

**LYNX**  
A Journal for Linking Poets

XVIII:3, October, 2003

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## BOOK REVIEWS:

Short Songs: A Collection of English Tanka Poems by Amelia Fielden. Ginninderra Press: 2003. Saddle-stapled, 6 x 8 inches, 48 pps., three tanka per page, US10.00, including airmail postage, ordered from Amelia Fielden, 10 Delasala Drive, Macquarie Hills, NSW 2285, Australia.

tangled hair: Selected Tanka from Midaregami by Akiko Yosano translated by Sanford Goldstein and Seishi Shinoda. Perfect bound, 5 x 8 inches, 166 pps., romaji and kanji versions, copious notes. Available in bookstores and Amazon.com's z-shops. ISBN:0-88727-373-4.

Partings at Dawn: An Anthology of Japanese Gay Literature. Edited by Stephen D. Miller. Gay Sunshine Press, San Francisco. Trade paperback, 6 x 9 inches, illustrated, 350 pps., \$19.95. ISBN: 0-940567-18-0.

Reeds: Contemporary Haiga No. 1, 2003. Editor Jeanne Emrich. Lone Egret Press, Edina, Minnesota. Flat spine with full color jacket, 60 pps., 5 x 8 inches, all illustrations in color, July 2003, \$12.00. Lone Egret Press, pob 390545, Edina MN 55435.

Book of Haikus by Jack Kerouac, and edited by Regina Weinreich. Penguin Poets Series, New York: 2003. Paper back, 5 x 6 inches, 200 pps., Introduction and Notes by Regina Weinreich, \$13.00. ISBN:0-14-200264-X.

Year of the Horse: A Renga by Giselle Maya and Edward Baranosky. EUB Publications, Toronto, Canada: 2003. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 48 pps., illustrated, full-color cover, and even comes with a bookmark with a tiny pewter horse and ball on a leather thong. Check with Baranosky for price and ordering details.

Pictures of the Heart: The Hyakunin Isshu in Word and Image by Joshua S. Mostow. University of Hawai'i Press, Honolulu: 1996. Hardcover, 10.5 x 7, 524 pps., illustrated, notes. ISBN: 0-8248-1705-2.

## HAIKU MENTIONS

Bird Song More and More by L.A. Davidson, edited by Vincent Tripi. Swamp Press: printed in 2003. As it says in the colophon: "All printing and binding took place during the downpours of June while the country slid into further depravity." Hand-tied, printed with envelope fold and die-cut window for the wood engraving by Tony Kulik, 5 x 7 inches, 18 pps., \$6.00 plus \$2.00 for postage, ISBN:0-934714-31-2. Order from Ed at Swamp Press, 15 Warwick Road, Northfield, MA 01360.

Dreaming Sunlight: Haiku by Margarita Engle. Published by Feather Books, pob 438, Shrewsbury, England SY3 0WN 9 2003. Saddle-stapled, 24 pps, four haiku per page, 6 x 8.25 inches, \$8.00, ISBN: 1-84175-14-5. Order a signed copy from Margarita Engle, 9433 N. Fowler Ave., Clovis California 93611.

Except perhaps in spring. . . love poems by Robert Gibson. Holly House Publications, Seattle, WA: 2003. Saddle-stapled, 36 pps., artwork by Karen Klein, ISBN: 1-57726-155-0, \$10.50 ppd. from Bob Gibson, 929 H Street, Centralia, WA 98531.

Christmas Gifts in South Japan and other Haiku Essays by Thomas Carroll Heffernan. Saint Andrews Press, Laurinburg, North Carolina: 2003. Flat-spine paper, 5.5 x 8.5, 60 pp., \$11.00. ISBN: 1-879934-80-9.

Inside Out: Haiku and Dreams by Joseph Kirschner. Deep North Press, Evanston, Illinois:2003. Perfect bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 88 pp., ISBN: 1-929116-10-1, \$20.00. Order from Joseph Kirschner, 2157 Ridge Ave., 2 D, Evanston, IL 60201.

Komagane Poems by David Mayer, SVD. Divine Word Missionaries, P.O. Box 6099, Techny, IL60082. Hard cover with dust jacket, 5 x 7.5 inches, 94 pp. \$12.00.

Mount Gassan's Slope: by Ann Newell. Translated into Japanese by Kenichi Sato. Red Moon Press: 2002. Perfect bound, 8 x 8 inches, unnumbered pages, sumi-e by Ann Newell, \$14.95 Order from Nancy Whitham, 3375 N. Baldwin, Portland, OR 97217.

Upstate Dim Sum: Route 9 Haiku Group with guest poet, Michael Dylan Welch. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 34 pp. This chapbook is the latest in a series, published twice a year by the Route 9 Group of Haiku Writers. Contact John Stevenson. P.O. Box 122, Nassau, NY 12123 to subscribe (\$8.00 a year) or order back issues (\$5.00 each).

Returning in Time by Slavica Savli. Translated into English by Adreja Grad. Published by Haiku Balkan, Ljubljana, Slovenia: 2003. Flat-spined paperback, 5 x 8 inches, 60 pps., tri-lingual, ISBN: 961-236-436-2, Introduction by Edin Saracevic. Contact author for copies.

small town by vincent tripi. Tribe Press, Greenfield, Massachusetts: 2003. Hand-tied, jacketed in transparent vellum, 4.75 x 6 inches, 24 mica-sprinkled pages., printing and typesetting by Swamp Press, \$7.00 ppd. Order from Vincent Tripi, 42 Franklin Street, Greenfield MA, 01301.

**ARTICLES AND LETTERS :  
LETTERS TO LYNX**

Dr. Satsuki Ina, FLYING ADAPTATION by Werner Reichhold, Tom Clausen, Jim Fowler, Allan McGill, Vic Gendrano, Carlos Colón, Robert Yellin, marius geerts, Bob Gray, Linda Jeannette Ward, David Rice, Terri Grell Kelly , john hudak Michael Dylan Welch, Carol Purington & Larry Kimmel, Guillermo Compte Cathcart, Helen Sherry, Khizra Aslam Suhni Bell, Mary Lee McClure and Cindy Tebo, Paul Conneally. Guidelines for the FOURTEENTH INTERNATIONAL TANKA SPLENDOR AWARD 2003

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

## WINDIGO

Ed Baranosky

Jen Finlayson

the winter wind  
echoes through empty rooms  
a sleepless bear paces  
    window frost touched to my lips  
    only makes me hungrier

    the old stone chess piece  
    a Viking, fur clad, wild-eyed  
    biting his own shield  
knocked over by the swipe  
of an old chess-master

Icelandic spar  
positioned near a soapstone  
Inuit hunter  
    hardness needed in this cold  
    if broken, I grow sharper

    a fox by moonlight  
    streaking over buried leaves  
    all four feet burnt black  
footprints disappear into  
an empty meadow

the only sound, a vixen  
calls in the cold night wind  
barking to her mate  
    though she yearns for his embrace  
    she knows kisses catch no mice

    winding through the trees  
    aching for some hair to grasp  
    bone-white fingers flex  
around an airplane's  
swept wing shadow

red-eye special  
night flying through a blue moon  
contrails of thunder demons  
    rain drumming like glinting claws  
    inflight dinners cool, untouched

this wasn't sewn in  
the gleam in a toy bear's eyes

the night-light blown out  
cold air-conditioning  
ruffles thin airline blankets

wildflowers  
from another continent  
dropped to the floor  
    their fragrance mixed with book-smell  
    the passage they marked is lost

in the still cold earth  
    newborn cubs shriek; mother tongue  
    licks them into shape  
wandering off the damp pages  
of a cartoon picnic

siblings wrestle  
on a polar bear rug  
in a square den  
    the one pressed to the white fur  
    growling gains the upper hand

under frozen roots  
    voles whisper over seed husks  
    half their store eaten  
baby voles and cubs scurry  
for the shelter of a dreaming mother

early thaw  
amorphous shape of a male bear  
crosses the window  
    what lusty visitor, this?  
    you're early, dear -- come back June  
    he with haunches deep  
    remembers her beneath him  
    scent of brambles, bees  
dream-walker snuffles for food  
stomach growls, more awake

still unconscious  
furry appetites' unlimited  
midnight hunger  
    salmon moon and full belly  
    distant as the night is long

ghosts shiver too near  
    the old dances all they want  
    bonfires, apples, corn  
a forgotten mousetrap snaps

closed, triggered by phantom mice

a violent gust  
blows open the door  
to a deserted cabin  
a nod to the great playwright  
exit, pursued by a bear

bits of fallen hair  
accent ash-filled boot prints  
drag marks gilt with mud  
from bed, to bed, to bed  
a hungry baritone paces the boards

Begun Tuesday, June 17, 2003 8:45 PM  
Completed Thursday, June 26, 2003 1:15 AM.

## **NINA**

Suhni Bell  
Marlene Mountain  
Cindy Tebo

first recital her parents removed from the first row of seats  
a discarded color of america france finds a voice  
somewhere between rock and soul pain has its own sound  
a storyteller with more than one darkside & jagged edge  
when a woman will sing in a world unlikely to want all her words  
la niña through all kinds of weather remembering her music\*

\*nina simone 1933-2003

april 22 2003

## **BURIED AT SEA**

Suhni Bell

Marlene Mountain

buried at sea life lines unravel in the palms of a killer's hands

the rage 'sars' masks with designer prints

a prism sneaks into a storm sneaks into a memory of a storm

dirty relief for the feet of a butterfly weed

prom night another runaway & another date that really sucks

just to set the record straight i always was

stolen from the rr tracks yellow irises now cold and staked

revisionist dictionary the rapist redefines rape

under the guise of haiku a war of pretty words turned petty

car bombs in israel palestinian mothers cry too

a few of the first purples kissed a few of the dying-out kissed

thru the grapevine always more sour grapes

what's not next french or freedom fries at mcdonald's in iraq

road map for peace lost in a maze of ruins

no godliness little cleanliness a spring high in my own nature

that time of month blood is thicker than water

empty nest syndrome the phoebe catches heck for nothing

mud-caked the fragrance of last year's green

third cup of coffee the to-do list added to the waste-of-time list

oops missed dubya's speechwriter's dubya speech

more terrorist alerts somehow less alarmed with each false alarm

when gone will the daylilies have anyone to take care of  
wrapped in so many restless nights even the wind talks in circles  
how to ruin a mountain if it has a top \*  
drums not drugs we follow bumper stickers onto sacred ground  
around the little pond what likes to be around  
tainted evidence the first stagnant slaps of a west Nile summer  
lined up dick-deep to trash Martha and Hillary  
thru the stutters i mean shutters a streak of the morning after  
a perfect age for the new worries

awake before the humidity before the pain before the primroses  
a change of pace something else to step in  
never moonless tho trampled littered flagged and shadowed  
near the window her aloneness  
'both sides' doesn't include me and perhaps a gang of 'the others'\*\*  
chosen vs unchosen who on earth keeps score

\*50 years of ego up Everest

\*\* Simone de Beauvoir: he is the absolute--she is the other

April 26-June 23 2003

### **NINETY-NINE BOTTLES**

Written 11/11/97 - 11/28/02

cc: Carlos Colon

ss: Sue Stanford

ahb: Alex Benedict

akr: Alexis K. Rotella

js: John Sheirer

fa: Fay Aoyagi  
jc: Jeanne Cassler  
mm: Marlene Mountain  
zp: Zane Parks  
rc: Rosa Clement  
abb: Alice Benedict

1cc eleven-member renga ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall

2ss the kids in the bus sing another round

3ahb from the hog's back a better view

4akr turkey sandwich locked in the armored truck

5js holiday dinner sparkling cider for the alcoholic uncle

6fa slipped out to the darkness a parlor maid

7jc last night's costume party secrets swept under the rug

8mm here don my name on the internet boo

9zp whoooooooooooooo quoth the hoot owl evermore

10rc snake on dying vines unseen, not even by attentive eyes

11abb stockholders' meeting question period canceled

12cc taking a page from 'robert's rules of order' rrip

13ss a silent name mottled with lichen

14ahb on a stump in sunlight witch's butter quivers

15akr a tree toad's perfect eye make up

16js silk gloves cover the prom king's hand warts

17fa no murder tonight oriental express

18jc fast food a daily diet death sentence

19mm cnn breaking news cnn breaking leaks cnn breaking rumors

20zp zen exercise putting together a pieceless puzzle

21rc concentration while mending grandma's broken chinese vase

22abb mid-life she acts innocent anyway

23cc hormone imbalance the Flying Wallendas without a net

24ss dolphin safe what to say to ET

25ahb a new initiative the rear guard advances

26akr grape vine she didn't expect it to move so fast

27js another day's depression broken by the weeping willow

28fa each corner of a mah-jong table former POWs

29jc in the bedroom mirror a scar he never knew she had

30mm i can take renga out of japan and japan out of renga

31zp cookies broken we swap fortunes

32rc street man brings the bread, the old dog wags its tail

33 abb new bee dance not much different

34cc from my penny loafers two nickels for the pay phone

35ss dime store pearls bounce with each step

36ahb tattoo on her pinkie he wonders where else

37akr where the sun don't shine a cigar

38fa intelligent dish washer diagnoses its problem

39jc Saturday morning chores divided between siblings

40mm clans regions religions a woman gang-raped

41zp in the corner the class bully wearing a dunce cap

42rc on the farm, the children like to pat the black sheep

43abb Snake River wind empties a paper packet of mandala sand

44cc birdwatcher taking a tern for the worse

45ss brief summer night a jet follows the last eclipse of the millennium

46ahb placated he leaves a tip

47fa in Las Vegas Buddha lost then Jesus lost  
48jc the one-armed bandit meets the one-eyed jack  
49mm disappointment we beer drinkers unable to walk the lines  
50zp by the cash machine a man in black  
51rc the coffee on the beach has more foam  
52abb pinching the places he wants liposuction  
53cc through the vacuum cleaner rattle of a diamonds  
54ss infra-red self-portrait  
55ahb a hacker, his keyboard painted with camouflage patterns  
56fa on Vietnam Monument her twin's names  
57jc in the foxhole the atheist digs a little deeper  
58mm after the fall i get up in the garden ok  
59rc a tulip by the window sprinkling water on the grumpy guy  
60abb "yes, let's get together sometime..."  
61cc crowbar prying redwood from a rotten fence  
62ss dust motes sift down softly  
63ahb just a blink the blue flame from an ember  
64fa Princess Masako finally pregnant  
65jc baby oh baby on the radio a different song but the same words  
66mm 'instant weather by twc' please wait the heat  
67zp when it's finally filled it's lost its chill frosty mug  
68rc milk on his grey mustache his childish look  
69abb subway map YOU ARE HERE almost rubbed off  
70cc pursenapper he tumbles over the turnstile

