

LYNX  
A Journal for Linking Poets

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### **BOOK REVIEWS**

Four Decades on My Tanka Road by Sanford Goldstein. Edited by Fran M. Witham with a Preface by Patricia Prime. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN 978-0-6151-8005-2. Perfect Bound, 6 x 9 inches, 336 pp., \$28.95 US.

insideoutside by Stanley Pelter. George Mann Publications: Winchester, Hampshire, England, 2008. ISBN 9780955241574. Perfect Bound, 6 x 9 inches, 128 pp., £8 UK.

this hunger, tissue-thin: new and selected tanka, 1995-2005 by Larry Kimmel. With a Preface by Sanford Goldstein & an Introduction by Linda Jeannette Ward. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN 978-0-6151-8246-9. Perfect Bound, 6 x 9 inches, 120 pp., \$17.95 US.

Dover Beach and My Back Yard: BHS Haibun Anthology 2007. Selection and Commentaries by Colin Blundell and Graham High. BHS Bookshop at [www.britishhaikusociety.org](http://www.britishhaikusociety.org). ISBN: 978-1-906333-00-3. Perfect Bound, 5 ½" x 7", 72 pp., £7 UK, \$10 US.

Quarter Past Sometime by Jeffrey Harpeng. Post Pressed: Teneriffe, Qld., Australia, 2007. ISBN: 9-78192121-4172. Perfect Bound, 5 x 8 inches, 36 pp., \$15 Aus.

Cigarette Butts and Lilacs by Andrew Riutta. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2008. ISBN 978-0-6151-9445-5. Perfect Bound, 6 x 9 inches, 100 pp., \$16.95 US.

Scent of Jasmine and Brine by Linda Jeannette Ward. Inkling Press: Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, 2007. ISBN 978-0-9737674-3-8. Perfect Bound, 5 x 8 inches, 116 pp., \$20 Cdn.

stepping stones by Janice M. Bostok. Post Pressed: Teneriffe, Qld., Australia, 2007. ISBN: 978-1921214-07-3. Perfect Bound, 5 x 8 inches, 54 pp., \$15 Aus.

The Woman without a Hole & Other Risky Themes from Old Japanese Poems: 18-19c senryu . . . (also available as) Octopussy, Dry Kidney & Blue Spots: or senryu compiled, translated and essayed, by Robin D. Gill. Paraverse Press. Perfect bound, 7 x 10 in., 500 pp, few illustrations (more online). Indexed by first lines and subject matter (Outrageous Ideas & Gross Things), with glossaries of Japanese literary terms and body parts. Available at Amazon.com or B&N online for \$30.

Indian Haiku: A bilingual anthology of haiku written by 105 poets from India. Compiled, edited, and translated by Dr. Angelee Deodhar. Chandigarh, India, Spring 2008. Perfect bound, 4.5 x 7 inches, 70 pages, Sanskrit and English on facing pages.

Mireasma De Tei Fragrance of Lime, renga poems by Magdalena Dale and Vasile Moldovan. Editura Fat-Frumos, Bucuresti, 2008. Perfect bound, color cover, 5.5 x 8 inches, 104 pages, ISBN: 973-552-85.

Moments by Gillena Cox. Author's House: 2007. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 8.5 inches, 66 pages, full color illustrations by Gillena Cox, Preface by Michael Baribeau, with poem by Cindy Tebo.

Birds and Felines. Haiku by Giselle Maya and June Moreau. Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France E-mail contact. Preface by Michael McClintock, calligraphy by Yasou Mizui. Hand-tied handmade papers, 6.5 x 9 inches, 40 pages, illustrated. Price \$25; postage \$7.

History and other Poems from a Danish Exile by Don Ammons. Poetry Monthly Press: 2008. Poetry Monthly Press, 39 Cavendish road, Long Eaton, Nottingham, NG10 4HY Great Britain, Staple bound, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 40 pages, £5, ISBN:978-1-906357-19-1.

The Whole Body Singing. Published on behalf of the Quendryth Young by DRAGONWICK, PO Box 4210, Goonellabah NSW 2480, Australia printed and bound in Australia by Southern Cross University Printery, Lismore

Modern Haiga : A Work in Progress Denis M. Garrison, editor-in-chief Alexis Rotella, Liam Wilkinson, Linda Papanicolau, Raffael de Gruttola, editors Modern English Tanka Press, Baltimore, MD

offne Ferne by Gerd Börner, Ideedition, Hamburg, Germany, 2008 ISBN: 978-3-9812095-0-1. Perfect Bound, 12:19 cm, 166 pp, Euro 13.- post paid.

Ten Years Haikujane by Jane Reichhold: . 84 Seiten. AHA Books, 2008. ISBN 978-0-944676-45-5 \$12. postpaid in USA oder via E-Mail: jane@ahapoetry.com

Ad for Geert Verbeke's newest book with photos from Jenny, his wife.

## ARTICLES

Report on the ukiaHaiku Festival 2008 by Jane Reichhold with haiku by Mickey Chalfin

Transliteration of the German Introduction to Cyberpoesie, 2007, by  
Werner Reichhold

## LETTERS

John Barlow, Yu Chang, Jane, Stanley Pelter, Joanna M. Weston, Edward Baranosky, Sasa Vazic, Quendryth, Curtis Dunlap, Klaus J. Gerken, Pamela A. Babusci, Gino Peregrini, Mar Ordóñez, Ray Rasmussen, Karina Klesko, Jim Kacian, Paula M. Fleming, Christopher Binns, Denis M. Garrison, Linda Papanicolaou, Raine, Shamrock Haiku Journal, & Geert Verbeke

## SOLO WORKS

### GHAZAL

#### SUKKAH

Ruth Holzer

Citron and myrtle wreath blend in the booth,  
green willow and palm sheaf bound in the booth.

Fruits of the harvest for all who have labored,  
season of ripeness in a small booth.

The prophet ascends to the mountain peak,  
facing his doom, as we recline in the booth.

On the mildest of nights, sleep comes to refresh you.  
How pleasant to dwell in a bough-covered booth.

Brightness and shadow drift through the roof.  
Ruth from the desert seeks shelter in the booth.

#### WHAT IS SWEET?

CW Hawes

The midnight hour, dark and deep, is quiet and sweet;  
the black of night possesses a silence sweet.

In these hours before the dawning, when many sleep,  
I find a communion sacred and sweet.

Facing the infinite night alone, alone is  
when the pain of loneliness is most sweet.

My heart's a cup, empty, yearning for filling;  
in answer to my cry, the wine rich and sweet.

A heavenly vintage intoxicates my  
soul and the world I find no longer sweet.

Was Mansur al-Hallaj so heavenly possessed,  
he found the executioner, oh, so sweet?

A voice so stilled can only utter silence  
and this silence is the Beloved's voice sweet.

And this Suleiman, when the grey clutched his beard,  
awoke in the midnight to the kisses sweet.

SWEET  
CW Hawes

So very sweet are these raisins and dates;  
honey isn't sweet when compared to these figs.

I drank my tea, the sugar cube between my teeth;  
when your lips touched mine, sugar was no longer sweet.

Walking in the rose garden I overhear young lovers:  
"Oh, Bill, of course I like roses – but I prefer Sweet William."

Working all day in the candy apple shop;  
when I get home, I'm glad the stew isn't sweet.

Playing softball with the gang after work,  
I whack the ball a good one having found the sweet spot.

Lying in the hammock smoking a cigar, sipping iced tea,  
Akikaze smells the chicken on the grill: "Ah, life is sweet!"

HAIBUN

DINOSAUR AND DRAGON BONES

H. Gene Murtha

This weekend is going to be different; my four year old will head the expedition in a quest for dinosaur and dragon bones. Our bellies are full; we're well clothed so we won't be hunting butterflies and birds. We empty the backpack full of cap guns and water pistols, and replace them with small picks, trowel, sifter, basting brush and any useful kitchen utensil we can find.

Just as we break camp, I spot a scarlet tanager and Derek said it was a parrot. We continue down the path until we reach the verge overlooking a deep pit. As we follow the grade adjusting to the terrain, rocks start to slide, unearthing a flat piece of yellow quartz, triangle shaped, with one side notched inward-out, like a canine. Derek convinced me it belongs to a T. rex. The sun is high; sweat stunk-down the hair covering our naps and sideburns, collecting in the blue and white bandanas tied loosely around our necks.

On the way to the ancient forest, we found pitch pine and sassafras saplings. Dug them up. Replanting them, well spaced—for proper growth.

bedtime story  
the child never  
stops stalking

QIN'ANDIAN

Patricia Prime

In the centre of the north side of the Imperial Garden lies Qin'andian, the Hall of Imperial Peace, walled and secluded. I enter with pale sunshine through the Tianyi Gate, a stone single-arched gateway flanked by two mythical animals who in legend discerned right from wrong.

a small boy  
from the dragon's head  
of a bronze tortoise  
gives me a cool  
appraising stare

A square pavilion with a pyramid-shaped roof perches on a massive pile of boulders. The Chinese collect these rocks as art objects. The effect is of a mountain range, of great wildness and savagery - here, paradoxically, in the formal garden.

the red pavilion  
towers above  
the outcrop  
station of the Emperor

and his court in past years

Every year on the ninth day of the ninth lunar month, the Emperor and his consorts climbed up to the pavilion for a banquet. There they admired the Forbidden City before turning their gaze towards the distant hills and valleys.

PAUL

Joost Romeu

Hey Paul! Are you listening to all this!!

As most of you know, Paul was hard of hearing.

What some of you also know—because I've made no bones of relating it and haven't tired of repeating it—is...did you know—that men experiencing hearing loss are much less likely to have it treated than women? It's true. Why it's true is of course what's more interesting—and speculative. What comes to mind immediately are the vagaries between men and the women they're exposed to. But with Paul, I have the feeling it was something different; like a kind of space he felt comfortable in; the kind of space you might imagine person who grew up around things that made no noise whatsoever...; the kind of space a gardener...might find idyllic.

in an empty garden  
of non-existent space  
nothing exists gloriously

That's not to say that you couldn't use his disadvantage to your advantage. There were times he was in the room that I'd utter an aside I knew he wouldn't hear. And more often than not he'd come back with a remark that indicated he knew exactly what I'd said. What he said was not a retort; just a remark that sat you back on your heels... And not the sort of remark that necessarily said he heard your words; more a recognition he'd sensed your intention—the way a gardener knows his garden. So Paul, I'm going to stop shouting, cause I know you can hear me now.

Listening  
to the heartbeat of the dead  
in wordless livery.

Before coming to live here (on the coast) I didn't know Paul was that person I wanted to be like when I grew up. I knew where I was at as an artist; I had confidence in my work and career skills; I was learning galore building my first house; but the one thing I'd never gotten to do—passionately—was to grow a garden.

From the empty footprint  
of the destinationless traveler  
Basho's pond.

Paul kinda came with Rosamond. If this was Rosamond's passing we were commemorating, I would be saying the same about her. They just sort of seem to come together. She was the artist and he always

had a project. She had the cat and he had Ruby. She had her prints and he had his garden. And though you might think Paul quite independent, Rosamond never failed to remind you how much he depended on her. We all know better. We know the relationship, and the dependency, went both ways.

A pair.  
Two of a kind  
in flush.

I first met them, in their yurt, attending a CityArt's board meeting. If you never got to see their Gualala place, it took round to a new dimension. Not only was there the round main living space; it adjoined a round bedroom fashioned from a pickle barrel. In a roundabout way—and in one of my more regrettable moves—I'm partially responsible for Rosamond no longer being in Gualala. A few years after meeting them, Rosamond mentioned that they wanted to put the place up for sale so that they could live closer to health amenities. I got my networking skills into gear, made a few phone calls, and soon secured for them a buyer. I really wanted to help Rosamond, but there was also a selfish motive at work. If Paul and Rosamond had to leave, I wanted the property to go to someone I knew so that I could retain some sort of contact with the memories it had for me.

Forgotten.  
Memories  
dismembered.

And that's exactly what happened.

The slapstick  
of suffering water  
in relapse.

And what were those memories? For me they were all centered around Paul's garden; his plant-growing successes and experiments. and most notably his orchard. Paul grew what they ate, what they smoked, where they went for vacation, and what that seed might have been that he picked up somewhere. The orchard continues to be magical. The trees and bushes still produce mystery fruit varieties—Paul never was one for documenting things—and I know it's not altogether the fact today's resident Shirley stocks a gazillion bird feeders that there are few places I know in the area that invite and support a more varied bird population. It's an odd metaphor, but I like to think of Paul & Rosamond's place as a Frankensteinian castle atop the ridge.

sunblock shadows  
lightstrewn edges  
the serif and the san.

Look at it this way. In mad, Rube Goldbergian manner, Paul constructs the most cryptic and arcane system of water pipes from a rogue pump to a pickle barrel you can imagine. That tank feeds more water tanks. From there pipes stretch under and through the house and to the garden and trees. When they sold the place, Paul tried to explain the system—it was perfectly clear to him—but to this day no one's been able to make heads or tails of it. Now, on the Northern California Coast you don't get the lightning storm you expect of the night that spawned Frankenstein, but we do have incredible rains, that bring the water, that trigger the pumps, that fill the water tanks, that feed pipeline tributaries, that lead past valves that unexpectedly pop out of the duff, and mysteriously coalesce in a gothic set of spigots

and valves that feed the hoses that somehow address the needs of each Frankensteinian tree. And what monsters. First there's a kiwi bramble that's grape arbor gone wild; then there's these apple trees branching in all directions. Look at them and you know what they meant by an octopuses garden. Each arm a unique graft; each graft hosting another variety of apple; similarly with Paul's peach; pear; and apricot trees. Mary Shelly's novel was the metaphor of a mad doctor creating a life that only wanted to give, and receive, love. Paul's orchard is the reality of a madman actually creating a life no less strange; and one that, by its very nature, has been and continues to be, life-nourishing.

An arms race  
of arms length  
reaching nowhere.

Paul turned me on to grafting. He bud-grafted using the T-method—a method he learned while working in the Valley—and got it to work quite well here. That was no mean feat. The T-graft requires that you be very sensitive to your trees, have kept the buds you cut earlier ready until you need them, and apply the graft only when the bark slips, that is when xylem & phloem separate easily at cambium interface. It's a small window, and due to generally lower temperatures on the Coast is not the recommended way to graft around here. So the fact Paul had such success on the Ridge is that much more impressive and testimony to the fact that he was an expert at his craft. But I didn't understand his description, and, so when he and Rosamond were at our place I cajoled him into demonstrating it for me. I believe Diane had suggested this might not be a good idea; he'd gotten into years and was probably not the knife-wielding aficionado he'd once been—but I was not to be deterred. So Paul and I went out to the Kiwi tree I'd dug up at Nick Kings and planted in my garden. Then he pulled out of his pocket his ever-present, razor-sharp, pocket knife and proceeded to slit the bark carefully. It was painful to watch him. Obviously his mind knew what he wanted to do, but his body was having a difficult time keeping up. The cuts he made, though sure, were shaky, and I was starting to think Diane might have had a point. We did not want a bleeding Paul on our hands. But he finally finished the cut; carefully slipped the bud into place; and then, in the way an old seamstress might thread a needle, he deftly took the rubber band, whipped it twice around the branch and tied it into a perfect loop! It was amazing; and I was astounded.

