

**LYNX**  
A Journal for Linking Poets

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**BOOK REVIEWS**

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### **ARTICLES and LETTERS:**

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

Sue-Stapleton Tkach

July 3, 1924 - October 29, 2001

Sue-Stapleton Tkach was a prolific haiku & tanka poet. Her poetry was published in the USA, Canada and Japan, winning numerous awards, including a Tanka Splendor Award in 1997. She was a very kind & generous soul. Always will to help, share her thoughts on poetry, and loan or give you a haiku or tanka book from her vast library.

Sue is deeply missed & never forgotten.

Safe journey, my beloved friend.

Pamela A. Babusci

## **SYMBIOTIC POETRY**

### **WHAT WE HAVE LOVED**

Debra Woolard Bender

Marjorie Buettner

Because the written words were mine yet unexpressed  
I fell in love as I read a book.

How hydrangea is coloured by the soil from which it grows.

What then, did I love? The flower or the earth?

Because the snow collected from the sky  
then landed like wing-led birds everywhere I see:

How the air knows the taste of this cold-ripe wind.

What is there not to love; this winter-laden world!

As evening left, trailing miles of rippled cloud,  
what slowly filled those open depths between the stars?

When first I knew your kiss, I also found my emptiness.

The darkness and the fire meet only at night.

How many ways you have sealed yourself from me,  
so dark this cloud-obscured moon.

Once there was a time when we were one; now this division defines.

And like a patient artificially alive, who will be the one to pull  
the plug?

Winter deepens; blighted field and withered tree companion in rampant weeds.

Day before the holy day, such sadness overwhelmed me, lingering on.

How can the land be purified?  
Without a covering of white, how will the field be redeemed?

Was it too much to ask for blossoms in the dead of winter?

Tonight I feel like Rumi's "stringless harp."

Somewhere I am an incense stick unlit  
and you are the forgotten fire.

Nothing is lost in the land of dreams  
where rose scent and the feathers of our bodies are each the other.

Remember when, together, we sang snatches of old swoon songs?

Even now, imaginings entice me toward paths I would surely take.

When we find ourselves revealed and revealing  
we will no longer need a mirror.

Take my hand and talk to me as if for the first time.

Will we remember what we have loved in each other?

### **A KITCHEN TABLE**

paul.conneally  
John Carley

friends around a kitchen table

the clock in the hall strikes ten

shouting the odds Sir Alex backs a loser

dressed up in top hat and tails

the groom kisses the bride's mother

an early evening rain falls dark as sherry

towards dawn dad leaves for work

geese flying across the full moon  
her fingers trace the coils of the cable  
smoke rises over the rooftops  
a black cat making for home  
I turn the key wearily the engine coughs  
a long queue of schoolboys  
waiting outside the nurse's office  
scarlet jam clots the tapioca pudding  
his uncle got too friendly  
with the woman in the guest house  
an old black dog chained up to a new kennel  
somewhere in the thickening fog  
an impression of mountains  
the windows of Betty's Tea Shop all steamed up  
a young girl stares at the change in the till  
dreaming of life-boats  
shamefaced I pass on the church collection-plate  
beyond the hurdles past the cow shed  
charcoal blights the pasture  
in this hard frost fallen oak leaves catch the sun  
a tramp among the litter bins  
gets noticed by a pigeon  
these daffodils seem to shout out come back soon!

## **METROPOLIS**

linked to Spike Milligan's "Metropolis"

paul t conneally

alan j summers

early hours

fox cubs playing tag

under a street-lamp

he walks very deliberately

to his home

the shrill whistle

interrupts

a train of thought

rabbits swerving to escape

an owl

stepping on the brakes

a young woman dressed

in white pyjamas

alone out here

she pats her new life

a wash of orange light

the metallic scream lingers

beyond its time

a firework piercing

the November sky

November 2001

## **FLYING ANTS**

Allan Dystrup

Cindy Zackowitz

flying ants -

a swift glides past

the sickle moon

a queue of new students

under the changing leaves

through the fog

the sound of oars thrown

into a dinghy

in each rain-filled footprint  
a piece of the autumn sky

above the dock  
a string of fish hangs  
in the diesel fumes

he breaks an icicle  
to slide down her back

"it's because he likes you"  
Mama says

over the city  
the morning star between  
night and day

parting the curtains  
she makes a wish

Las Vegas honeymoon  
the roulette wheel  
comes to a stop

a quiet 'Old Faithful'  
in pouring spring rain

among the Indian Paintbrushes  
a buffalo mother  
and her white-faced calf

begun 07/29/01

## **GOOD FORTUNE IN EVERY POT**

kirsty karkow  
an'ya

lucky find -  
my favorite knife  
in the compost

winter solstice:  
market prices slashed

stock pot -  
plucking pin feathers

from a chicken

in darkness  
porcupine quills . . .  
just miss me

searching the sky  
to make a wish upon a star

schools' out -  
on the highway headed  
for disneyland

### **A GARDENER'S BLUES**

Marlene Mountain  
Jean Jorgensen

a gardener's blues along with the pinks whites and yellows

not a care in the world busy hummingbird

anything to hang a hat on the male version of yin/yang august heat

bus stop pregnant lady rests on a bench

evening news the president still wrinkled over stem cells and such

well into the night a sudden thunderclap

a chance happening downtown when the royal couple take a walkabout

flora & fauna the many military & religious names i'd change

St. Christopher medal around his neck rookie long-distance trucker

was she taken for a ride the 100-day missing chandra

just fooling around can get you in trouble nine months later a  
baby boy

so many rules of grammar a bath of humidity

folk festival as the sun goes down a hot air balloon slowly rises  
thoughts wander to a watermelon in the fridge  
four days of 'world music' so many loving vibes good for the soul  
insecurity in the middle east plenty of rocks & bombs  
part of life our housecat catches a young sparrow then plays with it  
sounds like mine a neighbor's talk of deer

after the flash flood trash and fence wires caught in a creek of rocks  
'Moulin Rouge' Mom weeps for her lost love  
the last day lily bloom melts on the line clothes pins begin to dry  
husband builds a patio deck ignores the mosquitoes  
a roof that leaks floors that sag walls that let in nature these 30 years  
mostly for show now Indian teepees in city square  
white man's liquor and religion and 'beefalo' the revenge of tobacco  
awoken by a migraine sick sick sick  
noncreative streak at least some of the flower patches partly weeded  
free trade freer for U.S. than Canada?  
someone's come up with art & someone's come up with suppression  
hand embroidered quilt a gift from Grandma

all night rain this morning a large footprint drying in the sun  
where to turn what to do next with no goals  
before she falls asleep a silent prayer of thanksgiving . . . healing  
katy and the dids scrape a bit of pain from my legs  
path beside the river a young man on a motorized scooter

wild iris trapped in the park the heat to snitch a clump

august 3-23 2001

**TOWARD HOME**

Marlene Mountain

Francine Porad

toward home the mountain on the left moves to the right

dream enigma ends with an aha!

bed now beside the computer anxious for a fresh notebook

via email Florida friends say goodnight

'all politics is local' with well-placed relatives & 5 supremes

front page: newspaper strike

Seattle Times: the usual 'drive-by,' weather report, fire, hero

mike with the new part an ancient green fridge

scrounging for dinner fixin's salami sandwich and an orange 'works'

at a scary part of the film scrape of the night plow

cold with sunshine here on the West coast no snow no snow please

i take liberties in haiku only beyond my liberties

no one claims 'responsibility' simultaneous bomb attacks in Manila

a tough life from clenched teeth to clenched fists

waiting for 01/01/01 hopes for peace in the 'real' millennium

so far so good: electricity and telephone and spring water

Victorian mansion with modern amenities \$10 extra for haunted room

the squirrel resettles between ceiling & flooring  
fallen branches through the wood stove then back on the land  
dust to dust a child tasting dirt  
too early to wonder about seeds in a cardboard box under the table  
on the wedding quilt each stage of plant growth  
one of the gang members a head taller than those in the lineup  
'just the facts, Mam' slanted  
japanese poets i sense prefer we write with american sensibilities  
online two-day contest: World-wide Double Kukai  
all the trees sold for a view from their double-wide set on a hill  
window washers canvas the neighborhood  
deputies on the prowl for the combo of moonshine and black ice  
a more satisfying mix: ice cream and Kahlua

New Year's Eve Space Needle party fireworks on local TV  
half a hermit's glee stuff by post & thru a wire or two  
regular chores too much of a chore no one will chastise if I ignore  
a longer day the snow outlasts it by a foot  
to be at home and all that implies decorator pillows on the floor  
almost past midnight probably

12/27-31/00

## WHAT'S LEFT

Marlene Mountain Tennessee

Francine Porad Washington

'supreme' injustice well there goes what's left of the wilderness

want a bite of a red juicy apple?

gone south or west the migrant workers without food stamps

'snowbirds' arrive in Arizona a book store in each mall

electricity bill in the mail wind rattles across the old tin roof

falling snow thirty-five days from Election Day

a concession speech brings home the finality: President-Elect Bush

still in the camp of the 'underpeople'

Mom to the rescue jumper cables on the dashboard

will mcveigh have another death wish realized

fighting with the doctors, nurses & his wife fighting for his life

stormy seattle on the line a wet blanket i need

hospital roomie jabbers in a foreign tongue or he needs new teeth

not a fat lady at all a black-robed 'unjustice' sang

at a ballgame Rosanne Barr spits out 'Oh, say can you see...'

half the errands done back to doing not much

topping today's list holiday and New Year's greeting cards to mail

my ip to her ip begins dhoward.nospam@

clinton please pardon aileen wuornos who shot only violent johns\*

'...I never promised you a rose garden'\*\*

warm winter day now that the vacuum's repaired and plugged in  
stitches healed with no tell-tale signs  
abrupt change of weather four brownlike socks that needn't match  
designer sweater kachina dolls swinging from the hem  
and disputed by the 'world's great religions' for their children  
now if Moses had just turned right instead of left...  
a bad dream that so many of us cannot dream past our potential  
the scramble to the top a drop in stock prices  
things taken away and things put in the carton of orange juice  
speaking of food...his diabetic diet ignored

not a link about love getting 'kicks' from TV's erotic late-night shows  
new 'presidency' when the comedy begins  
the man in the moon might hear shouts of 'we should have counted'  
tomorrow the day will be longer toward spring  
human-embryo cloning! pink blossoms on the flowering cherry  
just think haiku about those who don't haiku

\*Florida death row

\*\*Rose Garden: words & music by Joe South, 1967

12/13-20/00

## **CHAT BOARDS**

Francine Porad

Marlene Mountain

bitter cold 'Demonocrats' and 'Repulsicans' on chat boards

i've switched to the rae carruth death penalty trial

all-day surveillance hearing others' thoughts in What Women Think

test to son's new pager: put in your digital message

first day of winter nothing disturbs the stillness of the lake

baby born by accident in a highway crash motherless

in georgespeak the head of a non-existing department announced

doomsayers abound the dot.com sell-off

'send your comments' as if corps care money in one's online identity

the next best thing holding hands electronically

2:00 am a yell from the porch a 911 call a car off the curve the chill

secret to softening anxiety: worry beads

a nonhaiku-content fridge dies some of the contents ok for haiku

power outage the menorah found by flashlight

whatta week but today the thermometer hovers around freezing

requested gift stick it in your ear when feeling punk

sometimes i wonder if i make sense to anyone but myself sometimes

she winks at her mirror image

sexy passages starred in the borrowed magazine 'hold me...'

left out of the updated anthology update on haiku

pinhole-in-a-box view of the solar eclipse budding astronomer

no lights no tourists in the 'prince-of-peace land'

when will it end rumors of a peace agreement travel like wildfire

my quiet life i bring a world that doesn't work into it

free screen-saver downloads offered in place of the usual polls  
cobwebs swept odor of sacred wood in the stove  
European grandma could gauge the temperature two mill ends worth  
across the bridge pointed toward town toyota pickup  
each in their own car we meet at the theater to see The Family Man  
candy so good i don't dare ask for the recipe

on the garden program the mixture not dirty enough to be soil  
bleach bath for the whites tinged blue  
little jon benet still dead in america little elian still alive in cuba  
what my life might have been no regrets  
a good day nothing accomplished but unaccomplished haiku  
'this message is no longer available'

12/20-26/00

## **THE TOUCHING OF IT**

Jane Reichhold

Werner Reichhold

Phantom-filled night heat the tiger and the lion lay down on the feather of a window - all eyes on the incoming wave. One blue-green roll of salt waters with a fairer one flung white. Unseen, yes! but felt as fire in water. Such a room, spun from mud, moved to the sea.

It breaks upon cliffs, the first in the vast, birdsong. To a geography of motion the light of its flying song surpasses the shadow of thought. Two tongues, mapping on paper, travel nests.

Back among the hills and streams for the first time since the T'ang Dynasty. Ah, to be solid again on firm land how heavy and slow it all is. The lightest sunlight seems a coating poured a thick golden syrup that day by day oozes over people and land.

Today's more elastic inner climates are linking porcelain blue to layers of ethnic communication, like this: my neighbors boy licking a stamp to Beijing, I watch his transparent milk tees. The three year old

kid wears a plastic watch showing no time.