71ss season ticket - the irony of a beautiful autumn day

72ahb each scene of the play memorized

73fa downloading from INS web-site an application for citizenship

74jc a long list of languages spoken here

75mm american fears wash hands after peeing and checking mail

76zp flawless lawn now the poop is scooped

77rc on visit day they love to sweep the sand that shoes had spread

78abb his disappearance not really a mystery

79cc from under the steamy mirror not the man I thought I was

80ss your favourite Beatle says it all

81ahb the Turing machine to reproduce this is infinitely long

82fa zero plus zero equals zero

83jc casual Friday in the math department a dozen Einstein t-shirts

84mm makes even more sense mother nature

85zp mom concerned raging fires 400 miles south of us

86rc my neighbor's ashes stain the air

87abb moonset - flossing the ones I don't want to lose

88cc my Brady entries absent Alice's fingerprints

89ss out of the loop - tumbledown a wonderland restaurant

90ahb half buried in snow, an old sock

91fa Christmas holiday starts with the silent treatment

92jc not what she said but how she said it

93mm watch out for big ears if you've a subversive gleam in your art

94zp dissent unaloud

95rc a parrot curses our fanatic neighbor's football team

96abb wheelchair waved through security

97cc debilitating sometimes my catholic conscience

98ss war stares from the wardrobe

99ahb three steps at a time up the escalator

## **ECHOES OF RAIN**

Connie Donleycott

Michael L. Evans

winter rain...  
inside the front door  
umbrella puddles

black angel fish  
round and round the mermaid

warm-slipper day...  
the steady trickle  
of brewing coffee

breakfast for two  
pouring pancakes  
into heart-shaped rings

a white blossom floats  
in a crystal bowl

a pair of cranes  
at the waterfall -  
table top fountain

## **REENGINEER**

Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

reengineer hat  
hat fishingear  
cellophane slow  
toe jellopane  
persimmon dish  
fish permission  
porcupine cut  
but Prosperpine  
slathering bone  
stone blithering

blinksmanship cat  
sat blanksmanship  
notionless

motionless

### **OTHER RENS Book IX**

Kris Kondo  
Marlene Mountain  
Francine Porad

Pressed Blossoms:4 (rhymes with or)  
renunderscore  
m f k

"dogwood winter" a reminder not to put away all the blankets

no conversation from Grumps oops! Gramps

so tired but unable to sleep i write yet another verse

beneath the music in the movie politics

a date with the guy on my right refused I poke the guy on my left

not a word of greeting from either side

renobscure  
k m f

new friend from Spokane she's a poet and she drives a train

the beat goes on from a grouse in the woods

they wish to believe vibrations of tuning forks unblock chakras

buried in WHC waterfall of messages 2 from mm

can't believe my eyes in april her lavender iris in full color

undetermined date for a world-wide prayer day

renvisitor  
k f m

from all over the globe poets in Denver for a conference on healing  
a stranger asks: do you need a hug?  
across the wet ground during the night a creature with big paws  
i observe two haiku teams battle on the net  
discovery! new electronic renga partner a mere ferry ride away  
just to hear the nuthatch alone

April 23-29, 2002

Pressed Blossoms:5 (rhymes with or)  
renchore  
f k m

reason for divorce she says he doesn't do chores willingly  
struggling & giving up trying to remember  
it's the easier inside work i run from like a madwoman  
kinda fun ironing that first little hankie  
to country or peasant music chores are not a chore  
in yesterday's dirt-caked clothes today

renancestor  
m f k

true earthlings my hominid family who too soon lost ground  
couples side by side in death as in life  
they plowed the earth and planted crops after deep snows  
from tennessee to oklahoma i'm back  
Grandpa said his grandpa lived to one hundred and fourteen

i still burn incense for all of his and mine

rencontour  
m k f

drawn beyond my thoughts by the shape of everyone's moon

is that mustached profile my estranged?

eyes follow the action guiding the pencil's continuous path

winter profile begins to flesh out of itself

out of the haze of a dream seedlings in the bay window at dawn

silhouette in the glass self-image suffers

renencore  
k f m

some people would rather i didn't play at all let alone an encore

hit 'em again hit 'em again harder harder

state terrorism on the rise a house for a house in my book

dawn dusk dawn dusk dawn dusk dawn...

sunning on a chaise lounge in Mercer Island in Mazatlan

thoughts return to a poem unwritten

April 27-May 3, 2002

**DEMOCRACY**  
Marlene Mountain  
Suhni Bell

democracy tossed about in the wind as a real word/real world

a tighter grip the roller coaster veers right

heartened by the small bit of orange a butterfly already gone  
color-coded alerts waiting for the pink...

no doubt march 8th marchers imprinted in the big boy files  
mounting evidence against pedophile priests

another goddess worshipper makes me wish i had known marija \*

barely on purpose uncovered the deep past

the danger in planting mine fields and then retracing your own steps

the yak-yak revised is saddam dead or alive

a new dance of the seven veils even the impostors have doubles

far longer than i watch them three deer watch me

such a narrow sliver of light at the end of tunnel vision

with god on every side so little room for the devil

shuffling half the deck i accuse myself of cheating at solitaire

spring snow in most of the tv lies to someone else

the economic crisis effects prostitution that really sucks

into the crevices of mother nature her leafy mold

kill and degrade overused so handy the masculine 'soften up'

hiv the only positive news this week

the heat of early spring a piliated low across the bulldozed path

growling over a wishbone two strays

nothing i can do about much one of the four tulips in bloom

something loud in their silence waiting for the cicadas

seen and not heard a female grouse heard but not seen a male

rocky mountain oysters just send me the bill

'baghdad falls' go dubya go with your constitution and calculator

crimson dust soldiers settle into desert sun

dogwood winter restless nature clothes hang inside to dry

you're closer to a barefoot walk you little piggies

weeds or wildflowers between a rock & a hard place what's the dif

swept away with their homes crayfish

first scent of rain on the balcony i fold & unfold her letter

the moon so full it belongs outside a haiku

shaking the kaleidoscope like dice there you go a new pattern

the blues nina simone of the night \*\*

\* archeologist marija gimbutas [1921-1994]

\*\* [1933-2003] 'mississippi goddam!' dr simone's first protest song

march 2-april 22 2003

probably 2 'real' renga sorta #5

**EVEN MORE RAIN**

Marlene Mountain

Francine Porad

even more rain sooner rather than later and yet later too

Evergreen State's straw-colored lawns

black-eyed susans and daisies what they know of each other

old beau and I verbally up-to-date

a moment of silence for mississippi strom a bit long \*

traffic rushes past under the window

battling a blaze private crews not all that experienced  
shaken from the real daylily the real dew  
sundeck flowerpots need watering my one task for today  
everything dubya touches turns into dubya  
Shiite Muslims vent against U.S. some citizens head north  
the pain not quite here still i tear up a tear  
feeling weepy no matter how trite the scene in the movie  
the she said demeaned the he said defended  
no more recriminations their divorce turns 'friendly'  
larger than the 'prenuptial' 4 billion a month  
\$250,000 bid on E-Bay charity lunch with Warren Buffett  
new on 'tostitos' label 0 grams trans fat

are those little pricks of that big prick loaded with lead \*\*  
pencils can reach farther than bullets  
vine at the end of its stake searches the air for a cloud  
shelves with empty spaces ready to fill  
we listen for a bird any bird when he first arrives  
resting on a concrete wall why not the pine?  
mid-summer shade one cover-up after another dashed  
Liberian cease-fire announced then the body count  
upper level disturbance odor of dill rises from the glads  
fresh flowers replaced with paper-cutter & paints  
tho overcast a path toward the hangout of diana butterflies

shrimp slit open and spread apart on a grill

another Seafair another year to watch Blue Angel maneuvers

just grins when a frog jumps into the pond

green trees and people 'along with pigeons in the grass alas' \*\*\*

a cool night the kid's hot chocolate and ice cream

the slight breeze brings apartment temp down from 86 degrees

which comes first a messy house or messy nature

\* 5m Senator Thurmond [1902-2003]

\*\* 19m Hussein family

\*\*\* 33fp Gertrude Stein

july 21-24 2003

**BREASTS OF SNOW:**

the tanka of Fumiko Nakajoo.

Translated by Hatsue Kawamura

and Jane Reichhold

moyuru kagiri wa

hito ni ataeshi

chibusa nare

gan no sosei wa

itsuyori to shirazu

as long as they burned

what I have given to men

are my breasts

I do not know when they

began to have a cancer

kare hana no

hanawa wo amite

mune ni kaken

chibusa kaerazaru

ware no tame ni

withered and bare

a braided wreath of flowers  
hangs down my chest  
to honor myself and  
the loss of my breasts

shiroki kurage ni  
majirite ware no  
chibusa uku  
kishi wo sagasan  
mata mo nemurite

mingling with  
white jellyfish  
my breasts float  
near the seashore again  
I'll look for them in my sleep

orokashiki  
chibusa nado motazu  
nemuri ori  
yuki wa hakka no  
nioi wo tatete

forgetting these foolish  
breasts that I do not have  
while I sleep  
snow with the fragrance  
of peppermint drifts by

sukui naki  
raboku to yuki no  
kei hateshi  
chiten yori ware wa  
ayumi yuku beshi

without comfort  
where a snowy landscape  
and bare trees  
come to an end  
I shall start to walk

## **FROM THREE TO NINETY-THREE**

Patricia Prime  
Catherine Mair

Leaving Napier Selwyn and his grandson, William, stop beside the road so that the little fellow can touch the snow. "It looks good while you're looking at it, but it feels really cold," grandfather says.

On reaching his grandparent's house the child tips out the toy box and spreads his cars over the couch. Carefully he lines them up one by one. A yellow one, whose wheels fall off and can be put back on again, takes most of his attention.

snow swept road  
travellers hunched against the cold -  
dripping pines

After dinner William wants a bedtime story. Ah, Peter Rabbit! but it's not the rabbit who features in William's mind. It's Mr. McGregor, the gardener who chases rabbits with a rake, calling out "Stop Thief!"

in nightmares  
William hides with Peter Rabbit  
in a water-can

He barricades his pillow with mouse, penguin and Missy Bear. Finally images of Mr. McGregor are driven away and his eyes close.

We awake to a fine sunny morning. Decide to take a walk along the river bank to the resthome so that William can see his great grandparents.

in the gum tree tui serenade

Reaching their unit, William asks for toys. Molly rushes around to see what she can find to amuse him. She returns with a photo album. Among all the baby photographs there isn't one of him.

