city
on a crowded street
fedoras and fenders

hardboiled detective
standing in the shadows
lights another Lucky

Friday night fights
bums eating
leather

high on a rooftop
beat poets write wild verse
jazz fills the air

sirens mix
with saxophones
the city never sleeps

WEATHER PATTERNS Dru Philippou

teenage boys
midges swarming
in the humid air

chameleon mimics wind
trembles down
the coral's mouth

Lobo Peak
lonely hiker
howling in the mist

rain on corrugated roof
a hundred scuttling
fiddler crabs

peeling onions
layer by layer
weeping you in winter

compost pile

last year's rotted wishes
spring to life

NOW AND THEN A GLIMPSE
Carol Purington

Sixteen candles
the gift of singleness placed
in my hands by God
wrapped in stiff paper
tied with white ribbon

Rain lands softly
on the black lamb's fleecy back
no sunrise
this Easter morning
but the empty tomb

Now and then a glimpse
on a dutiful postcard
snowcapped mountains
shining with the brightness
of the face of God

A west wind
shudders the farmhouse
I feast on comfort food
beside the garden catalogs
a book about heaven

Moonlight
and the white of snow-smooth fields
I've said goodnight
found forgiveness
for the day's crooked trail

SAMPLING
Werner Reichhold

preset curvature
at the East-West parable

light distortions
tales lure my finger
to a dimmed screen

a new password curls up
on the tip of a touch
presidential preference
the cursor's menu
points to insecurity

what you follow in fog
is not a firefly
it's the winged move
of a banana moon
peeling itself out of light

then almost dark
Euphrates & Tigris
keep washing waters
the cradle's red cedar
swings sleep on a baby's eye

eye of a Sufi
neither blink nor a linear
astonishment
on a sandy stage the dancers'
whirl well beyond slow oil.

WOODEN SEAT
Anna Rugis
Part 3

he never looked up
until that solar eclipse
but she was lonely
a dangerous companion
she made him do it

in five hundred years
when they have learned to bargain
there'll be a title
and it will be the searching
that they don't think of

on this wooden seat
he will build they tell stories

it s just an impulse
to have somewhere to put them
everything glistens

HERE
Anna Rugis

my saints and I live
under a tree and
drink with owls

we do this because
we are no longer
insecure

we are beautiful
in accordance, we
change ourselves

we no longer need
houses with sound roofs
as rain falls

straight through our beauty
the recognition
seen by light

THIS IS HOW YOU CHANGE
Anna Rugis

the curve of my hands
the elegance
of fern fronds

a position of
poise preceding
non-action

I ask for guidance

turn the palms upward
my disconsolence
two shallow pools in
the half light

put away your tools
in time to gather
a new dew

you can be one of
a new breed who can
transform it

into a sweet grace
and something tender
like water cress

the weeds and the stones
you used to banish
will come back

and bless you with their
moans of gratitude
and relief

you see how it is?
all your unyielding
vanities

have blunted your will
sharpened your wish
to remove

any last tension
a hatchet through
spider web

when the animal
begins to glow like
Apollo

and the hunter and
the gatherer have
digested

they will fall into
a kind of slumber
be dissolved

another degree
of the same process
into light

this is how you change
turn your hands into
cockle shells

I'M NO RIVER
R.K. Singh

The sun couldn't help
nor fish protest:
river has no sex
so it dried up
trapped in its own banks

The otter watches
a duck walking on
the frozen river
icicles drop bit by bit
from a lone tree

At the river
she folds her arms and legs
resting her head
upon her knees and sits
as an island

I couldn't understand
what's Hindu about having
fish and onion
after prayers by the river
in the temple courtyard

I'm no river
flowing toward the sea:
I must find my way
asking strangers in strange places
sensing soul, using insight

SHADOW OF AGE

R.K. Singh

Enveloping
all of the moon at night –
white chrysanthemums

the half moon
on her neck reminds of love
before departure

the sun not yet set
but the full moon rises
as if in a hurry

a star shines bright
beside the crescent moon
she fakes a smile

shadow of age
on the wall –
second full moon

whiteness of the moon
and rocks howl with the wind
December in the veins

after the party
empty chairs in the lawn –
new moon and I

the sky couldn't retain
all of the moon now entering
my house through the window

setting moon
leaves behind sparkle
on the waves

noisy birds
don't let me sleep:
midnight moon.



graphic by John M. Bennett

AUTUMN LEAVES: JAZZ POPS FOR JACK

First String

Richard Stevenson

Zucchini chubber!
From across the alley
guitar runs and riffs

"So What?"
The languid hips in it –
that's it!

The emerald hour
Coltrane stretches the notes
on "Miles' Mode"

Coals to Newcastle
a paper wasp with green plans
in a rolled leaf

apples pink-cheeked
plump finches titter a bit,
peck out the bass

cymbal sizzle breeze
blue jay screeches wee-eee! wee-ee!
and down come the leaves

Heads up, Ornette!
Autumn leaves got nothin'
on blue boppin' jay!

softer than cymbals
sprayed sprinkler streams
on zucchini leaves

Turn down the blaster!
Rap's got nothin' on
this sprinkler patter

quick pitter patter
around the kit, this sprinkler's
chick a chick so-oo hip!

a stiff breeze
red-cheeked apples
drop snicker snack

rock in the park
action dachshund's just gotta
do his solo too!

rock steady dachshund
you just can't compete
with electric blues

Second String: Coltrane Pops

Coltrane's "Greensleeves"
the old cat curls up
next to my laptop

Coltrane's soprano

searching among chords
cat's ears swivel too

The classic quartet's
"It's Easy To Remember"
old cat's eyes close

'Trane's "Out of This World"
keeps the cat's ears piqued
and peepers open

Tyner comps under
the silver splash of cymbals,
Coltrane's alley sax
searching paper bags and cans
out in these mean bass streets

Tyner's finch fingers
titter in the cymbal splash
of falling waters
while 'Trane's tenor weeps
of home from a farther shore

'Trane's acetylene torch
slowly seals seams of "Miles' Mode"
this gun metal day

'Trane! You're so sly
even the discordant notes don't
make the cat's ears flinch

Tyner cavorts now
cat's ears trained
on the laptop fence

Rim shot! Cymbal splash!
Cat's ear pivots toward
the sun-splashed shores.
Who's rowing this awful boat
toward the Godhead now?

Tyner comps

under scintillating cymbal splash,
bass's heron reach

Coltrane mellow on
"Nancy (With The Laughing Face)"
cat stretches a paw

What's new? Honey?
Cat's pure marmalade
in his jar of dreams.
Coltrane's tenor torch probes
for holes between the notes

"Up Against The Wall"
the classic quartet acquits it –
self most seamlessly

Trane's tenor travels
down seamless silver track
cat just licks his paws.

"I Wish I Knew"
Tyner's keys keep crooning
under horn quest

Love, you call it
the first movement in which
Tyner tickles God

sometimes a cat yowls
not now, your sax searching
for alley scraps

a cat yowling,
some might say, but a light
came on, didn't it?

discordant, harsh
yet the acetylene blues
cut through steel

Rim shot! Splash!
You take the tiller on tenor,
stars' canopy
acceding passage

of your pea green boat

Joy, the third movement
your horn's mother calling you
from the back porch still

Cats in heat
caterwaul from God's alley
for moon's milk saucer

The big C
man, you hadda know;
you hadda blow!

Tenor terrorist!
You come out blazing bullets,
spray the audience

raw as a dog's nose
chasing down rabbits
tenor hound howling

blackboard finger notes
got the bare moon bone
clamped in your jaws

sugar is sweet
taproot tenor sucks and shucks
huckleberry wine

sheets of sound
so many rain/sleet notes
so many windows

Big C
Chasin' the Trane
finches in the eaves

Look out, Jericho!
Got an ax that'll blow
leaves off the trees;
gotta a blow torch
and acetylene will!

TRUE LOVE
Marie Summers

blind date
a rosebud droops
upon arrival

daisy petals
in the afternoon breeze. . .
he loves me

under Orion . . .
on one knee her beau
professes his love

June wedding
ice sculptures melt
into the hors d'oeuvres

moonlit current. . .
the bridesmaid's dress billows
in the breeze

sugar moon
the wedding cake
half eaten

SUMMER WIND
Marie Summers

heat lightning
the snow geese chatter
on the shore

summer storm –
sailboat masts clag
in the whitecaps

thick fog
rising off the pond. . .
flock of geese

upside-down dingy
I laugh to myself
"Slowpoke"

finish line
the catamaran zips past
a blue heron

MOONGLOW
Marie Summers

moonrise
a newborn cries
for milk

moonlight
a quilt on the clothes line
covered in frost

daysleeper. . .
cigarette smoke curls
around the moon

moonlight
on peach roses –
her sleeping form

crescent moon
dad's fingernail clippings
on the floor

night fishing
moon ripples caught
on my hook

blue streaks –
the road home
in the moonlight

SINGLE POEMS

how can I tell
you about them
in the light of day
the fruit I gathered
from the orchard of sleep?

June Moreau

hidden flower
behind a veil of green
a blushing bride

Robin M. Buehler

baby's breathe
upon mother's left breast
sweet surrender

Robin M. Buehler

her scent lingers
longer after her departure –
that wild rose!

Robin M. Buehler

once ocean-scented
these postcards mailed
long ago
when you thought
even the sand was new

Jeanne Emrich

even here
on this city sidewalk
the ants are busy
and I stroll along
as though I've nothing to do

C W Hawes

can even your practiced hands
fold me
to the strange geometries
of this
another new life with you

Eva LaFollette

I leave the spider...
as I remove
the haiku strips
hanging from
the branches

K. Ramesh

propositioned
by the scantily-clad girl
on my evening walk
I give her my last twenty
and continue walking

C W Hawes

summer evening-
standing among
the fallen leaves
I watch the tender ones
in the tree

K. Ramesh

mother in the kitchen-
the scent of a burnt
match stick first,
then, the aroma of tea
fills the evening

K. Ramesh

the sorrow
contained in velvet petals
of crimson dahlia
is a far from praise
to mankind

Aya Yuhki

Springtime
smell of flowers
as the sun
frolics in the playground
even at night!

Lanie Shanzzyra P. Rebancos

while driving home the moon
hidden by dark clouds edged with white light
softly illumines the field of dying corn

C W Hawes

there are ships
for sailing
ships for thinking
and the waters
are very deep

June Moreau

darning wool socks
kept in a basket
one by one
recalling the winters
i have worn them

Giselle Maya

Leaves on fire
crackles
as the heat touches
its stem –
toasted!

Lanie Shanzyra P. Rebancos

on shores
of the pond
it belongs
to the mist of silence -
the white heron

June Moreau

on an evening
of autumn passing
a butterfly
flits kissing
a deep red dahlia

Aya Yuhki

MOVING
C W Hawes

my best friend in fourth grade
people thought we were siamese twins
then some seven years later we were strangers

she wept bitterly
my eleventh grade sweetheart when I said
my dad took a job today in Ohio

confined
in a jet plane
black hatred
and passionate love
fly together

Aya Yuhki

Chinatown Alley –
click
of Mahjong.

alexis rotella

Carts filled with fruits
in the street
greet every villagers
with their vivid hues –
a dash of rainbow.