The dial a luminescent face without hands slanting from mountain peaks with corridors of time.  
Echoes, the glassless mirrors recall the full moon. Hidden by the night rain, darkness talks coast to coast. Some say the Goddess listens when we pray. Some turn the other cheek to

something immobile as silence. On a ladder, the apple picker steps up a tree higher and higher without a basket, feeling her body's blood raging in conjunction with the apple-red sphere all over.

How to develop a variety of fruit in which the product itself doesn't lose its flavor, its magic smell?  
The gamble of growing new voices during a summer of itches and scratches and then, the cutting open, the drowning in it, the pleasure of biting, biting

gentle morning kisses catch fire, the honey flame licks each cell, next cell, a shell of hell burning,  
raging desire with one goal: answer! oh, please do come in,

folded, I and the names I give you, peaces instead of places. How many tears are shed making a river swell? Spread of a tide, driven from the mouth, upstream fog of spawn attracting bird-light?

The flight of fancy sets free association ignited by the finest essences rising through the nose, entering the bony cavern between the eyes as the single one engages the past

at night, striving for one mind with others. While sleepwalking, a knife cuts tree bark. Slow flow of resin- or blood? Morning, red rebirth, in a bowl of colors I gather flowering sponges for an under-water canvas

floating out to draw the dream with ink writing the morning mind re-enters the strangely lit scenes searching for clues to link the dialogue of two worlds: planets and moons

in between remembrance? Years ago, mauve was the rich ladies' choice; now it's mango, woven into black nights' starless hangers. In Tunisia, I looked back from our tourist bus: road dust dressed the long haired camels. I listened to their trumpets, step related, drummers' swirl,

circus life. The midget was paid to appear ridiculous so he thanked them profusely for the opportunity. To Knut, a flaming hand's son, this was a readable mystery related to why the young man committed suicide.

Too early to get control over a new beginning? Is a physical body already chosen as the dancer in a mysterious choreography, determined to try out this one big almost unrelated leap, the leap into ignited air

newborn, nine months growing into her heart, seems such a stranger, yet a perfect stranger veiled in a dream history disappearing as the blood dries. Again this bright color on his hands and face.

Son of a calligrapher, playing the samisen, he joins a shame-faced monk setting up the framework for a meditation room, all bamboo, in the center: slightest touch, the fibers shaking, hours with the gong

carried off on the waves of sound, a ship's hull and echo chamber, the mind enters the temple-cave glowing with the stored light of other voices and the electric ages of memory.

August a vision-quest to Zechariahs, my experienced guide leads me up the wide stairs, where we usually meet, to a high place. There sits a wizen old man, amused at my stumbling, laughing at my questions, but serious about the straightness of my spine.

Johann Sebastian Bach talked about sitting balanced on the organ bench so the spirits of music can operate both the feet and ten fingers at the same time; the bellows pumping his breath back into the pipes, their lips articulating b a c h

lines of musical score leap and lunge at the dyslexic child so eager to please, yet unseen, untested, a physical limitation draws a mark at the end of her nose, saying, "Cross it." and she does with memory.

North of San Francisco, where horses still like to rest on grassy hills, it is 3.1.1992, 4 pm. I listen to the BBC News on head phones, they announce there in London it is 3.2.1992, 11 am, Greenwich-time. News of tomorrow, and the weather? March noon

moves into her territory/terror story. Who owns the water? Whose eyes have the right to look? Where can I sit? How much sky is allowed for a lifetime? Davina Kosh says she has only a cupful and too soon it will be filled with earth.

Buena Vista, next exit. No return for eyes from fur-red coated foothills. We're pulled over toward a dust devil elevating flower pollen. Coast line, deepening in low light, faults and wrinkles.

Hidden by candlelight, her years less by ten alone in the dining room just one sleepy waiter, dishes with traces, the unspoken words already shared, agreed upon, written in stone wary, yet willingly the knife lay across the fork under the mountain of the crumpled napkin

of whom is it in trance? Whose imagination does stop in the dark or doesn't appear as best friend in the morning? Leap year, between my fingers, one more day. Sudden April rain, one step sideways, no rain

no man in his right mind would be knocked out with smackers. Breast size isn't like getting a haircut it is surgery. It is all you need to sew up the winners. There is something awfully convenient you couldn't fit into a bra. "Sure," says Tom, "and I am sick and tired of it."

"Waltz', she says, feeling the z on her tongue touching three of her teeth at once. "Waltz, the leaning back, the moving forward, exchanging breath, the air between us pregnant."

"I want her to be my partner every night." Thus charity hounds feasted on him right up to the very end, sealing out damaging environmental elements worn with pearls and lipstick. The shirt wakes you without the trouble with men. News about yeast infections keeps you in touch with nature.

"I'll do the rising, in bread. Honey, are you sweetening the dough?" "See the spume of waves on beaches? Foam-fungus, on the bubbles' dome, fish-eyed pictures."

Later, my hand shapes a white V reaching out for the ceramic cup. Milk drops are sliding down into the coffee, stopping twice or three times. First they swim like a question mark, then they disappear.

Shadows frozen to the branch of our lives waiting to see the fin in the sea Virginia Woolf saw finished without fear following her even when wind is fastened to the bottom of the page.

"Reindeer-miles, each step the hoofs imprint their letters. Time of a sheltered animal, feeding shutters, look at the dusty side open to a flock of sparrows."

"Rites of snow drifts: guilt shall shrink, measured on greater distance."

A curse of "cork and plaster"! The spider webs of two hundred year old figurines still dressed in Italian splendor to kneel before the naked child in the crèche.

As the violin maker knows, his hands are preparing a playground for the mystics. In the night of a wooden body lust is giving in, stringed.

In spring, passing vacation houses shuttered against the glare of dreams we return to our own wondering what we are thinking when we flowered walls out of the opalescence of our love.

February 15, 1992

**UNDER A STAR:**

By Maria Steyn (Africa)

Karma Tenzing Wangchuk (Mexico)

news at seven  
my ten year old draws . . .  
another planet  
    the little prince  
    his rose wilting

Tanka of Toshiko Makino  
translated by Eiko Yachimoto

since the brief moment  
our red subway was above,  
overwhelming  
s-a-k-u-r-a fills my senses  
emitting pale light to me

akaki densha chijoo ni issun ideshi nochi sakura wa miteri honoakari shite

the arch of roses  
reflected symmetrically

in a small pool  
there flickers my face  
distorted

bara no aach sakashimani utsuru mizutamari watashi no kao ga yugamite itari

off the mailbox  
that must be holding  
a confession or two  
beads of raindrops  
in petal-trickle

kokuhaku no tegami mo aran posuto yori kaben no yona ame ga shitataru

not a row of  
gorgeous paintings  
but one at a corner  
grabs and never let me leave -  
the gloomy sea of the north

kareinaru kaiga narabishi ichiguni kuraki umi no e ware wo hanatazu

a truthful  
dialogue starts after  
the death -  
I'm here nodding  
to the monk's words

shishite nochi shin no taiwa ga hajimaruto soo no kotoba ni ubenaiitari

in the pitch darkness  
of my heart  
there exists poetry -  
say, like a maple leaf  
bright red with clarity

yami narishi waga kokoronizo uta ariki omoeba momiji saetaruru aka no

## **SOLO WORKS**

### **GHAZALS**

#### **THE EARTH AS EGG**

David Clink

This snowy evening I live out a meager life  
getting change for what I buy.

I am a poor scratch mark on Earth's surface,  
haunted by the collision of our lives.

My body is a shell lying on a frozen beach,  
and I can't stop now, take a breath.

I am empty and tired, my drifting eyes  
making it clear - I know I don't know you.

Breathing in cool air, exhaling tenderness,  
your poetic voice falls on cold shoulders

and I can't let you go.  
I look at the Earth as egg, as mother -

pick me up, and listen to me.  
I want you to hear my wants, desires,

I will share with you what is left of me,  
and I will listen to you read Frost's

Stopped by Woods on a Snowy Evening, our  
paths crossing again on this cold January night.

#### **SOLITAIRE**

David Clink

There are hundreds of games  
that can be played at the cottage.

Sand and water create their own fun.  
Adults watch over children.

In Huntsville, the local beer store  
has a line-up that doesn't end,

the Canadian Tire is busy and  
the Nutty Chocolatiere is crowded.

I have spent too much money, again -  
charcoal and ground beef are staples

along with crossword puzzles and  
solitaire. There are a hundred games

of solitaire that can be played.  
After a rainy day

I think I have played them all  
and lost most. The rain may

bring an end to the drought,  
they may lift the campfire ban,

but all we have to do for now on this  
rainy day is play solitaire and look

out to the dents being made in the sand,  
water impacting the lake.

## **COLLATERAL DAMAGE**

Gene Doty

In the news today: The Pentagon says "no collateral damage";  
protesters stand in the rain as they seek to shatter all damage.

Cruise missiles swoop in from the gulf, skim from submarines,  
British and American forces plot courses to pattern all damage.

Midnight screeches in the sideyard: The tom cat assaults  
an unwary bird under a tree, cat's claws splatter all damage.

"Gunfire exchanged": Where? Does it matter? The world's loud  
with gun shots, dying shrieks, life becomes a clatter of damage.

Now we admit the deaths of civilians, workers incountry  
to remove old land-mines become ironic collateral damage.

Ah, Gino, the news breaks your heart, but your skin's still whole.  
"Allahu akhbar," true, but will God's greatness master all damage?

## **JEWEL BOX GHAZAL**

Ruth Holzer

Six strippers writhe onstage at the Jewel Box,  
a dive densely packed as a queen's jewel box.

You wonder as they peel their gloves, chiffon scarves,  
net stockings, and toss them to the crowd at the Jewel Box.

The puzzle ring is a love-knot that comes undone,  
forever relaxing its silver ovals in your jewel box.

A brass sextet plays, braying the next steps  
to reveal desire glittering through the smoky Jewel Box.

Those women, to your delight, Ruth, are muscled men,  
each bared to his divine belt buckle and tool box.

## **LINEAL**

Sheila Murphy

see sway the divans porchward if and when and if again  
the leisure tames the tonsure twice

tease the sway out of the fixity and soon  
the essence will be tainted with due north consortia

slender goes the drabmost day until a cinch of evening  
graces the surpassive entity we temper what is waived

## **ACHE**

Jennifer Pearson

After a bone-weary hike, the mountain lake:  
a place to rest, shed clothes, numb the ache.

The this and that and here and there of work.  
To escape: find a quiet room and ache.

Stand and wait, stand to greet, stand to fetch,  
stand disrespect and lies and ache.

A man can be like a hardwood forest:  
play of light and shade to dazzle the ache.

A man can be like a cedar forest:  
bare ground in the dark, soft bed for the ache.

This man's green eyes, ah, like a snow melt stream.  
But no relief. How they make me ache!

This man's commitments: they stand, a thin wall  
through which we blush. We do not touch; we ache.

Light some incense, read philosophy,  
hit the roughest trail to purge the ache.

Jen pauses before a mountain lake-  
sometimes it's best to pass and ache.

## **HAIBUN**

### **HAIBUNIC CLUES**

Debra Woolard Bender

plastic pyramid  
3 dimensional  
puzzle pieces

a quest ancient mysteries  
secret codes on the internet a face on mars  
recurrent dream signs in the stars  
2 am the phone rings a stranger's voice  
darkness thick words in a foreign accent  
look out the window streetlamp shadows  
unmoving moth hat and trenchcoat  
bare feet down cold stairs the open door  
empty street hissing steam  
yellow eyes cat behind a curtain  
lost left without a clue

sphinx  
riddles from a city  
of angels  
lampstand branches

lit in alignment

government conspiracies a present danger  
sensational hype enquiring minds  
viking probe an old picture frame  
a big comeback rolling stones fired up  
low hum in desert places  
vibrations from another plane?  
snakes in the grass channelers  
teenage hoaxes another crop circle  
roswell revisited alien abductions  
tales from the edge hybrid children  
genetic engineering quantum subtraction

missing links  
t.v. watchers  
play detective

treaty a sinister peace: those marked for slaughter fall away  
sacrifice resumes daily in a temple rebuilt by man  
declaration of divinity breaks into a living hell

end time prophecies  
an unveiling  
tents on rooftops  
the bridegroom steals away  
with his bride

## **WORK OF THE WEAVERS**

Marjorie A. Buettner

Yesterday, while I repaired your crocheting, I found myself looking down to feel the tying together of the old and new, of ourselves with ourselves with each other. It was as if you were there, Grandmother, guiding my hands, retracing the pattern to see the design. Grandmother, you tried to teach me how to crochet, how to knit thread to thread with my own hands; and it seems as if I am still trying to learn how to weave together with words what I could not weave with thread, words out of silence for which I must wait. Tonight, the house wraps me as if it were your shawl; it feels like an old woman, sitting on a rock, learning, as I must, how to listen, how to grow old. And I hear the healing that silence brings and I hear the repair that only waiting allows, while I retrace the pattern to see the design.

full moon at sunset  
floats above the pastel clouds  
as if lost in thought  
your face appearing in dream

and knowing it as my own

## **FIREFLIES**

For Christopher  
Gary LeBel

There are so many things in the world that flare up and vanish between the firings of a thought; mine are still too slow to grasp even one properly. I'm reminded of a Jimi Hendrix lyric that stated this so clearly: "I wanna hear and see...everything."