From the incision  
the bloodless wound  
screams.

I helped him prune his orchard one year. He went around and told me where to cut. It wasn't a hit or miss affair. He knew exactly where he wanted the cut. And if I didn't understand and lop the branch off in exactly the right place he'd pick up the lopper and cut it a bud or two down. At the end of the day we had a huge pile of branches.

I was naïve. I took a bunch of them home; and stuck them in the ground just to see what might happen...

The punctuation  
The sentence  
carried out.

I feel bad that I never did get to show at CityArt Gallery. I did have my opportunity; Art Sanchez and I had scheduled a time slot but I had to pull out because—what with building a house and all—too much was going on in my life to complete my artwork. You always have fantasies about how things you're looking forward to are going to turn out—and this was my fantasy about that show. I thought that since

it was unlikely anything of mine was going to sell that I would start the show out with a red-dot underneath one of my paintings—a painting of a mushroom. When people came in and expressed surprise about the immediate sale, I would tell them that it was Paul's. And when Paul arrived, I would make a point of telling him it was his. That was my fantasy. And it never happened. In fact, it wasn't until Diane Cochran and Rosamond had their show that I had Paul over to the house; took out all my mushroom paintings; had him pick the one he liked best. The next morning, when he was leaving for Kentucky John's, I gave him the one he's picked. While he was asleep I'd inscribed the back of that painting: "To Paul, a good friend, long before we met." And that's the way I felt about him; as if we'd somehow met in a previous lifetime and struck up a friendship.

To recognize no one  
To remember  
No thing.

It was about a year after that that Diane and I went to Fort Bragg and visited Rosamond and Paul. Rosamond had something to do and was more than happy to leave Paul with us...and I'd never played Bocce ball. So we drove Paul to the Senior Center; signed out a set of bocce balls; and the three of us played a few rounds. We were playing to 15. Paul won the first round; I won the second; Paul was tiring; one more game would decide the winner (or it would be a three-way tie). I don't understand why people don't find the odd situations one can get into as interesting as I do, but I found the proposition of rolling the pilot or "jack" ball (the little one that you need to get the other ones closest to) up against one of the walls and by so doing restrict the game possibilities, fascinating. Maybe it's one of those Italian non-kosher things, but Diane didn't think my bright idea very interesting; and Paul would have nothing of it. He demanded that I re-roll the ball. That was a fairly long round—one or the other of us earning a point or two at a time—but about the time push was coming to shove Diane and I had 14 points and were both leading Paul's 12. On the next play, Paul scored an astounding 3 points and took the round and the day. On the way back to the car, he didn't say anything, but I noticed a slight spring to his step that wasn't there before. It was shortly after that day that Paul had his first fall. I sent him a card admonishing him that it was going to take a lot more than a fall on his part to prevent me from demanding a rematch. But the rematch never happened.

To remember  
a score never settled  
and rest.

Rosamond promised Diane and me a choice of any print of hers. I should have taken advantage of the offer when she brought it up, but didn't relish having to carefully box and store another piece of artwork while my house went through its building growing pains. I hope she doesn't think I haven't brought the matter up because I don't want her art in my home—I do. And Rosamond, we're going to have to take you up on this matter soon.

To want;  
not receive  
and wake up refreshed.

Paul, I don't need anything from you. Y'see, those branches I stuck in the ground...over 70% of them came up and last year, for the first time, we knew what kind of tree each of them was. We had apricots; and peaches; and plums; and figs; and apples. In fact, here's a jar of apricot jam from one of those trees. And maybe, just maybe, in ten years or so, my orchard will become an octopus garden.

In sunlight  
and in shade.

BLISS  
for Cor Van Den Heuvel  
Gerard John Conforti

Flowers burst within my heart, the spring has come with the red buds of trees beginning to change to leaves. My eyes view the blue skies with passing warm clouds over the bridges and steaming rivers. With the flow of life, the blue within my anatomy, life beats like the burning sunlight coming over the horizon.

The joy of strolling  
beneath the trees  
the red buds fall  
upon the blacktop  
I stroll onward

Burning sunlight in the summer turns my skin red, my legs hurry for a fresh breeze beneath a flowering blossom, the blossoms falling about me as I stroll up-hill lined with blossoms, my haiku friend Cor at my side.

The evening approaches with cooler breezes as the night settles in.

The placid ponds  
light up moonlight  
and filled with blue stars  
rippling with raindrops  
flowing everywhere

Night has come and the rain has ceased falling upon the earth. The stars pulsate in the skies, the horizon is flat with tides, and the sea is calm with low rolling waters flowing in melancholy waves upon the shore.

A lonely path ahead  
I take a final stroll  
passed the singing of birds  
somewhere in the trees  
my heart sings with sorrow

Within my mind, I can hear the autumn leaves falling and crashing to earth between the tree boughs. Once again the snow will fall upon the silent earth.

Early morning:  
a seagull circles & circles  
the gray sky

the silence it holds  
gliding without a sound

The cemetery holds the spirits of those passed-on. I grow older each passing day living to the full heart-felt joy life can bring.

Tears flow down my face  
so many have gone  
known and unknown to me  
some friends and parents  
never to be seen again

The clouds disappear as they move across the sky. The sunlight breaks through with every passing cloud. Upon the valley the sunlight streams in all directions. Upon the meadows, the buttercups burst with yellow light.

This bliss  
has been more pain than joy  
but it is worth living  
for something that I love  
and that you may love

When I write my last poem, I hope people will finally forgive me for whatever I may have done to them, because I have already forgiven them.

There is much joy  
in any flowering plant  
or valley or mountain  
all the bliss lies there  
and will never tire

## VISITORS

Gina

There are two of them, males. They arrived in May, from who-knows-where, a little shabby without their summer finery. On weekends, we share toast and most evenings they roost, like giant-sized chickens with enormous drumsticks, on the rooftop. They roam the street jumping onto my fence from the neighbour's yard and into mine. Some mornings, very early you may be woken by their distinctive pitched call of 'heeeeeelp' competing with the wind chimes. Through slit blinds I see the silhouette of one against a gray-blue sky perched on top of the chimney.

coffee brewing  
a peacock steps  
through the fog

## BEACHED

Gina

Heat hangs astringent, pressing upon lichen shoulders. Touched by the occasional warm starfish an ancient patchy bird-shit monument kneels in uddle sand beneath a sky stitched to the sea.

distant thunder  
tall gum trees perfectly still  
before the storm  
I waited, as promised  
and watched the tide ebb away

Ripples circle the rock where, in the tide's cloud-crawl, tiny crabs go on with their crabby lives and I wonder how words can convey this sense without images to the eye. On this slow, tedious, amplified afternoon, I lean against the colossus baffled by the clamour of these idiot gulls, ignorant in the art of give and take, because its perfectly clear who should yield.

crushed  
shell in a footprint  
empty beach

\* \* \*

The spring wind blows chilling cold. Lashing rain against the windows, it is a late autumn wind born out of time. A specter of past – or future. A reminder. A harbinger.

Hunkered down in our apartment, my wife and I eat our supper and watch to see when the metamorphosis to snow occurs. Our talk hovers around tomorrow morning's commute to work.

clustered in the trees  
dozens of crows midnight dressed  
all of them cawing

CW Hawes

A lazy afternoon at work. No one seems in an overly productive mood. There is laughing and joking. People wandering from cube to cube visiting. A look out the window shows me a darkening sky.

next week  
the boss returns  
spring vacation

CW Hawes

SUMMER, 1977

Roger Jones

Back from college, I look for summer work, but what boss or business wants to hire a 20-year old kid, with a bad car, who lives thirty miles in the country? After weeks of head-shakes, No's, and unanswered phone calls, I resign myself to a summer of unemployment on my parents' farm.

woods trail  
yellow jackets swarm  
from the cow skull's eyes

DIAPHANOUS

Gillena Cox

Sitting in a taxi, returning home from an errand, i can read the sign on a car traveling in the opposite direction. Over the front windscreen, \$69,000.00; in big bold letters. The driver's smug face is seen at the wheel as the two vehicles, very briefly get to be side by side.

this morning's –  
a diaphanous day moon  
after the eclipse

NOW, VOYAGER

Elizabeth Snider

She came out of the sea on an evening tide, drawn by the song of the man as he repaired nets ripped in the day's catch. She left her soft brown coat at water's edge and moved slowly into the gloaming. He caught sight of her in the corner of his eye, like a ghost formed from the mist. He whispered her into his bed that night. She stayed for seven years, tending the fire and birthing his babies. Until the sirens called her back one moonlit night, deep into her father's keep.

Mermaids  
braid Spanish moss.  
Gull feathers trail kelp.

PAINTING BY MOONLIGHT

Edward Baranosky

One of my distant uncles ran a restaurant situated on a high bluff overlooking a tidal inlet on the coast of Maine. I spent a few days there during summer breaks helping out in the kitchen and absorbing the scenery. When the high tide was running, he loved to go surf-casting for striped bass, inviting myself and my cousins to come along. Often this was in the very early morning hours. So I brought my paint box and attempted to capture the surf by flashlight and moonlight. At other daytime events I was called off the rocks by state park rangers for spattering paint. I was just nine when I started.

breakers fold over  
searching for sharper shells  
another bare footprint

The environment I express is this canvas brought forward. The objectivity is of the particulars of place, time, and atmospheric conditions. But they are also images of a composite, mythical memory; and in this way a subjective personal vision. It is within this balance between the documentary and expressive that the authentic takes on the force of visual poetics. In the synthetic world it may appear as the synesthesia of an alternate reality.  
But it is anchored at the source.

indelible sea  
anchored in memory  
painting by moonlight

HAIGA

*popping bubblegum*



*she sends him an sms  
saying it's over*

## GHAZAL

**SUKKAH**  
**Ruth Holzer**

Citron and myrtle wreath blend in the booth,  
green willow and palm sheaf bound in the booth.

Fruits of the harvest for all who have labored,  
season of ripeness in a small booth.

The prophet ascends to the mountain peak,  
facing his doom, as we recline in the booth.

On the mildest of nights, sleep comes to refresh you.  
How pleasant to dwell in a bough-covered booth.

Brightness and shadow drift through the roof.

Ruth from the desert seeks shelter in the booth.

### WHAT IS SWEET?

CW Hawes

The midnight hour, dark and deep, is quiet and sweet;  
the black of night possesses a silence sweet.

In these hours before the dawning, when many sleep,  
I find a communion sacred and sweet.

Facing the infinite night alone, alone is  
when the pain of loneliness is most sweet.

My heart's a cup, empty, yearning for filling;  
in answer to my cry, the wine rich and sweet.

A heavenly vintage intoxicates my  
soul and the world I find no longer sweet.

Was Mansur al-Hallaj so heavenly possessed,  
he found the executioner, oh, so sweet?

A voice so stilled can only utter silence  
and this silence is the Beloved's voice sweet.

And this Suleiman, when the grey clutched his beard,  
awoke in the midnight to the kisses sweet.

### SWEET

CW Hawes

So very sweet are these raisins and dates;  
honey isn't sweet when compared to these figs.

I drank my tea, the sugar cube between my teeth;  
when your lips touched mine, sugar was no longer sweet.

Walking in the rose garden I overhear young lovers:  
"Oh, Bill, of course I like roses – but I prefer Sweet William."

Working all day in the candy apple shop;  
when I get home, I'm glad the stew isn't sweet.

Playing softball with the gang after work,  
I whack the ball a good one having found the sweet spot.

Lying in the hammock smoking a cigar, sipping iced tea,  
Akikaze smells the chicken on the grill: "Ah, life is sweet!"

## HAIBUN

### DINOSAUR AND DRAGON BONES

H. Gene Murtha

This weekend is going to be different; my four year old will head the expedition in a quest for dinosaur and dragon bones. Our bellies are full; we're well clothed so we won't be hunting butterflies and birds. We empty the backpack full of cap guns and water pistols, and replace them with small picks, trowel, sifter, basting brush and any useful kitchen utensil we can find.

Just as we break camp, I spot a scarlet tanager and Derek said it was a parrot. We continue down the path until we reach the verge overlooking a deep pit. As we follow the grade adjusting to the terrain, rocks start to slide, unearthing a flat piece of yellow quartz, triangle shaped, with one side notched inward-out, like a canine. Derek convinced me it belongs to a T. rex. The sun is high; sweat *stunk-down* the hair covering our naps and sideburns, collecting in the blue and white bandanas tied loosely around our necks.

On the way to the ancient forest, we found pitch pine and sassafras saplings. Dug them up. Replanting them, well spaced—for proper growth.

bedtime story  
the child never  
stops stalking

### QIN'ANDIAN

Patricia Prime

In the centre of the north side of the Imperial Garden lies Qin'andian, the Hall of Imperial Peace, walled and secluded. I enter with pale sunshine through the Tianyi Gate, a stone single-arched gateway flanked by two mythical animals who in legend discerned right from wrong.

a small boy  
from the dragon's head  
of a bronze tortoise

gives me a cool  
appraising stare

A square pavilion with a pyramid-shaped roof perches on a massive pile of boulders. The Chinese collect these rocks as art objects. The effect is of a mountain range, of great wildness and savagery - here, paradoxically, in the formal garden.

the red pavilion  
towers above  
the outcrop  
station of the Emperor  
and his court in past years

Every year on the ninth day of the ninth lunar month, the Emperor and his consorts climbed up to the pavilion for a banquet. There they admired the Forbidden City before turning their gaze towards the distant hills and valleys.

**PAUL**  
**Joost Romeu**

Hey Paul! Are you listening to all this!!

As most of you know, Paul was hard of hearing.

What some of you also know—because I've made no bones of relating it and haven't tired of repeating it—is...did you know—that men experiencing hearing loss are much less likely to have it treated than women? It's true. Why it's true is of course what's more interesting—and speculative. What comes to mind immediately are the vagaries between men and the women they're exposed to. But with Paul, I have the feeling it was something different; like a kind of space he felt comfortable in; the kind of space you might imagine person who grew up around things that made no noise whatsoever...; the kind of space a gardener...might find idyllic.

in an empty garden  
of non-existent space  
nothing exists gloriously

That's not to say that you couldn't use his disadvantage to your advantage. There were times he was in the room that I'd utter an aside I knew he wouldn't hear. And more often than not he'd come back with a remark that indicated he knew exactly what I'd said. What he said was not a retort; just a remark that sat you back on your heels... And not the sort of remark that necessarily said he heard your words; more a recognition he'd sensed your intention—the way a gardener knows his garden. So Paul, I'm going to stop shouting, cause I know you can hear me now.

Listening  
to the heartbeat of the dead

in wordless livery.

Before coming to live here (on the coast) I didn't know Paul was that person I wanted to be like when I grew up. I knew where I was at as an artist; I had confidence in my work and career skills; I was learning galore building my first house; but the one thing I'd never gotten to do—passionately—was to grow a garden.

From the empty footprint  
of the destinationless traveler  
Basho's pond.