Sasha, the dog, tied up beneath a grapefruit tree, looks at us with long eyes. The rooster who crows and visits early in the morning has left his calling card in disgust after no crusts were thrown his way.

wet socks  
the boy's ankle bends,  
muddy boots  
pulled on -  
we wave farewell

## **CATHERINE OLIVIA**

Catherine Mair  
Patricia Prime

early hours  
suddenly splitting the silence  
the shrill phone  
"Well is it Nathaniel  
or Catherine?" she laughs

in the high street  
searching for the baby shop  
I find a craft centre  
among the hand-knitted clothes  
a pair of booties

lunchtime  
& we're all wilting  
William drags his cuddly  
down the hall - falls asleep  
after parking his racing cars

two grandmothers  
settle at the computer  
all the emails  
congratulations on the new baby,  
greetings to her mother

### **CLIPPED HEDGES**

Dick Pettit  
Carlos Colon  
Marlene Mountain  
(in order of appearance)

wind in the trees the road bends out of town between clipped hedges

eyeing me last lizard of the summer

slowdown in the garden patches as sleeves grow longer

speeding up the motorway, flashing tattoos

when did 'peace' become a four-letter word again?

spree in the same little breath as killer

soft sibilants, but the instruction to leave the party is pressing

full moon red wine down the front of her tux  
something about no moths around the porch light that drew the wrens\*  
war-time yankee over here overpaid and very nice  
the hissing scratching biting cat calling a spayed a spayed  
with mist the taken-for-granted hills come into focus  
stage smoke - the master of the universe is ten feet tall  
day after thanksgiving going cold turkey  
if you gotta study old haiku settle there otherwise hang with yourself  
neither ancient nor modern but just right  
all pigtails and proboscis picasso portrait of goldilocks  
the big bad men versus the big bad men

those charming ladies in the embroidery circle all agree  
chemistry test another multiple-choice 'f  
warm snap snapped pines and rolling soil in the bulldozer's mind  
a panel bore smothers protesting quirks of wit  
my legal pad covered with doodles and oodles of 'ku-ddles  
one 'unjustice' system overridden in one little place\*\*  
judges' delays keep the ex-dictator happy till he drops\*\*\*  
my heart thirty-two feet per second per second  
unsnowed in at last but i couldn't pull away from tomorrow's snow in  
jogging becomes a race to be back for the health programme  
the ghost of the ghost of john lennon: 'you say you want a resolution?'  
what's with a patriarchal country called a she

britannia metal looking to all the world like a silver dollar \*\*\*\*

the view of earth without it columbia

stars & stripes duct tape the many nonlaughable things it can't fix

a good dose of salts for friend and foe alike

whiter behind the white coats my straitjacketed smile

see you on mars if there's a mars left standing

\*w.r.e.n.s (women's royal emergency naval service)

\*\*death row pardons by outgoing governor ryan of illinois

\*\*\* leopoldo f. galtieri, among others

\*\*\*\* an alloy of tin

August 24, 2002 - February 21, 2003

## **AFTER SUNSET**

Patricia Prime

Catherine Mair

biceps gleaming  
he gardens till dusk  
darkness stained red  
on his bare hands  
the earth is moist and warm

statuesque  
she drapes the bath towel  
over her head  
shadows deepen at breast  
and inner thigh, her eyes closed

bread, cheese and fruit  
waiting  
she drinks half the wine  
she kept for him  
why is he so late?

nude, she reclines,  
her hip curved against

an olive background:  
the red coverlet  
is sprinkled with flowers

Tan Renga  
Carol Purington  
Larry Kimmel

subzero  
the motion-detector light  
comes on again

somewhere a ghost  
walks over my grave

January thaw  
the vacant lot  
nervous with squirrels

crumpling up  
the New Year's resolutions

an espresso-sized paper cup  
and real espresso

on the CD  
of gondolier songs  
surely the splash of water

not speaking  
but under the anger  
loneliness

running out of white  
before the painting is done

red oak flooring  
a sliver of glass  
in early sunlight

finally enough bare earth  
to make mud

### **SONG FOR THE VOICELESS**

Carol Purington  
Merrill Ann Gonzales

prepared in silence  
because of a robin's song  
breakfast for two

waiting for the mail -  
one word changes the day

goldfinches fly  
a brighter shade of yellow  
all mornings Reconciled

sunbeams dance on my eyelids  
the awakening

wedding ceremony -  
the kiss that joins  
flesh to soul

the joy of the bluebird's  
same new lyric

wild strawberries -  
the purple finch leaves behind  
a stain of notes

standing over  
the brook he loved to paint

earlier twilight -  
around the shrinking pond  
no dash of birds

simple dinner of soup -  
the candle glows still

day's decline  
the heron carries its legs  
low

sad child  
dragging the empty leash

three gifts -  
dragon's well tea  
myrrh and frankincense

two small cold hands  
welcome the warmth

road closed by drifts  
a squirrel  
at the bird feeder

snowman's deaf  
to the sound of wings

ancient hickory  
in this reluctant spring -  
showing its green

this northern sky trusted  
with the tiniest of eggs

ripple of a thrush  
mingles with raindrops -  
the tree I pray under

cloudless night -  
big dipper dipping

## **A LIFE FULL OF SKIES**

Jane Reichhold  
June Moreau

a line of trees  
following the hillside slope  
in a straggly scrawl  
the green crayon melts at noon

alive against the wooden grain

joyfully I see them  
leaping and splashing  
in the lush, green  
grasses of the meadow  
the blue dolphins!

crested a wave  
in the nearly black night  
rim of a moon  
rolling against the door  
the bucket seems to knock

I'm keeping  
my writing window open  
something unexpected  
and good will enter  
through so small a space

books  
pages of the hearts  
we live through  
sunrise – sunset's falling stones  
walling in a life of skies

trees are moving away  
from the mist,  
moving into it again  
sound of ocean waves  
breaking on a sandy shore

the sand dollar's  
moon-roundness crumbles  
freeing bird bones  
cloud boiling into cloud  
summer heat climbs aloft

songs within songs  
grasses and flowers  
flowers and grasses  
how to walk softly  
in this world . . .

so are you tuned  
braced against the moment  
hands touching sky  
the movement of water  
blue becomes a heartbeat

my back is bent  
from shoveling snow  
in the spring  
I'll fly my tiger kite  
in a strong wind!

you can't say  
how it happened  
a passing shower  
the rainbow stuck  
between sun and shadow

it writes  
a kind of music  
on the sky  
with its twiggy branches –  
the winter tupelo

scraps of cloth  
nothing big enough  
to sew  
a rag dolly slips  
me back to childhood

the willows gather  
in early morning mist  
in their swaying branches  
the oriole's song  
has a tint of gold

a night sea noise  
full and turned to milk  
moonlight spilled  
from sky to shore  
gift, symbol and goddess

I leaned my ladder  
against a winter oak –  
it reached so high  
I found  
the summer place of rainbows

when I was five  
and flew with animal spirits  
the need passed  
in paths of a rosewood desk  
hollyhocks and snapdragons

I give my myself  
this piece of white paper  
birds fly, fish swim  
maybe tomorrow  
I will write a poem

January 19, 1999 - March 21, 1999

**RAINY SEASON  
IN THE MOUNTAINS OF JALISCO**

George Swede  
Anita Krumins

Empty pueblo street:  
13 roof spouts arch their contents  
into the rain

Puddles form  
between the cobblestones

The clouds break:  
Dogs scavenge among  
splintered moons

A crowing rooster  
starts a chorus of others

A passing pickup  
its sound system blaring  
rearranges everything

Standing under the eaves  
two drunks begin to sing

The bells for mass ring  
old women pass by  
holding tight their shawls

A backyard rat darts  
into its hole in the wall

The eastern mountains  
keep the valley in shadow:  
Treetop mangoes glow

The rising sun of the high desert  
turns the mud back into dust

Delivery van  
at the abarrotes:  
Fresh bread the only smell

Whisking sounds  
as the women sweep the pavement

For years a stack  
of bricks at the corner:  
Still not one missing

Columns of rebar in a foundation  
left by long-absent workmen

Heat rising:  
Like road-kill, the dog asleep  
with flies on its eyelids

Clothes laid out to dry  
on a barbed wire fence

Under the ceiling fan  
a moth with a broken wing  
goes round and round

On the mirador, the cactus  
cups the last of the rain

Inching up the wall  
the dead cockroach -  
a swarm of tiny ants its feet

Sun at its brightest  
umbrellas out again

A receding blue shimmer  
Lake Chapala  
shrinks still more in the heat

On a floating island of hyacinths  
one white heron

Parade in the plaza  
all white—  
balloons, wreaths, the tiny coffin

Four wasps starting a nest  
in the roof garden laurel

Under the poster  
"Save the Lake"  
cans of insecticide

Where boats once sailed  
cattle graze among fields of corn

Pregnant teenager  
slaps the ball of tortilla dough  
hand to hand

Sinking sun sharply defines  
the western arroyos

The lone light bulb  
above the taco stand  
shadows a dozen faces

Young couples sit on bare steps  
soft murmurs under the bougainvillea

Mountains suddenly backlit  
growls of thunder  
horses' hooves on the cobblestones

In the jagged lightning bolt  
a cloud of gnats

The faces of the  
curbside drunks  
more deeply wrinkled

The first rain sounds  
through the palm fronds

Storm-drenched,  
the shopkeeper says,  
"Es bueno para el lago"

But tonight's mud  
will be tomorrow's dust

Written on August 24, 2003 at 113B Ramon Corona, San Antonio, Tlayacapan, Jalisco, Mexico

## **GHAZAL**

### **NIMROD**

Gene Doty

Stench of burning petroleum blankets the hunting fields of Nimrod  
while enchained maidens perfume the curled beard of Nimrod.

Weary and bitter, the great hero Gilgamesh crosses the waters  
to hear the Flood Story, but hears no word of Nimrod.

Ezekiel lay prone before the celestial Merkavah;  
military Merkavahs wag their cannon at the gates of Nimrod.

The great king's gates, guarded by bearded lions, warded by wings;  
the great king's tower falling in Shinar, falling at the feet of Nimrod.

We are broken and we do not heal without yet further breaking.  
We are, Gino, bleeding shadows cast far from the glory of Nimrod.

### **NATURE**

Gene Doty

When Europeans followed their restless nature,  
They arrived here and found a world of trackless nature.

Out in space, huge rocks tumble in wiggly orbits.  
We watch them, count the motions of their reckless nature.

Across Asia they trekked, those ancestral beings,  
Following an isthmus into Alaska's heedless nature.

Thor and Odin, Zeus and Ares, warriors and kings;  
The divine still imposes on human pawns its merciless nature.

Broken, Gino, all the careful towers we built to heaven.  
Cast by the Thunderer down and left alone with hopeless nature.

### **GAS GHAZAL**

Ruth Holzer

In Union I ran clean out of gas,  
stopped at a station to fill up on gas.

Dark-faced men scowled through their beards,  
despising a world that guzzled gas.

A chant on their radio I could not understand.  
The men sang along, pumping gallons of gas.

Suddenly I knew I was hearing a ghazal  
in a stream of pop music that flowed with the gas.

O harmony borne from Bangladesh to N.J.,  
as they cheated Ruth on the price of the gas.

## **PARIS**

Ruth Holzer

In the busy city seeking her own quietude,  
at two o'clock she found noontide of quietude.

Across the Pont Neuf strolls forlorn Baudelaire.  
The Seine flows on past stones of quietude.

Steam from bitter coffee mingles with Gauloise smoke,  
spiraling in a faint blue crown of quietude.

Rainflowers scattered on cemetery paths -  
she reads aloud carved poems of quietude.

Ruth still remembers when she spat up blood,  
she was living alone in the Hotel Quietude.

## **HAIBUN**

### **YOSAMI, JAPAN**

James Fowler

From the triangular elevator, I look down from the glass outer walls. This hotel seems so large for such a small village. When I first enter the elevator on the fourth floor, I can see the encircling rice paddies. On the way down, I study the lights on the main street. Tomorrow, I will attend a meeting five kilometers south, but tonight, I seek a ramen stand to get some supper.

an artist's easel  
outside a Shinto Shrine  
another gaijin

He asks me to join him for the evening meal in the artists' enclave at the Buddhist Monastery. He wants me to talk about home to the Americans living there. I tell him that I'm in the Navy and haven't been to the states in fifteen years. He smiles. A new voice will do.

bowls of rice  
vegetables and miso soup  
Buddhist mantras

## **MOUNT TUG**

James Fowler

On the western slope of the mountain the old buick sits on its axles, hemmed in by aged poplars and a stone wall. A striped maple holds the passenger-side back door open. The late thirty's sedan has grown the color of dirt, but the metal fights, not ready to become dirt. Covered by a piece of cardboard the back seat still works. The springs still provide some bounce for my love and I.

dashboard  
a family of deer mice  
peeks out

## **GREEN-UP DAY 2002**

James Fowler

On my appointed route along the Old Claremont Road, I find a heavy plastic grocery bag. I look inside and see a dead, half-liquefied cat, a tiger by the fur that's left. I drop the putrid mess into my litterbag and, though the bag's not full, I tie it closed and leave it on the berm.

My imagination drags the smell along all day.

new shoots coming up  
another grocery bag  
beside some bottles

## **HOME TOWN**

Martine Joseph

Place I always wanted to leave, place where I always return. Today I visit Walnut Hill, a park that rises suddenly from downtown New Britain like a mountain on a child's game board. I was born on this hilltop forty-six years ago, in a hospital overlooking maple, oak and white pine. As I drive up the curlicue road, I see concrete stairs poured into the hillside. The stairways lead to green.

South of the hospital, a granite column topped with an eagle rises hundreds of feet. Cedar and pompom

marigolds encircle the shrine to World War II veterans.

I look out over the city once called "The Hardware Capital of the World." Factories forged ball bearings, screws, bullets. What remains are undulating rows of three- and six-family houses for those who work and live here. Red brick factories are converted into apartments or medical offices. At noon, the Fafnir Bearing Company whistle shrills.

I cross a knoll to the east, rediscover the meadow and sway of bluets: a feeling I seek wherever I go. The roar of a mower interrupts.

near the band shell  
tulip tree -  
claw clatter on bark

## **FOUND**

Martine Joseph

I'd ride my aqua Schwinn for hours along the blue-collar, suburban streets, collecting—chestnuts, mica, amber glass shards—to admire. One June morning, the first of summer vacation, I circled Israel Putnam School. Breathing in just-mown sweetness of the soccer field, I spied on empty classrooms. Having graduated third grade, I was no longer the quiet girl at her desk. I was an adventurer, free to learn whatever life would show me. Moments later, I discovered along the path a mouse.

peeping  
beneath pine needles -  
a gray flit

Only in Grimm's fairy tales had I ever seen a mouse. It was dead, yet beautiful in its stillness. I stroked the fur and toy ears. Scooping it up with oak leaves, I rode home with it on the tail fin. We had no pets. I decided to keep the creature in a shoe box under my bed with other treasures.

Days later, during back yard kickball, I heard Mom's vacuum cleaner drone. Suddenly, a shriek.