I would like to be that person who remembers with relish chasing fireflies when young, of running barefoot over a cool lawn with jar and net, a man who recalls fondly a parent taking them out to sit quietly on a stone to greet the edgy world of crickets and late spring warmth, or of being asked to hush and enjoy them if only for their own sakes. But the lure of insects is a questionable priority in some family circles, though I hold no brief as the southern saying goes, for their exclusion in mine: the darkness beckoned but I was asleep.

Years later I am amazed each day I live by things which seem to enter without my knowledge, directly, as if inhaled, and in so doing they signal an inclusive sweep of mind that tries to invite one more piece of the mystery, however small it may seem at the time, into my life.

Looking at my son's face now fully visible in the moon's radiant light, I recall an evening his mother and I had left him sleeping in his grandparents' care while we'd gone out to enjoy a moon not unlike this one.

It was then that I noticed the beauty of fireflies for the first time. There was a hayfield full of them and the way they spiraled their quietness into long glissandi of flight if you cared to follow them, was a revelation. And here we are, thirteen years later. Such a wonder is time!

Now each year I look forward to fireflies as if they were a threshold through which the house of spring opens gloriously into room upon room of flowers and ferns, of warm evenings and honeysuckle; a time to take walks just to seek them out. In giving them your full five senses and thus leaving behind the troubles of the day with the noise of the supper table, it seems fundamental: we were made to pay attention, to be integral and not separate, to share in the world's evanescence. In reading the ancient court poets, Komachi, Shikibu, Tsurayuki or Saigyō in verse after verse, I find their intimacy and footing with things speak as if less than one hour had separated their vast abyss of time from ours. Poems, or rather the sense that drives them to be born, must be those vessels in which the ungraspable takes a brief hollow form such that we can at least glimpse its luminous outline long enough to honor it.

Stopping by an ordinary patch of woods which this night has transformed into a depth of grotto, I say to our son "Let's step in here and sit." He seems to know what we're after and he climbs briskly over the banking and in among the slender pines, for the moon makes it a simple task to walk and find a clear place to sit.

The pine needles are soft but the ground is cold, the days being still too brief to carry the sun's

warmth on into the night. Having settled, we sit quietly and admire the spot we've picked for they are abundant. Their flames are so bright they illuminate the riven texture of the bark as they pass.

Their "floatingness" is marked by slow, languid spurts of effortlessness, and their mating hungers are lashed to the most sublime of silences. Lit up with their glowing bodies, the scene becomes magically animated with their pulses, and strangely, it seems as if silence itself were a solid thing, a dark mountain through which the insects wander like underground streams.

His attentiveness holds longer than I imagined and I can say with some assurance that one of the lessons of parenting is to try to master the art of duration. Neither of us speak as we rise to go, both having found it appropriate to tiptoe as quietly as possible out of the fireflies' domain, as if we feared disturbing their delicate countries.

On the way home, we stop for a moment before a tiger lily bloom soaked to its veins in moonlight. How it seems to glow, its orange daylight color now a deep violet-blue. How cool and soft its petals are! He, too, finds one to rub gently between his fingers and I can feel his reaction in the air. Having recently become a teenager, it's no small victory that he's come out with me tonight and has slowed down his young heart long enough to sit still and enjoy casually what might come next.

In the last stretch of road as I walk beside him, I can see in my many failures his potential triumphs. Finally at home with everyone else asleep, he says his good night and thanks me for our midnight walk. Sitting down then with ink and paper, I find I can't write a word and put my pen away.

In the grotto  
the lights of fireflies form  
a small constellation,  
though here, too, are light-years  
we cannot yet bridge

## **LANDFILL**

Larry Kimmel

Saturday morning – bumper to bumper, coming and going, cars at the landfill, like two trails of ants, and then – "WHAT the fuh. . .?" – My mind could not process fast enough what my eye took in instamatic ally. I thought the whole landfill had been covered with crumpled newspapers, but no, these gray-toned tundra machè was ten thousand gulls from the coast. I had never seen anything like it. And this far inland. And so many. Thick as penguins, they covered the dump like a mildew magnified.

light snowfall  
in the pick-up truck ahead  
lolling from  
the deer's severed head  
a purple tongue

**AUGUST 17, 2001**

Jane Reichhold

I was awakened by such incredible beauty today. My eyes opened to see, just skimming the dark edge of the row of Bishop pines across the road, the slender silver ship of the moon with Venus at its side. In the blue of a sky still holding a few stars, the two bodies gleamed with a similar brightness. Their light sparkled with the hardness of diamonds set in platinum. They were so close, and the slant of the curved moon, made it seem as if it was being pulled across the sky by the eye of a dolphin.

As I lay there watching the two marvels, they would occasionally blur as if an Adobe tool had been dragged across the sky. As the dawn gathered speed in its coming, I could see it was the wisps of ocean fog drifting over the picture. Still watching, still fascinated, these north wind driven creatures changed from their pearly white nature into rose, gold, and finally into a deep red orange. The play of colors between clouds and sky was in constant adjustment; as if the darkness from the sky was given to the hue of the clouds as it became a lighter blue and the clouds grew in mass and red energy. I felt I could see the color flow out of one aspect of the view into the other. And higher and higher rode the wisp of moon with its bright companion until it crested the top of my window, sailed off into the universe and I slept again.

the court is far away  
when I have seen the sun emerge  
over and over like a tune  
the wind took up the northern things  
those finial creatures whoever they are

Today was publication day for the Psalms of the New Testament. I thought by simply putting them up on the web instead of tucking them under covers, I would by-pass publication jitters, but that was not to be. When I took the first bite of an early lunch my innards turned over in that sickening lurch I know so well. And I thought I was over this kind of nonsense. Maybe my mind is, but the dear old donkey has not given up its muscular methods yet. Disregarding a pile of mail on the counter, and plans for working on the web site, I fell into a funk on the couch. I held a book by Virginia Woolf before my face, but had no idea of what I was reading. Finally I was able to sleep with the hope that would wipe my nervous slate clean but I woke up as frazzled as before.

who is the east?  
perhaps I ask too large  
I am struck  
by a nature and god I cannot know  
the brain within its own groove

Werner offered to take me to Mote Creek Beach. I was wondering why he was so insistent that we go. Only later, when that visit failed to change either my guts or my head, I realized he has often seen how going there completely changes my mood and was trying to help me out of my pit. I had not been in my prayers and the ancestors did not bother to notice them so the beach remained a pile of rotting seaweed and rocks. A bit more thankful for all the times this place had feed me, but still vacant and lost, we came home. Again the couch claimed me. At some point I told my donkey, "well, you can have this one

day to grub and gruzzle, but tomorrow I expect to be back to work!" and tried various tricks to restore myself to myself. I even tried to crochet potholders – my lowest activity, but it was just too much work to sit upright.

Before going to bed, I began to feel a curiosity of whether anyone had even looked at the Psalms. Wouldn't it be a proper joke if I had felt all this insecurity and defenselessness and no one in the world had even bothered to read them? Ah, there were three comments.

From Connie: "How very awesome that on my haiku path I would encounter words dealing with the concept of God! I have not read all of your writings but I certainly embrace what you are saying. I have been feeling unsettled for some time about my religious background and 'accepted' beliefs. I have been moving away from the dogma of religion to a more spiritual connection. Thanks for having the will to share this. I believe the God Spirit in all will expand, and this work of yours is a blessing."

With one breath my mood did a 180 degree flip. Gone was the gut pain, the vague lost feelings in my head, the emptiness of spirit as if no one was home in me. One person had been touched in a positive way and all the work was now worthwhile and there was no need for my funk. Galloping and charging again, riding into the wind again I read the next email from Gene:

"I've only had a chance to glance at your Psalms and bookmark them, but they are lovely. I read the first two and am very impressed. Over the years, I memorized a number of the Psalms, so your version resonated with the Jerusalem Bible and the Grail Psalter - and stands up very well, especially in the tone, the attitude that you capture. I really suspect that David would approve of your work. Your introduction sounds really close to the way Quakers talk, by the way. (I don't know any Quakers who use "plain speech," BTW; no "thees".) I plan to tell people who will appreciate your Psalter about it. Thank you for doing the work and making it available."

One person's approval had seemed enough but now I had double riches. And I got a smile thinking of King David reading my hack of his songs! And I liked the word "Psalter" – salter. What a great idea. The salt of life, the songs of thanksgiving. I had read the Grail Psalter, on the internet, but seeing the word from Gene, it took on all new meaning.

And then I opened the third email which said in part. ". . . Although I realize and can appreciate the amount of work involved in putting together your version of the Psalms, it is of little interest to me personally. I am a Jew who prefers the passage below (from "Gates of Prayer") which epitomizes my belief system. 'Behold, I have given you a good doctrine, My Torah: do not forsake it. It is a tree of life to those who hold it fast, and all who cling to it find happiness. Its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace.'

As my oldest grandson would say: "okaaaaay." and my smile grew wider and wider. The longer I thought of these words, their incongruity with the actual words and philosophy of Old Testament Psalms, and the person who sent them, my face felt as if it was that morning moon as it shined against the darkness of a new day. I could hardly brush my teeth for the smile on my face. I went to bed and slept the sleep of those granted great happiness.

my river runs to you  
the heart with many doors  
not to be forgotten  
now when I lie down to sleep

as summer slips into autumn

## **SIJO**

### **L'AIR DU TEMPS**

Debra Woolard Bender

For all great music not yet played, masterpieces wait unpainted.  
Mix words with color, notes with light and silences in between.  
How will you write the blueness of a Matisse nude?

Go now, make love  
with your thoughts, playing lightly,  
as wind in pine;  
because of a thousand  
sunlit leaves, loneliness

### **A POSSUM . . .**

Gino Peregrini

A possum comes to our back porch to gobble the cats' food.  
The calico backs away growling softly at the intruder.  
Sunset shows all its colors, but twilight is coming fast.

### **HOT KISSES . . .**

Gino Peregrini

Hot kisses taken from her cheek in a meadow of spring grasses  
Wild lilies in the breeze of a Kansas spring, cool and sweet  
Both child and man, I desire cool soft lips, cheeks sweetened by wind

~!~

Pacing loose-limbed, white on white;  
I am alone on bleak ice.

A nomad in arctic landscapes,  
always hungry, I watch for seals.

How strange this sensation  
that I've been...a polar bear

Kirsty Karkow

Snowbound greenhouses cascade  
with red Hibiscus, frilly ferns.

Nature lovers wander dazzled  
by vivid colours, sultry scents.

Discard your coat--let us relish  
this early taste of spring!

Kirsty Karkow

Yesterday this hoary oak  
was a sapling swayed by breezes.

Weathering storms, droughts and floods,  
it grew strong on adversity.

Now - children climb it's limbs  
and oldsters love the shape and shade.

Kirsty Karkow

## **TANKA**

winter wind -  
between bare oak boughs  
the distance grows  
although you tightly wrap  
your strong arms about me

an'ya

Shadows cough up the  
profiles of the kindred souls.  
They encase the fate  
of unwitting angels that meet  
dark princes in tight alleys.

Dino Bryant

Reading your letter  
under the varnish tree,  
seed pods turned pink;  
yet without fanfare  
the cicadas have gone

Debra Woolard Bender

Southern heat;  
magnolias perfume  
cicada song,  
now rising, now falling  
on every breeze.

Debra Woolard Bender

Removed  
my straw sandals  
quietly  
I pour out steam  
from a kettle

Debra Woolard Bender

Have you also heard?  
to become a great writer,  
be a great lover  
not only of the cherry,  
but of fine whiskey and tea

Debra Woolard Bender

what is this need?  
for one song I'd give away  
a summer night;  
the moon half-hidden, half-  
between venus and mars

Debra Woolard Bender

## **BRUSH MIND**

Edward Baranosky

all night long  
the landlord's new kittens  
chase each other,  
rumbling across my ceiling -  
one Kat's ceiling is another cat's floor

thunder rolls  
across Lake Ontario,  
a downpour at last -  
above migrating geese,  
roaring formations of fighter jets

playing solitaire,  
lost to myself, meditating  
upon the breath  
inner silence numbers forms  
over the bowling alley

solitary pond,  
frogless, flooded by moonlight  
echo of skates scrape  
a pair of silver traces  
spiraling into infinity

sage, sweetgrass,  
tobacco blend with cedar,  
ancient of trees, four  
sacred herbs healing wounds  
after the dance of death; slow, fast, slow

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS EVE

Marjorie A. Buettner

the sound of wind  
through bare branches  
our fighting again  
is there anything at all  
that will save us from ourselves

moon sliver  
a draft of winter wind  
through the door  
how to repair the ruin  
that accumulates with time

grown faint with distance  
the calling of these wild birds  
through cloud-obscured skies  
when did this emptiness start  
and when will it ever end

suddenly the snow  
takes over the night sky  
with illumination  
so why should my heart feel dark  
this night before Christmas eve

Quatrain:

at night I search the sky for the moon  
then wonder how the world has changed  
will this accumulation of sorrows end  
while the snow and silent light mount up

~!~

out in the yard  
the crow caws crazily  
as if it knows my life  
quite like  
the compost i leave...

Tom Clausen

with my son

we pass the house where  
he was conceived -  
a certain run down look  
weeds in the window box

Tom Clausen

not much celebration  
to this winter solstice  
but the neighbors maple just big enough  
for a squirrel  
and two bird nests

Tom Clausen

the deep blue sky  
goes so far  
yet the photo has borders  
like those we come to  
in our love...