Paul kinda came with Rosamond. If this was Rosamond's passing we were commemorating, I would be saying the same about her. They just sort of seem to come together. She was the artist and he always had a project. She had the cat and he had Ruby. She had her prints and he had his garden. And though you might think Paul quite independent, Rosamond never failed to remind you how much he depended on her. We all know better. We know the relationship, and the dependency, went both ways.

A pair.  
Two of a kind  
in flush.

I first met them, in their yurt, attending a CityArt's board meeting. If you never got to see their Gualala place, it took round to a new dimension. Not only was there the round main living space; it adjoined a round bedroom fashioned from a pickle barrel. In a roundabout way—and in one of my more regrettable moves—I'm partially responsible for Rosamond no longer being in Gualala. A few years after meeting them, Rosamond mentioned that they wanted to put the place up for sale so that they could live closer to health amenities. I got my networking skills into gear, made a few phone calls, and soon secured for them a buyer. I really wanted to help Rosamond, but there was also a selfish motive at work. If Paul and Rosamond had to leave, I wanted the property to go to someone I knew so that I could retain some sort of contact with the memories it had for me.

Forgotten.  
Memories  
dismembered.

And that's exactly what happened.

The slapstick  
of suffering water  
in relapse.

And what were those memories? For me they were all centered around Paul's garden; his plant-growing successes and experiments. and most notably his orchard. Paul grew what they ate, what they smoked, where they went for vacation, and what that seed might have been that he picked up somewhere. The orchard continues to be magical. The trees and bushes still produce mystery fruit varieties—Paul never was one for documenting things—and I know it's not altogether the fact today's resident Shirley stocks a gazillion bird feeders that there are few places I know in the area that invite and support a more varied bird population. It's an odd metaphor, but I like to think of Paul & Rosamond's place as a Frankensteinian castle atop the ridge.

sunblock shadows  
lightstrewn edges  
the serif and the san.

Look at it this way. In mad, Rube Goldbergian manner, Paul constructs the most cryptic and arcane system of water pipes from a rogue pump to a pickle barrel you can imagine. That tank feeds more water tanks. From there pipes stretch under and through the house and to the garden and trees. When they sold the place, Paul tried to explain the system—it was perfectly clear to him—but to this day no one's been able to make heads or tails of it. Now, on the Northern California Coast you don't get the lightning storm you expect of the night that spawned Frankenstein, but we do have incredible rains, that bring the water, that trigger the pumps, that fill the water tanks, that feed pipeline tributaries, that lead past valves that unexpectedly pop out of the duff, and mysteriously coalesce in a gothic set of spigots and valves that feed the hoses that somehow address the needs of each Frankensteinian tree. And what monsters. First there's a kiwi bramble that's grape arbor gone wild; then there's these apple trees branching in all directions. Look at them and you know what they meant by an octopuses garden. Each arm a unique graft; each graft hosting another variety of apple; similarly with Paul's peach; pear; and apricot trees. Mary Shelly's novel was the metaphor of a mad doctor creating a life that only wanted to give, and receive, love. Paul's orchard is the reality of a madman actually creating a life no less strange; and one that, by its very nature, has been and continues to be, life-nourishing.

An arms race  
of arms length  
reaching nowhere.

Paul turned me on to grafting. He bud-grafted using the T-method—a method he learned while working in the Valley—and got it to work quite well here. That was no mean feat. The T-graft requires that you be very sensitive to your trees, have kept the buds you cut earlier ready until you need them, and apply the graft only when the bark slips, that is when xylem & phloem separate easily at cambium interface. It's a small window, and due to generally lower temperatures on the Coast is not the recommended way to graft around here. So the fact Paul had such success on the Ridge is that much more impressive and testimony to the fact that he was an expert at his craft. But I didn't understand his description, and, so when he and Rosamond were at our place I cajoled him into demonstrating it for me. I believe Diane had suggested this might not be a good idea; he'd gotten into years and was probably not the knife-wielding aficionado he'd once been—but I was not to be deterred. So Paul and I went out to the Kiwi tree I'd dug up at Nick Kings and planted in my garden. Then he pulled out of his pocket his ever-present, razor-sharp, pocket knife and proceeded to slit the bark carefully. It was painful to watch him. Obviously his mind knew what he wanted to do, but his body was having a difficult time keeping up. The cuts he made, though sure, were shaky, and I was starting to think Diane might have had a point. We did not want a bleeding Paul on our hands. But he finally finished the cut; carefully slipped the bud into place; and then, in the way an old seamstress might thread a needle, he deftly took the rubber band, whipped it twice around the branch and tied it into a perfect loop! It was amazing; and I was astounded.

From the incision  
the bloodless wound  
screams.

I helped him prune his orchard one year. He went around and told me where to cut. It wasn't a hit or miss affair. He knew exactly where he wanted the cut. And if I didn't understand and lop the branch off in exactly the right place he'd pick up the lopper and cut it a bud or two down. At the end of the day we had a huge pile of branches.

I was naïve. I took a bunch of them home; and stuck them in the ground just to see what might happen...

The punctuation  
The sentence  
carried out.

I feel bad that I never did get to show at CityArt Gallery. I did have my opportunity; Art Sanchez and I had scheduled a time slot but I had to pull out because—what with building a house and all—too much was going on in my life to complete my artwork. You always have fantasies about how things you’re looking forward to are going to turn out—and this was my fantasy about that show. I thought that since it was unlikely anything of mine was going to sell that I would start the show out with a red-dot underneath one of my paintings—a painting of a mushroom. When people came in and expressed surprise about the immediate sale, I would tell them that it was Paul’s. And when Paul arrived, I would make a point of telling him it was his. That was my fantasy. And it never happened. In fact, it wasn’t until Diane Cochran and Rosamond had their show that I had Paul over to the house; took out all my mushroom paintings; had him pick the one he liked best. The next morning, when he was leaving for Kentucky John’s, I gave him the one he’s picked. While he was asleep I’d inscribed the back of that painting: “To Paul, a good friend, long before we met.” And that’s the way I felt about him; as if we’d somehow met in a previous lifetime and struck up a friendship.

To recognize no one  
To remember  
No thing.

It was about a year after that that Diane and I went to Fort Bragg and visited Rosamond and Paul. Rosamond had something to do and was more than happy to leave Paul with us...and I’d never played Bocce ball. So we drove Paul to the Senior Center; signed out a set of bocce balls; and the three of us played a few rounds. We were playing to 15. Paul won the first round; I won the second; Paul was tiring; one more game would decide the winner (or it would be a three-way tie). I don’t understand why people don’t find the odd situations one can get into as interesting as I do, but I found the proposition of rolling the pilot or “jack” ball (the little one that you need to get the other ones closest to) up against one of the walls and by so doing restrict the game possibilities, fascinating. Maybe it’s one of those Italian non-kosher things, but Diane didn’t think my bright idea very interesting; and Paul would have nothing of it. He demanded that I re-roll the ball. That was a fairly long round—one or the other of us earning a point or two at a time—but about the time push was coming to shove Diane and I had 14 points and were both leading Paul’s 12. On the next play, Paul scored an astounding 3 points and took the round and the day. On the way back to the car, he didn’t say anything, but I noticed a slight spring to his step that wasn’t there before. It was shortly after that day that Paul had his first fall. I sent him a card admonishing him that it was going to take a lot more than a fall on his part to prevent me from demanding a rematch. But the rematch never happened.

To remember  
a score never settled  
and rest.

Rosamond promised Diane and me a choice of any print of hers. I should have taken advantage of the offer when she brought it up, but didn’t relish having to carefully box and store another piece of artwork while my house went through its building growing pains. I hope she doesn’t think I haven’t brought the matter up because I don’t want her art in my home—I do. And Rosamond, we’re going to have to take you up on this

matter soon.

To want;  
not receive  
and wake up refreshed.

Paul, I don't need anything from you. Y'see, those branches I stuck in the ground...over 70% of them came up and last year, for the first time, we knew what kind of tree each of them was. We had apricots; and peaches; and plums; and figs; and apples. In fact, here's a jar of apricot jam from one of those trees. And maybe, just maybe, in ten years or so, my orchard will become an octopus garden.

In sunlight  
and in shade.

**BLISS**  
*for Cor Van Den Heuvel*  
**Gerard John Conforti**

Flowers burst within my heart, the spring has come with the red buds of trees beginning to change to leaves. My eyes view the blue skies with passing warm clouds over the bridges and steaming rivers. With the flow of life, the blue within my anatomy, life beats like the burning sunlight coming over the horizon.

The joy of strolling  
beneath the trees  
the red buds fall  
upon the blacktop  
I stroll onward

Burning sunlight in the summer turns my skin red, my legs hurry for a fresh breeze beneath a flowering blossom, the blossoms falling about me as I stroll up-hill lined with blossoms, my haiku friend Cor at my side.

The evening approaches with cooler breezes as the night settles in.

The placid ponds  
light up moonlight  
and filled with blue stars  
rippling with raindrops  
flowing everywhere

Night has come and the rain has ceased falling upon the earth. The stars pulsate in the skies, the horizon is flat with tides, and the sea is calm with low rolling waters flowing in melancholy waves upon the shore.

A lonely path ahead  
I take a final stroll  
passed the singing of birds

somewhere in the trees  
my heart sings with sorrow

Within my mind, I can hear the autumn leaves falling and crashing to earth between the tree boughs. Once again the snow will fall upon the silent earth.

Early morning:  
a seagull circles & circles  
the gray sky  
the silence it holds  
gliding without a sound

The cemetery holds the spirits of those passed-on. I grow older each passing day living to the full heart-felt joy life can bring.

Tears flow down my face  
so many have gone  
known and unknown to me  
some friends and parents  
never to be seen again

The clouds disappear as they move across the sky. The sunlight breaks through with every passing cloud. Upon the valley the sunlight streams in all directions. Upon the meadows, the buttercups burst with yellow light.

This bliss  
has been more pain than joy  
but it is worth living  
for something that I love  
and that you may love

When I write my last poem, I hope people will finally forgive me for whatever I may have done to them, because I have already forgiven them.

There is much joy  
in any flowering plant  
or valley or mountain  
all the bliss lies there  
and will never tire

## **VISITORS**

### **Gina**

There are two of them, males. They arrived in May, from who-knows-where, a little shabby without their summer finery. On weekends, we share toast and most evenings they roost, like giant-sized chickens with enormous drumsticks, on the rooftop. They roam the street jumping onto my fence from the neighbour's yard

and into mine. Some mornings, very early you may be woken by their distinctive pitched call of ‘heeeeeelp’ competing with the wind chimes. Through slit blinds I see the silhouette of one against a gray-blue sky perched on top of the chimney.

coffee brewing  
a peacock steps  
through the fog

## **BEACHED**

**Gina**

Heat hangs astringent, pressing upon lichen shoulders. Touched by the occasional warm starfish an ancient patchy bird-shit monument kneels in uddle sand beneath a sky stitched to the sea.

distant thunder  
tall gum trees perfectly still  
before the storm  
I waited, as promised  
and watched the tide ebb away

Ripples circle the rock where, in the tide’s cloud-crawl, tiny crabs go on with their crabby lives and I wonder how words can convey this sense without images to the eye. On this slow, tedious, amplified afternoon, I lean against the colossus baffled by the clamour of these idiot gulls, ignorant in the art of give and take, because its perfectly clear who should yield.

crushed  
shell in a footprint  
empty beach

\* \* \*

The spring wind blows chilling cold. Lashing rain against the windows, it is a late autumn wind born out of time. A specter of past – or future. A reminder. A harbinger.

Hunkered down in our apartment, my wife and I eat our supper and watch to see when the metamorphosis to snow occurs. Our talk hovers around tomorrow morning’s commute to work.

clustered in the trees  
dozens of crows midnight dressed  
all of them cawing

**CW Hawes**

A lazy afternoon at work. No one seems in an overly productive mood. There is laughing and joking. People wandering from cube to cube visiting. A look out the window shows me a darkening sky.

next week  
the boss returns  
spring vacation

**CW Hawes**

**SUMMER, 1977**

**Roger Jones**

Back from college, I look for summer work, but what boss or business wants to hire a 20-year old kid, with a bad car, who lives thirty miles in the country? After weeks of head-shakes, No's, and unanswered phone calls, I resign myself to a summer of unemployment on my parents' farm.

woods trail  
yellow jackets swarm  
from the cow skull's eyes

**DIAPHANOUS**

**Gillena Cox**

Sitting in a taxi, returning home from an errand, i can read the sign on a car traveling in the opposite direction. Over the front windscreen, \$69,000.00; in big bold letters. The driver's smug face is seen at the wheel as the two vehicles, very briefly get to be side by side.

this morning's –  
a diaphanous day moon  
after the eclipse

**NOW, VOYAGER**

**Elizabeth Snider**

She came out of the sea on an evening tide, drawn by the song of the man as he repaired nets ripped in the

day's catch. She left her soft brown coat at water's edge and moved slowly into the gloaming. He caught sight of her in the corner of his eye, like a ghost formed from the mist. He whispered her into his bed that night. She stayed for seven years, tending the fire and birthing his babies. Until the sirens called her back one moonlit night, deep into her father's keep.

Mermaids  
braid Spanish moss.  
Gull feathers trail kelp.

## **PAINTING BY MOONLIGHT**

**Edward Baranosky**

One of my distant uncles ran a restaurant situated on a high bluff overlooking a tidal inlet on the coast of Maine. I spent a few days there during summer breaks helping out in the kitchen and absorbing the scenery. When the high tide was running, he loved to go surf-casting for striped bass, inviting myself and my cousins to come along. Often this was in the very early morning hours. So I brought my paint box and attempted to capture the surf by flashlight and moonlight. At other daytime events I was called off the rocks by state park rangers for spattering paint. I was just nine when I started.

breakers fold over  
searching for sharper shells  
another bare footprint

The environment I express is this canvas brought forward. The objectivity is of the particulars of place, time, and atmospheric conditions. But they are also images of a composite, mythical memory; and in this way a subjective personal vision. It is within this balance between the documentary and expressive that the authentic takes on the force of visual poetics. In the synthetic world it may appear as the synesthesia of an alternate reality.

But it is anchored at the source.

indelible sea  
anchored in memory  
painting by moonlight

## **HAIGA**

*popping bubblegum*



*she sends him an sms  
saying it's over*

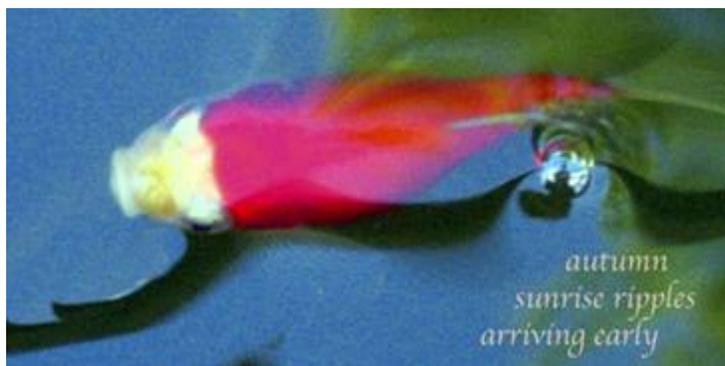
**BUBBLES Allison Millcock**



**FIRST WARM DAY Yu Chang**



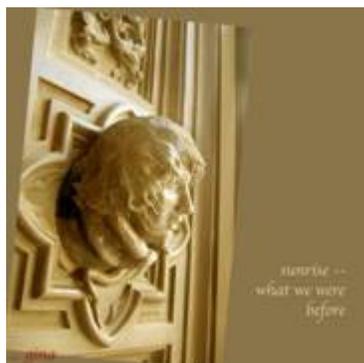
**NIGHTBLOSSOM Shanna Moore**



**AUTUMN Gina**



**DRAWN BLINDS Gina**



**SUNRISE Gina**

## SYMBIOTIC POETRY

### SYMBIOTIC POETRY

#### ADDING 2 TO TWO

Werner Reichhold

Jane Reichhold

Employing my cat's tail to dust off the printer  
its tiny lighthouse signals "out of paper"

out of an arrested thought busted and checked for  
virtual fountains of older woods in progress

now oil now liquid:  
a square of roots climbing intravenous heat.