Lanie Shanzzyra P. Rebancos

bent pitch fork
the metalsmith has no time
for small repairs
quinces slowly ripen
among emerald leaves

Giselle Maya

READING A NEWS ARTICLE ON AIRLINE TRAVEL
C W Hawes

that woman arrested
for carrying a concealed weapon
they agreed finally it was a bookmark

the windbell's cord
broken and mended
again and again
fierce winter storms
sweep the garden

Giselle Maya

transparent twilight
over the field of dahlias
a praying mantis
died
in the chilly dew

Aya Yuhki

I will keep

a deep attachment
as my partner
until the day I leave this planet
with seas and mountains marred

Aya Yuhki

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

THE DIVE
hortensia anderson
suhni bell

how far do our feelings take their
colour from the dive underground?
- Virginia Woolf

as you broke thru the glass bricks i began to bleed
going numb i reach for you first
that first touch tracing pain's path before easing
torn pages from our screams
thru clenched teeth we survive to tell each other even more
and in the telling, time flows again into the stillness
tonight she reminds me the spaces between words are where we dance
and made flesh i follow the curves
this odd silence so white-hot our tears spill and hiss

outside the lines & over the edge
from the black ash we draw signs
slow drips across the canvas
between open legs the crowning and birth cry

MODEL T
Carlos Colon
Marlene Mountain

'model t' i crank my shoulder out of socket
farther than catholic bingo mr virtue's gambling ventures*
first stone cast through her reflection 'days of rage' **
out of the fire into the frying pan 'our' iraqis and afghans
daybreak the snap of a bacon strip
add a semicolon a pleasant yet popular two-moments haiku

enough rain to float a pond
murder case cable news viewers updated by leaks and bounds #
a pact of lies in the world until a pack of irises
west Nile virus a headless blue jay in my front yard
a baseball statistic batted down one mascot
summarized in a pie chart the career of soupy sales
'as long as it takes' a war deadline with depth ##
labor day paint project a tub of spackle covers the dropcloth
enamored by a 'geico' gecko an adman's woman
parading through my phone line blackants blackants blackants
in the tangled morning glories more of them
nursing home jigsaw puzzle the celebrity's eyes missing
birthday party the call button unanswered

finally back the computer with 1 thing fixed leaves fall 1 x 1

halloween season a pumpkin patch on my arm

only green onions left in the garden 'no pain no gain'

worst kind of rerun california wildfires

two soldiers killed was that today yesterday or tomorrow

b a l a n c e d

&

a i

f r

first snow in a dark hollow melted and warm across the road

ankle-deep in my own wallow

one little cow sits in a cage it falls over then there were two ++

new year's eve reading myself into double-vision

ah the moon in real time no matter 'corporapetions' ignore it

a path beaten by neocons hail to the chief cheney

belated christmas gift one more well-intentioned book of spamku

whew only bills to answer from the mailbox

handwritten letter the flourish at the end of your name

can you hear the respelling of matriarchy

'bee' champion the one-syllable shriek toward the judges

* former drug tsar william bennett

** chicago, oct. 8-12, 1969

inspired by marlene mountain's link 19mm from 'ninety-nine bottles'

current secretary of defense rumsfeld

+ "balanced and fair" = fox news slogan

++ results of mad cow disease

BETWEEN

Conrad DiDiodato
Karina Klesko

between earth and sky,
alone, swaying to me,
my child's first steps

emerging silence
a sudden clap of thunder

this chrysalis moon
lighting the night –
a fledgling heart

a leaf cups the wind –
sound flutters
from cloud to cloud

caught in a backwater –
day moon

teetering. . . .
my grandson's first steps –
a jet echoes in my ear

SKINNY DIPPING

suhni bell
sheila windsor
cindy tebo
marlene mountain

1sb skinny dipping a full moon competes with Perseids

2sw fireworks the sprinters legged it

3ct 'paraskavedekatriaphobia'a burst of laughter around the 7th syllable

4mm nobody understands me an exciting day

5sb transgendered at the free clinic so many forms to fill out

6sw a full and frank exchange of silence

7ct downtown new madrid home of the 'it's our fault' t-shirts
8mm stolen car striped on the road a pretty red
9sb under construction the inukshuk trembles
10mm rain only in the tracks where a backhoe didn't go to the spring
11ct from a.m. to p.m. a change in the cicada clocks
12sw helicopters whirl another fifty plucked from a warming globe
13sb night deposit bird splatter where the kigos
14mm late summer into early fall before early winter until late march
15ct out of heaven's cannery the sardine clouds
16sw more chlorine than a swimming pool the pre-packed salad

notes:

2sw olympic games/drugs test

3ct paraskavedekatriaphobia is a fear of Friday the 13th

9sb freestanding rock sculptures along canadian highways made by inuit natives

16sw report in 'the ecologist' - august '04 - prepared salad is 'treated' with chlorine and the bag filled with carbon dioxide to keep the produce 'fresh' until opened

august 2004

RUBY.COM
Owen Bullock
Catherine Mair

on the wine cork
something
dot com

she offered him
a way to carry his poems
an empty carton

lies on the floor
between two easy chairs

the cardboard now
the bottles have gone

a submarine
wouldn't make it through
this living room

back porch
a luminous
ruby button

OWNING IT
Owen Bullock
Catherine Mair

petals are brighter
oranges
more electric

the taste
grows into her
she lets the dream

it's over-cast
a virus lingers
but what a life!

a sylph
she might blow away
I buy her a soft
blue handkerchief
for their wedding day

we are so young now
& camp oven potatoes
& of course wine

& a cough
& the feeling we own it!

a bonfire in a gully
boys chasing
with fistfuls of new mown grass
the old dog raiding
fish and chips



John M. Bennett & Jim Leftwich

FORMATTING
Catherine Mair
Owen Bullock

i.

neptune s necklace
smithereens
how intensely michael paints:
outside unseasonal
hail pops

wanting to get
to the paints
obligations
litter the floor

journalist
balancing
questions
& notebook

ii.

you came into my world
in jpg format
I hope you print
clear

westerly
clouds of dust
inside the thrum
of a floor sander

before the paint's dry
begin another
the phone rings
on both lines

television set
the fine balance
of contemporary art

iii.

Zorro again
to pass the
pause

Lone Ranger's
fairisle jersey
hobby horse
ray gun
& bike helmet

a collection of artifacts
or an empty shed
the dream
& dichotomy . . .

iv.

adding it up
on a form letter
after deductions
13 total
with love

they all want
to paint poetry
the revolution
has come

DEEP IN PINK
Terri Lee Grell
Jane Reichhold

ambrosia tongue deep in the pink conch shell
blowing on one end clear tones all around
breeze from behind whistling boys bone white bikini
on her shapely hips jealous-green eyes
falling to her knees the red silk kimono
fastened in place by blood-gorged lips
opened by heat the morning sun enters with him
only moments before the chill up her spine
parting cold on pearly teeth her sad smile

he swears it was only heavy breathing not yes yes yes
whispers white among the rocks at high tide
drifting out to sea his fishing pole her hair
a heart-shaped shell in a sea-green glow
tender to the touch her hidden stretch marks
lifelines hum a colorless love song
holding my tongue in the abandoned mineshaft
black sweat work of naked men
golddigger at the salt lick a sudden urge
the sound of water
daubed on paper white-out corrects copy
dear Jesse stop please read stop my lips stop
expletive deleted part of a woman's body

Begun: 11/1/89

COOL, GRAY MORNING
Jeanne Jorgensen
Marlene Mountain

cool, grey morning tonight the 'Oscars' a melee of haute couture
a white carpet in the way to the mailbox
sometimes just waking up is enough a long, warm bath an extra
checking account never so low down & dirty

bladder support implant all of her mysterious ailments since
backwards each dusk toward spring

the subtitles flew by and with them half the 'sundance' film
first grandchild's twinkling blue eyes such joy
spun left & right & extreme right the security of 'social security'
four Mounted Policemen ambushed a nation weeps
middle-east future back to square one of neolithic women
single mom her single daughter now pregnant
swollen daffodil buds on hold glasses and cups washed
oh, for a good sleep . . . less pain
late for court michael jackson in pajama bottoms & blazer
on the frozen ground pigeons peck at seeds
atlanta jailbird on the lam whose next hairs are numbered
we mail out sympathy cards signed with love

despite the sorrow, forthcoming marriage of our youngest son
'honeymoon' to impeachment my desire
Mr. Peterson moved onto 'death row' hard to fathom his smile
an act of congress to make a further fool of itself *
ah, for the life of a chickadee fluff up to warm in dense spruces
muddy dandelions pieces of an ancient puzzle
the poles are shifting will mariners navigate by the stars again?
scattered everything beneath the rusty roof
Good Friday the ache of a broken heart as she watches it snow

he might have doubles like saddam the pope

Parkinson's disease wears out body and soul she borrows my stick

anti-stem cell relief the control-women's-bodies bunch

two hours of barefooted sun drizzles back to a slippery slope

addicted to morphine so what . . . he's dying

a thumb in the grave a thumb with the desire of april green

12 primulas in bloom still winter outside

this that the other i don't even want to learn what i know

notes in my diary maybe today they will call

* the 'dirty tricks' use of terri schiavo for political gains

february 27-march 31 2005

LENGTHENING DAYS

Elaine K. (New Zealand)

Ella Wagemakers (The Netherlands)

Zhanna p. Rader (USA)

last heavy snowfall –

behind the plough

a crop of crows e.k.

lengthening days –

early worms break ground e.w.

wet dirt

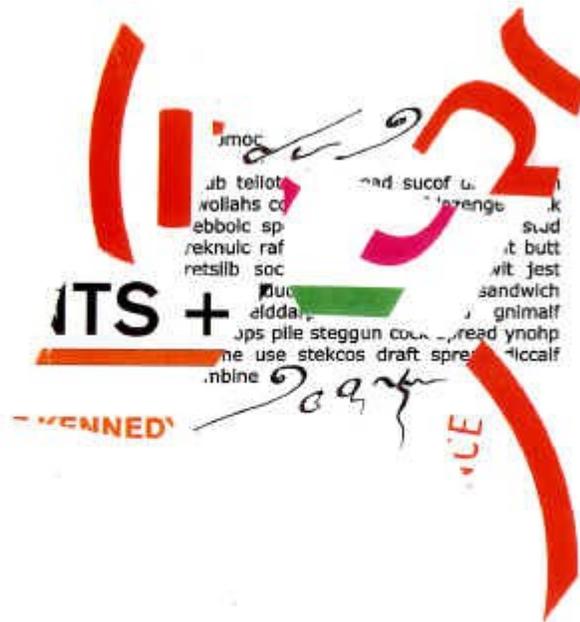
where I planted grass –

small blue butterflies z.r.

cows squelch in the mud
by the trough e.k.

past the horses
under the noonday sun –
a new potato field e.w.

in the meadow
children running barefoot z.r.



John M. Bennett & Scott Helmes

INVISIBLE BUT HONEST
Marlene Mountain
Francine Porad

invisible but honest daylily roots topped with solstice

watercolors drying table chairs carpet a bouquet

wind takes out the power in rooms i should know by heart

Christmas afternoon tree hung with raindrops

the infamous bc/ad calender an april birth five years before

WA governor-elect leads 130 votes out of 3 million

all Ukraine exit polls give Yushchenko a major lead sympathy?

tsunami i understand 'nature nature'

do I look ashen? jaundiced? Jay says: you look like Mommy to me

the feel of love an actor within 'queer as folk'

a challenge met and mastered astronauts journey to the moon

dependent on computers even those without

Thailand against a scenic backdrop stacked bodies

on the black market stolen health

exchanging germs and kisses storm of confetti 2005!

needed since 'forever' his mud-deep backhoe

picture-perfect vegetables ready for Farmers' Market

warm spell suspicious clothes on the line

a pirated cd in the mail 'libana' clears the air of closed doors

diagnosis vaso vagal his opinions suck

old buddy yak-yak a right-wing nominee forced on the world

decisions reversed Mac back to the factory

a 1-800 number on hold so long i forgot who i called and why

guessing game: will it freeze? will it snow?

almost barefoot the inside and the outside of a window

long-winded when the word yes will do
the creek ruined by silt a curve in the cliff toward a cement bridge
freeway support arch homeless men huddle for warmth
the big picture red and blue mix purple artless the good old usa
hopefully my paintings have taken a quantum leap
joyous swirls the photographer vocally admires ink spots in motion
mid-january behind my eyes the feel of daisies
quickly typed: It's Bpbbi's job to sneci yje stocks, jer plesdure
tenncare dumped agency systems crashed by the scared
fearless 'Aviator' followed by paparazzi down the red carpet
a cold snap covers the ground

Dec 25, 2004-Jan 17, 2005

ORIENT EXPRESS

Manuela Miga

Vasile Moldovan

what abundant sleet! Buying greetings postcards for the New Year.	Ce lapovita! Cumpar ilustratele pentru Anul Nou.
many carts full with fir trees are invading the whole city	Carute pline cu brazii invadeaza orasul
my first attempt origami- a helmet with only one ear.	Prima-ncercare de origami - un coif cu o ureche.
the hunters are coming back happy, bearing full rucksacks.	Vanatorii se intorc cu ranitele pline,

hastily put out fire-over the red leaves the light of the moon.	Foc stins in graba - peste frunzele rosii lumina lunii.
towards home listening to love tales of once upon a time.	Catre casa ascultand vechi povesti de dragoste
in the withered weeds the sudden call of the quail splitting the thick fog.	Ieburi uscate - chemerea prepelitei despicand ceate
at the edge of the road side a grave without cross and name.	La marginea drumului un mormant fara nume.
Orient Express – the pond's waters are rippling in successive waves.	Orient Expres - apa elesteului valuri-valuri
sunk in dream, the little girl is ruffling her fair curls.	Cufundata-n vis, fata desfacandu-si buclele.
dandelion fluffs on the wings of the spring wind.. where is it going?	Puf de papadii pe-aripile vantului oare, incotro?
waiting for my beloved guests I am dusting my bookcase	Asteptand musafirii sterg biblioteca de praf.
the postman is ringing – the last letter to my lover is being returned.	Suna postasul - scrisoarea de dragoste e returnata.
she rushes up to water the lilies a second time.	Se repede sa ude crinii a doua oara.
melting icicles – in the slough is shivering the solitary moon.	Turturi picurand - in baltoaca tremura singura luna.
silence weighing hard over universe.	Tacere apasatoare peste lumea broastelor
she decides to paint in light green one of the walls of her bedroom.	Pictand cu verde unul dintre peretii dormitorului.
suddenly stopping to write I start to make soap bubbles.	Oprindu-ma brusc din scris fac baloane de sapun.

after the sunset Pe inserate
going out for lilac stealing... la furat de liliac -
tomorrow - Wemrn's Day.* ziua femeii.