## **I ALONE**

Martine Joseph

only that star  
and I  
alone  
- Eulberg

I arrive home after a day at the office, close the door behind me, kick off my shoes. I feel you all around me, savor our time together like a Sauvignon. After dinner I garden, pull weeds and snip off old roses. Wordless, we watch fleas swirl madly in the sunset.

Others wonder why I travel the Via Negativa of darkness and void. Did you go alone? Aren't you seeing anyone? Loneliness is the bright room where you and I meet. Beyond personality we commune.

on this road  
where nobody else travels  
autumn nightfall

- Basho

## **MITYLENE, ALABAMA**

Gary LeBel

Here there is no murmuring surf to close a sentence left open: the charm of sunny islands is shrouded by a trackless blur of vine.

The long, slender limbs of pecan trees become her inward leaning shadow where canticles of the summer's unborn weave among them like spiders a taut, frozen stillness.

The conch that once dug with the foot of warm Aegean evenings has closed its door, the tousled locks of soft brown shoulders long untangled. Lips once moistened are the stones of a dry stream-bed, and above the town lights disappearing one by one into an abyss of interstate, an unstrung lute resonates from a corner of the night.

after miles of black highway,  
and the smooth click  
of lock and key,  
those cool white pillows  
the rain-god shares

the night is now  
half-gone; youth  
goes; I am

in bed alone  
Sappho, Sixth Century BC  
(translation by Mary Barnard)

## **CHASING FIREFLIES**

Deborah Russell

The road to the temples of Mount Hurago, was narrow, slowing climbing upward, and flanked by magnificent trees. Trees, that seemed older, that seemed to hold tomes of history, within their leaves. These trees seemed more of everything than the trees of my urban neighborhood. My eyes were plunged, captivated and caught in the scattered light that found its way through the thickness of branches. Small pleasing patches of yellow that illuminated the spirit with the same childish joy of chasing fireflies. I walked with a new born pace, in the place of centuries of soul seeking steps. All those that had come, before me. Each step, was an anticipation, a discovery of things known and

unknown. This is the way, I thought to myself. This is the way we should learn to live, as if the next step will open the gates of purpose and direction.

Mount Hurago ~  
autumn sun captures  
a willing prisoner

## **HOSPICE HAIBUN**

Miriam Sagan

May 28

My mother-in-law C. at home - hospice style - Washington, DC. Everything very slow moving - breakfast takes all morning. It is raining, gray, the house smells of sickbed. At least I opened the shades. Everyone does the crossword puzzle. I answer the phone. I am the daughter-in-law. I wonder if I can get out of here long enough to buy a toothbrush - forgot to pack mine. A friend of mine who works with hospice had advised me - be patient.

Hanging basket of  
Pink and fuchsia impatiens  
Left on the wet ground

Still beautiful  
Blackware pot  
I brought you  
From Casas Grandes  
Next to the morphine.

May 29

Last night C. fell getting out of the wheelchair and we had to call 911. Three large blond bruiser guys came and lifted her. It is amazing how vibrant the world looks outside the house even on a half hour walk. The statue of an elephant with a real sparrow perched on it. A man in a business suit lying on his back on a small park of grass. The coffee shop with its glass case of pastry. Rain in the backyard - violets, dandelions, clover, ivy, a yellow flowering succulent, moss, all growing between the paving stones on the small patio. C. in the hospital bed looking translucent.

I buy two new  
Nightgowns; you won't live  
To wear them out.

Doing the laundry I could pair up all my father-in-laws socks but one. I tried to hide it in the basket of clean clothes - the one missing a mate.

May 30

A more uphill feeling today - more testy.  
The aged rabbi arrives, with his own handicap...

Hospice rabbi  
with a cane, himself  
Looks none too spry...

My father-in-law quips that the rabbi will perform the funeral, assuming he, the rabbi, lives that long.  
Walk to café - eat a bear claw pastry, drink coffee. there was a time when this wasn't such a rare treat - I'm getting older too. But what a perk up! The house gets to me after a while.

May 31

Reading Gretel Ehrlich's book on Greenland. In it she says the Inuit believe a man can become an iceberg, a shaman can become a she-bear and come back again, but that the essential nature remains the same. So C. has gone from being a lively old lady to a heap of needs. The portrait of her grandson looks down from the photo - a grinning child who may some day be a very old man.

Yesterday the peonies bloomed and I cut a dark red one and a white one and brought them in for C. to see. the white had a gorgeous faint trace of red - look, I said, like the dye on a piece of pottery.  
She corrected me: glaze, she said precisely, not dye.

Her hands too weak  
To lift peonies  
One white, one red

June 1

Claire died. at 6:30 pm. My husband Rich was sitting in the room with her, doing the crossword puzzle by himself.

How odd  
To see the timed lamp  
Blink on  
After  
You'd gone

June 5

After the funeral parlor, there was a brief service in the cemetery and we said Kaddish. It was the first day without rain in over a week.

Blue/black butterfly  
Glints in sunshine, flits  
By the open grave.

## **HAIKU**

### **SLEEK**

John M. Bennett

doubles flag, comb sob p  
layer each,  
trounce the booshes

### **STREAK**

John M. Bennett

cloud mustered spray the  
mild ew rope the  
corn burst the banner casting

### **HEAP**

John M. Bennett

luster off the plumber  
pool the  
stopper wind folds un folding

### **KEEPS**

John M. Bennett

d rain the yard g ash er  
soupy st air  
o pen gagged the sp oon

### **SLEEPS**

John M. Bennett

fo cal lis ting aft er  
he aps numb  
er got a glow a s lathered!

## **CLASSROOM**

Fran Masat

an algaed bowl -  
a snail leaves a streak  
of clear glass

a child  
twisting string  
into a bracelet

sunlight  
on the floor  
a ruler

the world  
spinning  
under a hand

an eraser  
clearing space  
for what is next

pulling you back  
in time -  
the smell of crayons

**ACTOR**  
Allen McGill

white  
silence  
a spotlight

me  
alone  
on a stage

words  
won't come  
keep moving

smile  
eyes shine  
from the dark

no  
ad lib  
comes to mind

time  
minutes  
seem like hours

cough  
one more  
another

run  
no can't  
don't panic

glance  
off stage  
no help there

look  
as if  
you're thinking

earth  
swallow  
me now please

cold  
sweat runs  
down my back

sounds  
from the  
audience

they're  
leaving  
oh my god

God!  
my cue  
"God forgive..."

## **ANOTHER DAY**

Josh Mrozinski

Every morning, birds  
interrupt my sleep but stir  
the dying man's heart

turning to my side,  
facing a rusted bucket-  
nausea invades.

I can see my breath -  
after midnight, slow walking  
empty silent streets

stumbling - falling through  
darkness, bar hoping - Asahi drunk  
I wake shivering.

## **SUMMER**

R. K. Singh

Winter chill -  
her face grows  
more wrinkles

The lone hibiscus  
waits for the sun to bloom:  
morning's first offering

Looking for a prey  
a snake slides through the fence:  
warmth of the sun

The morning fog rests  
on a swathe of pond moss:  
the lone fish looks for sun

Icy bed:  
moving the pillow  
closer to hers

Chilly wind slaps  
the window panes closed to keep  
cross-legged couple warm

Receding  
winter leaves behind  
allergies

Winter's over:  
spring knocking with  
mango blossoms

## **SIJO**

### **TORTOISE**

by Gino Peregrini

in a rut by the lilacs a tortoise reflects hot sun  
my forehead my belly run rivulets in this heat-wave  
in the garden, a locust sprout in the hedge catches fire

### **REQUIESCAT EN PACE**

For my wife Lucy (March 4, 1930 - August 14, 2003)

Victor P. Gendrano

the get-well balloon lies inert  
amidst the wilting flowers

as her confessor dispenses  
the communion and last rites

and the full moon leaves its glow  
disappearing in final flight

## **TANKA**

### **HISTORIC HOUSE**

Tony Beyer

a man playing  
Danny Boy  
on a saw  
and a man who removes  
his wig to sing along

no ghosts  
but somewhere  
behind walls  
peeled ceilings  
sadness

everything outside  
the window

has changed  
except the sky  
changing all the time

stairway  
to the turret  
excuse me  
no after you  
ascending descending

actors in top hats  
frock coats  
crinoline  
as if they too  
are being restored

awkward grip  
a stove lid  
slides out of reach  
sudden pain  
of the past

parquet floors  
built for the silent approach  
of the butler  
with mail  
on a silver tray

trees now  
taller than the house  
as planned  
three or four  
generations ago

stern pines  
complicated oaks  
shaping the ground  
around them  
imported to last

laughter  
through a gap  
in the hedge  
but on the other side  
no one there

## **AGES**

Owen Bullock

in the café  
a teenager asks:  
is there a job  
you can be wealthy at  
without being good at maths?

the parents  
hover around  
the busy toddler  
trying to contain  
her energy

an old man  
leans forward  
as he walks . . .  
I overtake him  
and he is young

quiet road -  
the woman  
I thought  
disliked me  
waves and smiles

the children  
and their friends  
all occupied  
with electronica  
adults reading

do the fallen petals  
beside the flower jar  
form a pattern?  
the Universe's  
endless mysteries . . .

## **LUCKY**

Owen Bullock

even this morning  
I'm whispering  
again and again

to myself:  
I so love her body

out of the poverty trap  
I allow myself  
two candles  
incense and  
Christmas lights

the card table  
is folded up  
the card players  
have gone to bed  
and where is the luck?

**FIRST LOVE**  
shirley cahayom

after 3 long years  
of our brother- sister  
relationship  
my heart woke up  
to the call of first love

Fort santiago:  
this is the place  
where calligraphic epitaph  
should be erected  
"true love was born here "

you left...  
loneliness hugs me  
day and night  
everything is devoid of life  
even the rainbow is black

here at starbucks  
I drown my sorrows  
over coffee cups  
too bad, loneliness knows  
the strokes to stay alive

missing you  
is like a coffee cup  
with a lot of holes  
it holds nothing  
but emptiness in my soul

will you ever know  
those lonely nights  
when I was watching comedy  
but I was crying  
thinking about you?

A sad book  
must keep him company  
on his journey -  
late at night he calls to say  
"My sleeves are wet with tears."

Ruth Holzer

Raga Rageshree  
evening melody  
beneficial  
for you and the planet  
playing in an empty room

Ruth Holzer

at the airport  
you became  
a stranger again  
I waved and didn't look back  
walked toward the rest of my life

Ruth Holzer

### **THE OWL'S MESSAGE**

Elizabeth Howard

soft gray feathers  
by the cherry tree  
only now do I ken  
the owl's message  
which distressed my dreams

home from surgery  
nursing a wounded breast

daughter brings cheer  
a bowl of irises  
and chamomile tea

inviting chairs  
by the glassy pond  
for lack of cane poles  
and a can of red worms  
we pass on by

vultures rising  
in the corkscrew curve  
a collision of wings  
no need here  
for a triad of crosses

the tinny clanging  
of country church bells  
I recall grandmother's  
black straw hat  
with fake red cherries

the mass of bee balm  
in the old lady's garden  
I cannot name  
all the butterflies  
lose count of the varieties

a van of seniors  
at the highway reststop  
wheelchairs creak  
single-file  
cicadas screeching

a blue heron rises  
from the pond shallows  
flaps toward the sunset  
its image traveling  
the fixed path

## **BINOCULARS**

Andrew Lansdown

My sons, like possums,  
climbing in the loquat tree -  
I pause to watch them  
through the small binoculars

they gave me for Father's Day

### **BIRDS BATHING**

Andrew Lansdown

Despite winter chills -  
robins at their ablutions  
in a reddish dish  
on a stump beside a small  
bare tree ringed by daffodils

### **ENVY**

Andrew Lansdown

I watch with envy  
the small birds in the bamboo.  
So now and happy!  
They at least need not review  
what they did or did not do.