Wasn't the gray-haired driver seen in the software's seat?  
Two persons having the same dream calculating reality

thin singing  
of one in love  
the plucked  
string vibrates  
with another

gentle evening  
madrigals chorus  
of long-lost love  
from the lute I find  
the thrill of desire

Please, guidebook serve mapped help, show us the camels' path to wells.  
Shock stay away from comprehending what it may hold: a fata morgana.

I am flattered. I feel tongue-tied. I saw Moses' basket floating by,  
shades of faces not compatible with linear discoveries.

Read about fresh loans for a home if one buys in to an abounded child left  
plus two pit bull puppies. All of the three Americans have equal chances.

cadence  
the cat purrs a tune  
just as old  
accompanied by a stirring  
below the belly's billow

coming inside  
to a willing body's music  
falling rain  
arches over the dryness  
as it enters a new life



jrwr  
haiga

a teacher wears  
the face of years  
borrowed  
folk wisdoms fluent  
from fresh new mouths

tongues  
entering dead mothers  
voices  
the village maidens  
resurrect lives as song

In the thrill of taking on a partner, both DNA tests show healthy solar plexus  
and allergies for – damn - I forgot the angelic sequence.

Dining out - and then the uproar: the chewy part was a grilled Wolf's brain.  
Modifying joy, assuming the biography of a Queen salmon read aloud.

women  
of a certain age  
beyond caring  
surprised by the intensity  
of the simplest touch

a string quartet  
pulls up so slowly  
a heaviness  
tied deep in a female body  
feelings buried by the years

dripping – isn't that stilled by the lilac's blue? Spasms  
of a verse-club counting moments netted in a wire's red.

Tempted by Egyptian walls the one relief I kissed  
a secretary revealing papyrus blessed by a Nile of nymphs

steps worn out      stone after stone      worn in feet

INTO MY HEART  
Werner Reichhold  
Jane Reichhold

Impalpable  
milk into night sky  
    one way to go home

    turning loose  
a herd of snowflakes  
    the lover's lips unseen

tautly in us  
a denial of waiting  
    seeds  
    are we mistaken  
    when they fly by

    honey webs of wings

a thousand stirring wings of organ-eyed water  
scrape and tarnish your hands to reveal in the cottonwoods

where you have a dark vision as you buy me coffee and muffins  
the limits of consecutive grammar remain muted, even startled

strolling through the museum of rotted wood and dust  
when we are changed into minnows within a river

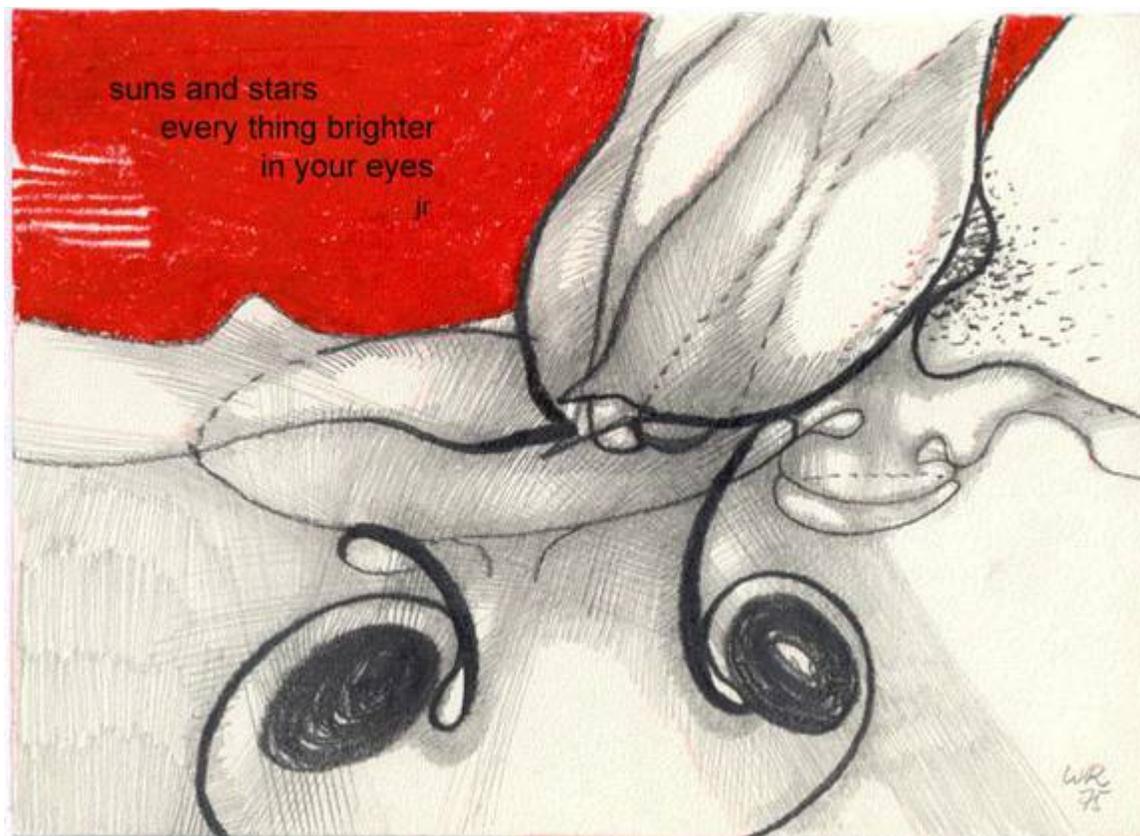
for these reasons I reach across the knife point's voice  
while the foolish greenhouses of women soak in cold milk

what we feed  
    the bacteria  
    they give back to us  
    on the right shoulder  
    a mattress blocks Hwy. 1

seen from my window it rests as a large mountain with a few dragonflies  
over a pond is a light musical form pictured as a disturbed state of mind

the way you look in  
hot spring's waters  
bubbles staring back at you

    the weight of Greg Venter  
I am aware of genometry  
    taking another look



the way it pesters you

the song            the alphabet  
computer-light

no virus found in this incoming message

the letter with it said they could not come even though the invitation was open-ended in an ecstasy derived by turning from this world to leaves sung in a birch's domed goldness rushing upward that drifts away with the plenitude of holidays which last only for an hour or two or three a day who is afraid about the other you who's with me, still some of life's mysteries can be solved by ampersands or the dots of ellipsis

**tattooed**  
**her skin + art**  
**in the Tokyo museum**

their bones stiffen into skulls of roses as the boat  
of the blue one touches the red one's stomach

you lie down between two pillows of broken rhythms  
reach to stroke a brow and press against your lover's face

automotive taillights, something that cups the plates the napkins  
before realizing that other people also have emotions

clouded as if painted by El Greco such a baroque evening  
when all the living fluids swirl within the hiding

every draft begins in serenity

river gulch  
stretching amphibious bones  
                    crawfish  
            let's get level

            swarms of aromatic vibes

Note: The two poems above are part of an experimental collaborative inter-genre poetry form. Instead of adding the new link (here the links are tanka or haiku sequences, ghazals, prose or graphic) at the end of the previous link, the new material is inserted into the middle (or a spot the author designates) of the previous link. This forces the poem to “open up” instead of simply getting longer. The work is to make sure the added poem links at both the beginning and at the end to the previous material so the poem remains as well linked in the second half as the first.

#### THE REDNESS OF THE ROWAN

Andrew Shimield

Diana Webb

Frank Williams

John Carley

the morning jogger  
puffs along  
the redness of the rowan

Andrew Shimield

here and there a thistle seed  
still drifting

Diana Webb

just a few coins  
in the beggar's bowl,

why the sudden grin?	Frank Williams
superheroes queue outside a phone box	John Carley
a spoon of a moon tickles the plumes of June's monsoons	AS
her new umbrella about to unfold	DW
***	
in a dream the drunk wrestles with his cardboard box	FW
patching up the cracks with instant ethics	JEC
after the snowman melts into the lawn picking up his smile	David Cobb
a pink ski jacket for the trip to Aspen	AS
together in the shower the kissing of bruises one by one	DW
her decree absolute by a box of truffles	FW
the humble cockroach positively thrives on DDT	JEC
a haze of chaff over the moonlit field	AS
amid baskets of fruit an apocalyptic note from the preacher	DW
no sutra can reach past the noise of jazz	Taneda Santoka

\*\*\*

all-night long  
the drip drip dripping  
of the bathroom tap                      FW

a sudden gust -  
my ice cream spiked with sand              JEC

the mountain range  
from thirty thousand feet  
looks so small                                  AS

inner city ducklings  
take the plunge                                DW

mixed with the post  
an elastic band  
and some blossoms too!                      FW

here and there a paper boy  
still grafting                                    JEC

Composed via email: 1 November –9 December, 2007

Participants: Frank Williams, Diana Webb, Andrew Shimield, John Carley (sabaki)

Introduced verses: David Cobb (Williams, with permission) Taneda Santoka (Carley. trans: Yachimoto and Carley)

## THE RING MASTER

Andre Surridge

Patricia Prime

visiting circus  
handing out flyers  
a chimpanzee

a resounding crack  
from the ring master's whip  
starts proceedings  
beside me on the bench seat  
a clown in an ape costume

all fingers and toes  
girls on the trapeze  
swing from a cross bar

a team of horses  
with coloured head plumes

prance around the ring  
to a marching song  
bareback acrobats

the lion tamer  
slips as he evades a claw  
you clasp my hand

miniature dogs  
jump through hoops  
at the command  
of a blow on a whistle  
by their mistress in pink tights

in the front row  
children eating ice cream –  
their sticky hands

clowns  
dressed as firemen put out  
a flaming car  
everyone gets soaked  
including the ring master

mingled with smells  
of animals and smoke  
sawdust

CONTINUOUS FOG  
Carl Brennan  
Lewis Sanders

Continuous fog...  
at breakfast remembering  
impatience with mom

My mother's name – just there  
by the honeysuckle

The stonemason's art –  
Gregorian chant echoes  
where gargoyles doze

Strange voices  
in the dark, my father's  
sudden laughter

Curly Joe haircuts w/goatees –  
this long night's evil buffoons

Fog in the hollow  
my long midnight walk  
by the creek

#### LILACS IN BLOOM

Carl Brennan  
Lewis Sanders

Lilacs in bloom –  
permeating the suburbs  
of my scheduled binge

Moonrise now above the trees  
and the night birds' song

A lone bat flying  
hypnotically – the ragged  
spiral closing in

Only in the moonlight  
my lone shadow  
crossing the field

Red wine affords its courage –  
approach the doppelganger

In the mirror  
myself remembering  
youthful days gone by

#### TEACHING THE ANTS

Carl Brennan  
Lewis Sanders

Teaching the ants  
a ferocious dance – poison  
one cannot see

At the hospital: summer  
sun and the lone cricket

A drunkard plays Bach  
on steel guitar – the pawnshop's  
broken fans

A crow winging  
we talk of death  
and boyhood days

The flatscreen warms up – nymphs  
frolicking without dresses

First day of summer  
my slow steps  
slower now

HEADLANDS  
Patricia Prime  
Andre Surridge

Waihi Beach  
on a white shell  
striations of red  
we sit on driftwood  
among the holiday crowd

the sun  
warming our bones  
together  
we take in the seascape  
with a deeper breath

children  
playing in a rock pool  
discover  
sea anemones that close  
tight round small fingers

incoming tide  
a besieged sandcastle  
crumbles . . .  
sifting sand through toes  
we talk about the past

beyond the cape  
the outline  
of another  
in evening stillness

you and I dig for pipis

pulsing  
brighter than others  
a southern star  
far-off the sound  
of the moonlit sea

returning  
along the bleached road  
to the car park  
we tread lightly as I take  
the keys from your hand

dozing  
in the car  
I dream  
the day again  
fish & chips for supper

## REVIEWS

Four Decades on My Tanka Road by Sanford Goldstein. Edited by Fran M. Witham with a Preface by Patricia Prime. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN 978-0-6151-8005-2. Perfect Bound, 6 x 9 inches, 336 pp., \$28.95 US.

Four Decades on My Tanka Road conveniently reprints under one cover the six tanka collections of Sanford Goldstein, from *This Tanka World* (1977) to *Encounters in This Penny World* (2005) – close to 500 poems by the man many acknowledge as the “father of tanka in English.” As such, the book is not only a testimony to the artistic achievement of one man but a document of historical value as well, providing ready witness to the burgeoning success of the tanka movement. Such a broad retrospective collection would not have been economically feasible ten years ago.

Goldstein established a reputation as an able translator of Japanese literature long before publishing his first book of tanka and in his career as translator he has brought over into English many of Japan’s premier 20th century tanka poets such as Shiki, Mokichi, Takuboku and Akiko. In the “Postscript to *This Tanka World*,” Goldstein writes

It was Takuboku who brought tanka closest to colloquial language while guarding its poetic element, Takuboku who said that the tanka need not restrict itself to thirty-one syllables, Takuboku who taught me that tanka is a diary of the emotional changes in a man’s life. (75)

The emphasis on “diary” seems like apt description, if one judges by Goldstein’s tanka, which often assume a casual and effortless air while delving into the most commonplace events and things:

carried  
my loneliness  
home  
in a brown  
paper bag

(45)

cold night  
and all  
the living room  
pictures  
crooked

(48)

The analogy of tanka and diary finds even greater justification in the long tanka sequence, *At the Hut of the Small Mind* (1992):

gaining  
at least  
a two-day growth  
of beard  
in my Hut of the Small Mind

clutching  
bank kleenex  
as I squat:  
I hear rain slanting  
against the shed

I came,  
it seems,

to write solitary poems  
in my Hut  
of the Small Mind

(139)

The method of the diarist lends itself to the confessional, of course, and this element is frequent in Goldstein’s work:

only a one-sentence  
rebuke  
to my kid

and all day  
the lousy after-taste

(199)

More often than not, the intimacy of such visions is broadened by the poet's ability to apply to the personal incident, no matter how everyday or introverted the initial perspective, a greater signification:

I kept by the shallow water  
where I could wade in safety,  
and that's the image I'm left with,  
the image of one who failed to leap,  
who failed to plunge in and through

(233)

Apart from the surface simplicity of his style, Goldstein is not without a wit to delight in such scenes as the following with its allusion to the essay of Jonathan Swift:

she fell at once  
for that modest proposal  
and let out a cry –  
to roast Irish babies  
for the starved potato-masses!