New shoes are screeching Scartait de pantofi noi
on the cracked pavement... pe caldaramul uscat.

*Romanian Mother's Day is on March 8th
Translated from the Romanian by the authors.

[Sorry my web program does not offer the "hats and helmets" of the Romanian language. jr]

SENSE REPLENISH

Sheila E. Murphy
Dan Waber

don't say this sense of sight
is want for tulips
bloomed once

pens replenish
blank pages after factual
April sun uncorks primary color potion

when now
dissolves in visible from
our distance to here these likenesses

daily rituals are an act of
breath that's faith not
poured forth

look at me as though silence
and lather equaled fuel
slowly rinse

your purple
socks speak floral reason
to the kitten supplicants thus rise

morning drizzled
two hours to bathe
we are gods earth under sky

inside the beams contraindications rise to
dance swirlish the surface
spins evidence

in the steamheat one grows accustomed
billows rise to factual
wasted detail

coverlets deep in
yesness comes the meantime
let tomorrow turn woodwind

my camera
eyes open ready poised
in your arms to gather all

this is why amended verbiage offers
so little return on
lost investment

UNTITLED
Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

on the immaculate lawn one twig

Anzac morning - the day lilies still closed

stiff breeze - horizontal flags

all the way up the street not one face at a window

against the wall of a house, two wagon wheels

facing west the shrubs wind burnt

on the cherry tree a shriveled leaf

bird droppings mark the new haiku boulder
river bank, a brass band rehearses
'pooper scooper' - jogger & dog
"Walk on!" the command from an old lady
replica *kauri dam - an empty bag of pineapple lumps
the sails of a windmill turn steadily
linked by a cobweb two letter boxes
a jigsaw of firewood stacked against a bungalow
too early for the drums & marches
a cavalcade passes over the bridge
* kauri - native tree much prized for its timber

FREE EMOTICONS

Francine Porad

Marlene Mountain

free emoticons for your e-mail I click on the grouchy puss
in and of itself nothing ruled in nothing ruled out
too well-informed wouldn't know so much without eavesdropping
definitions for us of japanese terms good grief
Prince Harry's unseemly costume Nazi symbols should be banned
two impeachments if only

professionals review mother nature nasty snow & cold a wicked wind

art exhibit a homeless man really looks

a 'geico' ad derides the cave people though godless and unmarried

he says 'I'm certain' which means he is not

i love war [sic] it'll last forever after my 12-year-old josh is drafted

touted by Endless Vacations Pigeon Forge, TN

lucky to stay in a ragged nest not a bit like those well-off crows

breaking the prison mindset as well as the fast

not rain anymore white prints travel from their gray cat through dusk

colorless or black background for a colorful logo

almost breathless after two or three two- or three-breath haiku

no fee poetry reading open to the public

my daughter asks for a receipt when she pays back funds I advanced

the buddy system kicks in rice defeats boxer

face swollen & scarred Yushchenko takes oath of office in Ukraine

ill himself she's ill too

bleeding finally stops that know-it-all lab technician's blunt needle

down the road some green to fix the road

heading for Bachelor Mountain with eldest son to visit youngest son

60th year of auschwitz un's very 1st recognition

support Wiesenthal Center people can still give living testimony

a healthy respect for winter flat scared of rumsfeld

full moon alert tonight are the planets aligned in my favor?

early coffee five for website proofing good luck mm

agassi vs federer the australian open way too many miles ahead

for every competition a winner and a loser

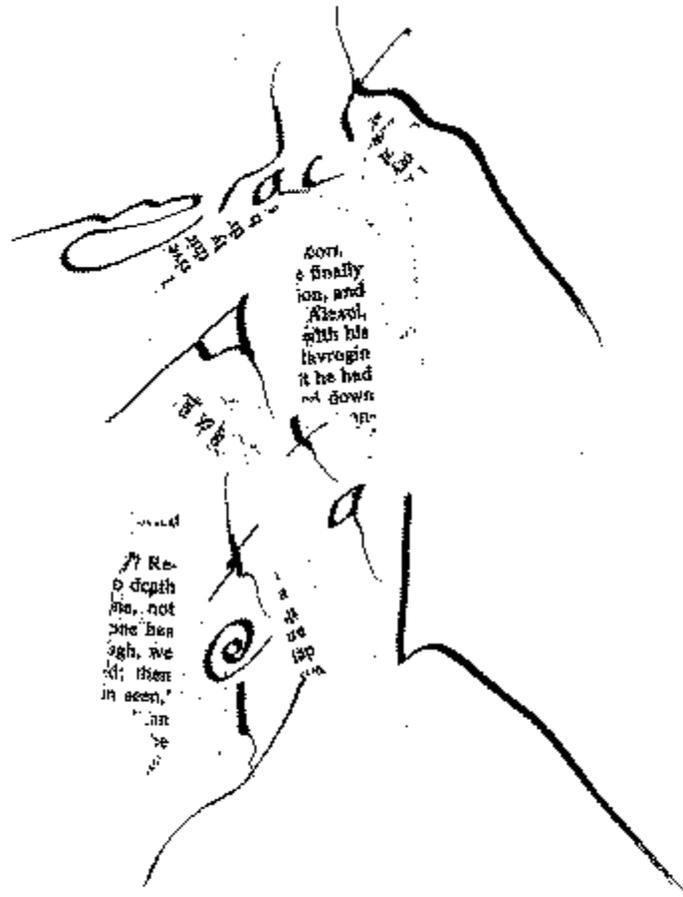
small african clan three strings a hand -shaped cardboard a music

Maid-Pro's new team hums as they clean

warm snap while it lasted nothing warmed to the notion

sundeck gardening goodbye to dead leaves

Jan 17-27, 2005



John M. Bennett & Jim Leftwich

LAW AND ORDER
Francine Porad
Marlene Mountain

the drama of law and order each HSA* Meeting minute planned

almost a moment too soon the crow

if you have any questions please don't hesitate to call me

tv ad 'supplies are limited' a big evergreen to dc

Group Health supports golden agers first on the list for flu shots

in swirls of cold the shed door bangs undecided

free to go somewhere close farther if so inclined empty clothes

big bonus trying his wings as a Hollywood agent

you got the money honey bush/dick got the time to impeach

the o-shaped mouth voodoo doll personalized

a magical stream of light through the window never opened

thirty acres Botanical Gardens in Christmas glitter

are you washed in the blood in the soul-cleansing blood of the lamb **

insurgents dead poetry crooned to an ailing Siamese

old haiku out of style in japan with no way to know a pleasant guess

look at this! summer bronze set off by white middies

the red in my life squeezed from 'nature nature' into a tube

round table set for ten one small poinsettia centerpiece

picture-perfect golf course weeping willows sway with the wind

dioxin confirmed the opposition leader opposed

bride: a stripper/former lesbian/pregnant with another man's child

in front of a microphone the drought

'tag it and bag it' danger looms for Social Security

first snow a deficit that lasts forever

gossip 'good kids' allowed to listen taught never to correct

snatched a fetus from her womb in missouri
although protected by parents a bewildered glance from Santa's lap
at risk for severe pain at risk with celebrex
this morning's lineup of pills plus two Mandarin oranges in segments
a poem or two a day

lost in the shuffle of seasons black plastic over a garden to come
geraniums in bloom still predictions of a severe winter
beyond the warming kitchen the thermometer alone at dawn
teary eyes above the nose mask
will they be loved again soldiers less than themselves
greeting air a kiss to the left kiss to the right

* Haiku Society of America
** excerpt from a Protestant hymn

Nov 29-Dec 24, 2004

IN THE MOMENT
Marlene Mountain
Francine Porad

in the moment late monthly bills to pay in a moment
vacation condo five clocks set accurately
shaped like icicles and stuck to the frozen eaves
needles of pine seedlings poke through snow
after one and a half 'sundance' films the sun matures
dark inky sky aglow with stars

Sunriver casts its spell by day two plotting a return
prosecutor with 9 kids vs an accused pedophile
lurid stories on NYPD Blue, Law & Order and CSI Miami
surrounded by tanks another false freedom
giddy wine-drinking sweethearts my date? my grandson
I envy his him and me by the house on a flat plane
subdivision pens, sticks and brushes record construction
decades of iris overthrown the leafless poplars
as I recall no problem with sex just not often enough
encore a chance to boo dubya tonight
resort golf course closed even without the usual frost cover
light rain about the size of it

not a shadow of doubt the groundhog didn't waste its time
Indian legend close friends Owl and Raven
just people capture lead around massacre just people
divided road ahead policemen waiting
well-established daylilies well-established root tangle
time to 'RAM your ROM' computer catch-up
part of the problem the ancient refrigerator [a winter kigo]
cell phone hums 'Can you hear me now?'
local rottweilers bark loose again mid-month closes in
tax forms for the first draft I use a pencil

a jumble of numbers in the checkbook our moon still with us
my parents' graves cold more keenly felt

found headstone: Husband, Dad, Granddad, Great-granddad, Uncle
the pope lingers with a new language of garble
how to turn the dream vision from bygone years into a painting
'the new normal' then post-the new normal then neo-
Academy Award movies one after another all day in my nightgown
seems forever how long a war seems

Jan 28-Feb 10, 2005

HATS & SCARVES

Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

we don crotched hats to brave the wind
tree surgeon - he gauges the tree's size
show home - I admire the master bedroom
left behind in still water, the punga log
climbing the bank, a man with his bucket of pebbles
winding up to the diving ledge - worn track
stalks of toi-toi twisted by the gale
Casey splashes - her owner's fretful call
halfway - the swish of a horse's tail
earth compactor 's teeth clogged with clay

360 degree turn of the digger - the workman waves

tangle of roots in piles of sub-soil - our old farm

GIBBOUS MOON

Alexis K. Rotella

Carlos Colón

Slowly the crickets
saw away
the gibbous moon.

Girl Scout Jamboree
a plague of cooties.

After Hurricane
Isabel –
a morning glory.

Rural carrier
creaking the flag up.*

Vietnam vet –
all day
on the park bench.

My jacket for you
over the poop-stained stoop.

Cop cooing
over
the beagle pup.

Out there the clouds
the crushing clouds.

In the shaman's
fridge –
gefilte fish.

vaudeville revival
the black-faced minstrel
hooked offstage.

In the Gay Parade
a mermaid.

Thanksgiving freeze
I wrap the pipes
in plastic.

Tofu - the shape
of a turkey.

Rockettes
giving each other
a leg up.

Ex can-can dancer –
her drawerful of fishnet.

Modern-day apostle
his signboard
at the intersection.

Fork in the road –
I eat my Dixie Cup.

From a package
of plastic spoons
a Mars rover.

Look a flying saucer
with a cup.

Oriental figurine
beheaded
by the cat.

The cleaning lady's bucket
complete with glue.

Jack and Jill
tumbling, tumbling . . .
beyond the pail.

First day of spring –
my husband sleeps.
Easter week

three naked dandelions
in the front yard.

The muse on my locket
tarnishing.

Mudbug Festival
a drop of sweat
on my crawfish.

Tuna salad –
mercury sandwich.

New moon –
corpse among
the sand crabs.

All night I lie awake –
thinking of my funeral.

The right side
of my pillow -
where did it go?

Left right left –
I register independent.

Morning walk
crape myrtle blossoms
in my wet hair

Huckleberry Highway
taking me home.

Key in the lock
no longer fits -
secret hideaway.