Tom Clausen

its a little flaw  
i've come to accept  
as it may be...  
these overmatched feelings  
loving too much

Tom Clausen

cold rain  
in another town  
the streets empty -  
from one house  
a gift of wood smoke

Tom Clausen

this complete enigma;

of me wanting more solitude  
then company in turn  
on my terms  
at just the right time

Tom Clausen

I have seen the cat  
sleep most of the day  
and yet seem satisfied-  
my calendar says to show  
a cat a piece of gold

Tom Clausen

#### **CRIES AND COURAGE #4 - 12**

for Sarah

Gerard John Conforti

when you were ill  
the stars cried down upon the sea  
the sorrowful winds  
wept through the pines  
and the rain flooded the earth

I did not know how to help  
and felt your pain in my heart  
which grieved each night  
I watched over you  
there on the sofa asleep

when the summer  
turned to autumn then winter  
the ice on the bare trees  
reflected the beauty of the stars  
the warmth was there in your heart

at times you wept all night  
each awakening brought tears  
flowing like streams  
down the meadows of love  
where the flowers held the rain

then there were times  
I did not know where to turn  
to ease the suffering  
which was greater than sorrow  
which tore at the both of us

then the spring blossomed  
into a flower of warmth and love  
which could not tear us apart  
and each passing day  
the sunlight became brighter

the sea is not a sleepless dream  
there are always the tides  
in the mist of sadness  
which beats the shore with grief  
til the moon gathers the tides

and then there is you  
as beautiful as the mighty stars  
gleaming with love  
and hope, and care and compassion  
for your earthly human beings

and there are those  
who don't care, but love  
in their own devious ways  
to get what they want and need  
in their own selfishness

but, do not despair  
the world is right for you  
to give yourself  
the joys and happiness you deserve  
which you earn through trust and love

and when people are cruel  
and mean and hateful  
I know it breaks your heart  
but is them and not you  
who betray only themselves

because the truth  
is always present in you  
the one who stands  
higher than the others  
who try to bring you down.

**JOANNA ROCKS**

paul conneally

no time for streams  
or those that look at hills  
you learn to love  
passing your early youth  
amid the smoke of cities

lofty firs  
taller than the old steeple  
village news

the vicar's collar  
a house big enough  
for ten rough sleepers

autumn shadows  
spray-painted on a boulder  
by the rail-track  
in huge red lettering  
Joanna Rocks

~!~

the withering leaves  
of the old chestnut tree  
whisper a farewell  
our summer dreams will scatter  
like the chestnuts on the ground

W. Flohr

at the junction  
the sudden rush of a dove  
in the foliage above  
makes me redirect my steps  
to follow my heart's desire

W. Flohr

A rat scurries  
To find a hole to hide in  
Near the subway tracks.  
Moments later there's the train,  
Yellow lights winding

Jack Galmitz

When we married  
I was in my fifties.  
You were sixty;  
From the street we took in stray cats  
And made a family

Jack Galmitz

the garden cat  
walks with me  
through slacks and left sock  
I feel four of her teeth  
telling me she is hungry?

Momi Kam Holifield

my garden box  
becomes over-crowded  
I dig a new plot  
forgetting to wear gloves  
my right palm is torn

Momi Kam Holifield

squirrel carries nuts  
twice up the tree to eat  
then buries the third  
I leave for the poetry reading

not late after all

Momi Kam Holifield

Palm Sunday  
a little boy passes his  
frond to me saying  
he already had enough  
his mom confirms – I accept

Momi Kam Holifield

### **PASSING THROUGH**

Ruth Holzer

November sunlight  
never very strong  
fails utterly  
"all day in the one chair"  
I sit, like Yeats.

cricket in the sink  
looks fundamentally dead  
but I take him outside  
to enjoy the sun  
just in case

at the credit union  
I wait in a snaking line  
to cash a two-dollar check  
my net earnings  
from poetry this year

At Durobrivae  
firm Roman walls  
a glass vase of ashes  
white alders by the river  
shiver as my ghost passes

## CREEK SONG

Elizabeth Howard

where zucchini waits  
for the chopping board  
I dream rows of blue catfish -  
golden, steaming on a platter  
grandmother's fish fry

the photograph,  
me on the bluff rocks  
overlooking the valley farms-  
no image of the chemo  
poisoning mind and body

a livid scar  
where the chestnut oaks stood  
red mud flowing into the creek -  
in the Philippines  
rivers of lava

wrenlet in a bucket  
of nails on a barn shelf -  
recalling the mouse nest  
in that old chifforobe,  
squeaky little wrigglers

blue butterflies,  
dragonflies, sunrays,  
myriads of sparkles  
crisscross the creek,  
its song unchanging

by the creek's left fork  
under the bleached sycamore  
where the trail branches  
a classic pair of antlers –  
so many paths to follow

sitting on my lap  
she shows a wobbly tooth;  
we talk about pain  
and bloody excisions -  
my scarred chest aching

car lights crossing  
the ghostly bridges  
over the river  
in the river

in fog like a specter's breath

~!~

Written from Acapulco, Mexico, for her sister city of Sendai, Japan, where for the yearly winter Pageant of Starlight, hundreds of thousands of tiny lights are strung on two hundred and more trees that line the streets of Sendai:

Their boughs twinkling  
with fairy lights:  
zelkova trees  
along the boulevards  
of our sister city.

Time was  
when I thought I could love  
only her;  
now I've come to cherish  
even what stands between us.

karma tenzing wangchuk

## **LONG YEARS   LONG STRUGGLE**

Larry Kimmel

after all these years,  
again the grey-weather  
of her eyes -  
then and now touch  
like circled thumb and finger

tugging at the ribbon  
of the gown's bodice  
just a little  
and again   just a little  
her coy eye holding mine

in a breeze  
from the window her nightgown  
opens -

a glister of suspicion  
before the candle gutters out

a storm is brewing  
leaves show their pewter backs  
against the wind -  
alone  
not knowing where to turn

hopeless now  
the escape from an old sorrow  
like a sink-trapped spider  
what's left me  
but the struggle

the ball and chain  
of long years    long struggle  
cast my dust  
from a high place  
where the wind blows widest

ruins of a desert city  
no roads lead here or away  
temple bells  
the cry of the market  
tongueless in a dry air

restless i thrash and turn  
so much depends upon tomorrow  
sleep  
precious as water  
to a desert traveler

mountain high  
looking down into mist  
into void  
glad of the moment but already  
weary of the descent to come

more than the worst dog fight  
you ever heard  
coyotes hunting  
nature is what it is  
life feeds on life

at the violet edge of a long day  
traffic terrific  
that sense

of being released like a virus  
into the neon night

~!~

attic shelf -  
a row of fairy tales  
filmed with dust  
bedtime stories read aloud  
to my children long ago

Kirsty Karkow

a shearwater  
soars above blue waves  
riding the wind  
I lean from the boat's bow  
eye to eye with dolphins

Kirsty Karkow

after months  
of frozen snow and ice  
warm flagstones  
tiny signs of spring appear  
a bug, a bulb, a green shoot

Kirsty Karkow

how the past  
clings to me these days  
even in the park  
the sound of dry leaves  
scurrying close behind

Thelma Mariano

the streets  
glitter with Christmas lights  
once again  
I find myself wanting  
to believe in fairytales

Thelma Mariano

so many footprints  
smoothed over by the rain  
as daylight fades  
my growing need to leave  
something tangible behind

Thelma Mariano

a pomegranate  
shrinks all winter long  
our verbal fencings  
from red to burnt umber  
fading, extinct

Giselle Maya

blowing bubbles  
his breath floats away  
in different sizes

grandfather's pipe  
laying in my hands

Emile Molhuysen

The rising river  
floods the forest bottom trail.  
Their paved paths submerged,  
    people, lost for the first time,  
    must swim the roads of muskrats.

Jennifer Pearson

Take the recliner,  
flame orange like a poppy,  
and dream like a bee,  
    legs perched on a black cushion,  
    head dusted with dark pollen.

Jennifer Pearson

## **SPUN**

David Rice

pishing and hooting  
through the red fir forest  
I play chickadee and owl  
first I'm prey  
then I'm outstretched talons

hummingbirds zing  
between penstemon and paintbrush  
I watch their movement  
up and down the slope  
briefly released from my voice

a large bee lands  
on the stunning violet  
of a shooting star  
    as this sweet hive keeps spinning  
    we all become honey

~!~

Swirling spiral  
of her skirt spills tides of dream  
and memory:  
I breathe fire in the dance  
forgetting bends and twists

Ram Krishna Singh

getting lost

is how  
I found you  
rows of hymnals  
in an unlocked church

John Stevenson

looking around,  
the only member  
of the group  
I don't see  
is me

John Stevenson

reading into  
the boot tracks  
from a car  
to my door and back  
the short time I was gone

John Stevenson

their laughter  
is not about me  
but would sound  
just like that  
if it was

John Stevenson

vacation visit  
to mom's trailer  
a jigsaw puzzle  
we've put together  
several times

John Stevenson

cottonwood seeds  
drifting along  
everyone  
is from  
somewhere. . .

John Stevenson

forgetting  
for a moment  
she's my mother  
I treat her  
like a friend

John Stevenson

I don't understand  
but then, there's nothing in me  
that isn't part of me  
no demons  
no fetus

John Stevenson

in your embrace  
quiet of the rising sun  
seeps through a window  
this moment's perfection  
in the sparrow's long clear trill

Maria Steyn

squatter camp  
between two shacks  
a thin space  
filled by the wind  
left by the wind

Maria Steyn

winter afternoon  
a curve of rainbow  
in the silver birch . . .  
my solitude bright  
in its leaflessness

Maria Steyn

early spring  
a scent of freesias  
at the window  
I wait with the setting sun  
for your footfall on the path

Maria Steyn

blue sky  
in the branches  
of an oak  
one last colored leaf  
holds against the wind

Maria Steyn

this day  
of sky upon sky of spring  
slowly ends  
in the faintest scent of blue  
from irises at the hedge

Maria Steyn

## **CHANDRA**

In honor of the late Indian-American astrophysicist, Subrahmanyan Chandresekhar  
Bill West

Big as boxcar,  
Chandra, chaser of x-rays,  
shot out by quasars,  
black holes and supernovae,  
a space observatory,

meant to reveal the  
elusive x-rays, making  
them skip across its  
mirrors shaped like a barrel,  
coated with irridium,

and nested inside  
one another to increase  
their capacity.

The x-rays will be  
focused, when gathered, into  
a sharp camera,  
gathered into an image -  
creating spectrometer.

It will sail at a  
third of the way to the moon  
to peer into the  
cores of active galaxies  
in which x-rays so abound,

where we guess black holes,  
much like massive, gaping mouths,  
suck in the hugest stars,  
emitting on x-rays  
crumbs, and it may be we'll see

dark matter, the glue  
of the galactic clusters,  
and we may, at last,  
through great Chandra's eye, look at  
our galaxy's own deep heart.

~!~

relentless summer  
cracked creek mud  
kingfisher waits -  
heat lightening reminds me  
many dreams go unfulfilled

Tim W. Younce

january morning  
in the hollow  
coal smoke hangs thick -  
rooster's crow

falls to the ground

Tim W. Younce

slanting fall sunlight  
brown corn husks  
clatter in the wind -  
the rustle of your raincoat  
as you turn away

Tim W. Younce

on this subzero morning -  
it will take two blocks  
before flat spots  
run out of  
the tires

Tim W. Younce

on a summer morning  
the dew reveals  
spider webs -  
dusted fingerprints  
at a crime scene

Tim W. Younce

## **WITHOUT AND BEYOND FORM**

### **RED CHASM**

After Ivan Arguelles' "Middle Meer Marks Meridian's Hyphen" and "Doppio"  
John M. Bennett

fray chasm it's gray pattern subformation  
unh decay seizures worn echo "desire"  
fallow set stop truck swatter punjabi  
beefeaters heaven dives blong slang gritty  
worm job, fossil neckwear basso chalk  
erased rug moon ascribed to barque  
futile scribes capture glass remains "control"  
imploded elusive blind center winged hyphen

backwards buzz humm kunst eaten divorce  
moth sub anguish division flickers chasm

red flakes division anguish rim surrendered  
hooded buddha filters underhose maternity wrap  
turban afire boo wings miniature pudenda  
microphone crotch chants blank woof libraries  
cienaga style ululation fake sampan platform  
attach interrupts oval end number slings  
yeasty hooks "pidgin" pronounces tagging manuals  
stygian whisper brick bartering lip sore  
alabaster mechanics curtain trance meer fuge  
outer feet estate lobe hell slivers

### **SPREECH**

John M. Bennett

Be lunger shape be  
knobber be a bee  
nlotion tlust dramp co  
relentment nor an ocean  
"salpicado" mit uns. er  
plomo. stall the sindicato  
trade time pur ah  
nogguts dance on blade!  
brame leur môde leur  
objéct (pall a name

### **STAGE FRIGHT**

Sheila Murphy

Freight all of a sudden lengthens, widens,  
so the load becomes too much.  
I look out into a future as though permanence were equal to the fears of it  
I have / to hold.  
Afraid, even of pasture, even of work,  
my bodyguard is penniless in muscle.  
I take the earth to heart.  
My hearth is damaged.  
I pray for pieces of it to have coalesced sometime.  
Strange new north gives gluten its raw reputation.  
Someone outside paints the wood. I wish it were this simple.  
Pace myself in what appears the natural order.  
A distended fracas shears the wake.