(257)

Four Decades on My Tanka Road is truly one of a kind. An overdue recognition of long years of quiet labor, Goldstein's book marks also the coming of age of tanka in the West. The cover design, layout and binding all fulfill the professional standards of former MET Press books and, together, these factors make the book a bargain for the private reader or public library.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

insideoutside by Stanley Pelter. George Mann Publications: Winchester, Hampshire, England, 2008. ISBN 9780955241574. Perfect Bound, 6 x 9 inches, 128 pp., £8 UK.

insideoutside – third of a planned six volume series of haibun by the British writer Stanley Pelter – confirms his often stated predilection for writing that tests the boundaries of the genre and extends the many varied experiments of past imperfect (2004) and & Y Not? (2006), his two earlier collections. The author generously collects and presents in alphabetical order nearly 70 haibun – everything from haibun that blend free verse, instead of prose, with haiku to texts where a graphic element assumes a place beside prose and verse as an integral unit of composition. There are even haibun written for recitation, whether for solo or group performance.

Because the narrow compass of a review will not allow full discussion of Pelter's numerous innovations, selected examples will have to suffice to represent the variety of his work.

In “Thunderguy – Isle of Arran,” the prose half of the normative haibun equation (prose plus verse) is supplanted by free verse passages that alternate with the haiku:

a moon  
even in shadow  
her wet eyes

Grey and more  
Drizzle  
Clouds drift, pull lower over Meall Biorach  
Fall into heather at Doire Fhionn Lochan

some deep  
others near the surface  
so many pitfalls

Town clothes, town shoes, town socks  
Drag of heavy waves  
As sea-served crags fix  
And trees in Coirein Lochain diffract  
Drizzle and more

wet rocks

they reflect  
his going (116)

What is interesting and deserving of comment is that the free-verse sections at the left margin, if read aloud, do not depart radically from the marked rhythms that prose in poetic haibun often adopts.

Pelter’s earlier books introduced the graphic component as a third element, along with prose and verse, of haibun composition. His exploration along this line is perhaps more extensive than elsewhere and includes texts accompanied by very simple (almost primitive) pen and ink sketches, texts presented in comic strip format, texts where a proliferation of type fonts and point sizes underscores meaning and texts where the haibun is handwritten, an act that points to authorial presence and immediacy. One remarkable series of three haibun, “ceci n’est pas une haibune?” (21-24), serves to illustrate Pelter’s program well – the ironic title being a doffing of the hat (a bowler no doubt) to René Magritte, the Belgian surrealist whose simple painting of a pipe bore the inscription, “ceci n’est pas une pipe, i.e., “this is not a pipe.” The first haibun in this series juxtaposes free verse with what looks like a simple linocut of a guillemot in flight. The second offers a relatively standard model of contemporary haibun – haiku, prose and haiku, in this instance – but the adjacent page presents the original text now revised and reconfigured, now part of a black-and-white illustration, now with the text itself presented alternately in handwritten and cut-out letters. The third member of this series advances one further step, dividing the page into two columns, a handwritten haibun text to the left, a collage of what appears to be an old-style IBM digital punch-card with an ink drawing to the right.

Another technique Pelter favors, as in “from bialystok song is to,” is to frame a text with its sound values foremost – the haibun designed for recitation:

from bialystok to from bialystok to from bialystok to this railway track to that railway track to that to that to that to that from this from this to that to here from there to back to front to YES to there to there from here from here from there from there from where to where ... (29)

Work of this nature echoes earlier avant-garde essays in sound poetry such as Tristan Tzara's "L'amiral Cherche Une Maison à Louer" (1916) or Kurt Schwitters' "Ursonate" (1921).

Similar effect is achieved in the title haibun where the concatenation of phrases repeated with slight variation appeals to the reader first on the aural level, its lyric tone being rather bittersweet and elegiac as the following excerpt will show:

so i will wait for U in the garden ~ sit in the garden that has just been watered ~ waiting for a buttercup to close ~ a buttercup on the grass that waits to be cut ~ the grass just watered ... in the enclosed garden ~ i sit here for U ~ alone with sounds scents of breeze ~ wait for U to come ~ enclosed by greens ~ the enclosed garden just watered ... i go inside to outside ~ wait for U in the garden just watered ... i say 'yes' ~ i say 'yes' to inside ~ i say 'yes' to outside ~ so i will wait for U in the garden ~ sit in the garden that has just been watered. (42)

insideoutside, an attractive trade paperback with a glossy full-color collage cover, is available directly from the author for the price of shipping and handling while copies last. Interested parties may inquire of the author at 5 School Lane, Claypole, Newark NG23 5BQ or via e-mail.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

this hunger, tissue-thin: new and selected tanka, 1995-2005 by Larry Kimmel. With a Preface by Sanford Goldstein & an Introduction by Linda Jeannette Ward. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN 978-0-6151-8246-9. Perfect Bound, 6 x 9 inches, 120 pp., \$17.95 US.

This selection from a ten year period in Larry Kimmel's tanka career will afford an excellent introduction to the poet, to his chief concerns as a man and artist. this hunger, tissue-thin is arranged in six broadly thematic sections and presents roughly 180 tanka.

From the point of view of style, Kimmel writes interesting minimalist tanka for which he is well-known but his compositions in the fuller form, with close approximation to the 31 syllable norm of waka, are accomplished also. His assays in the bare-bones type of the five-line verse focus frequently on wit and wordplay

we meet  
again  
it's touch  
and  
go

(105)

but also lean closely, on occasion, to the spare and sketchy style of haiku

what delighted me most  
now leaving me  
    petal  
    by  
    petal

(106)

The above examples read smoothly and show that the poet is confident, competent and at ease in his craft. Kimmel has delighted readers with many such ‘abbreviated’ tanka over the years. When he allows himself the broader canvas of 31 or roughly 31 syllables, however, the poet risks more, meaning: his failures are more frequent but his successes, when they do come, are even more remarkable.

His imagery in the longer tanka can be strikingly original while avoiding mere idiosyncrasy:

a wicker of branches  
holds the bluish fog  
of a December afternoon –  
again, in the flat below  
a woman is weeping

(30)

the wee crystal ball  
from my son’s marble bag –  
the whole of those  
muddy, moisty, green-veiled  
pussywillow days

(44)

The “wicker of branches” in the first tanka above is apt description of the wintry scene but also serves to connect nature very effectively to the domesticity of the weeping woman. The rich language of the second, with a boy’s marble transformed into a “crystal ball” and the ample color and flavor of “moisty, green-veiled,” evokes a gentle reverie of time and innocence lost.

Kimmel’s willingness to push the limits and test the pliability of language isn’t always so fairly executed however:

daybreak unfolds  
like an unexpected dollar.  
while I break  
fast, I budget my morning  
down to its last bright penny

(35)

The comparison of daybreak and “an unexpected dollar,” by virtue of their unfolding, is not as clever as it is a straining for special effect and the punning wordplay achieved by the lineation of “...break / fast ...,” in the end, proves rather trite. Such misses are relatively rare in this collection, however, where the reader is more likely to meet the quiet elegiac tone of

here where the river  
is wide and smooth  
and red leaves drift by slowly –  
here ... remembering when  
the dream was clear

(58)

or a finely detailed description that is quite lyrical

level clean-edged roof lines  
against an evening sky  
the tune of an era gone  
my long-legged, lean and lovely,  
where are you now?

(65)

or bristling with the multiplicity of possible narratives

reading a romance  
she lifts crumbs to her mouth  
with a wet finger –  
perched on a wrought iron table  
a sparrow tilts its head to watch

(79)

this hunger, tissue-thin is an attractively designed book and closely edited by the poet to allow the reader to compare or contrast individual tanka which are here displayed at their best. What a fine companion this book would make for a spring jaunt or for the confinement of a cold winter day!

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Blundell and Graham High. BHS Bookshop at [www.britishhaikusociety.org](http://www.britishhaikusociety.org). ISBN: 978-1-906333-00-3. Perfect Bound, 5 ½" x 7", 72 pp., £7 UK, \$10 US.

Released early in this calendar year, the British Haiku Society's biennial haibun anthology showcases 25 haibun by 15 contributors. Each haibun is accompanied by a commentary that the editors penned jointly, a shift in emphasis from the last BHS collection, edited by David Cobb and Ken Jones, wherein the editors offered their independent and often conflicting views.

A wide variety in style, subject, and tone is achieved in *Dover Beach* and *My Back Yard* and the level of writing is consistently high. Choosing good compositions to comment upon is relatively easy for the reviewer, a circumstance which promises fair compensation to the curious reader.

Charles Hansmann, who has established a distinctive voice in contemporary haibun, offers the very atmospheric and brooding, "At Sea," in which his skillful and precise description is demonstrated at its best:

Every morning there's a clatter of clam shells on the deck and gulls swooping down to their breakfast. They're defiant, but wary, and when we step out they spread their skank wings and flap like stiff laundry to the sky. (12)

With "Church Going," *Bamboo Shoot* offers pointed observations that are enlivened by his crisply paced prose:

My road took me through the small village of Damerham, where a large CHURCH FLOWER FESTIVAL notice was fixed to a tall hedge. Larkin-like, certainly no church connoisseur, I stopped; and passing through the thick, ochre-lichened walls into a sweet-smelling almost cuttable cold, it came again – the elusive sense of being elsewhere. (18)

A "sweet-smelling almost cuttable cold" mixes the olfactory and tangible in a terse and wholly convincing fashion. It is the sharp detail of such sensory perceptions that supports *Bamboo Shoot's* frequent parenthetical but telling asides: "Larkin-like, certainly no church connoisseur...." This poet owns an uncanny ability to objectify his own "sense of being elsewhere" in his observations of his immediate environment and of his fellow occupants:

...two elderly ladies – strangely still wearing woolen cardigans and tweed skirts – hardly seemed there at all in any material sense .... Their whispers seemed to live out their own brief lives – hanging in the air, crisp as winter breath, before dying away to vanish into the stonework. (18)

"Dover Beach and My Back Yard," the haibun that lends its title to this anthology, comes by way of Ray Rasmussen of Alberta. This composition is immediately appealing in its economy of means: simple comparison and contrast. The poet's daughter does the gardening while the poet rocks "back and forth in the newly hung hammock"; a copy of Arnold's "Dover Beach" lies open while the daily news, with its war reportage, "is cast aside." Rasmussen meditates upon the loss of faith that was the theme of Arnold's poem but even before his explicit rejection of that, the very unity of the domestic backyard scene -- kittens playing, a dog gnawing a bone, nuthatches nesting -- foreshadows the poet's simultaneous acceptance of hard realities and his determination to enjoy life as is: "„, Matthew, family and garden must suffice for now (30)."

Doris Heitmeyer, in “Sound of Jackhammers,” compares the building façade under repair in New York City to the same tenement “due for an overhaul when I moved in 50 years ago (52).” The sight evokes vivid recollections of her youth as a single girl in the city with the frequent counterpoint of the scene now: her old tenement “boarded up,” “street kids lounging under the scaffold” – or her hesitant, feeble and aging steps counter to the “little hip hop dance” of the kids on the street. A closing haiku affords a strong summary of past and present:

The pigeon flies a straw  
to its niche in the scaffolding  
– sound of jackhammers.

(53)

The commentaries of editors Colin Blundell and Graham High are generally practical, informative, and revealing. Time after time, they pick out the weak spot in a given composition or provide an accurate appreciation of the understated strengths of a particular haibun. These commentaries are not without hazard, however, as in the following remarks that were inspired by Hansmann’s “At Sea”:

The presiding view that haibun prose should be unobtrusive and exhibit subtlety and lightness of touch is difficult to balance against the desire to write prose that is striking, memorable and original.

(13)

The above assertion that a “presiding view” exists would seem to be an invention of the editors or, perhaps, a phenomenon observed in their immediate milieu. It is not a claim that I have seen advanced commonly on that side or on this side of the water. Editors, however, should be granted some poetic license in promulgating their own literary opinions, so the damage here is not great.

Elsewhere, however, a similar uncritical attitude on the part of the editors leads to some embarrassment as in the following notations on Doris Heitmeyer’s “Luna Moth”:

Without consulting a World Encyclopedia of Moths, the only thing we know about a Luna moth from the haibun itself is that it is big and ‘cool luminous green’ in colour and, very mysteriously, ‘like an ordinary sphinx’ .... The haibun is worthy of inclusion in the anthology if only for the strangely haunting image of a moth being ‘like an ordinary sphinx...’ (which presumably makes it extraordinary)  
.... (43)

One can only wish that Blundell and High had consulted that encyclopedia, a small effort that would have solved the “strangely haunting image” and great mystery of “an ordinary sphinx.” For Heitmeyer’s sphinx is a rather ordinary and common moth after all.

No book is free of error, however, and on the positive side, Blundell and High raise the bar for future BHS anthologies in selecting very strong work and providing incisive and helpful critical reaction overall. Beyond the few haibun commented upon here, *Dover Beach* and *My Back Yard* includes excellent works by many well-known practitioners of haibun such as David Cobb, Jim Kacian, Jane Whittle, Ken Jones, Jeffrey Harpeng and Lynne Rees. The book itself is a handsome and portable perfect bound volume, one that I readily recommend.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Quarter Past Sometime by Jeffrey Harpeng. Post Pressed: Teneriffe, Qld., Australia, 2007. ISBN: 9-78192121-4172. Perfect Bound, 5 x 8 inches, 36 pp., \$15 Aus.

New Zealander Jeffrey Harpeng, now resident in Australia, writes haibun in a rich voice akin to the rhythms of much modernist verse, say, Ezra Pound's Pisan Cantos or Basil Bunting's Briggflats. The example of Bunting is most apropos because Harpeng's haibun are not only replete with historical and cultural allusions a la Pound but also, like the Northumbrian Bunting, remain stubbornly loyal to their immediate locale, to regional history and to local speech-patterns and place-names, whether the chosen setting is a lush green headland on volcanic Banks Peninsula in New Zealand's South Island or a desolate backcountry cemetery in an Australia brittle with drought.

On the low stone wall above the beach, there are a couple of rusty cauldrons once used for rendering whale blubber. They gather leaves, gather wind-drift, gather trash. My imagination rivets great copper handles to them, and a hotplate of magma rises to brew Turkish coffee. I spice it with cardamom and sweeten it with a sugar-bag of sugar, enough coffee, enough sugar to string out the minor gods of place, to stew all time in a sweet brown cloud. Let that be drunk and the ensuing dream be a clear blue sky and us walking, a child here and another there. How they run ahead.

The harbour is a caldera twelve million years old. An occasional tremor ripples the landscape. Seasons have poured into the harbour and receded like the tide. In a high altitude photo of Banks Peninsula, Akaroa appears little more than a lichen tracery on a crumpled map. (27)

So he writes in "Akaroa – Remote Viewing," with the fine descriptive detail that is characteristic of his observation of landscape and his cognizance of that same land's history.