Husband out of work –
relatives not phoning.

Booming economy
the scattered
craters.

Sending George Bush
a muzzle.

* after George Swede

OLD HOUND ASLEEP

Grant Savage

Betty Warrington-Kearsley

1. old hound asleep
nose twitches at the touch
of a red leaf
2. cool, sunset walk
a whiff of wood smoke in the air
3. moon through thin fog
only the odd porch light
throws shadows
4. dawn breaks across the lake
fishermen push from shore
5. a load of firewood
with a few heaves
the toboggan starts moving
6. snow-ribboned roads
rush-hour traffic inches along
7. jungle light
the yellow stripes of a
giant swallow-tail
8. between rainforest peaks
plateaus gleam with orange pekoe
9. miscarriage
he pours himself a stiff rye
she nurses her tea
10. in the next life they decide
they'll meet as sea horses
11. honeymoon cruise
they cross the five great oceans
holding hands
12. on the strip in a new car
the boys ogle women

13. lilacs on her lap
her wheelchair rolls past
trailing clouds of scent
14. haze...the hills
shape the afternoon
15. fiddleheads
women think of their waistlines
picking the first greens
16. Bluegrass Festival
a cool breeze across the mike
17. fields of purple
Lizzie Arden bottles
Eau de Provence
18. moon in a pail
one by one catching leaves
19. lighting the fire
flames dance
on the gleaming hearth
20. paler day by day
the redhead's freckles
21. chill in the air
she dons her faded sweater
with the flight of geese
22. frost flowers on the window
I dial the weather number
23. if only I had
last week's lottery ticket
this week
24. offered posthumously
his widow accepts his medal
25. time heals
still I keep her picture
free of dust
26. polishing wood
the sun swirls in the grain

27. tulips tighter and tighter
until the last light
disappears
28. ice cracking up
the moon scuttles down the river.
29. white of her hips
just the faintest hint
of new tan lines
30. growing old together
heart-throbs same as the day they met
31. with her in the shower
the soap an excuse
to go places
32. eye to eye they tango
across the slippery floor
33. shine of her black shoes
the rhythm of the heels
and castanets
34. Date Line crossing
into the western glare of yesterday
35. U.S. Customs
windblown leaves
queue jumping
36. sweeping the full moon
the almost bare branches
37. beneath its boughs
the flower bed fills
full of pine needles
38. under her double-ring quilt
obviously ready
39. answering her call
he cocoons himself
into his cell-phone
40. a moth's all-consuming passion
for my favourite sweater

41. kissing his photo
her lover of a lifetime
buried overseas
42. feet braced on the gunwale
his dream of yachting ends
43. force nine gale
he clings to the lamp post
outside the old pub
44. throughout the Middle-East
violence met with violence
45. butchered camels
flies buzz around their guts
in a Cairo market
46. as the conductor enters
conversation subsides
47. monastery gates
our tour guide
slips on a skirt
48. the orange orchids in the fields?
"Cartago Ladies"
49. we spend all night
rolling in purple clover
he, I and the sky
50. a "yes" in the darkness
then more body language
51. waking happy
from a dream kiss
sunrise after rain
52. streams of incense carry
her prayers dawn and dusk
53. last day of his vigil
an eagle leads him
to the lower world
54. four nights from Halloween
the moon already eclipsed

55. purple chrysanthemums
my white breath
on their frost
56. where the bulbs were planted
empty holes and squirrel paw prints
57. in the canal
the windmill at the bottom
of the windmill
58. her lover's head in her lap
cradling the gondolier's song
59. cathedral bells
the sway of her breasts
as she gets out of bed
60. Taking sanctuary
the young couple curled at the altar
61. street persons smile
sheltered by a south wall
crocuses open
62. on the lawn a robin
listens for his first worm
63. just its head
where it lurks in the coral
moray eel
64. thinking of their contretemps
she searches for his number
65. looking up
the moon orange as pumpkins
left in the fields
66. a cardinal gorges
on bright yew berries
67. anniversary
I plant a princess gingko
in her memory
68. I think not about my youth
but my age and wrinkles

69. marking time
in the Veterans' parade
poppies and medals
70. no particular key
she plays the wind chimes
71. heading downhill
breezing along the trail
scent of plum blossom
72. merganser pair
he follows her lead
73. jostling for grubs
mouths wide and squawking|
featherless starlings
74. our turn to gape
the Mona Lisa still smiling
75. bullring gallery
matador greets in a row
and one champion bull
76. in Monteverde
proud of their cheese on everything
77. green tea
from the shaded mountain slopes
she gives him her best
78. afterwards they both have
a chocolate mint
79. she opens the window
then adds her caresses
to the cool night air
80. peering between the curtains
the neighbours' party's over
81. dawn dew
a spider still plays host
to last evening's moon
82. behind the guide
crunching leaves through the Black Forest

83. a line of Canadas
at the very end
a single snow goose
84. from the deck his eyes scan
the dockyard crowd for hers
85. distinctly green
made seasick by too long
on the vibrating bed
86. no signs of dormancy
Douglas firs embrace ice and sleet
87. skating party
a few turns on the canal
then off for beaver-tails
88. his five-strand braid swings
from side to side with each pace
89. steady plod
a marathoner
propeller on his cap
90. as the Red Baron
Snoopy in his Sopwith Camel
91. Remembrance Day
the sound of the wind
joined by the Last Post
92. the train home for Thanksgiving
whistling through moonlight
93. beyond the woodlands
in the poacher's rifle sight
a few wild turkeys
94. parked near the old growth
a huge yellow bulldozer
95. in full bloom
even before the leaves come
forsythia
96. the first real sunshine
sprouts halter tops and cut-offs

97. vernal equinox
pagans dance in the fields
for a bumper crop
98. brightness of Easter
the stained glass brought to life
99. new front door pane
dropping in each day
rainbows splash the floor
100. someone rings
the puppy all paws and claws

October 3, 2003 - December 8, 2004

FOREST OF DREAMS
Sheila Windsor (U.K.)
Larry Kimmel (U.S.)
Ron Moss (Tasmania)
Hortensia Anderson (U.S.)

Part 1 - Little Red Riding Hood

a curl of chimney smoke

at the forest's edge a cottage
ready for the night

cloak of red
the sweep and swish
beneath a rising moon s.w.

crossing the river

she follows the firefly
through murk and mystery

an owl hoots - another snickers

where the firefly was
the glow of a cigarillo l.k.

gnarl of saliva

emerald eyes gleam
in folds of darkness

unleashed from hell
a howl that parts the air
scattering fear r.m.

her hastening step

a crush of pine needles
releases their resinous scent

twigs reach out to touch
her tumbling blonde hair
and tangle it h.a.

groan of door

butterfly-stitch
a scream through the shawl

drips a pulp
and grandma's brain hangs
from his grinning jaw s.w.

crime scene tape

"lost in the woods, huh?
anyone see ya?"

coarse laughter
some of Nottingham's finest
snarking donuts from a basket l.k.

Part 2 - 'Briar Rose'

spins the wheel

a witch's cackle
penetrates the castle wall

'hush now baby girl'
over distant marsh lands
hangs the mist of fall s.w.

the legend grows

beauty to be roused
from poisoned slumber

child's sword
slays the crimson dragon
in diamonds of fire r.m.

piercing stillness

only silence
broken by the cry of birds

crossing earth and water
the prince has dreams
of a kiss, a rose... h.a.

after the brambles

the creak of a leather jacket
room to room

flies stopped in flight
a pitcher pouring but not pouring|
portraits with closed eyes l.k.

curtain of velvet drift

sunbeams of dust
across leadlight and stone

lips like shaded cherry
meet in a moment of time . . .
she sleeps no more r.m.

porcelain arms open

as if spellbound again
until just before day

the swirl of waltzes
through silkened space
as they go on their way... h.a.

22/01/'05 to 21/02/'05

BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

Fly-ku by Robin D. Gill. Key Biscayne, Florida, Paraverse Press: 2004. Perfect bound, 9.75 x 7.5 inches, 228 pp., haiku in kanji, romaji and English with copious commentary, 0-9742618-4-X. \$15.00. Contact robin d gill.

Always the perfectionist, Robin D. Gill now has out a second edition of his latest book, Fly-ku. This time there are an honest 1,000 poems in the book on flies and bits and pieces that only scholars would have missed, have been included. So if you bought the book, you already have it starting to be a rare book and if you haven't gotten Fly-ku, then now is time you give yourself this great pleasure. My pleasure was finding that two pages of Geert Verbeke's haiku on flies had been added to this addition.

Silk Flower by Ruth Holzer. Edited by v. tripi with art by Merrill A. Gonzales. Pinch Book Series No. 7. Swamp Press: 2005. Folded, 4.5 x 4 inches, and opened, 19 x 4.5 inches. \$4.00 each postpaid from Ruth Holzer, 601 Madson St. Herndon, VA 20170.

Just about the time I think that the publication of the very small books of poetry are passé, someone comes along and pours a great deal of love into a few colorful pages of beautiful printing. Then I am enamored all over again with the idea of presenting a slim pocketful of poems that can be tucked into any letter or enrich the smallest gift. In this case it is Vincent Tripi's "Pinch Book Series." So plain,

with no printing on the cover at all, but held together with a strip of paper containing the title and author, this fold-out (think of those postcard assortments that flow into your lap as you open them) unhinges itself in a very feminine manner.

In this case, we have the poems of Ruth Holzer with the title of Silk Flower. The outer side of the sheet contains the title page and colophon – the marvelous printing was done by Ed at Swamp Press, who has done so many of Tripi's books. Inside are ten haiku written in three different formats. Most are three-liners, but two are one-liners and one poem is vertical with one word on each line.

In the credits Vincent Tripi is listed as editor. This fact made me wonder why the poems are so individual – having no contact one with another, except the one relating to the title. Perhaps he only wanted to put together a collection of Ruth's poems that he liked and admired. But putting ten poems on one sheet could have gained by working together instead of against each other. This is not to disparage Ruth's work, because the poems, viewed one by one, are each, in their own way, very worthy. As sample, the title poem is:

the silk flower too toward the sun

and the last haiku is:

high tide –
around a bend
the beach walk ends.

water poems by Kirsty Karkow. Edited by Cathy Drinkwater Better. Black Cat Press, Eldersburg, Maryland: 2005. Perfect bound, 6.5 x 5 inches, 130 pages, \$15.95, ISBN:0-9766407-0-8. Order from Black Cat Press, 613 Okemo Drive, Eldersburg, MD 21784.

Having Kirsty Karkow's newest book, water poems, in my hands has been such a good experience. Somehow, I admit, I had become unnoticing of how very good her poetry is. Yes, she is constantly winning prizes in all the contests, and I always agree that her work is the very best, and I continually read her latest works on the tanka list. However, having such a collection compiled is much greater, much more impressive, than the sum of the individual works.

Part of this feeling comes because each poem is flawlessly written. The rewriting never shows, but one cannot write tanka that well without at least some revision and working to get the thoughts exact and the lines to line up. As a proponent of writing her haiku and tanka without punctuation or caps, one sees how successful this approach is by turning the pages of Kirsty's book. I was delighted to find, however, that she does use punctuation and caps for her sijo. Somehow this seemed a very good and right decision. Whether the page contains sijo, haiku or tanka, each one is given all the white space the poem needs.

As the right amount of pace-changing, Kirsty puts some of the sijo into sequences and occasionally the

one-poem-per-page poems turn a regular sequence. In fact the whole book seems to be arranged with an alert eye on the progressions of life, from young to old, and from dawn to dark, and back again into the sunlight. Since all the poems relate to sailing or life on the water, the subject matter forms an inner cohesiveness, but by being sensitive to the time indications, Kirsty has furthered the connective relationships.

In addition, Kirsty is an accomplished watercolorist, so she was able to add to the water theme with the cover illustration done in full color, and unobtrusive ink brush sketches. Michael McClintock, President of the Tanka Society of America, wrote a brief foreword with his praise of Kirsty's work.

I, too, would like to add praise in this tireless worker who is making such a difference in the way the public views haiku, tanka and sijo with her contributions.