I tremble to afford the places I must walk, one tender at a time.  
Fictitious norms will fail me when the clatter comes.  
I do not want to hear the fortified new roster of commandments.  
One tether at a time, I paint, I play, then coat the atmosphere with speech.  
But what is there to pattern after.  
Pater noster qui es in chalice full of midline blood.  
A comma splices weeds of language in a chalk font.  
Bless me father.  
There are tunes too fallen to have milked our spree of dominance.  
I hide here in a room behind the stage.  
I want to walk off images I am afraid to see.  
A screen behind my conscious mind is red with what is real.  
One spark added to another  
Spawns the vectors caustic as once comatose, lingering the full shorn region.  
When I speak, it will be toward a wilderness unkempt and lacking population.

## **OUNCES**

Sheila Murphy

Not just another, more  
Beyond a single one,  
At first, all by itself  
Then added to the others  
To form beverages

So are you thirsty?  
Is there anybody else?  
Then I will pour you one,  
Each one, another

The days are dropped into  
A flavor of the sea,  
And this is what is how  
Our notions pass,  
That we are full in summer,  
And in winter, fall,

The spring semester, when  
The lavish afternoons are bathed  
In said amazement, vibrant  
Strings are plucked, the hand  
Is swept across them,  
Each eventful afternoon  
After eventful afternoon

## **SILHOUETTE**

Sheila Murphy

I learned to read  
so I could see  
your face against  
the backdrop simply  
as your face and not  
the backdrop

and I learned to see  
the distance between  
your face and what  
presided in the background  
now the tall trees capture  
wind prior to escaping  
wind before the work sets in  
to be dismantled

lines require the dimming  
of the light, and lines  
are pressed against  
the darkness also  
lines take on  
the whole of what they are  
and live beyond themselves

I learned to read  
beyond your face  
the lines, the wind,  
the light,  
darkness, also

## **CYBERNETICALLY**

an interactive play in seven scenes

Werner Reichhold

Scene one

on the beach  
she says  
    imagine sea light



- No, well, only Prom.
- Who?
- Prometheus.

The TV running without interruption. People watching the tragedy of the two towers burning and crashing for several times daily. After a while, their thoughts and gestures begin to change. In one way or the other they feel and act like participants.

#### Scene five

Rain gutter, we listen to rust moving on (intertwined material / matter)

Blurred perspectives along the roads leaving lower Manhattan.  
Talks under coercion deepening a fold around peoples' mouths.

- Nothing you would leave simply for its size?
- Would you go please on your knees,  
deeds and maps are in the lower drawer-  
I know it's jammed.
- Because of your heavy flint collection.
- Developing their own identity further,  
the animals put under pressure becoming stoned survived.

#### Scene six

Life going on  
forty: love both play (space as an interface,  
as if their rackets an interval)  
gather the pressure  
of a ball that hits  
since the wind doesn't want it

Scene seven

late exchange  
the mail box door  
keeps squeaking

Discussing already planed trips extensively because oil  
is precious, seducing people to live up to an overheated rhythm.

The couple bridging  
the night over the rim of years  
their names' skin.

(curtain)

## **BOOK REVIEWS**

Jane Reichhold

**This Tanka Whirl by Sanford Goldstein.** Clinging Vine Press, Linda Jeannette Ward, Editor, P.O. Box 231, Coinjock, NC 27923. Saddle stapled, 55 pages, 8.5 x 5.5, illustrated by Kazuaki Wakui, autumn 2001, \$10.00.

It seems Sanford Goldstein's own words in the "some after-thoughts" at the end of the book, best express his position of his tanka in the contemporary scene. "And so This Tanka Whirl . . . I have always felt that Takuboku was right when he said in one of his essays that tanka is a diary of the emotional life of the poet. Throughout the years I have followed this principle, yet have myself felt that the content of the traditional tanka was too restricted. Poets talk about love, about nature, about death, about friends, about mothers, and illnesses and trips. I have done that too. But I have tried to broaden even more the content of tanka – the games of children, the impossibility of the tanka form itself, the connection of tanka to literature, my Zen experience and a tanka – a multiple diversity."

Sanford Goldstein has been writing tanka for thirty-eight years and has four collections of his tanka to his credit – the first being published in 1977. He has translated the tanka of Akiko Yosano, Takuboku Ishikawa, Mokichi Saito, Shiki Masaoka and Ryokan so he knows the Japanese tanka as no other person on this earth. Without question he is the Father of English Tanka. We owe him so much and now we have a new collection of his own tanka. The contents are divided into nine sequences of six to nine tanka. Many of the tanka seemed to be addressed to characters or famous authors now living only in their books covering all his sources of inspiration: Ahab in Moby Dick, Shakespeare, Emily Dickinson, Anne Frank, Hamlet, The Great Gatsby and Akiko Yosano. One of the techniques we tanka writers can learn from the Japanese is the art of connecting one's own work to that of famous persons. Most of us have not yet even begun to work on this facet of the form, but Goldstein brings it to us complete with references to our own literary history.

again, Hamlet,  
you haul me to your heart,  
to your precious mouth,

and I feel even tanka  
can scale the spectacular

whirling  
in the glitter of Gatsby,  
I recall  
all the glory, all the ruin,  
of my splintered visions

Akiko,  
when you spoke  
to those young men  
about love ages ago,  
did it include this old-fart me?

You will notice that in printing his tanka, Goldstein had dropped caps and periods, but still retains the comma when it only comes at the end of line. Does anyone beside me question this?

Something in me wants to be extremely critical of Goldstein's poems to point out that:

the handle  
of this racket,  
these green  
balls,  
and this celibate me!

is awfully close to haiku or even kyoku. I suspect he, too, feels there is more to get out of tanka when he writes in the first poem of the book:

so tame,  
so tame,  
these tanka tribulations:  
sometimes I want berserk music  
for some world in me gone berserk!

But as I read through the book again and again my admiration grows for the path he is on and his steadfastness on his exalted climb and my quibbles shrink away.

Read more about Sanford Goldstein in the Poet's Profile.

**A Pattern for This Place by Carol Purington.** Illustrations by Stephanie B. Purington. Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01329. Perfect bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 70 pp. with notes, autumn 2001, price: \$12.00.

If you admired Carol's previous book of tanka, *The Trees Bleed Sweetness*, for the amazing experiment she was attempting, you will be glad to read the continuation and expansion of her idea for a theme in *A Pattern for This Place*. In both books she works from the premise that she is able to re-enter the persons, the women, of her heritage who settled this area of Massachusetts about the time of the Revolutionary War. She walks in their shoes and writes their poems and does an excellent job of it. One feels that if the tanka form had been available to these early settlers, Carol's poems could have been found tucked away in some leather-bound trunk by an ancestor named Purington. She is firmly acquainted with the outer history of the area (that which is known in books as records) and the inner herstories she has channeled to make her poems completely believable.

If she had been writing about herself some of the associations made in the poems might have been too sweet or too affected, but by reaching across time for another personality, Carol has created a space that allows her to be very personal without placing herself in the reader's lap. She is on to something here – a very interesting writer's device. One of the so-called 'weaknesses' of the tanka genre is an overabundance of whining, lamenting, bitching (call it what you will) but Purington is able to balance these themes with ones of thanksgiving, praise and joyfulness simply because she is outside of her character and because she has, herself, weathered enough storms to see that all parts of her emotions are worthy of being recorded in poetry.

In the title of the book, you will not find the word "tanka" and I applaud her maturity for making this step. She subtitles the poems simply "Words of a Pioneer Woman". And in some ways, Carol Purington is herself a pioneer woman who, from the room in which she is confined, explores realms and times not accessible to the average person. And she is a pioneer in the writing of tanka – one who has finely honed her craft until one is not even aware of the art. In a letter to me she wrote that she felt she had moved so far from the 'ideal' tanka (whatever that is) that she didn't even know if she could call her poems tanka. But still, her love and expertise in the form follows her on her journey.

I'll let you decide if these are tanka or not – or if the issue is even worth thinking about. Here are the poems from the time the woman's husband goes to war.

Summer thunder  
coming, they say, from British cannon  
not far enough away  
Each peal rends a man,  
tears a mendless gash in a woman

His letter  
I fold away inside my dress  
Its stiffness against my breath  
tells me that seventeen sunsets ago  
he was still alive

The handle of his ax  
held idle against the wall  
by a dusty web –  
day and night some spider worked and worked  
to weave a patterned world

With the same care she composes her poems, she designs her books. The concept of A Pattern for This Place is continued and carried out in the very apt illustrations. Her sister-in-law, Stephanie B. Purington, who lives on the same farm, has sewn quilt blocks which fit in theme to various poems. The sepia photographs of the quilt patterns are lens to another time, just as the poems are. In the same way that individual blocks, made of bits and pieces of cloth can make a complete bed covering, the shortness of the poems is combined to tell the story of a year and a little more in the life of woman who exists only because Carol Purington has called her to life.

The 48 poems, one to a page, interspersed with the calm but engaging illustrations, and expanded with generous endnotes makes the book feel complete. Again Larry Kimmel at Winfred Press has done an excellent job of presenting Carol's work with the professionalism and expertise it deserves.

**Moondust – Poussière de Lune. Giselle Maya with Edward Baranosky, Christopher Herold, Mari Konno, June Moreau, Pamela Miller Ness and Linda Jeannette Ward.** Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France. Hand-tied, 10 x 13 inches, 60 pages of mica impressed paper, handmade paper cover, illustrations by Aisha Sieburth, 2001, price:\$20. + \$6.00 airmail postage.

Giselle Maya has consistently employed collaboration with other writers for her haiku and tanka collections such as Cats, The Four Seasons, and Tea Ceremony. In Moondust she writes collaboratively with six different authors who regularly draw on a variety of writing styles. Maya's own voice is so definite that her work pulls together with the others to create a style that none of them alone would have written. It is a fascinating study to read the individual works by her various partners and then to compare those poems with the way they write when replying to her words and ideas. This, I find, is the miracle of renga. How each person, secure in a personal voice, yet when writing collaboratively, bends just enough to 1.) make a cohesive work with someone else and 2.) find a new tone or viewpoint in their own style. One can almost feel this group exchanging ideas as well as inspiration for new ideas for individual work.

Moondust blurs the line between authors physically (the links are not accredited to the writer) as well as bending each to a subject and theme that farther unites the work. The line is also blurred between genres (a positive plus, I feel) in that one never knows if reading a traditional renga as in "Year of the Dragon" with Edward Baranosky or linked tanka in "Summer Solstice" with June Moreau. Only because of previous publication in Lynx and writing with these two partners makes these differences clear to me. I am not saying we need to know if the poem is composed of 'linked tanka' or 'renga' to enjoy the work; I am only commenting on this step in the wiping away of genre lines as these Japanese forms make themselves at home in English. Though there were times in reading Moondust that I wondered "who wrote that link?" and would have looked to the right for some initials, I must admit the poem worked better for not having names naming such brief links. The names are linked under the titles so the reader knows who the collaborators are.

It was interesting to note that even between the same pair (Giselle Maya and June Moreau) the forms

expressed differences. In "Summer Solstice" this pair had seemed to be counting syllables into 5-7-5-7-7 and in "Fukiyose – the gathering of things blown together by the autumn wind" the short lines often have only two or three syllables and the long lines have three or four (sometimes more) syllables. This certainly adds a freshness to the book and keeps the patterns and the rhythms from becoming repetitive to the point of sing-song reading.

June Moreau who also writes haiku and tanka is Giselle's most active partner - the two have been friends for many years. This pair also use both forms in their combined poems. Thus, "Shadows" and "Voice of One Cricket" is a sharing of haiku in a partnership in the same way tanka are combined in "Sacred Trees" and "Bells".

I was especially impressed with the leaps made in "Incarnation" by Mari Konno and Giselle Maya. Not knowing who wrote what, I can only assume that somehow this combination of minds struck fire in a noteworthy way. In the other poem, "Ascending" by this duo, the leaps are equally astounding.

cherry orchards  
in full bloom  
spring snow  
soft footsteps  
around the corner

a cat's tail  
swaying among blades  
of young grass  
a breeze cooling the tea  
no small talk

In "Cloud Bound", Giselle Maya with Christopher Herold one can feel the tension as the two authors tug on the same themes, coming up with fish of different colors. Sometimes you can almost feel one person saying "we have had enough verses on that subject; I want a change" and suddenly there is a delightful leap. Writing collaborative demands a balance act of togetherness and yet needs some dissention to keep the voices clearly separate and individual. The great poem comes from a weaving back and forth of togetherness and separateness.

Some of the poems had too many repeats of similar words and subjects (like trees, clouds, cats, dragons, dreaming) and one understands and would welcome the Japanese renga rules against these overworked usages. In finding a new way of working – making collaborations without writing renga – many ways have to be tried and experimented with to see what really works. It is hard when collaborating (and trying to be English nice) to say with any degree of conviction to the partner that this or that link is not thought to be good for the complete poem. I guess this is why the Japanese have renku masters and why the English have editors. This one small criticism should not hold you back from investigating the brave work this group of people has tried and accomplished. Giselle Maya has put a lot of hard work into making this book (even the moon-dusty covers are of handmade paper) and the poems deserve to be read and evaluated for what they can teach each of us about collaborative writing.