In a prelude to "Australia Day 2007," Harpeng begins, "Sitting on the back porch, looking south, a thousand miles and more of drought in that direction and to my right twice that much and more (31)." Deprivation and death are the main themes in this work wherein the drought-stricken terrain itself becomes an invasive force. Farther along, the poet introduces us to his deaf brother in a cemetery scene:

I am with my brother and mother. A man in a Hawaiian shirt asks directions. He seems to be subtitling himself, making shy sign language below his chest as he talks to us. We don't know the suburb of the dead he is looking for. The base blue of his shirt is fathoms darker than the sky.

'Do you know him?' My mother signs to my brother and dubs her own soundtrack.

'No,' my brother says.

among the sleeping  
so many  
in unkempt beds

The man in the Hawaiian shirt is already a whole congregation away.  
(32)

The elegiac note is sounded and deepens as this haibun now progresses to Harpeng's grief over his mother's mortality:

Before the road winds up the Marburg Ranges, there's a straight past the place selling potted roses.

'Over there,' (three houses at the foot of a hill) mum says, 'is where the lady lived who made

my wedding bouquet. That year was dry, florists had no flowers, but on the day a flower from here and a flower from there on our wedding date...'

The countryside is once again brittle.

drought  
so much  
forgotten

(33)

One of the most endearing qualities of this book is found in the unguarded but unsentimental tenderness that the poet reserves for members of his family. We meet his brother, again, in "Kaikoura":

At the sea's edge, I estimate compass setting, point out from the rocks,  
push-mower roll one hand out from my heart toward tomorrow. In the grammatic space inhabited by my brother, I make him a thumb-winged plane, palm down, further and further out there. In reply he zig-zags a tutorial pointer across a map in the air. A map on which I see him already gone, barely arrived. Six years since last we met.

We cross the broken scripted rocks: geological glyphs smoothed and pooled by the tide. Surf-washed, wave-worn inlets are littoral character traits in the script. I wave for his attention. He responds, shrugging eyebrows and shoulders. I scoop bucket-fulls of air to my chest, sample it at my lips, then splay fingers from my lips with gastronomic gusto, and a Latin pout. My brother's head and eyebrows rise, drop to a nod's fading echo.

(24)

Quarter Past Sometime collects thirteen haibun and two variations on the sonnet. another form that the poet shows an affinity for. Haibun by the baker's dozen may strike the reader as a slender offering but Harpeng's works are often longer than what one commonly reads in haikai journals. They also employ a complex association of images and very rich diction, circumstances which add to the gravity or density of the individual titles. If I were drawing up a list of the ten most interesting haikai books of the last year, Quarter Past Sometime would rate highly, and is therefore recommended to the reader.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Cigarette Butts and Lilacs by Andrew Riutta. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2008. ISBN 978-0-6151-9445-5. Perfect Bound, 6 x 9 inches, 100 pp., \$16.95 US.

"...some of these poems are black and white negatives that were never nice enough to become photographs in the family albums," writes Andrew Riutta in the preface to his first book-length collection of tanka. "Think not that they are unique stories: they are but a few glimpses of so many homes across America." Those comments are a frank introduction to and honest assessment of the author's matter-of-fact, no-nonsense, unvarnished naturalism and to his gritty and unique voice.

Who cares if my belly  
hangs below my belt?  
At eighty-two  
my grandfather weighed little more  
than a bag of potting soil.

(16)

Andrew Riutta hails from Michigan's Upper Peninsula, a place where

Very little grows  
atop this glacial moraine:  
a few pine trees  
and the dirty-faced children  
who will become their parents. (17)

One constant motif in his tanka collection is the rural poverty and social deprivation that attends his native region as clearly depicted above or in the tough understatement and irony of the following:

All the way  
from the rich side of town  
boys would come  
to be with the girl next door,  
my sister.

(13)

A second constant in Riutta's book is found in the acceptance and grace, the redemption afforded by what is near and dear:

It's difficult to tell  
who's drunk and who's sober  
when you are only five.  
In a field of fireflies,  
my father would let me drive.

(63)

Perhaps no style and no poet is without some fault or limitation. Riutta's tough exterior sometimes cracks under its own weight and lends itself to easy sentiment as in

Small bits of gravel  
mixed with blood and dirt.  
It can be difficult  
for a man to express  
how much he loves his son.

(9)

or he wavers and the trite and precious observation replaces his "slice of life" ethos:

Too broke  
to get my teeth fixed,  
and yet ...  
this evening's snow  
just melts in my mouth.

(91)

Courage and honesty, as well as a muscular and clean style, are the more common characteristics of Riutta's first book, however, as in

of that big gravel pit,  
Up on the rim  
I used to count  
The sandpipers' calls.  
They added up to nothing.

(44)

Cigarette Butts and Lilacs is divided into "two chapters: 'Gravity' and 'Grace'" with roughly 90 tanka, one per page. It possesses the professional production qualities of all Modern English Tanka Press volumes but, more than that, is in possession of a powerful new voice in American tanka and one with its own inimitable tone:

It screeches to a stop,  
this rusty '79 pick-up truck.  
I step out,  
light a cigarette,  
and inhale the lilacs.

(81)

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Scent of Jasmine and Brine by Linda Jeannette Ward. Inkling Press: Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, 2007. ISBN 978-0-9737674-3-8. Perfect Bound, 5 x 8 inches, 116 pp., \$20 Cdn.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The compass of Linda Jeannette Ward's tanka in this new collection will scarcely admit of broad topical or social subjects but focuses, instead, upon the narrower domesticities of a woman's life – her engagement with family, lovers and friends, her confrontation with acts of separation and death, her bittersweet motifs of love fulfilled and love forsaken.

A reader comes away from Scent of Jasmine and Brine, however, with the conviction that Ward's restrictions are self-imposed, that she freely chooses the near-and-dear precisely because she is so receptive and alive to what is intimate. The reader will also appreciate in Ward that certain sign of poetry: the ability to transform the everyday into something new, to make of the commonplace something marvelous:

what world did you inhabit  
Mother  
those final years  
the path through the moongate  
a tangle of vines (52)

wedged behind Mother's photo  
from 1942  
a stranger's love note  
folded over a spray  
of forget-me-nots (54)

Ward writes notably well and frequently on erotic themes:

cover me  
with traces of you  
strange scents and reveries  
unerasable  
as ink spilled on silk (79)

it hasn't stopped  
where your hands  
slid all over me  
a deep humming  
like the aftersound of bells (89)

When this author does falter, as in the following,

last spring's golden koi  
suspended beneath thick ice –  
through days of hampered movement  
sometimes this vague glimmer  
of that imprisoned self (30)

one suspects that the introspective and confined nature of her enterprise is partly to blame and that the "vague glimmer" and "hampered movement" are symptomatic. Where Ward employs this motif of confinement and frustration in a manner that allows her to focus on the larger world, however, her increase in facility is readily apparent:

meeting  
all her obligations  
little by little  
the wildflower garden  
turns to a field of grass (7)

The design and layout of *Scent of Jasmine and Brine* – one tanka per page, four approximately equal sections – complement the poet's graceful and delicate gift, so replete with fine sensory perceptions and sensual airs:

from our final  
seaside rendezvous  
only this:  
scent of jasmine and brine  
I cannot brush from my hair (104)

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

*stepping stones* by Janice M. Bostok. Post Pressed: Teneriffe, Qld., Australia, 2007. ISBN: 978-1921214-07-3. Perfect Bound, 5 x 8 inches, 54 pp., \$15 Aus.

This newest book by Janice M. Bostok, widely-known Australian haïjin, marries prose and verse into a moving memoir of her life as the young mother of an autistic son. *stepping stones*, then, is not a collection of individual haibun as much as it is an episodic summary of two lives with the chief events now related in a factual confessional prose style, now in contemporary free-verse, now in a brief haibun with or without accompanying haiku.

Bostok deftly sketches her son's early problems with spatial orientation in the following way:

When we were out walking and he was in the pusher he would cringe back from bushes which hung over fences onto the footpath .... The shrub would be quite a distance away from him.

This spatial problem became more pronounced after he walked. He also crouched down to go through doorways or ducked to one side. Often when he ran he ran into things or put out his arms as he moved, in the manner of the blind .... Even after he learnt to walk proficiently he would drop down to his hands and knees and crawl through doorways. (22)

The expository detail which serves to establish both background and atmosphere in the narrative of Tony, the poet's son, is sometimes finely nuanced, sometimes raw, and searing:

Travelling with a rigidly autistic child in the car is always a difficult experience at the best of times. Not liking his routine to be interrupted, he would often lie down and go stiff, refusing unequivocally to enter the vehicle. Other times I might get him into his car seat and before I could drive off he would begin to scream until he became so distressed that he would vomit. If he was sick before I actually left the property I could abort the trip and stay home. Many times I simply had to turn the car around a few kilometers down the road ....

Sometimes we made it all the way to town but that would often be a short-lived victory. For arriving in town was merely the beginning. If I drove in the one direction around the shopping block he was happy. If I made a u-turn he would scream .... We always had to appear to be traveling in a circular pattern. (42-43)

With the rich context of the prose for support, Bostok's haiku and tanka resonate deeply:

pregnant again ...  
the fluttering of moths  
against the window

foetus kicks  
the sky to the east  
brilliant

(7)

from a stringy gum –

its leaves showing white  
in the rising westerly wind –  
a crow suddenly hops  
onto the slanting roof

(34)

The expressive haikai passages in the prose – many acceptable as stand alone haibun, with or without attendant haiku – employ many of the techniques that Western haiku also avails itself of: absence of punctuation, quiet understatement and parsimonious phrasing:

another address to locate in an unfamiliar city i can now find my way to the Autistic Centre but accommodation has been offered in an unused nursing home .... at night the kitchen is bleak with windows which look out to a block retaining wall holding a cut-away bank in the hillside most of the nursing home is closed off from use by the fire doors half-way down the long hallway Tony and i the only occupants feeling enclosed i walk towards the glass doors and the main entrance beyond as i walk a ghostly figure in a long night gown approaches from the opposite direction for a moment i feel the panic then i realize as i stand in front of the wide glass doors that my reflection is looking anxiously back at me

(36)

stepping stones is not free of stylistic flaws nor perfect in its overall construction but deficiencies in form here find compensation in the courage and honesty wherewith Bostok addresses a deeply personal and difficult subject, her manner rising at times to the acute elegiac tone of

i look at my son a rosebud that didn't unfurl plucked too soon perhaps a bud which cannot blossom ....

(52)

This book, in the end, may be less aesthetic manifesto than a document of the frailty of the human condition and its redemption by love. I commend it to the reader as such, with the fine one-line haiku which serves as its sub-title:

sun on the stepping stone the distance deceiving

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The Woman without a Hole & Other Risky Themes from Old Japanese Poems: 18-19c senryu . . . (also available as) Octopussy, Dry Kidney & Blue Spots: or senryu compiled, translated and essayed, by Robin D. Gill. Paraverse Press. Perfect bound, 7 x 10 in., 500 pp, few illustrations (more online).

Indexed by first lines and subject matter (*Outrageous Ideas & Gross Things*), with glossaries of Japanese literary terms and body parts. Available at Amazon.com or B&N online for \$30.

If you like sex, dislike the holier-than-thou attitude of haiku educators, want to disobey the command that haiku must be Zen inspired, and have long wondered that the sexiest haiku the Japanese can come up with – at least in translation – read Robin D. Gill's latest book.

With his usual bravado, Gill rips aside the noren (curtains – get used to reading in two languages – it is a book of translation) and bares all. Finally someone dares to show to us foreigners their haiku, in the bath, the brothel, the bed and the fields.

Gill, who has gathered and translated over 7000 haiku about sea slugs, cherry blossoms, flies and the New Year, has finally taken on the hitherto untranslated dirty poems of a society where poetry and sex meet in ways you must read to believe. He calls them “dirty senryu,” but I will refer to all three-line poems as haiku, because that is the form and I believe the haiku (what specialists may call haikai) form is huge and elastic enough to encompass all human feelings or observations without pejorative sub-division.

For English readers, there has been considerable confusion about the way the Japanese categorize and name and rename their simple short-form poems. Gill ponders and examples the many puzzling terms – the main discussion being in the bulk of the foreword, oddly relegated to the appendix – and finally sums up his selection as “dirty senryu,” which is a pity, for ten or twenty percent of the poems are the capping verses from *maekuzuki*, verses from *renga* or even folk songs, all of which Gill translates as they are meant to be, as raw as the head of an emerging baby (there actually is one mentioning such!), rather than losing them in the usual pretty phrasing of modern translation or, worse, bowdlerizing them into haiku.

Ah, but you, dear Reader, do not want to know about wars of definition and naming woes. I did mention sex. There is plenty of it here in *The Woman without a Hole*. Perhaps you are wondering whom or what is a woman without a hole? She was a poet of love and she has her own chapter. I will say no more. How about inventive devices, ways of masturbation? You will discover a brave new world of it in old Japan. There is no way or means of sex not covered in this book. It is the *Karma Sutra* of the Japanese, only in verse, and both translated and explained with more good humor and delight than ever before.

Robin D. Gill is truly one of our best translators of the Japanese into English. He is more accurate than Blyth, more discerning than Donald Keene, a better haiku poet in English than Lucien Stryk, and far sexier than Hiroaki Sato. The only one who even comes close to the level of Gill's translations is Makoto Ueda and Gill has learned from him. But Ueda cannot relax and meet us on our ground. Gill can. He also does something no translator to my knowledge has ever done. For many poems, Gill gives two to six variations (in another book, he gave twelve!) of his translations. Odd, perhaps, but they work because they show better than any commentary how rich our languages (Japanese and English) are when it comes to sex.

Sex. Gill deserves more kudos for it, too. A writer of “chick lit” I know has said that writing about the sex is the hardest part. Each reader seems to have a built-in level of “acceptable” terms for describing sex and if the author leaps over that line, mouths turn down and the book is closed. If the descriptions are too general the reader is not aroused and loses interest. Gill has done a fascinating tightrope walk, letting the original poem, i.e., its degree of finesse or rudeness; determine his terms for sex, the participants, and their body parts. Genius. Thus, the reader is treated to the whole range of possibilities. And, in addition to the multiple translations and glosses of the poem (usually kanji, romaji, and word-

for-word), Gill does something the conventional invisible translator takes pains to avoid: he occasionally entertains us by explaining words and ideas tested but abandoned on the way, allowing us to feel we, too, know what's what.

Gill does not assume that readers do not want to no more than they have to. He thinks readers will want to enjoy some of the adventure, or to use the term so loved by critics, the process. So, in his commentary, we often discover how Gill came to know these fascinating bits of the Japanese's hidden sexual practices: these tidbits are rich enough by themselves to be a book. To leave the Japanese as naked as he is, this man bares all of his humanity.