Wind-Song

anchored
in the narrow cove
for protection
a circle of red spruce
clings to black basalt

near the shore –
loon wings beat still water
during take-off
I pick up my pencil
to trace their flight

summer sky
white clouds, pine forests
and the sea . . .
layer on whispering layer
of deepest purple

sailing beneath
playful gulls and terns
the boat lifts
over remnant swells
from last week's big storm

at sea
ready to go home
and yet . . .
no wish to leave behind
wind-song in the rigging

Hudson: A Collection of Tanka by Kisaburo Konoshima translated by David Callner. The Japan Times, Tokyo, Japan: 2005. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5 inches, 136 pages, original poems in kanji and English, photos, ISBN4-7890-1179-8. \$25.00. Contact David Callner.

Poetry, no matter what form it takes, is always filtered through the cloth of personality bearing the imprint of the designs of a culture. Even when the writer has traveled far from the place of birth, something of that earth, air and vibration, continues. Here, in the tanka in the book, Hudson, we have the rare opportunity of reading the poetry of a man born in Japan, but who lived the major portion of his life in the United States. Though all of Kisaburo Konoshima's tanka were written and published in Japanese, his grandson, David Kei Callner has now translated this generous collection for English readers.

Kisaburo Konoshima was born in Yamato-mura in Gifu Prefecture on April 26, 1893, the oldest of the seven children. His family had always been farmers, but in recent years their circumstances had reduced them from being land owners. Konoshima went to school but had to miss one year because the family was too poor to pay his tuition. In spite of this, Kisaburo continued his studies and was encouraged by a former samurai of the Aoyama Clan to pursue an academic life. At the age of fifteen, Konoshima left his village to go to Tokyo for a high school that allowed the students to work and study. There he milked the cows at 3:00 am and then delivered milk in the early morning. While still in school he met Yoshi Tomita.

When Konoshima graduated from high school he wanted to study medicine, but was finally convinced that it would be too difficult to work and study at the same time so he decided to go into teaching, and enrolled in the Doshisha University at Kyoto. Yoshi Tomita, at the end of her schooling, returned to her family where she was pressured into marrying a local boy. The marriage only lasted six months, and Konoshima encouraged her to go into nursing at the Doshisha University, which she did. The couple married on October 12, 1915.

In 1919, Konoshima graduated with a degree in economics and immediately began to teach at a special school in Tokyo that prepared students for emigration. The founder of the school felt that this would solve Japan's overpopulation problems and give the students a more secure transition to the new land. Konoshima was sent out as a scout to find new places for the students, and one year visited South America, and the next time went to the United States. While on the boat on the way to America he decided he did not really like teaching and preferred to return to farming. In California he immediately found a job as a farm laborer in the Stockton area and sent for his wife and four children to join him. They then moved to Santa Clara where he went into a partnership with another Japanese man to run their own farm. Just as the farm was beginning to pay off, the Second World War broke out, and all Japanese nationals and Japanese-Americans were rounded up and sent to camps. Konoshima and his family were sent to Heart Mountain, Wyoming for four years. Because the US government had confiscated and did not return his farmland, Konoshima, with his wife and children, moved to New York City where the couple worked as domestics. While educating his children, Konoshima returned to writing poetry. In 1950, he became a member of Cho-on, a poetry society founded in Kamakura in 1915. In December, 1955, Konoshima and his wife were naturalized as American citizens and he retired in 1963. He now devoted his time to his tanka writing and his collection of art which is now in the Herbert R. Johnson Museum at Cornell University. In 1870, the couple moved to Philadelphia to live with their daughter and son-in-law, Carolyn and Richard Callner. Eight years later, opting for a warmer climate, the couple moved to Honolulu, Hawai'i to live with their daughter, Sumiye

Konoshima. Konoshima died in Honolulu, at the age of ninety-one, two years after the death of his wife.

The poems, dated and set into sequences, begin with New Year's in 1951, and end in 1977, with the sequence, "Wonders of Life." The poems are set in the old-fashioned couplet format and except in a few cases one cannot get a feel for the cadence of a tanka. Without the romaji, I cannot tell how close to the original poem the translation tries to be but most of the time, one can only recognize the upper and lower parts of the poem. From this, at times the reader can understand Konoshima's leaps.

I suspect that Callner's object was not to use his grandfather's tanka as examples for modern writers, but was far more interested in bringing the story of one man's life as told by the poetry he wrote. This is a very interesting story and is certainly worthy of being saved and shared.

past imperfect by Stanley Pelter. George Mann Publications, Hampshire, England:2005. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 88 pages, ISBN: 9-780954-629922. Contact Stanley Pelter, 5 School Lane, Claypole, Newark, NG23 5BQ, Lincolnshire, UK.

The last time I reviewed a book of Stanley Pelter's, it was his book, *Pensées*, for which I think I came down fairly hard on him. In this his latest book, *past imperfect*, I have a lot more to praise. It feels to me now, as if *Pensées* was the searching, the preparation to make this new book so very fine.

Pelter has a certain nervous energy, an overload of intellect and recollection, but now he has used this quality to reshape our ideas of the haibun and of haiga. By building his book on the structure of his life, he has allowed himself the freedom to do whatever he and his story needs to have to be told. And it works.

One can read the book to get the story of one man's life, but one can also see it as an example of everything that can be done with and to the haiku and its illustrated form, the haiga. Gone are sweet sumi ink sketches of other haibun books. Here in Pelter's work they are replaced with brutal collages, harsh line drawings, ancient photos and graphic concrete poems. The haibun also show such wide variations. I see this as a high compliment. Pelter seems open to exploring everything that has been done while inventing his own new method of deconstructing sentences, and lines of poetry.

The stories he tells are completely compelling. Whenever I pick up the book to look up something, wherever my eye falls I cannot help myself from reading. I am amazed at Pelter's ability to instantly suck me into his world. It is not a pretty world and he tells it without artificial sweetening, but it feels honest and I am a true sucker for honesty.

Pelter's tanka are a long way from Japan, and again, this is a compliment. Here is a sample set, as his poems are, in italics.

cornfield stubble
and a sky of ravens
he looks up and listens
as sounds of his waiting

begin to fade

If you are interested in the cutting edge of the Japanese genres, and want to see how this man from England has bent them, do order this book.

Rain: Haiku by Geert Verbeke. Cybernit.net, 4/2 B, L.I.G., Govindpur Colony, Allahabad, 211004 India. Flat-spine, 96 pages, haiku in English, French, Dutch and German, full-color cover, illustrated with black and white graphics. Euro: 12 or \$15. Contact Geert Verbeke, 14 Leo Baekelandlaan, 8500 Kortrijk, Flanders, Belgium, Europe.

Rain opens with an essay on haiku written by Geert Verbeke that spins one's head as he combines the wisdom of a great many minds to pass off as his own thoughts. I have not yet figured out if it is a compliment or insult to find one's own complete sentences in his rant, but his heart seems pure and his enthusiasm contagious so let's just get on to his poetry.

As in his previous books (see last month's book reviews in Lynx) Rain follows the same format with each poem beginning under a graphic of the piano keys C, C#, D, D# and E. Each poem is in English and then also translated in French or German from the Dutch. As I have said previously, Verbeke's translations are so right-on, so accurate, so word-for-word, that one can actually enlarge one's vocabulary by studying the poems.

One of the reasons this is possible, is because Verbeke avoids going for a deep or philosophical meaning or background to his poems and when he does, he states this thought so simply it is fairly easy to move it between languages without loss.

Take for example the first poem in the book (which are lovingly illustrated by the impressionistic photo on the cover taken by Jenny Ovaere).

two monks
no other master
than the rain

deux moines
aucun autre maître
sinon la pluie

twee monniken
geen andere meester
dan de regen

LYNX READERS' BOOK REVIEWS

Sunlit Jar -- Four Seasons of Haiku by Carmen Sterba. Radish Series # 30 (hand-bound haiku series)

edited by Wim Lofvers, 't Hage Woord, Rijsterdijk 25, 8574 VW Bakhuizen The Netherlands,
Published 2002.

Reviewed by Marjorie Buettner

This compact collection of haiku is a delight to read. The Radish Series published by Wim Lofvers is a wonderful introduction to worldwide talented haiku poets. In this collection, the poet uses her senses in order to allow the external world to enter her internal world. Sometimes it is just the scent of flowers which stimulates the spirit:

winter doldrums
adding lavender sachets
to each drawer

Sterba has a unique way of expressing complex human emotion through sense-oriented concrete images. Sometimes it is this effervescent scent which leads us down a forgotten path, making our own way, guided by fragrance:

woodland path
the scent of plum blossoms
draws us forward

Sometimes scent leads us forward as well as backwards; the touch of a pussy willow or the smooth roundness of a button floods us with memories:

childhood home
the pussy willow
just as it was

rainy day
rummaging through grandma's
button drawer

Often, however, it is not scent but the exquisite sounds of music which lead us to ourselves, climbing each step, one by one, out of darkness:

shadowy steps
climbing towards the sound
of the shakuhachi

Sterba does something magical in her haiku, helping us to visualize by internalizing those transcendent moments in time:

brisk walk-
lifting the surrounding bareness
flutter of wings

rose trellis
a butterfly adjusts
its flight

She reminds us how nature itself is a gift which illuminates the spirit and which takes us out of ourselves and, like this wonderful collection of haiku, it should be shared:

sunlit jar
the beekeeper's gift
on the doorstep

From the translator's introduction to *The Mountain Poems Of Meng Hao-Jan*, translated by David Hinton (New York: Archipelago Books, 2004; page xii):

Reviewed by Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

"In meditation one actually inhabits the pregnant emptiness by cultivating empty mind; and in cultivating empty mind one can, in turn, attend most fully to the ten thousand things in and of themselves. That generative emptiness often appears in Meng's poetry, as it did in the final line of Wang Wei's lament, and Meng's poems remind us, page after page, in so many ways, of that most difficult lesson: the primacy of the immediate."

"But at this level, experience is beyond language, for the pregnant emptiness that precedes the ten thousand things also precedes language, and the ten thousand things themselves are utterly self-sufficient beyond our limited human constructs. Hence Ch'an's emphasis on the old Taoist idea that deep understanding lies beyond words."

Meng (689-740 C.E.) was the founder of the Mountains and Rivers School of poetry.

From the translator's introduction to *When I Find You Again It Will Be In Mountains: Selected Poems Of Chia Tao*, translated by Mike O'Connor (Boston: Wisdom Publications, 2000; page 5):

"It has been said of Chia Tao that his deepest quest was for poetic mastery and, related to this, to finding chih-yin, people who understood and appreciated his poetry--a time-honored endeavor in Chinese literary history. Chia Tao had the good fortune to live in a time when poets were highly supportive and appreciative of one another."

Chia Tao (779-843 C. E.) was for many years a Ch'an Buddhist monk. Though he gave up his robes at 31, his poetry remained sharpened by the dharma eye, and his peers came to call him Lang-hsien, or "Wandering Immortal."

Autumn Begins
Meng Hao-jan

Autumn begins unnoticed. Nights slowly lengthen, and little by little, clear winds turn colder and colder, summer's blaze giving way. My thatch hut grows still.

At the bottom stair, in bunchgrass, lit dew shimmers.

trans. David Hinton)

Haiku mit Köpfchen, Anthologie zum 1. Deutschen Internet Haiku Wettbewerb, Herausgeberin Erika Wöbbena., 2003, Hamburger Haiku Verlag, 15:21cm, gebunden (perfect bound), 130 Seiten. ISBN 3-937257-04-7.

Haiku mit Köpfchen, Anthologie zum 2. Deutschen Internet Haiku Wettbewerb. Herausgeberin Erika Wöbbena, 2004, Hamburger Haiku Verlag, 15:21cm, gebunden (perfect bound), 120 Seiten. ISBN 3-937257 06-3

Gepiercte Zungen, Haiku-Jahrbuch, 2004, Anthologie, Wolkenpfad Tübingen, 2004, 15:21cm, gebunden, 108 Seiten, www.Haiku-heute.de. ISBN 3-936487-05-7.

Ich träume deinen Rhythmus, (Kronach, Bayern - Hauptstadt der Poesie), Anthologie, 13:21cm, gebunden, 142 Seiten. Herausgeber Ingo Cesaro, Neue Cranach Presse, Kronach, 2003 www.ingo-cesaro.de

Hinterhofhitze, by Gerd Börner, Moderne Kurzlyrik. Haiku und Haibun. IDEEDITION Berlin, 12:19 cm, 164 Seiten, ISBN 3-00-015797-2. Preis Euro 12.90. Books on Demand GmbH, Gutenbergring 53, 22848 Norderstedt.