**Raku by Edward Baranosky.** EAB Pub, 115 Parkside Drive, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6R-2Y8. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5, 40 pages, illustrated by the author.

To quote from Baranosky's Foreword: "By choosing Raku for the title of this chapbook, I am drawing a parallel with what has become haiku and related forms of poetry which, although probably never to be exactly as their progenitors, bear a genetic inheritance from all parents. Just to make things more challenging, the difference between raku and other pottery may be as narrow as between Haiku, Tanka and their pretenders. But it is the quality of the experience communicated which finally makes the nature of raku apparent."

The book contains a series of sijo, six series of tanka, several tanka and prose pieces, individual haiku and tanka, glosa, a renga with Melisa Fauceglia, a sedoka exchange with Evelyn Catherine Yates, and a ghazal.

Raku is the Japanese term for a method of firing pottery in which the vessel, instead of being allowed to cool, is pulled from the kiln in a red heat and plunged into a container of sawdust, leaves or water. This stress, on the pot and the glaze often creates metallic flare and crackle patterns or shatters the pot. The title is a very apt one for Baranosky's book.

**Legacy 2: An anthology of poetry. The Writer's Literary Series of the Poets of Toronto and Central Ontario Branch** edited by Edward Baranosky. Perfect bound, 112 pages, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, \$14.95. Contact: Toronto and Central Ontario of the Canadian Authors Association, Box 11041, 97 Guildwood Pkwy., Toronto, Ontario, M1E 5G5, Canada

Out of the thirty-three poets represented in this, the second in the series of presentations of Ontario poets, five authors are competent in the Japanese genres. Haiku is represented by Evelyn Catherine Yates (with a series from her moon haiku in *Karumi Moon*) and Monica Sanchez and Lorna Moor Schueler with individual haiku. Dina E. Cox has a series of sijo and another one of haiku. The tanka poem, "Footnotes to Noah" by Edward Baranosky closes the book. It seems fair to say that without the influence of Baranosky's classes in renga and related forms under the auspices of the Canadian Author's Association, these forms would not have been so well represented. It is to Baranosky's credit, not only that he takes on the enormous, and often thankless job of editing such an anthology but that he continues to be the instigator and guiding light of form poetry among so much 'free verse' in Canada.

**Raising the Blade: Haiku and Tanka by R.G. Rader.** An AHA Book Online.

By clicking on the word [book](#) you can read, print out or download this book right now. R.G. Rader was active in the early years of the haiku scene with his own haiku work and his Muse Pie Publishing. Then he went into writing plays and acting which seemed to leave little time for his earlier pursuits. But he continued to write haiku and began writing tanka, too. This book, *Raising the Blade*, is a collection of his work. The reader will quickly find out that R.G. Rader is at the cutting edge of subject matter in these genres – as his title warns. Suicide, city-life, prostitutes, bums and this world are side by side with his own love life. Instead of reading more of my words, I suggest you simply go read his book to find your opinion good opinion of his work.

**Karumi Moon: probing into ancient and modern haiku.** Evelyn Catharine Yates. De Senlis & Evelyn 2304-100 Spadina Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 2I7, 2001. Perfect bound, 50 pages, 8.5 x 5.5 inches.

The title could be seen as being slightly misleading because Karumi Moon does not bring the reader any ancient haiku but the contemporary haiku of Evelyn Catherine Yates. In the back of the book, on the white pages (the poem pages are cream) there are glossaries of Contemporary Forms and Styles, Precursor Forms and Styles, and Readings for Study or Sheer Delight which maybe seen as a "probe into ancient haiku" but one could argue that with a poetry history of over 1,400 years, the four hundred year old haiku is hardly 'ancient'. Karumi Moon also contains examples of tanka, sijo, ghazal and renga links as well as an assortment of other independent forms. Of the ten tanka (printed one to a page on the right-hand page only) I liked best this titled one:

hoarding summer

Monarch, summer's gone.  
Harsher winds will gust you now  
to winter sojourn.  
Why so late, why lingering?  
Go now. Your gold's safe with me.

Aside from my academic quibbles, the book is beautifully designed and made. The cover photograph, made by John Yates of Saskatoon, is gorgeous. The eye returns joyfully each time to it and I would let Evelyn Yates design any book for me. Her care and sensitivity show on every page. Frankly, the best part of the book is its potential. There is the feeling that with a little guidance, a bit more work, further experiences that Yates poetry could be very good. She has laid the groundwork with this book and now she is free to grow into her full dream.

## HAIKU MENTIONS

**Briefly Snowflakes by Jean Jorgensen.** Hexagram 43, the 12th of the series by King's Road Press – Marco Fraticelli, editor. King's Road Press, 148 King's Road, Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada, H9R 4H4. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 16 pages, autumn 2001.

Jean Jorgensen deserves to have her haiku highlighted in this series with such haiku as:

shaping the bread  
a sprinkler turns slowly  
in the summer wind

Dim Sum by the Route 9 Haiku Group. Haiku by Hilary Tann, Yu Chang, John Stevenson and guest poet – Jim Kacian. Published by John Stevenson, P.O. Box 122, Nassau, NY 12123. Saddle-stapled, 30

pages, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, autumn 2001, \$5.00 for a single copy.

This is the second time this group has presented a collection of their haiku in this engaging format. It begins with Hilary Tann's

clear morning  
the deer lifts one hoof  
then another

with a stop at the guest poet's spot for this from Jim Kacian

for my birthday  
another trip  
around the sun

to close with Yu Chang's haiku:

lighthouse -  
she promises  
to keep in touch

**A Purple So Deep. An anthology of haiku collected by Leatrice Lifshitz.** Saddle stapled, 5.5 x 5.5 inches, 60 pages, autumn 2001. This non-commercial, unpretentious book is like a Who's Who of Haiku. In addition to picking excellent poems to represent each person, Lea has performed the miracle of how to present haiku interspersed with relevant prose. She asked each author for a paragraph of explanation of how or why the haiku was written. By placing the haiku on the right hand page, the reader can enjoy the haiku for the poem it is. Then turning the page, on the left-hand side, the mind can unwind and follow the author back to the origin of the haiku. Back and forth the reader goes - easily refreshed and ready for the next excellence of another haiku. I think Lifshitz has rediscovered a way to add to the enjoyment of haiku. The haiku are arranged alphabetically by the authors' last names and contains none of Lea's haiku. How many editors of anthologies could match this humility? Make the effort to get this book!

**monk and i by vincent tripi.** Illustrations by David Kopitze. Hummingbird Press, P.O. Box 96, Richland Center, WI 53581. Handset and printed on a windmill press by Swamp Press and hand-tied, 60 pages, 7 x 5 inches, autumn 2001, \$12.00.

Vincent Tripi had started to keep a record which he calls "Watching Journal". Among his recorded comments and observations on nature and the grace of living, are his haiku. Arranged two, three or four to a page, the reader gets a good sampling of tripi's haiku such as:

Plum blossoms. . .  
remembering all the names  
of God

A bittern's boom -  
mist of the mist  
of the mist

### **ARTICLES AND LETTERS TO LYNX**

You are highly encouraged to write to the authors, by clicking on their names to send them an e-mail, or to send your thoughts on these subjects to Lynx for publication as an article in the next issue.

### **THE DEFINITE FORM OF ENGLISH TANKA**

yuhki aya

In writing English tanka, it is acknowledged that there are two main streams.

The one type is to write English tanka in the form of 5-7-5-7-7 syllable count following the Japanese tanka style. The representative authors who write in this style are Fr. Neal H. Lawrence, and James Kirkup.

In this style, the form of English tanka is the same as the Japanese tanka. When these English tanka are edited, as in an anthology, the beauty of their neat form is impressive. But 31-syllable English tanka usually have more meaning than there is in the Japanese poem. Therefore, when Japanese tanka are translated into English, some words may have to be added to adjust the syllable count. On the other hand, when English tanka are translated into Japanese, the content is too great to put into the Japanese tanka form.

The other stream, I suppose, is that of English-speaking people who have read the scholarly English translation of *Man yoshuu* or *Hyakunin-issyu* (One Hundred Tanka by One Hundred Poets). They have learned that tanka is a short poem with 5 lines. In this group there are some people, who write in 5 lines for the purpose of distinguishing tanka from haiku, but others insist on writing tanka in four lines. These people usually don't pay a lot of attention to the length of English tanka. The chief authors of this style are Jane Reichhold who publishes the tanka magazine *Lynx* and Sanford Goldstein who introduced Akiko Yosano, Shiki Masaoka and others to foreign readers through his translations.

Among those who write tanka in this free style, are some persons who have questioned whether this free style poem should deserve to be called tanka or not. There are also others who want to write English tanka in a definite form. Moreover, those who write Japanese original tanka and try to translate it into English have a strong desire to get a definite form of English tanka.

To answer those demands, Prof. Ohno insists on a 21 syllable tanka, that is  $3+5+3+5+5=21$  syllable tanka in English, and at most within a permissible range he proposed 20 plus or minus 3-syllable tanka. He originated the method of reciting his own tanka in a normal speaking voice, without singing tone nor tremolo. Through his experiments, he concludes that if you put suitable words to every 5 lines of English tanka, you will reproduce a definite form of tanka.

I also grope with the question of proper style in translating Japanese tanka into the English. My first attempt was to translate Fr. Lawrence's anthology into Japanese using the Japanese tanka form. Through this translation, I realized that it is by no means easy to translate his tanka into the definite form of Japanese, even considering the extra syllable allowed by jiamari.

Next, I translated Anna Holley's tanka which bears a great similarity to the Japanese tanka form. Her tanka is from 17 syllables to 24 syllables,\* with only one 26 syllable tanka\*\* as the exception. The most frequent number of syllables of each line of her tanka \*\*\* is 3, 5, 3, 5, and 5, which proves the reliability of Prof. Ohno's theory.

\*1 The Distribution of Anna's tanka in Cold Waves

one 17 syllable tanka  
three 18 syllable tanka  
twelve 19 syllable tanka  
eighteen 20 syllable tanka  
fourteen 21 syllable tanka  
eighteen 22 syllable tanka  
nineteen 23 syllable tanka  
four 24 syllable tanka  
zero 25 syllable tanka,  
one 26 syllable tanka.

\*\* Anna's 26 syllable tanka

over a field  
of withered grass  
from the friction  
of cicada on cicada,  
thin smoke arises

In this tanka three syllable word, "cicada" is used twice, and this is the reason it has 26 syllables.

\*\*\*

syllables used in the 1st line:  
2 syllables used 17 times,  
3 syllables used 35 times  
4 syllables used 32 times  
5 syllables used 6 times (a total of 90 poems)

syllables used in the 2nd line:  
4 syllables used 32 times  
5 syllables used 47 times  
6 syllables used 11 times (90 poems)

syllables used in the 3rd line:  
2 syllables used 5 times  
3 syllables used 46 times  
4 syllables used 33times  
5 syllables used 6 times (90)

syllables used in the 4th line:  
3 syllables used 1time  
4 syllables used 28 times  
5 syllables used 46 times  
6 syllables used 12 times  
7 syllables used 2 times  
8 syllable used 1 time (90)

syllables used in the 5th line:  
3 syllables used 1 time  
4 syllables used 26 time  
5 syllables used 52 times  
6 syllables used 11times (90)

I tried to find what English tanka form was most suitable for my English translation.

My approach to find a definite English tanka form which balanced properly to the Japanese tanka should be hopefully done through a theory. Japanese tanka is considered to consist of 5 lines of 31 syllables in all with built- in pauses. It is admitted that considering these pauses, every Japanese tanka has forty spaces which are equivalent to forty syllables. In pronouncing Japanese, which has no outstanding stress, it is a characteristic that two sound units are pronounced together as one beat.\*

The meter of Japanese tanka is quadruple time, and two sounds equal one beat.

Thus, it is my conclusion that Japanese tanka which has forty spaces, must be balanced by twenty syllables in English tanka.

The reason I dare not determine the number of syllables in every line as Prof. Ohno did in his assumption, but count the number of syllables as a whole tanka is based on the theory of "definite amount of tanka", which was proposed in the beginning of the Showa era. I noticed that Yukitsuna Sasaki mentioned it in a round-table talk on "Rhyme of Tanka" in the series of Tanka and Japanese , the third volume published by Iwanami-bookstore.

I looked for this theory in the National Library and found the article written by Zenmaro Toki concerning "The Definite Quantity of Tanka". Zenmaro says that Nobuyuki Ohkuma advocated such a theory as follows: Ohkuma said that tanka has not only definite form, but also has a definite amount, as it were tanka has twofold aspects. Tanka is the unity of both these essences. I think that his assumption refers to both characteristics of tanka.

Though I might seem to be wandering off the subject, I would like to quote more of Ohkuma's theory, as this theory is very important regarding the substance of tanka.

"The definite form of tanka is 5 lines with 5-7-5-7-7 on (kana or sound unit) and at the same time, the

definite amount of tanka is 31 on as a rule. And even if there were some malfunction in the division of 5-7-5-7-7 on, we can call it a definite form of tanka . And even if there were one or two more or less on than the definite amount of tanka, we can still call it a definite amount of tanka. The definite amount of tanka is able to exist apart from the definite form of tanka, but the latter isn't able to exist independently from the former. This is the reason that tanka can keep its literary life surpassing the other similar forms of poems."