Reviewing a book with thirty chapters, all about sex or body parts below the belt, leaves the reviewer with a special problem: how can I pick examples of the poems without revealing my own sexual interests? So, I shall open it at random (not a bad way to approach a book more like a stream than a highway). Whew! On the first try, – we have one for the family web site:

shiri kara wa iya da to jisan o hana ni kake (the book has Japanese above)  
rear-from-as-for no/yuck is says special-dowry [acc] nose-on-placing

I may be a dog  
she says, but no doggy style  
on my money!

no doggy style  
for me, says dowry, noseless  
nose held high

no doggy style  
she says, knowing a dowry  
has face value

no, not doggy-style  
you better do me right!  
her dowry makes cruel  
demands at night

The dowry is a new bride married only because her parents had extra money to cover her lacking features. She and a man suffering from phimosis are married in chapter 19, "Ugly 'Dowry' & Hooded Turtles." Translating in the mid-twentieth century, Blyth did not introduce these poems because of censorship, and we are not yet free of it, are we?

Often the best parts of the poem are the essays, notes, and comments on it. I enjoy observing Gill's mind move from one poem to another. Like reading a renga, it is fascinating (if you can get your mind off the sex) to study his leaps and how they are formed. His author photo at Red Room shows him pole-vaulting in a bamboo grove, and his mind does indeed leap around a lot, and for all the wonderful exercise it provides, he leaves us behind at times when he forgets that many of his readers may not be as intelligent and well-read as he is. Not everyone knows both Japanese and English, or has read, and remembered so much of Shakespeare and other English poets.

Gill does not pretend to offer the last word or a definitive analysis of what a haiku, senryu, maeku, or zappai is, but he does give the reader enough relevant material to form his or her own, hopefully tentative opinion. Not all will approve of this Wiki wackiness, but Gill's open, growth-oriented

approach is surely the future for all education in an age where continual on-line updating – if you have time, do not forget to see his errata and glosses online at Paraverse.org – is possible.

Yes, this reviewer is biased! Very much so. I feel Robin D. Gill is the best highway we have into the Japanese mind and poetry and it is the shame of our art/poetry scene that he has to publish these marvelous, magnificent books himself. If you cannot afford to pay his printer's bill, at least show your appreciation for his work by buying it. Not that it will put you out of pocket, either. Price is something I do not generally mention in a review, but one reason Gill publishes himself is to keep the price down, way down compared to most books of similarly complex design with abundant Japanese in the body of the text published by academic presses or all but the largest publishers. This most recent work with 1,300 poems on 500 essay and translation-packed pages retails for only \$30. So buy this book as a contribution to the culture of translation, your good-deed-of-the-week and for years of pleasurable reading as your sexual (and literary) needs develop and change.

Afterword: Do not be confused by the two titles for this book. Like Whitman with his multitudes in the gross generosity of his mind, Gill could not settle on just one title, so some copies have The Woman title in front and the Octopussy in back, and vice versa. No matter which one you pick up, the text pages, each and every one designed by the author, are all the same – all great.

Reviewed by Jane Reichhold

Indian Haiku: A bilingual anthology of haiku written by 105 poets from India. Compiled, edited, and translated by Dr. Angelee Deodhar. Chandigarh, India, Spring 2008. Perfect bound, 4.5 x 7 inches, 70 pages, Sanskrit and English on facing pages.

Again Dr. Angelee Deodhar has given the haiku literature of India an incredible gift. In addition to all her other efforts, now she has collected haiku from poets of India, even those living in other parts of the world. Lynx readers will recognize the name of R. K. Singh. His haiku is:

Her lonely grief  
melts in the candle wax  
evening's dark floor

While many of the haiku exhibit more clearly other forms of literature, the beauty of the Indian soul and its gentle measure of the world comes across perfectly as haiku. This poem by Dr. Bindu Ji Mahara, while joyfully smashing the old rule about not personifying nature, gives a marvelous image and states in a haiku something I have observed but never found the words to fit the state.

seeing spring  
the lazy bud  
has opened its eyes

A better or more haiku-like poem also concerns seeing but correctly made the personification so ambiguous that it can apply to lakes, lilies, and persons.

lotuses bloom  
the lake has opened  
a thousand eyes

Ramakant Shrivastav

As with any anthology, each reader will find poems to admire and poems that cry out for a greater understanding of haiku. Still, we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Angelee Deodhar for her patience, work, and investment in bringing haiku into another culture. It is possible and she proves it with this book.

Reviewed by Jane Reichhold

Mireasma De Tei Fragrance of Lime, renga poems by Magdalena Dale and Vasile Moldovan. Editura Fat-Frumos, Bucuresti, 2008. Perfect bound, color cover, 5.5 x 8 inches, 104 pages, ISBN: 973-552-85.

Mireasma De Tei Fragrance of Lime, an anthology of linked poems, brings in English and Romanian, renga, tan renga and individual and sequences of haiku from these two authors who are already well-known beyond the borders of Romania. The tan-renga were already published in Lnyx and both of the authors have had their tanka published around the world.

The book is well-paced offering at first a shorter 24-link renga and then launching into the heart of the book – a series of kasen renga. The pair exhibits their skills then with several rengay, and even tan renga, with a desert of a haiku sequence by Vasile Moldovan and a linked haiku and tanka sequence by Magdalena Dale.

Having both the English and Romanian on facing pages makes the reader feel that it is possible, almost, to read the poems in both languages. Our thanks however, for the translation work that opens the poems to those of us not fluent in Romanian.

Reading the poems one has the feeling that they were written in English. Very seldom is a slight twist of grammar or word usage that reveals the foreign origin. It is so seldom that it actually adds to the charm of the poems. The writers have thoroughly studied renga and understand the methods and ways so competently that the poems exhibit the best use of images and linkage. Here is a sample of one of the tan renga:

REMEDY

Remedy against  
our loneliness  
two cups of tea. . . VM

Alluring aroma with  
bitterish-sweet taste MD

Reviewed by Jane Reichhold

Moments by Gillena Cox. Author's House: 2007. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 8.5 inches, 66 pages, full color illustrations by Gillena Cox, Preface by Michael Baribeau, with poem by Cindy Tebo.

This generously sized book with its large psuedo-hand printed font, and colorful illustrations has the simplicity and invitation of a child's book, and yet the haiku poems reveal an adult with a firm faith in God and active relationship with the glories of that association.

the evening sky  
sunflowers  
bow

Gillena Cox lives in St. James, Trinidad of the Republic of Trinidad and Tobago so there is a flair of island living in the tropics also in her poems. The mother of two adult children she now spends her time with Scrabble and photographing scenes without people in them.

I love the back page, so often marred by blurbs by unknown poets saying untrue or unkind things, but in Gillena's book the whole white page is crossed by one sentence, seemingly written by pencil by hand – "Moments is a book of haiku poems." That says it all!

Reviewed by Jane Reichhold

Birds and Felines. Haiku by Giselle Maya and June Moreau. Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France E-mail contact. Preface by Michael McClintock, calligraphy by Yasou Mizui. Hand-tied handmade papers, 6.5 x 9 inches, 40 pages, illustrated. Price \$25; postage \$7.

How good it is to take into one's hands the softness of handmade papers and on the pages one haiku floating in the generosity of all that space. Even though the title indicates poems by both of these accomplished authors, the poems bear no indication of who wrote what – that is selflessness!

The first poem, faced with an etching of the crown cranes of Japan in mating display:

grass pillow  
of intricate dreams –  
birds in flight

Giselle, with her strong ties to Japan (she lived there and studied the way of tea and flower arranging) brings together, in this the fifteenth book in her series, Oriental sensitivity and Western innovation and boldness. The haiku, whether hers or June's, are touching for their observation, and perfection in their execution.

Reviewed by Jane Reichhold

History and other Poems from a Danish Exile by Don Ammons. Poetry Monthly Press: 2008. Poetry Monthly Press, 39 Cavendish road, Long Eaton, Nottingham, NG10 4HY Great Britain, Staple bound, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 40 pages, £5, ISBN:978-1-906357-19-1.

Don and I have known each for many years, but because he lives in Denmark, perhaps that is the reason, his work is not as well-known in the States as it should be. As Introduction he has on the back

of this book: “Don Ammons was born in Georgia, U.S.A. He was a paratrooper in the United States Army for six years. He has lived in Germany, Canada and now Denmark. He has been a published writer since 1988, publishing short stories, poems and criticism in magazines in Great Britain and America. A “late bloomer,” book-wise, History is only his second collection.”

The reader will not find any haiku or tanka in this book, but will be able to enjoy poems that bring the immediacy and finely based observation of images learned from these poetry forms. Rereading the poems as the book leans on my desk easel I want to quote to you the longer one such as “I KNEW A WOMAN BY A SOUTHERN SEA” and the goose-pimple tingling “THE GIFT (THE THIRD NIGHT)” and “THE SEA, FLOOR SMOOTH.” Instead I bring you the brevity of RHYMED INTERLUDE which I hope will serve as introduction to the excellence of Don Ammon’s poems and encourage you to get the book to read and to have them all.

### RHYMED INTERLUDE

Her  
Hair  
Fine  
Flaxen  
Strands  
Streaking  
Breasts  
Blushed  
Warm  
Welcoming  
Fevered  
Frolic

Reviewed by Jane Reichhold

The Whole Body Singing. Published on behalf of the Quendryth Young by DRAGONWICK, PO Box 4210, Goonellabah NSW 2480, Australia printed and bound in Australia by Southern Cross University Printery, Lismore

This is a deferred poetic debut and maybe for this reason it is a debut of great vigor and artistic maturity. The author, Quendryth Young, was devoted to traditional and free verse prior to writing haiku, and was admitted to the degree of Writing Fellow of the Fellowship of Australian Writers in 1998. She was one of three co-authors of the poetry anthology My Days’ Circle, published in 1994, and her own collection, Naked in

Sepia, was published ten years later. This temperate way is in compliance with the Latin dictum “festina lente” and it helps the poet to appear with a beautiful and bright book, like a pearl which has been polished for a long time.

First of all, Quendryth Young learnt haiku from the Japanese masters of the genre. For example, the mirror, which is one of the three symbols of the Japanese spirituality, is aptured with a remarkable talent:

mirror...

a praying mantis  
genuflects

The best poems of Nippon inspiration are written in the theme and spirit of the Matsuo Basho. Like another Nippon master, Kobayashi Issa, Young has the quality to humanize nature, as in this haiku:

a frog  
in the body's hand  
poised to jump

Australia is a land surrounded by water. It is natural that the land and the water of this vast country appear in her poetry in many aspects: dark beach, beach sunrise, handful of sand, water's edge, seaweed, high tide, dawn surf and so on. Two of the most simple and beautiful haiku about the ocean belong to Quendryth Young:

water's edge	clouded sky
the ocean overflows	rainbow colours
his bucket	in ocean foam

But in our opinion the poet's masterpiece is a haiku about land, about one's last resting place:

village cemetery  
our shadows follow us  
grave to grave

Up shadows, down shadows. It is a miraculous play of the life and the death in the village cemetery. Here is certainly a sublime poem. The book ends with a haibun entitled "Mount Warning". In a long poem in her poetry book "Naked in Sepia", Young presents Mount Warning like an Eden's garden. In her haiku book "The Whole Body

Singing", she comes back to this volcanic mountain, wild and beautiful, located inland from Tweed Heads in Northern NSW. The aboriginal people call it Wollumbin, meaning "cloudcatcher". Captain Cook named it Mount Warning in May 1770, during his trip up the east coast of Australia.

In 2004 the author, together with the poets John Bird and Nathalie Buckland, recognized their special affinity with Wollumbin, and the "Wollumbin Haiku Workshop" was formed. Following the example of Japanese poets who consider Mount Fuji a holy mountain, Quendryth Young and her literary colleagues have adopted Wollumbin (Mount Warning) as a symbol of Australian haiku within this area.

The haibun "Mount Warning" ends the book in a happy mood. It is, like the book as a whole, a hymn to the Australian natural world, and to the haiku poetry inspired by this relief, so singular and in consequence so poetic.

A reproach directed to the author is the absence of kireji. In fact it exists, but it isn't marked in a graphic way, but only by implication. Punctuation marks would give more clarity to the poems which are so beautiful and different from those of other poets.

Although a newcomer, writing in English, and with an Anglo-Saxon perspective, Quendryth Young speaks in the authentic and universal voice of haiku.

Linda Papanicolau, Raffael de Gruttola, editors Modern English Tanka Press, Baltimore, MD

Modern Haiga is the latest venture from the inexhaustible Denis Garrison and his Modern English Tanka Press. Assisted by an editorial board composed of Alexis Rotella, Liam Wilkinson, Linda Papanicolau, and Raffael de Gruttola, all of whom are likely to be known to regular readers of tanka and haiku, it has adopted the innovative format of an organic online anthology published on a flow basis, from which selections will be made for an annual print anthology. Art books being notoriously expensive and demanding an uncommon set of skills, only a few of them have been produced. Most of them have focused exclusively or principally on haiku. Modern Haiga includes tanka and other forms of short poetry, although the majority is haiku so far.

Haiga has certain established principles, but editor Denis M. Garrison has made clear that Modern Haiga is open to all treatments in the illustration of short poetry. The term 'illustration' is apt, many of the works present combinations of words and images in which the image merely illustrates the poem. Generally speaking, such simplistic treatment is considered insufficient in haiga as it is traditionally practiced in the west, yet some of the illustrative tanka are quite effective. In Alexis Rotella's 'ikebana', a image of a Japanese flower arrangement featuring bamboo and anthurium is combined with the tanka:

Years since  
you crossed  
my mind  
and then like a knife  
the anthurium heart.

In this case, the image of the poem connects to the image in the graphic, but is not a literal representation. The anthurium heart of the poem is a metaphor for something else, and so the combination of an anthurium heart with a pair of bamboo stems in the image provides a visual shock to echo the emotional shock.

Another good example of the illustrative kind of haiga is Susan Constable's haiku:

New Year's Day - dawn breaks the sky wide open

Illustrated by a vista of a mountain scene, the pale blue sky and bright white snow cap provides a concrete image that was left unspecified by the poem. Almost any scene could have been used to illustrate the haiku, but the choice of a mountain scene imbues it with a certain majesty. Constable goes one step further by breaking the photograph into a triptych—the image is broken in a different way from the sky of the poem, yet the pale blue background of the image echoes the poem's sky. Thus has the poet played with multiple meanings, creating an subtle interplay between image and poem that enhances both.

The same interplay is not present in most of the illustrative tanka. Suffice it to say, the combination of words and pictures does not add anything new to either, nor exhibit any clever formatting or composition ideas. While all of the selected works are enjoyable, there are a great many of them on the site, and so the reader becomes weary with the sameness.

Several of the works are not illustrative. Instead, the poem and graphic are linked, but independent of one another. An example is Liam Wilkinson's 'harbourmaster.' A black and white photograph of a window with a large sign reading 'HARBOURMASTER' is accompanied underneath by the haiku

one last kiss  
before the tide and I  
go out

A lesser poet would have been tempted to include human figures and depict the parting scene, but Wilkinson has resisted the obvious. The harbormaster's window and the tide in the poem both place the encounter at the seashore, so the reader is able to image various scenarios. Is the speaker in the poem the harbormaster himself? A passenger? A fisherman? How long is he going out? And who is he kissing and leaving behind? The black and white photograph with its barred window gives a vague sense of unease to a poem that on the surface appears light-hearted. The more one studies the combination of the two, the more possibilities occur to the reader. Perhaps it is a wartime poem, and the speaker is a young man going to sea. Or perhaps the speaker is an old fisherman whose livelihood is being lost.