Reviewed by Werner Reichhold

Hinterhofhitze, by Gerd Börner, is the first publication of this author. Amazingly so, one wants to add, because the selection shows him as one who is really firm in composing haiku. He uses haiku for a wide variety of themes, and knows form can never be more than the extension of its content. Even though in our correspondence he never mentioned it at all, his haiku certainly carry the idea of Zen more clearly than other German poet's work.

Börner is one of so many German writers adept enough in English language, so in the future we will see his work also published with non-German language magazines. This ability to write poetry in a second or third language gives German writers a great advantage over Americans depending on translations only.

All of the above announced books give the impression that the German haiku scene is in a process of reflecting an adaptation to what is going on internationally. Haiku mit Köpfchen (2 publications, one published in 2003, the second one in 2004), Gepiercte Zungen and Ich träume deinen Rhythmus, all four of these books are anthologies, and each of them is holding names of writers who write the best German haiku up to today.

There are indeed interesting things going on in Europe – and here we especially talk about the haiku scene in Germany, email: haikugesellschaft@arcor.de - not really known to many American writers engaged with Japanese genres. There was a change in leadership inside the DHG (Deutsche Haiku-

Gesellschaft:), the new President, Martin Berner, is working hard to reform the group, and to give the magazine a face-lift. A younger generation announces that they are willing to take up responsibilities. With this comes hope for a change, sending out signs that the time of counting syllables is not a criterion of the quality of haiku. There are new voices opening up and referring to nature as a whole, and there are no limitations to themes for writing haiku, tanka, renga, or haibun.

Obviously there is a strong wish of the European writers to be recognized as a new power offering poetry related to the Japanese genres. Please realize that they are faced with works written in twelve different languages! That alone means, haiku, tanka and renga are in the process of being influenced by all these cultures and languages.

We are watching the appearance of new Haiku Societies in France and Sweden. Europe is expanding economically as much as it is culturally. There is also a movement reflecting a wave that may have the potential to bring the European haiku scene under one big roof. This year, in Bad Nauheim, close to Frankfurt an the .Main (River)., the first Europäische Haikukongress will take place from May 13 to 15, 2005, meaning the planed congress will help to enlarge the single group's influence. Davis Cobb, England, and Martin Berner, Germany, will be the main speakers. Over one hundred guests are booked for the meetings in several different beautiful settings in and around the city of Bad Nauheim.

REVIEWS OF ON-LINE BOOKS / WEB SITES

Jane Reichhold

Marlene Mountain – The chaoscswommos of all one-line haiku sites.

In the early 1990s Marlene and I worked for several years on making a book of her writings and artworks, so I had the feeling that I had a pretty good idea of what she had done. The longer we waited for the right time to do the book, the more mountainous became the pile of papers, the more it would have cost to make such a huge book, and the project was abandoned when I mailed everything back to Marlene.

I thought I was following her production by reading her work in Raw NerVZ and Lynx, and the announcement of her shows of art in various galleries. How wrong I was!

In 1999, Marlene began to put her work up on the web. Occasionally I would accept her invitation to see her latest addition to the pages. I always viewed her work with a mixture of awe, admiration and a tad of jealousy, because she was, and is, so very good. Then a scanner came into her life and photos of her many arts works and even of herself were added. In 2004, Marlene got her own domain name, marlenemountain.org and joined forces with Suhni Bell and her pages blossomed. All the pages are done within the strict bounds of simplicity, lower case letters, and plain colors because she saves all the fireworks for the best part of the site – her works. Today I looked and see that she was still adding work. The latest addition went up in February of this year.

I cut and pasted the current index so you can get a hint of the scope of her enormous output.

'from the mountain' w/annotations:'backward'

one-line haiku . one-line haiku sequences

one-line linked haiku collaborations

mm's links from one-line linked collaborations

essays, reviews, haibun, self-interviews, self-reviews

one-line haiku tear outs . other-line haiku tear outs

other-line linked haiku tear outs/mm's links

dadaku . high coup hai ku . high coup visuals

a crone's highcoup captions

unaloud haiku . visually aloud haiku . ink writings/drawings

mm's info . letter essays . & other 'as is'

other-line haiku . other-line linked haiku . & mm's links

other-line haiku sequences . poems . photographs

'visualante' . 'shetrillogy' . 'nature talks back'

'pissed off poems and cross words'

'intimate posters' . 'solstice' . 'equal, hell art cards'

images & writings to '79

.painting series & writings since '79

First of all you should visit Marlene's site to delight your soul and eye with her wit and prickly-pun humor, and to read her writings in most of the Japanese genres. But I would hope that she inspires you to make a web site yourself of all your works that never saw the light of day in print. People sometimes bitch about the faults of the web, but Marlene gives it a positive spin when she brings so much of her work to the whole world for the cost of some hardware and an Internet connection. She has surely invested hundreds of hours of her time to give you this gift. Take a visit to her site, bookmark it so you can return again and again and be inspired by her example.

A TRIBUTE TO CID CORMAN by Karina Klesko

Karina, despite major eye problems, developed this site in tribute the poet Cid Corman who died on March 12, 2004 at the age of 79. The list of the contributors to the site reads like an international list of

"who's who" in the world of haiku. Werner Reichhold - USA, Jane Reichhold - USA, Alan Summers - UK, Karina Klesko – USA, H.Gene Murtha - USA, Poem and Art:Sheila Windsor - UK, Michael McClintock – USA, Michael L. Evans – USA, Kevin Ryan - UK, Elbert Pruitt – USA, Garry Gay - USA, Gerry Bravi – CAN, Sprite - UK (Claire Chatelet), Stanford M. Forrester - USA, Steve Addiss - USA, Adelaide B. Shaw - USA, Cindy Tebo - USA, Allen McGill - USA, Lynne Steel - USA, Kirsty Karkow - USA, Hortensia Anderson - USA, Tomislav Maretic – HR (Croatia), Mary Lee McClure - USA, Carol Raisfeld - USA, Ron Moss – AU, b'oki. (Bette Norcross Wappner) - USA, Soji - USA, Gary Blankenship – USA, Raffael de Gruttola - USA, Betty Kaplan – USA, Johnye Strickland - USA, Ed Baker - USA, Norman Darlington - IRE, Gerald England – UK, Conrad DiDiodato – CAN, Carole MacRury – USA, Zolo (John Polozzolo) – USA.

Each poet is given a separate page for their contribution. Some have photos and artwork, and others simply a poem about or from their memories of Cid. The site contains, in addition to these pages dedicated to Cid's memory, photos of Cid and letters to his widow, Shizumi. For those wishing to know more about Cid Corman's life, Karina's web site has a series of links that also make for interesting reading.

The Anglo-Japanese Tanka Society situated in York, England under the directorship of Hisashi Nakamura, has a web site sponsored by Japan Airlines and York Saint John, a collage of Leeds University. The first meeting of the group was held on Tuesday 15 March 2005 & Wednesday 16 March 2005 with talks on "Tanka Art Project Exhibition" (Ms J Charlton, York St John College), "Tanka in Japanese and British Culture" (Dr P Harries, Oxford University), "15 Years of Tanka in Britain" (Dr M Lucas, British Haiku Society), "A Ripening Peach" (Mr Brian Tasker, Poet), "The Unbroken Tradition of Tanka" (Prof K Hidaka, Kobe Shinwa Women's University), "Our Art Collection: the Fusion of Arts" (Ms K Ueda, Hida Takayama Museum of Art), "What Makes Poetry?" (Prof M Hirai, Kobe College), "Slide Presentation of Komachi Festival" (Anglo-Japanese Tanka Society).

Nakamura publishes tanka by a long list of English writers as well as English translations of his own Japanese tanka. He adheres to the classical rules, but is open to freer formats (under 32 syllables) in English.

The Haiku and Zen World of James W. Hackett hosted by Patricia Hackett has among the haiku and zen writings of James W. Hackett, a monthly feature. This month there is a picture album book, "Visiting R. H. Blyth's Home" that documents the September 2002, visit of the Hacketts to Oiso, Japan and the home of James's mentor, some thirty-eight years after Blyth's death. To view the 27 photos and learn more about R. H. Blyth and his family, and click on the "Monthly Feature" icon.

For Blyth or Hackett fans, here is a chance to put faces on these famous names and to get a chance to read a haiku from Blyth's letters. A brief biography of Blyth helps newcomers to appreciate his work. In conclusion are other recommended books for further reading. The diary section of the day spent in Oiso, also contains a haiku by Patricia Hackett.

Tanka Splendor 2004, sponsored by AHA Books and edited by Jane Reichhold.

Tanka Splendor 2004 contains the results of the fifteenth annual Tanka Splendor Awards which attracted 101 e-mail submissions and two entries by post. There were 220 individual tanka and 14 sequences accepted as valid entries. Those authors entering by e-mail were then eligible to vote for their favorites. All the anonymous entries were posted on a web page, the address which was sent to all e-mail addresses with instructions for voting. Each judge could pick 31 single tanka and three of the sequences. In addition, the judges could give additional points by assigning each of their picks a grade. A = 3 additional points; B = additional points; C = 1 extra point. This system, though making more work with the tallying, sharpened the judgmental skills and gave a wider latitude of points to minimize ties.

After the votes are tallied, again e-mails went to all the participants so they could visit the web site to see which poems won and how many A's, B's and C's each one received. This permitted the judges to evaluate their own skills and choices against those of other judges. The authors received a detailed picture of how well their poems did when stacked up against the others. So even if the author did not win, there was a learning process. Only the names of the winners are revealed so this part of the process is known only to the submitting author. The winners received \$20 worth of books from AHA Books per win. Special congratulations to Angela Leuck and Thelma Mariano for having all three of their entries be winners.

The winners for 2004 were: Hortensia Anderson, Tony Beyer, Pamela A. Babusci, Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa, Marjorie Buettner, Ana Cagnoni, Kathy Lippard Cobb, Peter Duppenhaler x 2, Jeanne Emrich, Laryalee Fraser x 2, Suzanne Finnegan x 2, Richard Goring, Wheeler Joseph Hall x 2, C. W. Hawes, Kirsty Karkow, Karina Klesko, Angela Leuck x 3, Carol MacRury x 2, Thelma Mariano x 3, Michael McClintock x 2, Allen McGill, Keith McMahan, Joanne Morcom, Jack Prewitt, David Rice, Maxwell Ryan, Adelaide B. Shaw x 2, and Sheila Windsor.

The contest for this year is now open and you can find entry information for the sixteenth annual awards at Contest Rules.

REVIEWS OF NEW TANKA MAGAZINES

red lights edited by Pamela Miller Ness. Saddle-stapled, 3.5 x 8.3 inches, 36 pages, two issues per year (January and June) with annual subscription of \$10. in the USA, \$13. in Canada and \$15. elsewhere. Submissions are due in-hand on April 15th and November 15th. Poets are paid \$1.00 per poem. Send subscriptions and submissions to Pamela Miller Ness, Editor, 33 Riverside Drive, Apt. 4-G, New York, NY 10023-8025.

Receiving red lights was like opening a valentine. With the soft red cover of hand made paper, the red rubber stampings and the illustrations of Merrill Ann Gonzales, the poems all seemed to be bringing love. In addition to the generous offering of individual tanka (up to four to a page), Editor Pamela Miller Ness also picks a "featured poet" (for this first issue it was rightfully so, Sanford Goldstein) and dedicates a colorful pink paper centerfold to the works of this poet. She also has a special section for "red lights Featured Tanka" or tanka using the phrase "red lights" (in honor of Mokichi Saito's book *Shakko* (Red Lights) written in 1913, and translated by Seishi Shinoda and Sanford Goldstein, Purdue, 1989. Every one seems to be here, and if your name is not on these pages, you definitely should check

out red lights.

Ribbons edited by An'ya. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 11, 28 pages, single copies for Tanka Society of America members cost \$2.50 and \$3.25 for non-members. One year memberships in the Tanka Society of America are USA \$15, Canada \$18.00 and elsewhere for \$20. Contact Kirsty Karkow, 34 Indian Point, Waldoboro, ME 04572. Send submissions to an'ya, PO Box 102, Crescent, OR 97733.

Thanks to a grant from the Hermitage West Foundation, under the directorship of Michael McClintock, President of the Tanka Society of America and Editor of the Tanka Café in Ribbons, and in the TSA Newsletter, the TSA can now offer a quarterly journal in addition to its newsletter. Many of the features previously in the newsletter, such as Michael McClintock's Tanka Café, contest news and results, as well as articles have now been moved into the much more spacious Ribbons. Much of what was reported in the newsletter, aside from the financial findings, was a repeat of the contents of Ribbons. Editor an'ya wrote a lovely piece on "ribbons" and their importance in our lives that gives new meaning to the title of the journal. A nice touch was her making bookmarks (with real ribbons on them) and tucking them in this first issue.