### **FIRST SCENT OF RAIN**

Thelma Mariano

my moods so attuned  
to the weather these days  
cheered by the sun  
saddened by memories that come  
with the first scent of rain

powerless to stop  
the life changes sweeping through  
I watch a tractor  
scoop up piles of earth  
in the pouring rain

a soft rain falls  
after our conversation  
I lie awake  
letting new possibilities  
stir up forgotten dreams

bright yellow tulips  
open ever so slowly  
after the rain

my fragile hopes still pushing  
through the sodden ground

morning rain  
smoothes over the crevices  
on my street  
thinking of you is how  
I've learned to fill the spaces

time and distance  
seem to blur in the downpour  
if I gaze deeper  
a replica of your smile  
in every droplet of rain

### **THIS VERY SORROW OF KNOWING THINGS**

Tom Clausen

it isn't anything  
I can do something about  
the tears just do not come  
even when  
they are supposed to

taking my son  
to his first big concert,  
during the long long wait  
I explain the way things wait  
for a magical critical mass

it is subdued, knowing  
no morning available  
to wake up and just go  
a different way  
from the way I've come

it is not happy  
this poem of falling snow  
in which I've found a deer  
it's legs all broken  
still alive in the road

the snow piles up  
and yet I cannot hide  
the fact that the right words  
do not come to give  
a friend who is dying

sad too  
this lack of tears  
or a feeling to dance  
or sing;  
her death too young

how it is  
this endless desire  
to know more and more  
and still feel the less,  
this very sorrow of knowing things

you, ready as me  
there on the other coast  
imagine, to hop a freight  
and leave behind all that,  
which didn't seem quite right

as we go further  
in our marriage  
we both voice better  
exactly what it is  
that bothers us

**BACCANTES**  
Serena Augusto-Cox

Red moon  
burns in afternoon.  
Char the meat upon ice,  
Grin like frozen peas in the night,  
and dance

**LINKS**  
joan payne kincaid

steaks removed  
from Summer  
flowers light as air

blow in the wind  
as snowflakes form

autumn

the last red tomato  
shivers

in depth of silence  
absent bird song

chi tea  
steamed milk and honey  
salt air

time to write poems  
in an oriental silkscreen

island days  
lose definition  
carousing ghosts

white sky closes-in  
boats fly

cherry blossoms  
and butterflies  
fallen in the grass

spring and summer dance  
brief love scenarios

autumn  
the last red tomato  
shivers

sleeping beings prepare  
the next link

## **HER LABOR OF LOVE**

Mary Bradish O'Connor  
1942-2000  
M.L. Harrison Mackie

four of us  
agreed to meet  
each week  
to share writing  
and friendship

while one  
of us underwent

treatment  
for ovarian cancer  
the kind that

prematurely  
took her life  
before we  
could celebrate  
more fully

the book  
we brought into  
this world  
from the womb of  
her creativity

reminding  
us if you treat  
what you do  
as if it matters  
chances are

your dreams  
will materialize  
like poems  
her special  
labor of love

**FIFTY YEARS**  
Ellen G. Olinger

You are gone  
and now my grief  
is gone too  
    gold leaves  
    beginning

Punished for  
my gifts and  
beauty  
    peonies  
    changed by rain

Needing to stop  
and count the deaths  
    gold nasturtiums bloom  
    and God's Mercy

is enough

## **IN ANOTHER COUNTRY**

K. Ramesh

town square-  
a little girl  
enters the frame  
as i take a snap  
of the pigeons

with a camera  
i walk around the lake  
to the other side  
where the swans are  
outside the water

spring afternoon-  
from the stream  
I walk back to  
my camera and jacket  
on the meadow

the kitten and I  
stand silently  
at the door  
watching the darkness  
settle among the trees.

a plane journey  
my eyes close  
i see the bow gliding  
on the strings  
of a violin

Mozart's symphony  
at thirty thousand feet  
from the ground  
i float with white clouds  
around me.

## **LARVAL IN WAITING**

Werner Reichhold

larval in waiting  
arcs of palms donate  
imperceptible asseveration

desert nightfall  
are we destined to resort

juxtaposing the ancient hairdo?  
then the habitual cool of a snake's tongue:  
it brings to mind enigmatic paths  
nakedness caught by the call of insects

the initiative tickles  
one toe straight up  
on the tent post  
emerging in unopposed charm  
seismic foretelling

shock wave  
perhaps  
in the reeds                      on oars

ankle-deep liberation    in quicksand  
quagmire    on green cards    the warmth of blood  
silently turning    on a door's eye    opposite walls  
in absence of a friend's brown eyes lighting a candle  
printing on sand    she walks the way    sandpipers curve  
clam colony    the silence of prisoners    at low tide  
owl-eyed oak    in a mouth-round hole    no moon  
barefoot    sleeping under a tree    bare roots

In memory of the gurgling Euphrates, in view of the Tigris  
that carries dumped garbage and the story about vaccination  
and unused masks, and by tasting lintels and beans in the warmth  
of round flat dough-cake, cooked on dry piles of oil.

How about asking a difficult question:  
Why are we dealing today with an overall felt politically motivated  
turmoil interrupting the flow of controlled creative energies in most  
of our fellow artists?

My innermost concept and what I can express corresponds only partly  
with what we watched earlier on television.

I am trying to point to the fact that there are still old lanterns for sale to  
find a subject for going to war. In response guilt is felt- guilt that makes  
further attempts to act possibly look more confusing.

May 2003    lips  
                  afraid of azure  
                  foreshadowed

by a bell  
the bell on waters unheard  
calm winds in the oval of an egg already wings.

## **STRANGERS**

Tracy Schlueter

my companion  
does not know what today is  
I watch her  
the blue vein beating beneath  
skin frail as a baby bird's

together  
we sit on the bench  
waiting, uneasy  
her daughter does not return  
and hands begin to tremble

I picture her  
scraping ice from a windshield  
the missing daughter  
deciding to leave  
her fretful, white-haired child

the old woman  
is shy at first, then bold,  
telling me  
the bench is cold, for August,  
and she is scared

flat blue eyes  
look past me, searching  
I turn my back  
the promise has not been kept  
she asks things not mine to give

## **AS SUCH**

Sheila Murphy

Posthumosity encrypts what we are primed to celebrate while toting wingspan if and only if in freeze-frame. My personal experience retains its holding pattern as a cropped-while-germinating seedling. Scampering reserved for the injurious close-up of the place where salt achieves waist depth. Wavelets dry through summer. Slapstick doves are bones of stressed errata tossed into communiqués. With

cloves so near the heart, a darker sweetness trailing paths.

Pensions denied, despite the luminarias defining hillsides before hilltops

### **MAY, THEREABOUTS, 2003**

Sheila Murphy

Tonight the shining presence sits before a screen and diagrams her genealogy while I read Walker Percy. It is half-eleven as they say across. I have been socializing for my business. For some hours of the day my day is less a pair of gloves than gesture that an artist thought routine unconscious of the bird defined by chaste or lustful flight.

She intuits her own whereabouts in time. The diagram she s making shows the roots and branches. I am on her chart the saplings bend as method and of course apart from thought. I have chosen something spiral that stays open while I sip and swallow green tea made by French and English and Chinese experts. Our water is reverse osmosis, and tonight I have already flossed the moment I say winter you'll misunderstand I m wearing this once-washed shirt commemorating National History Day in Arizona.

The jet pilot who just showed up on her chart almost became an astronaut. In her childhood he let her be exposed to a wasp s nest and be stung; that, after letting her run through reeds and to be sliced up.

I do not know the Flynn or Murphy charts precisely. I would like to some time. I don t envy my young self at middle points contentment is the only thing that easily exceeds exhilaration.

The cup I drink from is classy matte black with shiny letting with an image that reads a business name and drawing of a door.

Last night one of our neighbors reported he had sixty tiles to go of the 300 total for his condominium with each tile weighing 7.5 pounds.

I have three-quarters of the old identity remaining that feels like a mere five-eighths. I drink plain, low-fat kefir on account of liking the tart taste and feeling soothed by it and I no longer worry there are sufficient writing instruments and booklets in this house plus blank CDs.

Some of the information about dates of death she knows is right here in this house. She reads what she already has aloud to herself and to me and when she taps the keys it is so delicate and feminine her white shirt made to fit a little man looks both formal and informal. Her skin and small frame make her look decades younger than chronology dictates.

### **MOMENT**

Sheila Murphy

I would trespass on definitions of perfume  
that curvature contains.

Just now a group of butterflies  
seeks flowers on a shrub.

One with large, more graceful wings  
a touch transparent with ephemera,

as a mist about to break through  
the full aroma of these blossoms.

## BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

Short Songs: A Collection of English Tanka Poems by Amelia Fielden. Ginninderra Press: 2003. Saddle-stapled, 6 x 8 inches, 48 pps., three tanka per page, US\$10.00, including airmail postage, ordered from Amelia Fielden, 10 Delasala Drive, Macquarie Hills, NSW 2285, Australia.

Short Songs is an excellent title for a book of tanka because this is the exact translation of the Japanese word "tanka." Now Amelia Fielden has claimed it for her own with this, her third book with Ginninderra Press. Fittingly enough, Short Songs begins with a short explanation of tanka. I especially valued this of her paragraphs since it comes from an authority at home in both languages:

"As tanka are intentionally fragmentary, they are unpunctuated in Japanese, which has no upper-case/lower-case lettering. Again, following accepted conventions, I do not begin my tanka poems with capital letter, nor end them with full stops; and I use commas and dashes only where I feel they are necessary for clarity and understanding."

If only more people could so clearly understand and follow her example.

The tanka, mostly three to a page have as Fielden writes, "No over-arching theme to this collection; the tanka were simply drawn from the endless stream of memories, feelings, thoughts, events and scenes I experience in my daily life." As the reader progresses through the book, the individual tanka began to become sequences such as "Meals on Wheels," "When All the Men she has Loved are Gone," and even "To Okinawa for a Tanka Festival."

Fielden writes both, what she calls the "lyrical style" in which the poet clearly states an emotional feeling and the "shasei" – sketch from nature/life or word painting.

An example of the lyrical style would be:

shiny green quilt  
billows over the bed,  
desire seascape –  
if only you cared  
we could have made love

The word-sketch style would be:

coral sands  
scratch under my feet  
wading through  
warm turquoise waves  
off the hotel beach

As telling as these samples are, when Amelia Fielden begins to work in sequences her abilities truly shine. I was greatly moved by this sequence simply titled -

"You See":

our parents  
were allowed to visit  
the hospital  
for one hour a week  
on Sunday afternoons

Sunday nights  
the polio kids cried,  
cried all night –  
'you see,' the nurses said,  
'visits only upset them'

Christmas Eve  
the boy child lying  
in the next bed  
cried himself to death -  
Santa came next morning

tangled hair: Selected Tanka from Midaregami by Akiko Yosano translated by Sanford Goldstein and Seishi Shinoda. Perfect bound, 5 x 8 inches, 166 pps., romaji and kanji versions, copious notes. Available in bookstores and Amazon.com's z-shops. ISBN:0-88727-373-4.

So well-acquainted was I with my green and pink copy of this book, I had forgotten how early its history. Only when reading the New Preface by Sanford Goldstein in this lovely new edition published by Cheng & Tsui Company did I realize that Goldstein and Shinoda had started their work on the Yosano poems in 1964. Nor did I realize there was an edition published by Purdue University Press in 1971.

Again one is impressed with the early beginnings of tanka in English and the vast importance of the work of Sanford Goldstein in this field. And since the green and pink Tuttle edition is now selling at rare book prices, over \$40.00 a copy I found when I tried to get another copy, it is so good to have this attractive book with larger pages. The cover art, with the soft-focus photo of hair on a woman's neck prepares the reader for the sexuality of Akiko's love poems, mostly written during her love affair with Tekkan Yosano, the Tokyo editor of the tanka magazine, Venus at the very beginning of the last century.

At a time when the Japanese still held Victorian ideas of sex and womanhood, Akiko Yosano's frank and factual confessions, her appreciation for her body and her sex, rocketed the book to instant and long-lasting fame. Three women have had best-seller status for their books of tanka in the last century in Japan. Akiko Yosano in 1901, Fumiko Nakajoo in 1954, and Machi Tawara in 1986. The unifying factor in all their work was first and foremost their honesty about themselves and their feelings, their ability to cast aside old conventions and expressions, and to breath life and sexuality back into tanka.

Even though Goldstein and Shinoda translated all of the 399 poems in Yosano's 1901 version of Midaregami (Tangled Hair), for all three of these printings, it was decided to stay with the publishing of only 165 selected poems. Part of the reason for this decision was, in the opinion of the translators, that many of the poems were not as good as the others and they only wanted to present her very best work. Looking over the rejected poems, though, one wonders if unladylike behavior and sensuality also

had a factor in the selection.

The other factor was space. And this relates to the very best part of this translation. For every poem in the book, Goldstein has written an extensive footnote that explains either situations in Yosano's life surrounding the inspiration for the poem, or explanations of Japanese life and customs. This part of the book alone, is worth getting it. Nowhere have I learned as much about tanka and the Japanese as I did in these notes.

One can read the poems alone, or flip back and forth between commentary and poems or do as I did, read all the poems, read all the commentary and then read the poems again with the new understanding and insights Goldstein had given me. I am so glad that these notes are not lost in the all-too-quick remaindering and rare book status so readers can continue to have access to this treasure.

Partings at Dawn: An Anthology of Japanese Gay Literature. Edited by Stephen D. Miller. Gay Sunshine Press, San Francisco. Trade paperback, 6 x 9 inches, illustrated, 350 pps., \$19.95. ISBN: 0-940567-18-0.

It is fascinating how we can only understand another culture through the slits of translation. We may think we know something about these people, and yet, as long as we are kept from the full-spectrum of their human experiences as portrayed in literature, we can never form a complete or accurate picture of them in our minds. Partings at Dawn brings the translations of 21 works or excerpts from novels or correspondence of male homosexuals. What surprised me, but it shouldn't have, was to read the large amount of tanka in these various volumes.

One book, Wild Azaleas by Kitamura Kigin in 1676, is a compilation of homoerotic tanka sprinkled in sixteen classics as Kokinshuu, to The Tale of Genji, with short prose sections setting up the story followed by tanka. For persons looking for salacious homoerotic writing, this is not the book. In the poems, due partly to the Japanese writing method which does not declare gender in pronouns, the words are ambiguous enough to miss any same-sex orientation. Still the prose sections make clear that many of these poems were written as the result of priests and older men desiring young men and boys. The book was seen as a model of behavior as townspeople took over the activities of priests and samurai in these practices.

One must not think that tanka has been the form used for homoerotic poetry only in Japan's distant past. Ishii Tatsuhiko (born 1952), journalist for the Asahi Shimbun, has several books of tanka on the subject, including Bathhouse, from which Hiroaki Sato has translated about 100 poems which are given in romaji and English. A sample:

Nikyoku o nirekamitsu, koki kiri no naka e kieyuku junrei no, ato o ou

Ruminating on lust, a pilgrim disappears into a dense fog him, it is that I run after

Persons seeking more exciting explicit material, will also find in Partings at Dawn, graphic descriptions of "fist-fucking," "glory holes," and a host of other practices of the gay world – all of which never made the leap into tanka. It was informative to see how different the relationships of men in Japan are to that of males in other countries. The problem of "who is the leader?" in a relationship is "solved" in Japan by one person either being or taking the role of the "elder" and the other being the "boy" or

"youth" even if the men are quite close in age. With this heritage, male homosexuality, in Japan comes to close to the area of pedophilia, which in America, the gays try to distance themselves from. All a long way from poetry, but still a part of it, none the less.