The apt combination of image and poem serves to ask more questions than it answers, which is why juxtaposition in word and image is so highly valued in haiga. In merely illustrative combinations all the questions are answered, leaving no room for the reader's imagination.

Juxtaposition is not the only technique that makes a successful haiga. Sometimes the combination is even more abstract, as in Raffael de Gruttola's 'arpeggios.'

distant  
arpeggios  
the ant's afternoon

Poetry: Raffael de Gruttola  
Image: Wilfred Croteau

Croteau's non-representational art suggests a stalk and twigs, but can't be definitively asserted as such. They are brown and black streaks on subtly colored paper that suggests, but does not mandate such an interpretation. That ants crawl upon sticks and twigs reinforces the idea, but there is no actual ant in the image. Had it been paired with a poem about thunder and lightning we could have easily accepted it as an abstract representation of those phenomena as well. The poem's name 'arpeggios' adds yet another layer of abstraction and complexity—the angular swishes are suggestive of the motions of a conductor's baton. Within the poem the speaker is perhaps noticing classical music being played while observing an ant, but just as possibly, the speaker is utilizing arpeggios as a metaphor for the activity of the ants. Or something else . . .

Multivalence is a hallmark of the very best short tanka and haiku, and is likely to become equally important to fans of their illustrated versions. Hopefully, the print annual will focus on showcasing the finest examples from the website, but in the meantime, the website offers an interesting laboratory to experiment and experience a great variety of approaches to illustrated short poetry.

Reviewed by M. Kei

offne Ferne by Gerd Börner, Ideedition, Hamburg, Germany, 2008 ISBN: 978-3-9812095-0-1. Perfect Bound, 12:19 cm, 166 pp, Euro 13.- post paid.

After the stunning success of his last book, Hinterhofhitze (backyard heat), in 2005, Ideedition published his second book, titled offne Ferne (open distance).

Set one a single page, we have the pleasure to read some of his best haiku and tanka.

Furthermore, Gerd Börner took on the challenges combining prose and verse, resulting in a variety of examples pushing ahead new perspectives not seen before in German literature.

Reviewed by Werner Reichhold

Jane Reichhold: Ten Years Haikujane. 84 Seiten. AHA Books, 2008. ISBN 978-0-944676-45-5 \$12. postpaid in USA oder via E-Mail: jane@ahapoetry.com

Soeben erschien Jane Reichholds neuestes Buch: „Ten Years Haikujane“. Seit 1992 schreibt Jane Reichhold im Independent Coast Observer, Gualala, einer wöchentlich herausgegebenen Regionalzeitung, eine Kolumne unter dem Pseudonym haikujane. In jedem Beitrag ist ein Haiku eingearbeitet, das den Text krönt oder am Ende den Leser mit auf eine neue Ebene nimmt. Das jetzt vorliegende Buch ist die Sammlung aller Haiku, die in den Jahren von 1999 bis 2008 entstanden und im ICO erschienen sind.

2003

petals  
the candle flames lit  
by spring

In der Einleitung zu diesem Buch erzählt die Autorin vom glücklichen Ankommen, vom „Getting here“ in ihrer Wahlheimat in den Ridge von Gualala, Kalifornien.

2004

in the creek  
I the rock am  
home again

Ihre Liebe zum Meer, zu den Bergen und den Menschen ihrer nächsten Umgebung schufen Haiku, die in den vergangenen zehn Jahren zum wichtigen Bestandteil ihrer schriftstellerischen und publizierenden Arbeit wurden.

2006

low tide  
room enough  
for everything

Jane Reichholds Haiku haben die Diskussion über die japanischen Regeln, längst hinter sich gelassen: Wir finden neben den Kigo-Haiku auch solche Texte, die ohne Jahreszeiten-Bezug nicht nur überzeugen, sondern uns auf eine intensive Art und Weise haiku erleben lassen. Auch das Schema der japanischen sound units spielt in ihren englischsprachigen Haiku keine Rolle mehr.

2007

in the dark  
music for each alone  
together

Jane Reichhold hat bisher über dreißig Bücher herausgegeben. Welch ein erneuter Gewinn, jetzt in einem Buch zehn Jahre Haiku-Dichtung nachlesen und nacherleben zu können. Das neue Buch der international wohl bekanntesten Haiku-Dichterin, Jane Reichhold, erfüllt das Versprechen sowohl des Wiedersehens als auch das der ersten Begegnung mit wunderbaren Haikutexten.

2008

every new leaf  
makes it smaller  
beach path

Reviewed by Gerd Börner

Modern English Tanka Press Launches Atlas Poetica : A Journal of Poetry of Place in Modern English Tanka

The premiere edition of Atlas Poetica : A Journal of Poetry of Place in Modern English Tanka includes over 500 poems from 42 poets representing more than 20 countries and 12 languages. New from Modern English Tanka Press, the Atlas brings a new level of innovation, artistry, and appreciation to poetry of place in the tanka form and its variants. With the launching of the Atlas Poetica, we invite all readers to see the places of the world through the eyes of poets, and to find in poetry the maps that will lead them to explore the multitude of meanings manifest in their own special places.

Baltimore, Maryland – February 25, 2008 – Following the tremendous interest raised by its Landfall anthology, Modern English Tanka Press launched Atlas Poetica : A Journal of Poetry of Place in Modern English Tanka to further explore tanka poetry of place from around the world. Edited by M. Kei, the inaugural issue features content in twelve languages by more than forty poets from around the world. A unique feature of the journal is side by side presentations of poetry in its native language and

English translation. The 8.5" x 11" format provides ample room for tanka sequences, sets, and prose, as well as the traditional individual format.

About the Editor: M. Kei lives in Perryville, Maryland, USA, where he crews on board a skipjack, a traditional wooden sailboat used to dredge for oysters on the Chesapeake Bay. His intense love for the intersection of land and water and the people who live and work there informs his work as editor of Atlas Poetica. He previously edited Fire Pearls : Short Masterpieces of the Human Heart (Keibooks, 2006), and has published over six hundred tanka poems and two hundred and fifty other poems. He compiles the bliography of English-Language Tanka, as well as A History of Tanka Publishing in English, and various articles. For media inquiries or to arrange an interview with the editor, contact M. Kei by e-mail. Publication information at: [www.AtlasPoetica.com](http://www.AtlasPoetica.com). Publisher information at: [www.ModernEnglishPress.com](http://www.ModernEnglishPress.com).

This journal is available from <http://stores.lulu.com/modernenglishtanka> and from major booksellers; or from the publisher. Complete information and mail order form are available online at [www.modernenglishtankapress.com](http://www.modernenglishtankapress.com).

Price: \$12.95, two issue subscription: \$25.00. ISSN: 1939-6465. 76 pages, 8.5" x 11", perfect binding, 60# cream interior paper, black and white interior ink, 100# exterior paper, full-color exterior ink.

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Report on the  
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The Sixth Annual ukiaHaiku Festival Celebration and Awards Ceremony was again held in the Ukiah Conference Center at 200 School Street on April 27 from 2 – 4 p.m. The event was opened with remarks from John McCowen, Council Member, in which he reinforced the concept of making Ukiah the haiku capitol by sprinkling his comments with his own apt and well-made haiku.

David Smith-Ferri, the Poet Laureate of Ukiah, was chosen on the basis of his newest book, *Battleground Without Borders: The Iraq Poems* of his encounters with the people of Iraq before and now during the Occupation. The book's website.

As Poet Laureate it is his job to coordinate the whole festival and with the help of his wife, Sherrie Smith, he welcomed the crowd of over 300 of all ages. From him we learned this festival was dedicated to Dori Anderson, the retired librarian of the Ukiah branch who had died in last fall. It was her idea to encourage the spread of the poetry genre haiku and connect it with Ukiah and from her enthusiasm and encouragement; the Poet Laureate Committee took on the job. Nearly 1500 haiku for the various contests were received from nine states, Canada, New Zealand, and Romania generating the thought that maybe the name should be changed to the “ukiaHaiku Festival International.”

David Smith-Ferri then introduced the keynote speaker, Donna Kerr, the Willets-based Mendocino County librarian by asking her to first recount her memories of working with Dori Anderson. Kerr gave a warm and glowing account of the way Dori Anderson worked and got others to work. It was very inspiring.

Donna Kerr began her talk by comparing the writing of haiku for a contest to an “extreme sport” because of the many rules to be learned and observed and the high quality the winning poems were expected to have. Briefly, in her warm chatty way, she covered all the important points of haiku reading and writing.

The musical entertainment was by the Chinese Orchestra from the Developing Virtue School led by Agis Gan who remarked “Ukiah is as small as haiku itself.” The composition the 25-piece orchestra performed was a traditional Chinese melody played on authentic instruments.

Fran Resendez, read her engaging and instructive poem, “After The Contest, I Console My Non-Winning Haiku” to warm applause.

Sherrie Smith-Ferri then introduced the members of the Poet Laureate Committee and judges of this year’s contest: Michael Riedell, Dan Barth, David Smith-Ferri, Armand Brint, Eliza Wingate, Kate Marianchild, Donna Kerr, and Jane Reichhold.

Then came the moment all the wiggly children were waiting for. For each contest, beginning with the K – 3 Grade all topics, the present winners came to the front and read or spoke their haiku into the lowered microphone. In each category books were awarded for first place and, certificates given for the second and third places and three honorable mentions. Then Dan Barth introduced the winners of the 4 – 6 Grade all topics and the 10 – 12 Grade. Each of these sections then had another set of winners whose poems were about Ukiah.

The adult winners were in three categories: Haiku about Ukiah, traditional form and contemporary. To quote from Zack Sempsel’s article in the Ukiah Daily Journal: “While presenting the winner of the adult contemporary haiku category, Jane Reichhold, overcome with emotion, had to pause while reading aloud the creation of Sylvia Forges-Ryan – a tribute to fallen soldiers:

A soldier's headstone –  
between one date and another  
so short a line”

The other contemporary haiku winners were: Second Place – Earnest Berry, New Zealand; Third Place – Barbara Snow, Eugene OR; First and Third Honorable Mention – Kirsty Karkow and Second Honorable Mention – Garry Gay. The winners in the Adult, Traditional may be known to Lynx readers. First Place – Timothy Russell, Toronto, Ohio; Second Place Barbara Mackay, Fort Bragg; Third Place - Eduard Tara, Iasi, Romania; Honorable Mentions – Mickey Chalfin, Albion; Sherry Weaver-Smith, San Ramon; Catherine J.S. Lee, Eastport, ME.

Afterwards everyone gathered around the refreshments table and then began reading all the entries submitted to the contest which had been mounted on large sheets and pinned to the wall. There was a book table and a display of origami by Louise Yale, from the Ukiah Folding Organization (UFO). The Poet Laureate Committee had copies of booklets of all the winning poems and their authors available for \$5 which goes to finance next year's event.

rows of folding chairs  
scattering of young poets  
sitting on their hands

coolest young winners  
enjoying their big moment  
air conditioning

feeling fidgety  
her hat magically appears  
a folded program

trooping up to stage  
reliving winning moment  
many knees knocking

Mickey Chalfin

Transliteration of the German Introduction to Cyberpoesie, 2007  
Werner Reichhold – [www.wernerreichhold.com](http://www.wernerreichhold.com)

The two works presented as online books on the website, are titled Cyberpoetry for the English text, and Cyberpoesie for the works in German. They went online on September 11, 2007, and contain the poems from the years 1989-2007.

Many of the well-known poetic genres appear here in a new way put together as inter-genre poetry. Arranged in sequences, the genres meet in a mysterious order with and against each other, lift themselves up, fall upon each other, drift out of balance, change their paradigm and return loaded with new perspectives. They seem to dissolve until surprisingly help is at hand to get them back on their feet. In Cyberpoetry, we follow a mixture of verbal forms blending into each other just as if to build a

new home. Here every single genre can prove itself to become a valuable member of a team that all together constitutes a different poetic installation. Time-tested line orders are at one location preserved, at other occasions destroyed. When a single integrated genre survived it was because it made it through a successful passage as part of a poetic strategy in which it defended its right and place according to a number of so far untested sensibilities.

The genres want to give their best even if it will be the end of them. If they don't love each other anymore then they may express hate as a part of many promising tongued pleasures. The remains of older customs, former agreements, and superstition are bashfully hiding because of fear that a progressive line above could chop them down like an axe. The end of the genres will be steered against by the resurrection of this inter-genre poetry. Whether it will serve our conception of the oneness of all appearances in nature – that must be proven.

In Cyberpoetry, verse forms from the Middle East and Far East see themselves being integrated. They trust themselves to be ordered by their neighbors' behavior, feel protected where they alone had been threatened with isolation. From that position, where they now care for the movement inside an enlarged textual concept, they stand for the greater poetic architecture in the smallest space. Fairy tales and fables, free verse, ghazal, haiku, tanka, and renga, even reports, lessons and sketches blend themselves to work simultaneously by making us forget their secretive past.

Throughout the years of expanding insights into foreign cultures and languages, the author's decision to use either English or German happened without intent, without a controlled voting process. The chosen language or the written form followed an inner concept that is almost identical to processes in Werner Reichhold's oeuvre of drawings and three-dimensional steel installations created and exhibited in the years of 1958-1990.

When the works of a single author appear in two languages they obviously toss around questions as such:

- a)  
Does one language retreat back in order to leave the other one advance to a more promising effect?
- b)  
Related things could be said in both languages, in English or in German. However the construction of our eyes, ears and tongues up to the conversions in the delta of our nerve bundles wish to differentiate. Therefore a poem composed in English works to a different effect than a text arranged in German.
- c)  
Where is stumbling and falling over a text more painful and therefore more helpful?  
In which configuration of language does the speech serve erotic excitement undeniably, urgent?
- d)  
Greetings to surprises: leaps, inconsistencies and paradoxes, as they accompany us in everyday life, wiggle through the fields of the texts, similar to the way an untold number of bacteria and virus do their job in our circulation systems. How to bring them into play?
- e)  
Attempt to show why the silence in one language incites wordiness in the other.
- f)  
What happens when a German writer invents word play in English?
- g)  
Whereto does it lead the reader when, for example, a text from Virginia Woolf or James Joyce (in Cyberpoetry) relates to a later living author who pulls them into a symbiotic work? Does inspiration

gets another kick forward when the living author not only exchanges in a common work but advances to construct an artistic variation of symbiotic poetry?

h)

Which ringing over the spoken word above the original happens when the vocal voice would be symbiotically extended, for example in the German Sequence # 2?

i)

What would come to light by filming the English sequence #1?

Today, whoever thinks about his/her own work in the fields of literature loves to borrow the computer as a tool and welcomes its innate potential. Fossil forests / their oil, coal and uranium - they are the sources of energy that now come into play; we bow down before them. It is in the computer where light becomes a medium; it permits on the screen a display of script. In a smoothly steered manner the vertical column of the script can be scrolled out of the stored cache. Who wishes to lead our thinking and business in a new way, can productively interfere with ready-made material. In the offer lies the possibility that texts and pictures can be rearranged after one's own intentions and immediately printed out. Whoever has an archive of photo or video material is invited into the work areas of symbiotically enlarged poetry.

**FINIS**