Articles from Doreen King (picking a Member's Choice tanka), Michael McClintock for the Tanka Café feature, Jeanne Emrich on "A Tanka Favorite: Elements of Narrative Technique," Cherie Hunter Day's "Poet and Tanka," book reviews by Melissa Dixon, "Titles in Japanese Tanka" by Yuri Runov, "World Tanka: The intimate Poet" by Marjorie Buettner added immensely to the reading material in Ribbons. In addition there were listing of publishing outlets for tanka, contest news, and contest results by Janice M. Bostok listing not only the names of the winners, but all the winning poems. An'ya and her staff deserve a huge thanks for so much work so well done. If you are looking for the tanka journal that gives you the most bang for your bucks, do consider subscribing to Ribbons.

Coming soon: Angela Leuck and Kozue Uzawa are establishing Tanka Canada and will publish the journal gusts. Annual membership includes two issues of the new tanka journal "gusts," (June and December) and the right to submit three unpublished tanka or three unpublished tanka translations per submission period. The journal is titled after Marianne Bluger's book of the same name (Penumbra, 1998), which was the first full-length tanka collection published in Canada.

Gusts
bend the trees tonight
at each new onslaught
to endure
or not.

Marianne Bluger

Due date for June issue: April 15. December issue: October 15. For information or submissions contact Angela and for translations contact Kozue Uzawa. The fee period is January to December. Canadian residents Can\$15; US residents US\$18; International US\$25. Please send your membership fee in cash, check, or international money order with your name, return address, e-mail, and telephone/fax number to Kozue Uzawa, Department of Modern Languages, University of Lethbridge, Lethbridge, AB T1K 3M4, Canada.

REVIEW OF DVDS

Jane Reichhold

I just got a copy of a DVD made by Liza Dalby called "Geisha Blues" in which she clarifies and brings authentic examples of the poetry form called ko-uta. Liza was the only American ever to be initiated into the very exclusive profession of geisha girls in Kyoto. She wrote of this experience in Geisha and the book was made into the movie, American Geisha. During her education, she was taught to sing the ko-uta (the specialized poem-songs of the pleasure quarters somewhat similar to the tanka). As part of her instruction, she made a recording of her teacher singing some of the favorite songs with shamisen accompaniment. In this DVD are these songs which Liza explains and translates, and shows them in the romaji and kanji, along with lovely shots of Japanese art. The DVD can be obtained from Amazon.com. Only recently was I able to meet Liza, who had written a blurb for me for A String of Flowers, Untied. Liza also wrote an excellent book with the fictionalized life of Murasaki Shikibu, the author of The Tale of Genji, called The Tale of Murasaki. Both of her books are excellent reading and the DVD "Geisha Blues" is a real treasure.

BOOK ANNOUNCEMENTS

bottle rockets press announces the publication of The Windswept Corner by Alan Pizzarelli with an introduction by Anita Virgil. This collection of haiku and senryu poetry contains 36 poems by a major voice in American haiku!

"As you stand on Alan Pizzarelli's Windswept Corner, stamp the snow off your boots and prepare to be swept off your feet by some of the best haiku written anywhere."

--Cor van den Heuvel, Winner of The Masaoka Shiki 2002 International Haiku Award

series: a bottle rockets book #6, 4 x 5.75", color cover, side-stapled, 36 pages, \$6 US (includes postage & Handling), \$7 Canada & Mexico (includes postage & Handling) \$8 Asia, Europe & Beyond (includes postage & Handling). Cash or checks made out to: "Stanford Forrester, P.O. Box 290691, Wethersfield, CT 06129-0691. bottle rockets: a magazine of short verse... submission guidelines and ordering information (subscriptions, back issues, and/or sample copies) can be found on our web site:

LETTERS TO LYNX

. . . I send you four sedoka. I remember, after you published my essay in the old, "paper" LYNX, a few American writers had a go at the form. No one this side of the big pond has had a go, or at least, that I have seen. I am still, for all intents and purposes, wheelchair bound, can walk some with a walker, have got my handwriting back, well, so, so, back anyway. But I am still writing. The main problem is all the pills I have to take. Some of them affect memory and concentration. Let us blame the pills, and not my dotage. Another "problem" is city life. I miss the country, miss the wild tundra of west Jutland. For a long time after moving to Odense my haiku was in denial. I had a "city" haiku block. I have yet to publish any "city" haiku, though one has been accepted. One of the sedoka I send is a "city" attempt. (Summer rain splatters) But, in spite of my complaining, I am doing O.K. Things could be worse. Don Ammons, Denmark

Gracious good greetings and wonderful to hear from you and know spring heart is there too! We had a rough winter and the warmer nicer weather could never come soon enough... Berta being a southern Californian enduring way too many upstate N.Y. winters has become more tenuous each year! But we have made it and yesterday it was in the 60's and simply beautiful... we do get such gifts here and there but it is true there is alot of less desirable weather in between... How was your winter? I think of your area as being a region that seems kind of ideal but I may not really Recognize the breadth of the weather you experience. I understand that Karma Tenzing Wangchuk (Dennis Dutton) is now in Laytonville and that you may see each other at the ukiaHaiku Festival... it is so interesting that Ukiah is haiku spelled backwards! Life here is very busy... we have a new puppy that Berta got for Emma (10)... a sheltie named Ollie. He is a nice dog but of course comes with a full doggy profile of needs for training and attentions! Casey is learning to drive but the clutch on our car burned out so the car is out until we can save enough to get a new clutch. Berta has chickens and recently something got in the shed and killed one... The next night I set a havahart trap out in the shed and we brought the chickens inside. In the morning we found something in the trap but whatever it was had totally enclosed itself in straw which it had pulled into the trap from the shed floor... It had the trap truly jam packed with straw and "it" was hidden in the tightly woven straw nest... I gently worked with a stick to open up to see what... a black nose came sniffing in the opening I made and there was a tell tale white stripe running up the face from the nose!!! yes, a skunk!!! I managed to drive it to a remote place and get it out of the trap without getting sprayed and probably have the tight pack of straw to thank!! – Tom Clausen

. . . the biography of new contributor Marie Summers: Marie Summers resides in Excelsior Springs, MO where she is the Chief Editor of the SP Quill Quarterly Magazine and webmistress of ShadowPoetry.com. She has been published in magazines such as: The Aureorean, Frogpond, Full Moon Magazine, Nisqually Delta Review, Skyline, and Write On!, and looks forward to her future appearances in Acorn, bottle rockets, Moonset, Presence, Poetic Hours, Simply Haiku, and The Storyteller.

. . . and here are a couple of things "Here" and "This is How You Change" written in "lucky" form - "lucky" form is a 13 syllable stanza of 3 lines, 5 and 5 and 3 syllables, if you vary the syllabic counts of

the lines it is ok but then it is called "unlucky" - but these two are written in lucky form as i said. very best regards - anna rugis
ps i am enjoying the feb Lynx – thank you all.

. . . Just got an e-mail message from Angela Leuck saying her jazz haiku anthology plans are on hold. She's no longer working for Shoreline Press in Montreal, and the new press she's with wants to see how her last haiku anthology fares before they countenance the prospect of a jazz ku anthology, so I have these two linked sequences I thought you may want first dibs at. :-) (I'm open to editing suggestions, of course.) I wanted to engage directly with jazz, and play around with Jack Kerouac's conception of American 'ku -- and his term for the hybrid forms he came up with, so I took the season and jazz standard "Autumn Leaves: Jazz Pops for Jack" as a title and started improvising to a little Coltrane and the seasonal round in my back yard. I've come up with what appear to be two separate strands, so I've called them string one and string two. They're looser than rengay or renku, or other trad. parlour game sequences, and may contain redundant elements or recurrent motifs, like jazz, and, like jazz, may be edited in the studio, so to speak. :-) The first I wrote outside; the second, while listening to Coltrane at my laptop inside. The strings also contain a few tanka and senryu; don't know if they'll slide, but I thought you should have the chance to take the best, assuming anything passes muster here. Let me know what you think anyway. Richard Stevenson lives and teaches in southern Alberta. He has published 17 books and one CD of original jazz and poetry with jazz/poetry troupe Naked Ear. His most recent collections are Parrot With Tourette's (Black Moss Press, Palm Poets Series, 2004) and A Charm Of Finches: Haiku, Senryu, and Tanka (Ekstasis Editions, 2004). - Richard Stevenson

. . . For publication details of 'Snapshots', 'Tangled Hair', and forthcoming books please see latest news. I have recently resigned from my job and, despite being in the process of setting up a new business, anticipate being able to spend considerably more time on the press than has been possible in recent years. I'm also delighted that Matt is still enthusiastically on board as Associate Editor of 'Snapshots' magazine. It will take a couple of months to get the rusting wheels back in motion, so please bear with us a little longer! – John Barlow

. . . They just had a really interesting radio show here in Japan NHK Radio the other day. It's called "On a Night Like This, Cell Phone Tanka." OK, the name sounds horrible in English. The Japanese is, "Konna Yoru Ketai Tanka." It was hosted by Amano Kei, a young Tanka author. Her first book, Akogare/Longing was published when she was 18 years old. The theme for show was "otona/Adult". The show took entries for about a month and chose from 1800 tanka entries. The program started off with two original tanka Amano Kei wrote for the show. I've tried my best to translate one of them here as an example of her work. The line breaks are a bit hard to figure out...anyway, here's my best shot :

if set down
in a pool of sunshine
it crackles then blooms
that's the kind of letter
I want to receive

(hidamari ni okeba tachimachi oto tatete hanasaka you na tegami ga hoshii)

a friend of mine, Ono, had two selected for inclusion on the show and she has given me permission to translate them. Here is one of them:

every time
I come to know
a new kind of sadness
I listen to a ballad
and grow up just a bit

(samishisa no shurui ga fuete iku tabi ni otona ni natte bara-do wo kiku)

I had a few chosen as well for inclusion:

the me
that has to spend
an entire life with myself
realizes on some level
that I need to grow up

(kono boku ha jibun jishin ga isshou wo wakachiau node koujou shinakya)

when I can say,
"that's how it is"
like the sigh of a wave
then like my father
I will also be an adult

("shikata nai" namioto mitai ni ieru nara tousan no you watashi mo otona)

its strange but I had two more selected, but they seem really insubstantial in English. It makes me wonder just what happens to them as they migrate from Japanese to English. Here is one of them:

grow up slowly
like the trees
who show no interest
in the number of rings
they may hold

Anyway, I really enjoy the format of the contest and the show. Having a theme to work from really helps facilitate writing and of course a deadline and a contest are also great motivators. I hope I didn't bore anyone with the details. for anyone who is interested, the HP for the radio show/contest is here. - Kevin

[I have lost the name of the person who sent this, and have tried to find them, but so far I have had no luck. If you are that person, let me know who you are so I can give you credit for the letter and the translations, please. jr]

. . . I'm not sure which article you're referring to, but I just saw the following article about the same

subject (though it may not be too helpful to solve your problem) at this web site. Michael D. Welch
[This does not solve my search for the author of the above letter, but it is a very interesting article!
Thanks for pointing it out! jr]

. . . I'll be at Crown Pointe Care Center, 1850 Crown Park Court, Columbus OH 43235 recovering from
a hip replacement for several weeks after the surgery on May 4th. – Yvonne Hardenbrook

. . . Well, mortality is always a bit of a shock, eh? But seriously, 30 years is a nice long run, and I've
GOT to get some other projects done. Onword,

John Bennett

PS: there's an interview about LAFT [Lost and Found Times].