Reeds: Contemporary Haiga No. 1, 2003 Editor Jeanne Emrich Jemrich@aol.com. Lone Egret Press, Edina, Minnesota. Flat spine with full color jacket, 60 pps., 5 x 8 inches, all illustrations in color, July 2003, \$12.00. Lone Egret Press, pob 390545, Edina MN 55435.

According to the words of Editor Jeanne Emrich on the back cover of Reeds: "It is the purpose of this planned annual series is to preserve in one volume, the ever wider output of haiga (haiku paintings) found in books, journals, mail art, galleries and on the Internet." This first book, with a beautiful color watercolor and haiku by Zolo as cover, includes the work of Stephen Addiss, Kay Anderson, Lidia Rozmus, Stanford M. Forrester, Jeanne Emrich, Zolo, Wilfred Croteau and Raffael de Gruttola, Jim Kacian, Gary Lebel, Marlene Mountain and Pamela Miller Ness.

The book opens with Jeanne Emrich's cogent introduction to haiga outside of Japan and its resulting influence on the western world. Then the first twenty-three pages offer ink and watercolor illustrations in Chinese and Japanese styles, several of them by the very adept artists Susan Frame and Jeanne Emrich. After that the haiga become more modern with the abstract watercolors of Zolo and on up to the work of Marlene Mountain in which she furthers her "ransom-note" techniques of illustrating her opinions and witty observations of the haiku scene. The work of Wilfred Croteau deserves special mention because, as an expert at brushwork, instead of following Oriental examples, makes completely modern and self-discovered ideas and techniques. Pamela Miller-Ness makes her haiga with needle and thread in cross-stitch which has to be a first.

Reeds, contains one tanka, or is this a tan renga?, written by Jeanne Emrich and Michael D. Welch and illustrated with a full-color brushwork scene by Jeanne Emrich, but all the rest of the poems are haiku. One small area that needs work, is the picking of the haiku for the haiga and this fault lies with the author/artists and not the editor. At times, the haiku come off as "weak" or "repetitions" of better known work. It seems that if one is going to the trouble of creating images for the haiku, one should pick only the very best. It is too easy to shore up a weak haiku with good art. According to the tradition of haiga, it should be exactly the opposite. As seen in the examples done by Basho, the authority on haiga, the haiku should be excellent and the artwork downplayed in either execution or impressiveness. One can only surmise from this anthology of contemporary haiga, that the current fashion is in direct opposition to Basho's way.

Closing the book, the esteemed expert on haiku and art, Steven Addiss adds his own short history of Japanese haiga. Reeds also contains a short biography of each artist, a list of suggested reading and the rules for readers to make their own submissions for the next in the series.

Book of Haikus by Jack Kerouac, and edited by Regina Weinreich. Penguin Poets Series, New York: 2003. Paper back, 5 x 6 inches, 200 pps., Introduction and Notes by Regina Weinreich, \$13.00. ISBN:0-14-200264-X.

I almost did not buy this book because I was so appalled that anyone in this day and age would still use

the incorrect and out-dated plural for haiku. But finally my admiration for Jack Kerouac's haiku and the desire to have many of them between the covers of one book won out. To my great relief I found in the introduction that Weinreich had done her homework by consulting with Cor van den Hevel, to know that "haikus" was wrong usage, but she decided to retain it in honor of Kerouac's custom. In her introduction to Kerouac and haiku, Weinreich has the rest of her facts straight about haiku. She admits that she understands enough of haiku to realize that all the poems she picked to include in this volume would not stand up to the scrutiny and judging of today's standard of the form, but has included them as what Kerouac understood the form to be in the way he used it in the late 50s and 60s. Valid.

So you will probably not like every haiku in this book, (of what book could you say that?) but the poems provide a peek into the way Kerouac perceived his world, his every thought about many things, and his wide and various experiments with the form.

Misurgirafical & plomlied  
- ding dang  
The Buddha's gong

As with much of Kerouac's other prose fiction, many of these haiku are the result of highs on alcohol or a diet of other drugs, and therefore some can seem silly or nonsensical, and yet, even these, when pondered alone and long have a certain beauty.

"Woo!" – bird of perfect  
balance on the fir  
Just moved his tail

As you can see, neither Weinreich nor Kerouac were consistent or knowledgeable about whether to use caps and punctuation in an uniform way. Weinreich found many of these haiku in Kerouac's little spiral notebooks in which he made notes (along with haiga-like drawings in pencil) but others were published as part and parcel of his prose works. Also in Weinreich's compilation she includes notes Kerouac occasionally wrote about either the genesis of the haiku or his opinion of it which I found very valuable.

I know it is useless to fantasize, but one cannot help wonder how the English haiku scene would have developed if Kerouac had not died in 1969 at the age of forty-seven. If the Haiku Society of America had begun where he already was in these years of their beginning instead of starting with T.S Eliot's lone, haiku copied from Japanese tanka.

A note on Penguin's book making arts. Treat the pages gently as they are so poorly glued that the leaves are already falling out of my copy.

Year of the Horse: A Renga by Giselle Maya and Edward Baranosky. EUB Publications, Toronto, Canada: 2003. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 48 pps., illustrated, full-color cover, and even comes with a bookmark with a tiny pewter horse and ball on a leather thong. Check with Baranosky for price and ordering details.

While renga in English are going through several transformations as various persons attempt to stamp their own individuality on the form by creating "new" lengths, the Year of the Horse, is the first in

another of these possibilities. This renga of 108 links, seems to have been reached in a completely organic way - the pair were simply enjoying linking to each other's work when they realized that they had this magic number. And as they state in the Preface 2:

" One hundred eight is recognized as a special number in many cultures, evenly divisible by threes and twos in several combinations and groupings, resembling fractal formulations. It is the number of beads in a Tibetan Buddhist rosary, each bead marking the recitation of a mantra, for the expulsion of illusion and opening a door to enlightenment, the final count being three sets of thirty-six."

This "36" brings us back to the number of links in a kasen renga as devised by Basho. As one who finds the "new" shortened forms of renga unable to adequately develop any theme or undercurrents between the authors, I am especially glad to greet this longer form. It seems to have possibilities that Giselle Maya and Edward Baranosky have only begun to explore.

The pair have given themselves the project of writing a renga on each of the animals of the Oriental zodiac – twelve in all. All blessings on the endeavor!

The links of Year of the Horse are presented without capital letters and punctuation which gives the pages a clean, quiet background for the reader. The indications of the author are given with indentions so that even the fonts are the same. The links are set, in Maya's own person style, as if tan renga so each exchange looks like a tanka of five lines written by two persons. This makes finding the linkage between the stanzas easy to see and appreciate. Both authors are excellent renga writers so the reader is given close links and far leaps in a myriad of images.

For those who know the individual style of writing for each, it is very interesting to study this renga to see how subtly they have influenced each other. It seems that the cross-cultural exchange between Toronto, Canada and the French Provence has greatly enriched not only the vocabulary of each, but has sharpened each person's skills. For any poet feeling they have written themselves into a rut, this kind of renga work should act as inspiration and example.

Here is a sample of how the poem begins:

a gust of wind and salt  
sea horses flow out of dust  
on Sable Island  
smooth and cool in my hand  
shells gathered in mid-winter  
Edward Baranosky

a painted ship  
come to live among  
white-maned waves  
fresh hoof prints in wet sand  
horse-shoe crabs and beach glass  
Giselle Maya

Hawai'i Press, Honolulu: 1996. Hardcover, 10.5 x 7, 524 pps., illustrated, notes. ISBN: 0-8248-1705-2.

I know this book is seven years old already, but I have just discovered it and was so excited by it that I wanted to recommend it to others. One might sigh and say, "What another translation of the famous One Hundred Poems by One Hundred Poets as compiled by Fujiwara no Teika (1162-1241)? Haven't we had enough already?" "No," I would answer, "we can never have too many translations, because each one brings something new to our understanding of the work and there is no one definitive translation of any poem." Beyond this service, *Pictures of the Heart* adds some very important aspects to our understanding of this work. Mostow is first and foremost an authority on Japanese art as well as a professor in the Department of Asian Studies at the University of British Columbia.

In the beginning of this book, Joshua Mostow gives the first definition of tanka and its history and importance in his Introduction with which I can totally agree – bar none! His section on Japanese Poetry and its Techniques (on page 12) goes on to explain the grammatical techniques where he makes the bold and accurate statement: "Taking a cue from Mark Morris, we can think of tanka as an "attempt [at] the transformation, or deformation, of a single Japanese sentence. A good waka was the successful struggle with a virtual line of prose."

This supports the argument that tanka are made of sentence fragments and phrases and are not in the sentences as too many translations are strait-jacketed. Continuing his techniques, he cogently discusses the various kinds of pivots, and "figural" techniques such as *mi-tate* (elegant confusion) and *gijinka* (personification or pathetic fallacy).

Secondly, Mostow uses his knowledge of Western poetry and of the Japanese literature to explain how marvelously Teika arranged these one hundred poems. Never have I read such a clear and scholarly way of investigating this process. This chapter should be required reading for anyone attempting to understand how to put the brevity of tanka into a larger poem or sequence.

Then Professor Mostow explores in great detail and with deep wisdom the problems of translation. I love his statement: "Readability was not a virtue in the tradition of Asian literature, especially not in Japan where students were trained to read the incomprehensible Chinese classics in Japanese and where it was not considered excessive to spend years to understand one page of text. By contrast, readability is a fundamental requirement for modern English-language readers."

From the fourteen currently available English translations, he takes one poem (#9) by Ono no Komachi and shows, by comparing how various translators have treated the poem, not only in English but also in conveying the Japanese sense and sidelights of the poem.

This 24-page section begins with Frederick Victor Dickin's version (London, 1866) in which the tanka are set in four lines. Clay MacCauley (1899) was the first to set the poems into five lines in his book *Hyakunin-Isshu* (Single Songs of a Hundred Poets), *Literal Translations into English with Renderings According to the Original Metre*. Since this same poem was also in the *Kokinshuu*, translated by Helen McCullough, her version and comments are included along with those of William N. Porter, Arthur Waley, Curtis Hidden Page, H.H. Honda's work on the *Kokinshuu*, Donald Keene, Yasuda, Rexroth, Burton Watson and Hiroaki Sato, (on which Mostow comments: "Sato seems to confuse the prosody of poetry with its graphic lineation. Many scholars have rebutted his thesis, but he remains unconvinced . . . I can second William LaFleur's assertion that "a one-line poem – at least in Western languages is willy nilly at the same time a no-line poem".) Steven Carter's versions also receive the criticism leveled at the Watson-Sato translations, that the works contain no Japanese text with which to compare the work,

no bibliographic source listed.

As if all of this was not enough, Mostow's expertise in art finally comes forward to shine. Since the Hyakunin Isshu have been used as the playing cards for the game still used to usher in the new year, the set has been illustrated numerous times over the last 800 years. In addition, the poems have been the basis for designs for kimono and books for customers' ordering [catalogues in the Sears and Roebuck tradition] as far back as 1661 and 1663. While acquainted with many of the card pack illustrations, the robe designs were entirely new to me and I was very impressed with their modern aspect as well as the care with which those artists took to find more than just a descriptive picture of the poem but to transpose its images into symbols. The cards often showed "little scenes" or settings for the poems, but the robe designs, while made of realistic images were handled in an abstract manner.

It is only on page 141 that Mostow begins the regular work of presenting the first of the hundred poems and the one hundred poets. To begin with, as it should be, is a romaji rendering of the poem across the page from Mostow's translation. Underneath is the author's name and what is known about the person. Under the commentary are the credits where the poem was previously published and poems which may have inspired this work. Then Mostow discusses the pictures, noting what features the various artists emphasize or ignore, and when available, shows a design for a robe.

The appendixes and notes are so full of information that in my book, the margins are filled with stars and notations. The wealth of information in this book simply blew me away and filled me with admiration for the work of Joshua M. Mostow.

## HAIKU MENTIONS

Bird Song More and More by L.A. Davidson, edited by Vincent Tripi. Swamp Press: printed in 2003. As it says in the colophon: "All printing and binding took place during the downpours of June while the country slid into further depravity." Hand-tied, printed with envelope fold and die-cut window for the wood engraving by Tony Kulik, 5 x 7 inches, 18 pps., \$6.00 plus \$2.00 for postage, ISBN:0-934714-31-2. Order from Ed at Swamp Press, 15 Warwick Road, Northfield, MA 01360.

The first book in a planned project named Haiku Masters Mini Series, to be edited by the well-known haiku writer, Vincent Tripi, has made a beautiful beginning. This book is gorgeous as are very few books of any genre. Ed at Swamp Press, who has for so long made all of Vincent Tripi's exceptional books, has reached a new height with this quintessential example of old-fashioned art of the printing press.

While the title of Tripi's project implies it will be a series of books by well-published authors, his intent is to find excellent writers who have not yet had the books for which their work is deserving. The goal is a worthy one. And the work of L.A. Davidson, until this year and her latest book, Jamaica Moments, was and remains deserving of the marvelous treatment Vincent and Ed Rayher have given her work.