In different words, I think that "the malfunction in the division of 5-7-5-7-7" means the phenomena of ku-ware (split phrase) and ku-matagari (fused phrase). Likewise, "if there are one or two increase or decrease of on than the definite amount of tanka, we can call it as the definite amount of tanka" because of the phenomena of jiamari (extra on)".

Moreover, I think that the last part of this quotation is especially important. It refers to the superiority of "the definite amount of tanka" to "the definite form of 5-7-5-7-7".

His statements are about the twofold aspects of tanka, though he wasn't clearly aware of tanka's absolute rhyme which two sounds on the forty spaces with built-in pauses are pronounced as one beat. In translating tanka into another language, first of all, we have to consider English rhyme of poetry. In translating Japanese tanka into English, it is more practical not to have the regular number of syllables in each line.

As the next step, I examined the number of stress, as it were the number of foot, of Anna Holley's tanka.

The Distribution of Foot on the Cold Waves:

8 foot in 5 tanka (6%)  
9 foot in 28 tanka (31%)  
10 foot in 26 tanka (29%)  
11 foot in 18 tanka (20%)  
12 foot in 11 tanka (12%)  
13 foot in 2 tanka (2%)

We call the combination of length of sound, long or short and strong or weak in lines of poetry "meter". We call the combination of long or strong syllable and short or weak syllable "foot". In English poetry, "foot" is composed of one or two weak syllables.

In Anna's anthology Cold Waves, the number of stress is mainly 2-2-2-2-2 feet. A counting of the number of foot in each line of Cold Waves show that she used for the 1st and 3rd lines:

0 foot-lines 3 times (1.6 %)  
1 foot-lines 63 times (35%)  
2 foot-lines 104 times (58%)  
3 foot-lines 20 times (5.4 %)

In the 2nd, 4th, 5th lines she used:

1 foot-lines 11 times (4%)  
2 foot-lines 180 times (67%)  
3 foot -lines 79 times (29%)

This result coincides with the statement of Prof. Nakagawa that tanka is 10-foot-equivalent English

tanka in his book *Tanka in English*. He says as follows:

"Nobody is opposed to it, but not adopted by all. you can be free to translate tanka in any way you like. And the result would be any kind of short poetry. . . If you prefer the quantitative equivalent (i.e. ten feet) of the tanka, it would be five dimeter lines(2-2-2-2-2), one dimeter and two tetrameter lines(4-4-2, 4-2-4 Or 2-4-4), one tetrameter and one hexameter line(4-6 or 6-4), two pentameter lines(5-5) or other conceivable variations in ten feet." From this I acknowledge that he concludes if tanka has ten feet in all, the division of foot is free.

It is not written in Nakagawa's book why he reached this conclusion, but Prof. Hideo Okada who has sympathy with Nakagawa's theory says that by fitting the number of English stress to the numbers of phrases in Japanese, the most faithful translation will be gotten not only in meaning, but also in length and rhyme of tanka. He named this "foot-parallelism" in contrast to "syllable-parallelism". Prof. Okada says that this idea was already written in Kochi Doi's volume on Words and Rhyme some years before.

Compare the Japanese and English versions of the two parts of this tanka:

haru ga

ki ta (two phrases, five syllables, 1.2 seconds)

Spring

has come. (two stresses, three syllables, 1.2 seconds)

syodana no

hon wa

boku no da (three phrases, eleven syllables, 2.3 seconds)

The books

on the shelves

are mine. (three stresses, seven syllables, 2.3 seconds)

It is my pleasure to come to the same conclusion by analyzing Anna's tanka. Through the translation of Anna's tanka into Japanese in the form of tanka, I want to conclude that the definite form of English tanka equivalent to the Japanese is 20 plus and minus 3 syllables, in other words, 10 foot poetry.

Note:

In LYNX Book Reviews of issue XV:2 is a complete review of *Cold Waves*. For persons wishing to order the book, here is the purchase information from that review: *Cold Waves: A life of Tanka* by Anna Holley, translated into the Japanese by Aya Yuhki. Ashi Press:2000. Perfect bound, 94 pp., 8 ½ x 5 ½ inches, \$10.00 + \$2.00 s&h from Ashi Press, 6162 Lakeshore, Dallas, TX 75214 or from Aya Kuhki, 2-9-4 Fujimi, Sayama-shi T3055-1306, Japan.

## THE ORIGIN OF HAIKU

Hugh Bygott

For some people, the idea of haiku poetry seems to begin with Matsuo Basho - although he never used that term himself. He composed hokku and haikai no renga. For other people, the modern period of the three phrase 5,7,5 syllable poem began with Masaoka Shiki who used the term 'haiku' to distinguish the independent poem from the opening poem of linked poetry.

Others, with even more restriction, identify haiku with Shiki's theory of shasei. Whatever are the merits of these views, I regard the idea of haiku as having a long history back to VIIIth Century Japanese songs and poetry. The word "haiku" was first used in a published work in 1663. The word "haikai" goes back at least to the Kokinshuu of 905, the first imperial poetry collection. The idea of hokku has a history back to Chinese poetics.

All that we can be certain of is that there has been an evolutionary process from the beginnings of Japanese recorded poetry, back to the Kojiki, 712, Nihonshoki, 720, and the Man'yo-shuu, mid-VIIIth Century.

There is no difficulty in tracing the idea of haiku back to the hokku of the zenith period of propositionally linked poetry, the ushin no renga. In the XVth Century, Iio So-gi brought this form of linked poetry to its perfection. The origin of hokku is more problematical. I have researched all Japanese poems up to and including the 905 Kokinshuu. I am familiar with a great deal of the poetry up to the end of the XVth century. There is no doubt whatever that large numbers of independent hokku had been collected together by the XIVth century. Some of these must have existed as independent poems. There is also no doubt that the rules for composition of renga also changed. The fushimono distribution rules required the early renga to be thematically unified. While in the mature hyakuin (100-link renga) this thematic unity had been replaced by adjacent stanza linkage, categories and associations still remained, and it is not possible to read a classical hyakuin renga without knowledge of these rules. The hokku, or opening poem, had a specific importance in the earlier renga sequences. It is not surprising, therefore, that anthologies of hokku were collected. The more than 500 years from the Kokinshuu 905 to the birth of So-gi in 1421 may hold the key to the origin of the hokku. In that period some of Japan's greatest poets lived. These include Fujiwara Teika [1162-1241] and the greatest hokku poet, Shinkei [1406-1475].

Many people believe that the 5 line waka (tanka) poem, which had become the dominant form of poetry by 905, the long chooka poem having almost disappeared, broke up to a 3 line poem, the so-called sankugire split. However, there are many examples of a 2 line poem being answered by a 3 line poem, and a 3 line poem being answered by a 2 line poem as in the earliest linked poetry, the tan renga. Of importance here is the parallelism that was a feature of Chinese poetry. This requires the same form to be repeated. This is perfectly possible in chooka because of the repeated 5,7,5,7 pattern. It is not feasible in the waka or in its modern equivalent, the tanka. The (5+7) + (5+7) +7 structure of five lines is asymmetrical, suggesting a (5 + 7 + 5) + (7 + 7) fault line and hence the proto-type hokku splitting from the waka.

For a long time I have thought this theory of hokku formation unsatisfactory. I have decided to find an alternative theory. I have researched every poem in the Man'yo-shuu. I was struck by the many lyrical poems as fragments in the chooka. I believe that these are the proto-haiku. Accordingly, to test this theory, I began to write a chooka which had proto-haiku at every 11 verses of 2 line 5,7, units, with every first non-haiku verse a 7,5,7 verse. The scheme is as follows: 5,7(verse I), 5,7,5,7,5,7,



that dawn when the wild rose bloom'd:  
now dust to my lips.

- XXXIII            In the early light,  
new dawn colours on the earth:  
yet close: this sear'd leaf.
- XLIV             Each instant recedes:  
this brief feel of rustling silk;  
wild scattering leaves.
- LV                In the rising light,  
the night shadows slip away;  
still, dark cold cedars.
- LXVI             This late plum's sweetness;  
juices stain my thin fingers -  
once a maiden's hand.
- LXXVII           Swiftly rising winds  
lift the cicadas' lament -  
the passing of life.
- LXXXVIII        Unrevealing light,  
dew on the withered web; -  
just this fragile wing.
- XCIX             Our rich scarlet hems,  
darker than the maple leaves,  
now trail the waters.
- CX                Her face in pale light;  
even the temple orchids  
seem so commonplace.
- CXXI             The wind sweeps over  
the place where the quails now fly -  
silence in my heart.
- CXXXII           Just this trace of love -  
those unbroken flower fields  
silence of the night.
- CXLIII           The autumn sunlight  
now falls on dampened cloaks -  
scent of temple wood.
- CLIV             Now the forest calm,  
even dragonflies have gone -

only our frail words.

- CLXV            The cool autumn air:  
this witness to discrete time,  
an ancient tree.
- CLXXVI          Falling autumn seeds;  
this dark, uninviting soil -  
yet each falls in hope.
- CLXXXVII        Only a faint cry:  
this mysterious longing -  
wild geese flying high.
- CXCVIII         Shadows touch her face:  
on the path, soft autumn light;  
the declining day.
- CCIX            An unseen orchid -  
in whose mind the lingering  
trace of fragrance past?
- CCXX            These ancient cedars,  
silent to the crickets' songs -  
and our finer words.
- CCXXXI          On the sixteenth day ;  
these thieves at the hidden shrine -  
the swift mountain birds.
- CCXLII          Pulling at our hair,  
so undoing hours of work -  
these wild autumn winds.
- CCLIII           The clouds pass the moon:  
yet I know far more than this -  
these secrets within.
- CCLXIV          This beautiful light,  
too weak to reveal the Earth -  
insouciant moon.
- CCLXXV          A bird of the night;  
flight from shadow to shadow -  
this clear autumn sky.
- CCLXXXVI        Stillness, then a cry;  
a plover's purposeful call -  
this cool early night.

- CCXCVII           The crimsoned silk,  
again the colour returns -  
the departing moon.
- CCCVIII           Silent, falling leaves;  
Chinese characters to read  
the Kojiki scroll.
- CCCXIX           The moon now higher -  
Unrolling the fragile scrolls,  
we see newer shapes.
- CCCXXX           Panel to the sky ;  
one more to see the brush strokes -  
the mirrored moon.
- CCCXLI           Clinging to the ledge,  
this faded morning glory -  
its time has passed.
- CCCXLII           Remembered dusk -  
that early chrysanthemum,  
wither'd in the wind.
- CCCLIII           In the night's stillness,  
only sounds of falling leaves -  
even to the heart.
- CCCLXIV           Yuugao flowers,  
quiet faces in the dark -  
even little things.
- CCCLXXV           Timing our return,  
silently along her arc -  
the radiant moon.
- CCCLXXXVI       The morning glory,  
weary'd by the day's chances,  
turning from the world.

END of PART ONE

## **Teikei: Notes on Stanza Structure**

John Edmund Carley

The renga employs fixed form (teikei) stanza structures based on the prosody of the 'zip' style haiku, a format originally proposed in the first issue of World Haiku Review . The long verse (chooku) comprises fifteen syllables deployed at will over two lines, each line broken by a triple space (caesura). The short verse (tanku) is composed of eleven syllables written as a single line, broken in two places by identical caesurae. Line-break and caesurae are intended to inflect both the meter and the semantic movement of the verse. Typographically, the long verse centres on its caesurae.

J. Carley Bio: John Edmund Carley is 46 years old and lives in the Rossendale valley, Lancashire, England: the cradle of the British textile industry. A polyglot and former musician, John has a particular interest in the phonic properties of poetry and has written, performed and published a wide range of material in English, Italian, French and Piemoteis as well as working on translations from Urdu, Bangla and, more recently, Japanese. John works free lance as a creative writing tutor having recently completed a twelve month residency as facilitator on an international open access mail-group: The Pennine Poetry Works, sponsored by the Arts Council for England. Deeply interested in both innovation and tradition, John is currently the recipient of a North West Arts Board writer's bursary for the study of Japanese verse forms in English.

## **A WORD OF PRAISE FOR PARTICIPATION RENGA**

Jane Reichhold

Do you realize that a renga among the Participation Renga has been running for seventeen years? I think "Gently Wiping Dust" started by Jim Wilson (aka Tundra) surely must be the renga that has occupied collaborators for the longest time. And as one reads through "Gently Wiping Dust" (do you read the Participation renga) you will recognize many 'names' of English renga writers, but more importantly, you will be reading renga with a freshness, giant leaps, unusual subjects and viewpoints. Truly, this and the other Participation Renga are the most up-to-date examples of renga in the English language – bar none!

I have heard from persons, who shall remain unnamed, that they didn't like to submit links to the Participation Renga because their work got 'lost' (if no one responds to a link it is dropped). This is true, but in any magazine in which you publish a haiku, it gets 'lost' when your haiku is not put into the next issue and no one minds this fact of paper publishing. With the renga, by our keeping them going, the links which do achieve a response are carried on and on. If you keep up with the renga as Carlos Colon, Gene Doty, Cindy Guntherman, John M. Bennett, Jean Jorgensen and we have done, your links 'live' as long as the renga goes and even longer now that the feature is online where everyone has access to past versions of the renga. Someday, we tell ourselves, there has to be a book made of all the renga done in this manner, with all the versions, so all the poems are saved properly.