[John Bennett just sent out the last issue of Lost and Found Times, the excellent literary and artistic
magazine he published for an astounding 30 years. If you have failed to check this out, do contact John
about back issues. jr]

. . . Great! to hear from you!!! WHOOPPEEE!! How's Werner? How are you? I just got "wired" in
January, so all this is new to me. I don't have any fancy gadgets that let me post art or anything. I WILL
BE ON YOUR SITE THOUGH!!! Yep. I am still writing haiku. My professor (from U Creative
Writing) & I are working on a collaboration - her chinese brush & my haiku. We've been "working" on
it (on & off) for 4 years ... she's teaching Chaucer right now at the U of Vic, so we don't get much time
"together" to make decisions! She's thinking about having it published in China. Do you guys have any
suggestions about printing/publishing? It will be in colour. ANY & ALL suggestions welcome. She is
currently having a small book published there - it is a memorial to Carle Hessay (artist; wilderness
man; prophet; etc.) Wants me to distribute it! HELP! I've been on a medical disability for the past 7
years, so I have devoted myself to art/poetry/haiku. After moving here from Vancouver in October, I
volunteered at the local alternate school doing art workshops. The kids (age 16+) are great. I am also
involved in Artist Trading Cards (come on Werner, lets do a trade?!). And I am a Guardian Angel Artist
as well. So I keep busy. My kids are grown & on their own now; boyfriend lives in his artist loft in
Vancouver ... Can't tell you how happy I am to have connected with you again! Lets keep in touch!
Cheers - Gail Whitter

. . . Please visit Roadrunner Haiku Journal online. Your comments, suggestions and contributions would
be appreciated. Thank you, Jason Sanford Brown

. . . Thanks for your help. What am I writing now? Technical articles. I haven't written poetry for years,
and my recent attempts proved just how rusty I am. That lead me to this current effort. When I was part
of a thriving online community, I was forced to improve and keep alert. I love reading through your
site, but it lacks the immediacy of a forum. In fact, you're welcome to use my site as YOUR forum. We
can create an "AHA Poetry" discussion group, linking your site to mine. Just an idea. You can get a
feel for what I'd like to do by visiting me. I posted a discussion article on "Form and Field", comparing
the concept of negative space in visual arts, to haiku. I want people to debate that, respond to it, and try
to write poetry with the concept. . . The format, I suppose, would be like any other online forum. That's
a site I'm using to play with ideas. The name comes from an unpublished senryu of mine:

brown fedora
slowly becoming

grandfather

What I want to be different is the quality of content. So many poetry sites are completely self-indulgent, mutual love fests, with little or no focus on technique, style, or quality. That's what we had on CompuServe. I know for example, that Jeanne Cassler, Zane Parks, Rosa Clement, and myself, to name just a few, really honed our skills in LitForum. The focus was on critiques, unabashed critical dissections of form. Do you keep in touch, by the way, with any of the folks I just mentioned? I'd like to bring them in as well. [Up-date] The site is coming along fairly well. Not a lot of activity, but word-of-mouth takes awhile to build. The forum is coming along. I've got an experimental site as well, that allows me to play with the haibun form and combine it with my programming skills: Bye for now!
Tom Greer

. . . here are my haiku web pages as well as other haiku pages. Best regards, Kadir Aydemir, Haiku Poet / Turkey

. . . Also, I really liked your haiku in Cor Van Den Heuvel's Haiku Anthology and the excerpts in the latest Modern Haiku. It would be great if you could send some haiku for my journal Skidrow Penthouse. It isn't a haiku mag, but i'd love to include some to shake things up a bit. Send as many as you like to me at 68 East Third Street, #16 New York, NY 10003. Thanks again and i hope you are well. Rob Cook

. . . I am feeling so sad about Hatsue tonight. Our dear, dear sister in art. I wish we could hug and cry a little together about this. She has been so magnificent in her work and life so far. You must be even sadder than I about this. I thank you for all the joy you have given me with tanka. Love, Marianne Bluger

. . . This is to announce the beginning of a new discussion group focusing on the haiku poetry of the Buddhist nun, Chiyo-ni (1703-1775), and the art and haiku world of 18th century Japan. The publication of Chiyo-Ni: Woman Haiku Master, by Patricia Donegan and Yoshie Ishibashi, makes a group like this truly accessible to the general public. It also seems that there are too few discussion groups on a single haiku school or master. Although the subject has a narrow focus in one master, it can expand into the entire art community of Chiyo's world. We need members to get the group started, and would greatly appreciate any announcements you can make to your groups or on your websites, to join please click on this [link](#) to visit: Haikuworld of Chiyo-ni (1703-1775) Sarah L. Whitworth

PARTICIPATION RENGA

(Remember - only add on to the links in bold italic.)

BLACKOUT

Rule: 3 / 2lines alternating ending with 12 links

Theme: loss, frustration, deprivation

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
hear the wasps walking on your hat JMB
she says I am glad your eyes don't sting WR
Back for the Louvre - I'm asked if I've met the Mona Lisa FPA

the smile
behind her lips CC

in my pocket, a snapshot
as a warm day's reminder CM

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
hear the wasps walking on your hat JMB
trembling as the door opens – no escape, no refuge GD
backstage Juliet and her Romeo palm to palm FPA

divorce court
the judge's wife's lipstick CC

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR

unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
a magnet breaks into two equal magnets CF

one blitz only
then no more light
after radiation WR

ages in a rocking chair
woodman forgetful
of the tree FPA

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR
sticky shoulders beneath the shirt JMB

rest of an evening
I hear the late hours'
call from other faces WR

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR
discarded in the fallen leaves - a moment of passion GD

washed into dawn
I am holding on to
half a moon WR

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
sensory deprivation chamber unplugged CC
black air feeding from the dark an owl WR

Luggage steaming
in the bush JMB

waterfront beacon
Maigret's pipe FPA

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
stuck in traffic again dancing alone CF
land locked the wave I hear on cliffs WR

finding a key
made of sand JR

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV

the term "mother"
names both of them JR

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly

before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR
discarded in the fallen leaves - a moment of passion GD

the budding tree
reminds him of her JR

GENTLY WIPING DUST

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 100 lines
Theme: impermanence, transitoriness

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game RF
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg

Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
egg cases the spiders left under the dresser drawers GD
a card a match a tooth a whisker a french fry a JMB
borrowed words we never return JR
transformed puddles into ice rinks CF

feet flying
those ruby red boots
with silver blades JR

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
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meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
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finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game RF
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg

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ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
it's Sunday morning dear stop – I am praying WR
lectionary's faded pages, cross references GD
trivia in the junk shop letters in medieval script FPA
under the bunk a trunkful of playbills CC

Spiders and a french-fry
sticky dust JMB

pine needles
scent partly annoys FPA

~*~

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ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
neither shrinking nor growing my 8-track collection CC
returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA
the sandstone nose washing away JMB
oh-oh-oh snuff-snuff-snuffle caShoo GD

sweet potato moon
ushered into view FPA

~*~

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breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting down the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
was never very good at math MHH
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking out GD
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB

long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH
even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth! dht
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA
mackerel clouds reach every horizon piling the sea JR
broken thermometer poisonous mercury scatters everywhere JAJ
driving through a school zone spray of sparrows RF
waiting at the end of the block police speed trap JAJ
another hole in the cheese CC
small tear in the yellowed love letter folded, refolded cg
anthrax scare the office smart-aleck CC
we go to bed goose pimples appear wanted WR
bare feet find the linoleum CC
grano coffee ground heel thought JMB
sijo* jogging his memory in Central Park CC
as night falls still the fires of the two towers WR
unfiltered dust the masks of the rescue workers CC
disaster on TV close the windows GD
quickly wiping dust JMB

at one time a letter
said to be mislaid
still unread FPA

~*~

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ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
patchouli reek his receding ponytail GD
rainbowed the new bag of rubber bands CC
round and round the vase roses CF
steps I make moon by moon without sandals WR

in the direction of
a skein of geese FPA

~*~

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bare feet find the linoleum CC
grano coffee ground heel thought JMB
sijo* jogging his memory in Central Park CC
as night falls still the fires of the two towers WR
unfiltered dust the masks of the rescue workers CC
disaster on TV close the windows GD
leaping the fence every pocket filled with apples CC

inclined to follow
paw prints of a cat WR

~*~

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grano coffee ground heel thought JMB
sijo* jogging his memory in Central Park CC
as night falls still the fires of the two towers WR
unfiltered dust the masks of the rescue workers CC
disaster on TV close the windows GD
leaping the fence every pocket filled with apples CC
swept away by the waves his past GV

seed-light
the candle flickers
pumpkin round WR

~*~

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face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
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mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
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listening to a star leaving the lake WR
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watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
egg cases the spiders left under the dresser drawers GD
a card a match a tooth a whisker a french fry a JMB
borrowed words we never return JR
a call to silence - the sound of a hammer on the anvil FPA

whispered prayers
the death of a Pope CC

~*~

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flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
neither shrinking nor growing my 8-track collection CC
returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA
the sandstone nose washing away JMB
on a postscript warned of insomnia waves pound a hunter's moon FPA

my old manual
the barely legible letters CC

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flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
it's Sunday morning dear stop – I am praying WR
lectionary's faded pages, cross references GD
trivia in the junk shop letters in medieval script FPA
Friar Tuck's lost shopping list a new habit GD

from rich to poor
the feathered arrow CC

~*~

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bubblegum smack across her face JAJ
wiping her feet at heaven's gate Pat Shelley CC
"wind do not muss my hair" calm skies on the day of her death JR
the dropped marble rolls out of sight GD
Lew Marie: "Give me Marvin Gardens, or give me death!" CC
eminent domain: dog cringing from master's foot GD
bouncing off the rim clipped toenail CC
says she hates cobwebs the cleaning lady FPA
guests leaving she stays with pearls WR

idling engine
I restart it CC

SWARMING

6-word links on the

Theme: swarming

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
the hokku with one thousand links GD
fantasies given hydraulic help by pills JR
the brain curves vertical landing fields WR
sci-fic novels pile by my bed JR
chewing then choking yellow sea slugs WR

face in plate a dripping spiral JMB

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
that I couldn't count to six JMB
a handful of ideas to touch JR
cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR
trees chatter long slow undulation twigs JMB

Voices of mendicant friars at lauds FPA

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR

your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
deafening the music of your eyes CC
we'll swim until death parts us WR
center of the storm – paradise island JR
cosmic beach Milky Way all lit FPA
flaring match lights the electric bill CC

standing between wind chimes
with no moon
wind and power VF

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
the hokku with one thousand links GD
fantasies given hydraulic help by pills JR
the brain curves vertical landing fields WR
past the headache's light the wall JMB
the witty wife's world wide witchery WR

Scrabble game I shuffle seven consonants CC

~&~

storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
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news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
that I couldn't count to six JMB
a handful of ideas to touch JR
cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR
fire extinguished but seldom blown out WR

the poem submitted to another contest JR

WHEELING ALONG

5-liners, verse or prose
ends with 12 links

a wheel keeps spinning
the hamster long dead
on its path
on my path
an inaudible breeze WR

April 15
hardly any time
left to meet
the deadline
for links CC

bands spiral by
the bright round moon
languid luminosities
whisper of
the coming storm EL

closing eyes
against the sea that
swallows the sun
the ache of being diminished
by a most marvelous day JR

VANILLA RENGA

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

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

the chocolate and strawberry
carefully removed CC

on her back
running down the spine
whipped cream WR

Reddi or not
here I come! CC

sundae or son day
a confusion of words
is my delight JR

black light poster
of Jefferson Airplane CC

joining a rare
rural joint WR

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling
junk mail
a new poem JR

plagiarized
punch line CC

copycats
serving the drink designed
by Martha Stewart JR

a chip in
the china plate CC

"The quality of mercy
is not strained, -"etc., etc. FPA

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling
junk mail
a new poem JR

seeds by snail mail
shake the money tree CF

a wish
made by a green candle
double-folded JR

refreshed
on Indian ashes
smoke rings WR

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

catch –
the door bell
and hers mingling WR

soles of sleep
pooled beneath J MB

the knitted sleeve
mended with knurled fingers
the same old dream JR

on my winter window
breath becomes frozen thistles WR

~&~

smoothing the sea

sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

Firestone shredding
its tread CC

grating cheese
on the chopped vegetables
April lunchtime GD

Hellman's left
in the fridge CC

with the light on
it still looks empty
the porch JR

orange glow
morning faced to natives WR

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

garden's old pond
goldfish round a blue moon FPA

where Basho
once walked all night
tourists JR

a monarch
on the golf course FPA

drenched shirt
collar on fire JMB

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

once before when two
alone felt united WR

he said
"your enemy is my friend"
and smiled JR

swabbed off its flank
lion's anesthetic pinch FPA

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

Firestone shredding
its tread CC

grating cheese
on the chopped vegetables
April lunchtime GD

Hellman's left
in the fridge CC

squeeze-bottle
collapsed on its
sticky innards GD

smell circles outward

from the skunk roadkill JR

~&~

smoothing the sea
sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

garden's old pond
goldfish round a blue moon FPA

spun dirt
cloud sunk
rice dissolves JMB

the tornado spins a top
its own brainless mind JR

FINIS