This selection of twelve haiku shows some of Davidson's most hermetic works such as:

a moonflower  
even as it trembles  
no longer a bud

Dreaming Sunlight: Haiku by Margarita Engle. Published by Feather Books, pob 438, Shrewsbury, England SY3 0WN . 2003. Saddle-stapled, 24 pps, four haiku per page, 6 x 8.25 inches, \$8.00, ISBN: 1-84175-14-5. Order a signed copy from Margarita Engle, 9433 N. Fowler Ave., Clovis California 93611.

Margarita Engle is a botanist and the author of two novels: Singing to Cuba and Skywriting. Her haiku have appeared in many international journals and anthologies. Her literary awards include a San Diego Book award, a Cintas Fellowship as well as haiku and poetry awards from the Haiku Society of America, National PEN women, Tanka Splendor, High/Coo Press and the American Poetry Association.

troubled times  
watching wild birds  
instead of news

Except perhaps in spring. . . love poems by Robert Gibson. Holly House Publications, Seattle, WA: 2003. Saddle-stapled, 36 pps., artwork by Karen Klein, ISBN: 1-57726-155-0, \$10.50 ppd. from Bob Gibson, 929 H Street, Centralia, WA 98531.

This touching collection of mostly haiku with some tanka, which have been published over the years in various magazines, has been gathered to show a deeper, richer picture of the relationship Gibson had with a woman known as Echo. As Gibson states: "The poems that follow are recognition of an emotional relationship that is real and has not diminished, nor will it. Appropriately enough the work, printed on soft pink paper, is dedicated to Leatrice Lifshitz, who died March 10th, 2003.

echo  
a glimpse of bright water  
through the pines

Christmas Gifts in South Japan and other Haiku Essays by Thomas Carroll Heffernan. Saint Andrews Press, Laurinburg, North Carolina: 2003. Flat-spine paper, 5.5 x 8.5, 60 pp., \$11.00. ISBN: 1-879934-80-9.

The facts from the back of the book: "For haiku in English Heffernan received Japan Air Lines / Manichi Culture Seminar and Itoen awards and in 2000 an international collegiate essay award from the Atlantic Monthly. Since 1985 he has been named nine times in the Mainichi annual selection awards for English-language haiku. Heffernan teaches at Kagoshima Prefectual College on Kyushu, South Japan."

Heffernan, as author of eight other books of poems and narrative, offers in Christmas Gifts in South Japan a series of what he calls "haiku essays" but what others would call "haibun." An excellent writer, Heffernan pulls the reader in with his stories or observations, and the when one least expects it, there is

a haiku. Very engaging. Great reading for learning of how a Westerner lives and views Japan.

Feeling it would be wrong to quote just a haiku out of the matrix of the prose in Christmas Gifts in South Japan, here is one haiku from Heffernan's book of individual haiku, White Edge, Curling Wave:

rows of glassy eyes  
the Friday fishseller asks  
the crowd to line up

Inside Out: Haiku and Dreams by Joseph Kirschner. Deep North Press, Evanston, Illinois:2003. Perfect bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 88 pp., ISBN: 1-929116-10-1, \$20.00. Order from Joseph Kirschner, 2157 Ridge Ave., 2 D, Evanston, IL 60201.

For the first third of the book, Joseph Kirschner writes about dreams and how he connects them to the topic of haiku using the poems of Japanese masters. This connection between haiku and the rest of our lives is explored in a quite scholarly and yet perfectly accessible manner. In the rest of the book, Kirschner has collected comments and haiku from thirty-eight writers, a virtual who's who of English-language haiku, into which Kirschner weaves his comments and observations to make a united and cogent presentation. At the end of the book each contributor is given a paragraph for a biography to be introduced to the reader.

Charles Trumbull's Deep North Press has done a beautiful job on the book along with the cover design and artwork by Lidia Rozmus. The Foreword, by Daniel Lindley of the Jung Institute of Chicago adds credibility to Kirschner's thesis of the similarity of haiku and dreams.

Here, a sample of the way the poet's words and haiku combine, using the section by Joseph Kirschner:

"I walk to the bus stop with a haiku master. He disappears. I join a young guy on a lawn to wait for a haiku gathering to assemble. Suddenly, I am impelled to tell him this is only a dream. I know it is! How unusual. I must record this.

to capture the dream  
I reach for a tape recorder. . .  
and wake up"

Komagane Poems by David Mayer, SVD. Divine Word Missionaries, P.O. Box 6099, Techny, IL 60082. Hard cover with dust jacket, 5 x 7.5 inches, 94 pp. \$12.00.

From the information on the jacket fold: "David Mayer, SVD, teaches American literature and language at Nanzan University in Nagoya, Japan. Born in Columbia Missouri in 1938, he became a member of Divine Word Missionaries in 1958 and was ordained priest in 1966. . . These poems were completed in August, 1998, the 25th anniversary of his arrival in Japan."

This charming book serves as an introduction to insect life of Komagane City, a part of Nagoya. One haiku is presented on a page. Under a title is a haiku such as:

Oval orange surprise  
Bulging black-rimmed dark-blue eyes  
Blink flit-flat, filt-flat.

This is followed by a short paragraph of mild explanation of the bug or butterfly. On the opposite page are delightfully simple pencil drawings. I couldn't find any mention of the artist or a name, so I am assuming that David Mayer, with his interest in the observation in these denizens of the grasses, is also the creator of the drawings – which are, in my estimation, the best part of the book.

Mount Gassan's Slope: by Ann Newell. Translated into Japanese by Kenichi Sato. Red Moon Press: 2002. Perfect bound, 8 x 8 inches, unnumbered pages, sumi-e by Ann Newell, \$14.95 Order from Nancy Whitham, 3375 N. Baldwin, Portland, OR 97217

The title of this book came from a chance statement in a postcard from Kenichi Sato to Ann Newell about a day of skiing. Even though this phrase caused endless problems in translation, it stuck. On this association to Basho's trip to the Far North, Newell connects her forty-one haiku and her spare shapes of sumi. The haiku are arranged according to seasons, and on these division pages have brief statements that I found very engaging. For example:

Winter

If I believe  
when they tell me  
my ink is made  
of soot and glue  
and the hair of my brush  
badger: then  
I believe also  
that you see  
withered grass  
in strokes from my brush.

Every word, every poem, preface and afterword has been faithfully reproduced in kanji for the Japanese reader. Red Moon Press has done an impressive job of making a beautiful book out of the art of Ann Newell.

Upstate Dim Sum: Route 9 Haiku Group with guest poet, Michael Dylan Welch. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 34 pp. This chapbook is the latest in a series, published twice a year by the Route 9 Group of Haiku Writers. Contact John Stevenson. P.O. Box 122, Nassau, NY 12123 to subscribe (\$8.00 a year) or order back issues (\$5.00 each).

"The Route 9 Haiku Group meets once a month at the Tai Pan restaurant (hence the Dim Sum) on Route 9 in Halfmoon, NY. At the end of each meal favorite poems are selected for inclusion in an ongoing pool which are then collected by John Stevenson for these books. Members are John Stevenson, Yu Chang, Hilary Tann and Tom Clausen. The guest poet, Michael Dylan Welch was given the centerfold for his six haiku. Here is one:

after the haiku conference  
my new friend's name badge  
in the trash

The rest of the members' haiku, on beautiful papers has the authorship indicated by initials in red ink almost suggestive of a chop. In honor of the newest member, Tom Clausen, here is one of his poems.

full moon  
a coffee can of pennies  
hold the door open

Returning in Time by Slavica Savli. Translated into English by Adreja Grad. Published by Haiku Balkan, Ljubljana, Slovenia: 2003. Flat-spined paperback, 5 x 8 inches, 60 pps., tri-lingual, ISBN: 961-236-436-2, Introduction by Edin Saracevic. Contact author for copies.

Slavica Savli, is the revered teacher of countless students of poetry and haiku. Solvenia has probably garnered more haiku awards per poet than any other country in the last decade. Thus, Returning in Time is a marvelous opportunity to visit Savli's haiku.

Prihaja iz sole,  
s kolesom v roki  
in sonce z njim.

Coming from school,  
bicycle in his hand  
and the sun for company.

As you can see, in the original the poem has a much better formal shape, but we have to be glad for being able to follow the thinking process. The book is nicely made, all in blue ink with a sensitive photo as cover and back page.

small town by vincent tripi. Tribe Press, Greenfield, Massachusetts: 2003. Hand-tied, jacketed in transparent vellum, 4.75 x 6 inches, 24 mica-sprinkled pages., printing and typesetting by Swamp Press, \$7.00 ppd. Order from Vincent Tripi, 42 Franklin Street, Greenfield MA, 01301.

From the Preface by Tripi: "these are my small observations of a small town in a brief time in a brief live. a town I've come to cherish because of the fact that it always is exactly what it is. a lesson for us all."

A few years ago Vincent Tripi, a well-known and greatly admired haiku poet, moved from the Bay Area back to his roots on the East Coast. As a message, "all is well" comes this collection of his haiku in his new hometown. Like the work of all saints, Tripi's work is at once vastly reverent, human, and funny, too. A sample:

small town market -  
her cucumber  
larger than mine

## LETTERS TO LYNX

. . .A year ago I went to visit Ft. Lincoln at Bismarck, N.D. where my father was interned during WWII. Ever since that visit I have been working with the director of the N.D. Museum of Art and the President of the United Tribes Technical College (formerly Ft. Lincoln) to put on a photo/haiku exhibition to educate people about North Dakota's involvement in the internment program. The following is the news release about the event that has evolved. In attendance at the opening event will include a few former German and Japanese American internees. The title of the event: Snow Country Prison: Interned in North Dakota is taken from one of the haiku's my father wrote while interned. His Bismarck haiku was just recently published in the Modern Haiku Journal. The interest in the experience of the renunciants and the DOJ detention centers seems to be growing. I'm hoping that this news release might lead to some former internees or their family member wanting to join us at the exhibition.

I have a few snapshots of my visit their last year in front of the brick building where the Japanese American internees were housed if you'd be interested in using them with the story. As you know, the struggle for the Resisters to get recognition was quite long in coming. So you can imagine that the story of the Renunciants is yet to be told. I have interviewed several Renunciants in the process of working on my new documentary, From A Silk Cocoon (for which we received partial funding from CCLPEP) and though there are many remarkable and heart rending stories, most of those that I met with are quite reluctant to be known, let alone share their stories, since they were shunned by the majority of the JA community and labeled as "disloyal." I believe that work being done by folks like John Christgau, Isao Fujimoto, Barbara Takei and Judy Tachibana, myself and others will begin to shed light on the true complexity of the experience. For most renunciants, including my parents, they suffered not a crisis of loyalty, but a crisis of faith...in their government."

In 1941 the U. S. Justice Department converted Fort Lincoln from a surplus military post into an internment camp to detain people arrested in the United States as enemy aliens. Over its five-year operation as a camp, the Bismarck facility housed about 1,500 men of German nationality, and over 1,800 of Japanese ancestry. The first group of Japanese and German men were arrested by the FBI in the days immediately after Pearl Harbor. The arrests were done under the authority of the Alien Enemies Act, and these so-called "enemy aliens" were removed from their homes, primarily on the West Coast and East Coast, and sent to camps in isolated parts of the country.

"The upcoming exhibit and public programs are an outgrowth of scholarly efforts to examine and teach about the government's use of isolation and imprisonment against certain groups of people," says Gipp. "At the core is an examination of human rights issues," he said.

The exhibition, curated by Laurel Reuter, Director of the North Dakota Museum of Art, opens with a gala public celebration on Saturday, October 4 at 6 p.m. in the United Tribes Cultural Arts Center, a log cabin style building on the north side of the campus where it will continue for two months. It will subsequently be seen at the North Dakota Museum of Art in Grand Forks from February 28 to April 11, 2004, and then tour to the Heritage Hjemkomst Interpretive Center, Moorhead, Minnesota from April 18 - June 20, 2004, and the Taube Art Center in Minot, North Dakota

The exhibition will feature historic photos and murals of the camp, floor-to-ceiling cloth banners imprinted with images of people interned there, and wall text drawn from the haiku poems of one of the

Japanese American internees, Itaru Ina, the father of Dr. Satsuki Ina, a consultant to the exhibition.

The public programming surround the exhibition will begin on Saturday, October 4, at 2 P.M. with a screening of films led by Dr. Satsuki Ina in the lower level of the Jack Barden Center on the UTTC campus.

Dr. Satsuki Ina is a licensed family therapist and founder of the Family Study Center, Sacramento, CA. She is a retired professor from California State University, Sacramento, and producer of *Children of the Camps*, a PBS documentary about the experiences of six children confined to internment camps during World War II. Dr. Ina's father was interned at Fort Lincoln while she, her brother, and her mother were incarcerated in a War Relocation Authority camp in Tule Lake. She is currently working on a new documentary based on the letters her parents exchanged while her father was interned in Ft. Lincoln, N.D. It is titled, "From A Silk Cocoon."

The public programs will continue at 2 P.M., Sunday, October 5, when Dr. Ina will be joined by other humanities scholars to discuss the enemy alien experience, Fort Lincoln's history as a camp, and the affects of internment on people's lives. Other panelists include: John Christgau is the author of the book *Enemies: World War II Alien Internment*, which is based on the stories of Ft. Lincoln internees.