Since Lynx went online, the number of people taking part has dropped. At first I was okay with this as doing the Participation Renga (keeping track of them and adding the links in the proper place and juggling files) is a difficult job and I was happy to have less to confuse myself with. But now (after two years!) I am getting fairly practiced with maneuvering the files around and would like to see more

participants. So you are cordially invited to join this surely-to-be-famous fun by sending some stanzas to the current open links (the ones in italic – notice). Many people find it easiest to simply print out the whole Participation Renga file from the internet on paper. Then you can curl up in your favorite chair, pick your favorite links and let your mind explode with creativity as you write your responding links. You can either send these papers by post to LYNX, pob 767, Gualala, CA 95445 or you can type up the title of the renga, the link you are linking to and your link with your initials in an e-mail and send it off to us.

## LETTERS TO LYNX

. . . For those of us living in countries where the exchange rate prohibits subscribing to overseas paper magazines, an online publication such as Lynx is a true gift. My first introduction to tanka was at AHApottery.com. I have learnt SO much from all the information as well as beautiful poetry there. Thanks to you and Jane for the wonderful online books and excellent articles on your website! Maria Steyn (Africa)

. . . Actually I am very pleased at the idea of putting the 10 recently submitted tanka together under one title as one poem. I agree that there is an inner link to them all, but at first I did not see how to arrange them to accommodate the three I put separately at the end. Looking it over tonight, I think I see the logical progression of this "sequence" and so have changed the order around though nothing within the poems. I did, however, add one more tanka to the sequence that to me seems to belong with the others. And I hope the new ordering gives it something or an inner-reflective "narrative" progression ("after all these years" may be what sets it off), that compliments the inner link. Let me know what you think. And thank you for your time, thought, and perceptions. Larry Kimmel

Good gracious greetings... its a 15 degree cold snow but sunny morning here and a couple friends from Pennsylvania are about to arrive and we'll go for what should be a frigid but heart warming hike! I must go get ready for this day unfolding but wanted to let you know your warm acceptance of so many of the tanka sent certainly made my day-week and threshold into the New Year already great! Happy New Year every day to you! Many thanks for the kind alert on this... not sure i have worthy material but will let you decide that... here is what is in my little pocket notebooks that i believe is not submitted or previously published...I very much appreciate your thoughtfulness and feel not a little sheepish sending things so close to your closing time on this issue and am sorry i'm not more organized... a couple of these tanka even touch on that conundrum! Wishing you all the best, Tom Clausen

. . . The three renga done with Francine Porad which we are submitting, are taken from a growing cycle titled "Probably: 'real' renga sorta". Marlene Mountain

i might have already asked you this, (perhaps years ago), so forgive me, if i did. do you have an extra copy of: Tangled Hair: Selected Tanka from the Midaregami, trans. by S. Goldstein, Tuttle 1987. Sanford, doesn't have a copy. if you do, i would love to BUY it. i have done used book searches on it for over a yr. with no success. if you don't have a copy, do you know another poet, that might? thanks! pamela babusci

. . . "haibunic clues" is one of my first attempt at a multi-genre verse - it is solo rather than symbiotic, and it led Paul Conneally and I to work on some multi-genre symbiotic works, eventually the "Wordsworth Papers" pieces, a 9 part work to poetry by Wordsworth. "haibunic clues" consists of 1)

haiku 2) a "new form" ren, 3) tanka 4)"new form" ren 5) haiku 6) sijo 7) tanka - non of the verses are in traditional Asian form, but are all avant-garde, basically using the form but not the expected subject matter for content. I've not published it yet, although it is on my Paper Lanterns website's personal poetry pages. This first offering may not fit into any of the categories. It's really different than all the categories you've listed, I think. I don't think I've written any haibun with tanka lately, and I've not tried ghazal yet. Best wishes for a great New Year 2002! Debi Bender

Yes, we'll publish "haibunic clues" with our February 2002 issue of LYNX. I somehow see that you want to use the word haibun in the title. I personally don't know why. In European literature, genres have been mixed since centuries. And so have American authors done that later. In Japan, after my knowledge, a haibun is written by using text + one or several haiku (seldom tanka). The mix of genres we're using in the West is unknown in Japan where the poets, till today, have been pushed into genre-groups, not even talking to members of other cliques. In Lynx, your work fits with the section "Solo Works" meaning it is written by one person not in one genre. There, we already published many of mine and Jane's multi-genre works. "Solo Works" is a chapter not bound to a specific genre, even though we keep the tanka, ghazal or sijo together. For example, there are Sheila Murphy's poems with no relation to known genres. Or the work I did with Kostelanetz. "Solo Works" only signifies that the work is done by a single person. The more avant-garde the better. Beginning 1994, I myself mixed, without exception, all Japanese forms, ghazal, and European-American poetry genres, including all kinds of prose and dialogue, including plays. I also published my mixed genres on our Ahapoetry web site in three of the four collections titled Cybertry, and in art books like Tidalwave and Handshake. All the best wishes for 2002! Werner.

## **PARTICIPATION RENGA**

### **AT THE BEACH**

Rule: 3 – 2 lines alternating

Ends with 12 links

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
tourists wading in surf eyes open for sharks GD  
from afar calling her through both hands white teeth WR

bright green thong  
between pale cheeks GD

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC

in the pub end of September  
most darts missing the target WR

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
deep in the wave just as it breaks light glints GD

I twinkle and I shut my eyes  
for in the dark appearing stars WR

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
missing the obvious he slashes his foot on a mussel-covered rock JAJ

coming home quietly  
broken shells and I WR

### **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  
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 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

~\*~

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  
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  
turned up by the plow / a musket's firing plate GD  
breaking / in the dustpan / last wedding cup cg  
after three years divorce papers JSJ  
Solomon sharpening his sword CC  
she leaves in the nick of time ESJ  
trio of melting clocks chime to the tune of "Hello Dali" CC  
digital flicker liquid crystals seconds display GD

hardening  
the new thought  
on my fingertips WR

~\*~

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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  
The Great Lost Kinks Album needle stuck in the last groove CC  
"Just a little prick" nurse with a syringe GD

what if I like the smell  
and want to show her my garden? WR

suddenly  
all the puppies' eyes  
open cg

~\*~

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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

bite-marks  
scallop her shoulder  
but he's forgotten GD

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW  
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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  
her old spaniel sings along with Jimmy Buffet cg  
under the window cats profess their love JAJ

the old calico

curled in the sunlight -  
cold morning GD

mutual-admiration society  
a round  
of backpatting CC

~\*~

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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  
she remembers when fast was dad's Model T cg

man on the running board  
the answering machine  
gun CC

~\*~

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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  
brownian motion: grandchildren zooming around the room GD  
radio signal the break-up song breaking up CC

September news

I listen

but there is no melody WR

skritch-skritch

the DJ playing Grandpa's

vinyl disk GD

~\*~

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  
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"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  
belly up as we like it both WR  
under revision again my top ten list CC  
fifteenth time around the block chasing a size 8 ESJ  
dripping from her neck a pair of skates CC

gliding  
from the ice in her eyes  
the gesture of her hands WR

## **JUST DAUGHTERS**

7 links

theme: family relationships

In the graveyard a carved stone angel with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker turning clouds into faces cg  
"get water from the well" she said, wanting me out of the kitchen GM  
mother and son discuss making pickles JAJ  
sex education must, say the educators begin at home JR  
old uncle's eyes slowly derobe his niece ESJ  
out of the closet so many cases of family incest JAJ

vodka or gin?  
or just male sin? JR

his face cut  
out of every photo –  
family album GD

~\*~

In the graveyard a carved stone angel with my  
daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker turning clouds into faces cg  
after thirty years I still miss her my dead sister JAJ  
in a dream again back to playing hide and seek WR  
absent father only a ghost in attic shadows GD  
grandmother's teakettle still sings on the stove cg  
laughing over e-mail from our daughter's daughter GD

catsup  
on fried eggs  
just like dad's cg

wrong address but I enjoy it  
even if I'm a man WR

~\*~

In the graveyard a carved stone angel with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker turning clouds into faces cg  
"get water from the well" she said, wanting me out of the kitchen GM  
mother and son discuss making pickles JAJ  
sex education must, say the educators begin at home JR  
up on the armoire kids find the porno mag JAJ  
sticky wings a moth JMB

I let it land  
on my lips we both  
don't know the feeling WR

first time  
for lipstick, her mouth

wider than her lips                      GD

~\*~

In the graveyard a carved stone angel with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker turning clouds into faces cg  
"get water from the well" she said, wanting me out of the kitchen GM  
mother and son discuss making pickles JAJ  
sex education must, say the educators begin at home JR  
old uncle's eyes slowly derobe his niece ESJ  
two hands glass pane away visitor's day CC

no longer  
fitting her -  
his favorite dress                      cg

### **LA RENGA LOCA**

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

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

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

talking  
willingly  
in the manner of  
stereotypes used for a  
thousand times WR

~\*~

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

She wouldn't be as

Holy

I

F

The neighbor's boy wasn't that shy WR

Kiss

Incenses

Grizzled

Opponent CC

### **MOST BEAUTIFUL GAME**

7 Links

Rule: each link is a question; no answers!

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF

rather like / a Miss Universe pageant / don't you think? JAJ

uni verse or multiverses? ??

will that be Visa or Mastercard? JAJ

fifteen per cent or twenty? GD

does it really matter? JAJ

is the clock a phone? JMB

You call that

a dimple? JAJ

~\*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF

What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ

Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM

Do you see that very bright star? JAJ

How about in five hundred years? RF

Can I buy shares in stockings interneted WR

what is the price of peers' pears palliated on a pair of piers? JR

where

did your charm bracelet go? JAJ

~\*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF

What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ

Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM

what's the joke about navel seamen? JR

how many syllables does it take to screw up a haiku? CC

does it come from your head or your gut? cg  
How can rain fall from empty sky? RF

Will that be a C cup or a D? JAJ

## **SWARMING**

6-word links on the  
Theme: swarming

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
just as the sunflower opens – bees! cg

wind - did I ever run faster? WR

~\*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
carrying the birds' idea of food JR

news of doughnuts in the break room cg

~\*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
church walls filled with the bees JAJ

maggots fill the possum's rib rooms GD

golden drool your mouthful of honey CC

~\*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
The pounding footsteps blue-light special CC

fluorescent bulbs on sale so cheap JR

## **TIME**

with 3, 2 liners up to 12 links  
Theme: time's length and limits

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
Nasira waiting for us at the edge of eternity CC  
oh to sit forever in the warm cradle of the moon ESJ  
even now we walk through the breath of angels cg  
spinning from the top of a wave my next shape JR

45 rpms  
unturned for years GD

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
Nasira waiting for us at the edge of eternity CC  
I'm sure it was she who visited my dream just last week JAJ  
in absence of friends your own age lighting a candle WR  
lava lamp the sixties bubbling into rebirth CC

brand-new tie-dye  
on a teenager GD

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
Nasira waiting for us at the edge of eternity CC  
oh to sit forever in the warm cradle of the moon ESJ  
the thinnest sickle of light beyond clouds GD  
and opposite the northern lights begin their dance JAJ

the end of a night  
fluidly colored WR

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
sleepless / how long the hours / of night? JSJ  
both hands point in the same direction CC  
still appealing with upturned palms the stone virgin ESJ  
Death – nothing more than a pitstop for Earnheart CC  
plastic birdbath 4th season of crows tips it a bit cg

in the night of water  
touching her feather's black WR

fair-weather friendship  
dissipates CC

6 months later  
her mother still mourns  
a loving companion JAJ

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
patches of snow mound of primulas in bloom JAJ  
the tension gone from his strings Howdy Doody CC  
falling apart as she is carted away old mannequin ESJ  
carrot and coal in a pool of snow CC

nobody remembers  
whose baby  
in grandma's album cg

cake in the oven  
timer on for 30 minutes JAJ

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
Nasira waiting for us at the edge of eternity CC  
oh to sit forever in the warm cradle of the moon ESJ  
the thinnest sickle of light beyond clouds GD  
sun rise the curve of a hill spreads the glow JR

her breasts' curve  
slopes lower GD

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
patches of snow mound of primulas in bloom JAJ  
the tension gone from his strings Howdy Doody CC  
how many neighbors don't "Make Room for Daddy" ? cg  
behind the screen on Sullivan's stage Elvis writhes GD

Bob Dylan still  
waiting in the wings CC

magician's assistant  
her headless shadow CC

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
patches of snow mound of primulas in bloom JAJ  
the tension gone from his strings Howdy Doody CC  
falling apart as she is carted away old mannequin ESJ  
sorting jackets in the thrift shop - tarnished penny GD

new tires  
Lincoln's vanishing forehead CC

## **WITHIN/WITHOUT**

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 12 links  
Theme: interconnectedness

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery  
left the hair combed my hand JMB

fair grounds  
the bearded lady  
dunks the clown CC

he stops reaching out  
for the one  
reaching out for him WR

~\*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery  
the Northern Lights a ribbon dance so colorful tonight JAJ

his heart not in it and yet  
the flirtation with the poet JR

~\*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery  
with jeans a belt of stars the radiance of a daughter JR

tied shoelaces  
tug of war between two teams  
of Barbies CC

**FINIS**