Published twenty years ago, *Enemies* is recognized as the first book on the Enemy Alien Program, and a key volume in the history of North Dakota. According to Christgau, "My view is that Ft. Lincoln stands as historical proof of how wartime hysteria and ethnic prejudices can deprive immigrants of their civil liberties. That same wartime hysteria, driven again by ethnic prejudices, is tragically affecting the Muslim and Arab American communities today." Christgau, a native of Crookston, Minnesota, is the author of six books and a part-time English professor in California.

Karen Ebel, an attorney, is an activist instrumental in bringing to public attention the story of German alien internment during World War II. She was the driving force behind the introduction of Federal legislation aimed at studying the wartime treatment of aliens. She will discuss enemy alien issues and tell the story of her father, Max Ebel, a Fort Lincoln internee.

Isao Fujimoto, a long-time professor at the University of California, Davis, founded the Asian American Studies program and the UC Davis Graduate Program in Community Development. A long time activist for the nurturing of civil societies, Dr. Fujimoto has had a special interest in the World War II internment of Japanese Americans. At a recent Enemy Alien exhibition in Sacramento, Dr. Fujimoto read excerpts from a half dozen letters between his father and himself while his father was confined at the Missoula camp. What struck Satsuki Ina was how those passages conveyed the human emotions and added the personal dimensions to topics such as social justice and civil rights.

In addition to the Saturday film screening, the grand opening, and the Sunday afternoon symposium with the scholars and those former internees who are able to attend, activities at UTTC during the weekend include a book signing with the humanities scholars, and self-guided tours of the campus using a map that identifies buildings and structures of the internment period. Dr. Satsuki Ina.

"Those who do not know their history are bound to repeat it."

## **FLYING ADAPTION**

Werner Reichhold

Poets, publishers and the public in the English speaking world are watching Western writers who are trying to integrate the use of Japanese genres. For some increasingly alerted observers the impression grows that in case the more imitative production of haiku keeps spreading the more obvious it becomes that this situation may pave a path for self-inflicted asphyxia, seen by some of the better poets as a danger of suffocation. If this is true or not may be hard to determine, but the conclusion should rather be to listen to the wider literary scene here and abroad which is asking for more openness, for more tolerance. Instead there are still some philistines operating from a fenced-in zone trying to block new developments.

For Japan, 1998, was somehow the year to try to fix the position of their genres internationally. Recognizing Jane Reichhold as 'The Mother of Tanka and Renga' in the English speaking poetry scene, the Japanese authorities, pondering thoughts as we do looked for help- and found it. Honoring first on the highest level the work already done, they cleared the way for letting an American poet redefine tanka, haiku, renga and haibun. The goal then was and still is to change or enrich poetical tactics in the West to make writers arrive at new destinations. The publisher Kodansha International put its power behind those goals. The book *Writing and Enjoying Haiku* is on the market introducing new perspectives to an audience decided to integrate Japanese genres into their own poetic adventures. Main stream poetry publishers hail the book, and they know why.

As society's image of the individual changes to incorporate the worthiness of each person, so must our methods of education make a slight, but dramatic shift. Instead of drilling a group to do the same things, as was done in the past, the newest emphasis is on teaching people to think by themselves. Gone are the methods of saying: this is how it is done, this is how you should do it, and this should be your result. Showing students how to think, how to investigate any situation, where to find answers and how to come to a unique solution greatly widens the horizon of thought and action. This is a fairly new field so it is rather astounding to find a book teaching the ways of writing haiku, tanka and renga already abiding by these principles.

Haiku, the most rule-riddled poetic form, has always been taught and expounded by emphasizing the many regulations as conceived of by the Japanese. Yet in this new book by Jane Reichhold, *Writing and Enjoying Haiku: A Hands-on Guide* by Kodansha, a novel and new approach is taken that could and should be copied in other educational materials.

Instead of saying "this is how to write a haiku", Reichhold first shows how to take a haiku apart to explore its various aspects. Techniques are explained so the reader can clearly see what made a certain haiku "click" or "work." Then she explains each of the many ways haiku have been written over the past four centuries with the emphasis on the ways the writers of haiku in English have tried to get their haiku across to an audience for whom the poetry form is new. In fact she lists sixty-five "rules" that have at one time or another been a part of the haiku education. Since many of these concepts are diametrically opposed, it would be impossible to follow all of them at once.

Therefore, and this is the crux of the new method of education, she encourages the reader of her book to consider why the rules were made, what results they fostered and then encourages the reader to pick his or her own set of rules and write from them! We have to have rules in haiku, in writing and in our daily routines. But the freedom comes when we are given the ability to pick our own rules, decide

when to break them or even to change them for new rules.

It is in the teaching of how to regulate one's life and writing from within that empowers persons to stretch to their own highest abilities. Beginning with something as easy as a haiku, as small as the shortest poetry form, patterns for observing, registering and understanding freedom can be easily practiced.

By instructing the reader of her book to actually begin writing in the margins of the pages, Reichhold underscores her philosophy of participational learning. She offers her haiku as sacrifices, poems to be decomposed and written anew. She understands that the way the student learns to think and to work is more important than the poem or any product and she keeps this goal in the foreground of all her writing. ( One example I like to mention is that this year, in 2003, Professor Chech from the Howard Hughes Medical Institute engaged twenty professors, each of them equipped with \$ 1 Million to explore new approaches in which teachers and students alternately are supposed to participate in every step taken in direction of a more effective learning process. The results, later implemented in curriculums, are expected to be revolutionary. Doesn't that ring a bell in respect to what Jane Reichhold did with *Writing and Enjoying Haiku* in 2002?

Further on, Reichhold's book points to a far out reaching web site, [Ahapoetry.com](http://Ahapoetry.com), for readers eager to find more poetical and theoretical material enlarging their personal perspectives.

After a splendid start of Kodansha's English Edition in Japan, the Americas, Australia and England, *Writing and Enjoying Haiku*, is now translated into Russian and on the market available from Sophia Press, Ukraine. A cool look at the map shows that the Russian language not only bridges a vast territory but also connects different cultures reaching from Eastern Europe to the Sea of Japan. Expectations are well founded that the introduction of Japanese genres into the Russian poetry scene will find a potentially rich base.

History sometimes has its caprices, its charm and detours. The Japanese genres, some fifty years ago introduced to the North American poetry scene, and there developed for quite a period of time, now take on a journey to the Russian speaking countries, probably with a big loop later arriving at the Kurile Islands, one hour by boat from Hokkaido. As expressed in Jane Reichhold's book title, the hope for Enjoyment seems to appear as a great power.

Dear Werner and Jane,

. . . Grateful thank you for the feedback and it is wonderfully gratifying to have these tanka find a published home with you. I hope you know how much I appreciate your kindness and to me the reality of my tanka is that many are personal to a point that I am unsure whether they have a "universally" valid voice that others will find levity in or poetic reassurance or some kind of truth-value in finding them... Your willingness to publish some of my tanka gives me hope that they may have something worth sharing and I'm glad for that and will try to keep scribbling away when the muse and moments move me!

I'll be looking forward to all the great work you gather in the next LYNX and wish you the longer light in your home and hearts. I just went and picked Emma up from her closest friend Cora's house and she was so happy coming home... we had a good talk in the car and then the scent of damp old leaves

mixed with new green grass and a lovely crescent moon... ah, so many gifts each day! There is a poem by Billy Collins in his latest book *Nine Horses* called "Aimless Love" in which he describes a sequence of things that he "falls in love" with and that sense is very much my own and that of any poetically inclined person. All best always, Tom Clausen

. . . I lived in Japan for twenty years while in the Navy. Though I was not writing at the time, I did absorb their way of life. I've had haiku appear in *Haiku Headlines*, *Frogpond* and *Modern Haiku* and had one waiting at *Japanophile* when it ceased publishing. I have a haibun coming out in *Contemporary Haibun and Haiga* vol 5. I've had many other poems published through out the country. Haibun are a new form for me, though I've written many haiku and prose poems. It took me years to figure out to put the two together. I hope there is something here you like. Jim Fowler

. . . It is good to see my three tanka in the current issue of *LYNX*. Thanks. If you have a policy against the use of titles, simply delete the titles I have used with these four tanka. (Given that, traditionally, the Japanese sometimes used "headnotes" with their tanka, I don't see why English writers today shouldn't use titles.) Andrew Lansdown

. . . Well, yes, one can argue about using a title on top of a tanka. Others tried to use titles, even by publishing haiku. And exactly this brings me back to the point you mentioned in your letter: "...why English writers today shouldn't use titles."

Yes, traditionally, the Japanese used "headnotes" with their tanka. Very understandable, they found out a single tanka can look quite lost.

But here it is: their headnotes have been far from functioning as titles. Looking closer at the headnotes we mostly read as translations, one can come to the conclusion, that the headnotes plus a tanka together look much like a haibun, even though they are not 'journeys' in the Japanese sense.

The other thing I would like to emphasize on is that since long I try to persuade writers not to publish single tanka. Instead I asked them to consider collecting their own verses for a while and then find out what would fit together and constitute something like a longer poem, lets say a poem of five or more verses. Most people I wrote to started to consider my suggestions, and soon confirmed that using shifts and leaps between verses as they had learned from writing *renga* was not only fun but opened a whole new way for them composing poetry. Werner.

Dear Gary, Oh good, that's quality prose we much too seldom see. That's a prose poem ending with a tanka and a verse from Sappho; I like the translation into a haiku-like form.

Another writer who did translate Sappho into very short, almost haiku-like forms is Kevin Bailey, Editor of *Haiku Quarterly* in England. He asked us if Jane would make a book out of his translations, but well, there is a but, because there are not many poems by Sappho, and if one doesn't add a lot of text and history, those poems of her's don't simply make a book. We advised him to bring the poems on the web, on our *Ahapoetry.com* web site, but he still hopes to publish them as a paper book.

By the way, I myself visited Greece for several times in the 60s and 70s, lived on the Islands of Crete and Myconos, spent time on the Greek part of Cyprus, but didn't make it to Lesbos, so I didn't visit the town Mitiline on Lesbos. If I ever have a chance to go to that area again I think I'll include a trip to Lesbos. I am deeply in love not only with the country but with the spirits of the people in Greece and everything they turned into art. Werner.

. . . A bit from my bio: Originally from NYC, Allen lives, writes, acts and directs theatre in Mexico. His published fiction, non-fiction, poetry, plays, etc., have appeared in print as well as on line: NY Times, The Writer, Newsday, Retrozine, Literary Potpourri, Flashquake, Cenotaph, Poetry Midwest, Poetic Voices, Bottle Rocket, Herons Nest, Frogpond, Modern Haiku, World Haiku Review, many others.  
Allen McGill

. . . Here is a sijo tribute to my wife who passed away of heart complications last August 14, 2003. Hope you can publish it in a future issue of Lynx. Thanks. Vic Gendrano

The first 31 links of this poem "Ninty-Nine Bottles of Beer" have appeared on Zane Parks' web site around 1998, when he stopped updating the site. If agreeable to you, we would like for Lynx to publish the entire poem. Thank you for your consideration. Carlos Colón

. . . In connection with my ongoing work I would like to bring to your attention, that since already 1989, I started combining the forms of tanka, haiku, renga, and prose plus artwork, composing what we today call 'the correspondence of the media'. A typical example (along with others shown in Montreal, Canada, and in New York, N.Y., U.S.A., in 1988) was my exhibit at the Orange County Center for Contemporary Art, Santa Anna, California, in 1989. There, an installation of large graphite drawings, each 5': 12' in size covering the walls of the whole room, was combined with haiku written on long stripes of paper crossing, twisting and interconnecting motives and spaces at the same time. Interspersed at space-specific important situations at the walls small transparent plastic birdhouses were placed so that inside of each differently arranged room a haiku signified a corresponding but paradox message.

Three book-size publications came on the market by AHA Books: Handshake and Tidalwave in 1989, Bridge of Voices in 1990. In there one finds new methods and examples offered to help the reader/viewer how to channel down the spirits of envisioned short poetry as we understand and develop it in the West.

In addition, both I and Jane Reichhold collaborated for years to put to use different genres in creating Symbiotic Poetry (the last example was a 36 link kazen renga in combination with 36 art works, published with the June issue of LYNX, 2003.). Mixed genres appeared first in the magazine Mirrors, later in the magazine LYNX, and are now available on the web site of AHAPOETRY.com., Haiku Forum. A new example putting different genres to work, one can find in this issue of LYNX, under 'Solo Poetry'. Werner

Greetings from Mishima, Japan. I am sending this hoping you can add the following message to your contests link or send to all interested poets in your address book:

Greetings from Japan, The 6th annual Suruga Literary Festival sponsored by Zen Temple Daichuji in Numazu is seeking entries for English haiku. You can visit the web page in English at the link below. Please note that entries will be accepted until Dec.20,2003. Any questions or inquires should be directed to Daichuji and not this email address---I'm only helping the head monk spread the word. Here is the URL and we'd very much appreciate it if you send in an entry and also told your haiku pals as well.

In my Bizen cup  
reds appear and disappear  
Mars behind night clouds.....

Thank you. Robert Yellin

. . . In 2000 I was present at a two day meeting here in Holland, to celebrate the 400 year that Dutch people were in contact with Japan. I was lucky and happy to have some discussion with Mr. Makoto and Mrs. Tada. She is a poet and a professor from Kobe, teaching French at Keio - Tokyo. Since 1979 Mr Makoto has had the first page daily poetry column: "Every day's poem" in the Asahi newspaper of which he edited a 100 poem-edition, translated in French in 1993 by Yves-Marie Ailloux. And only now I find this note again. marius geerts

. . . just saw your review of 'haiku noir' and i'm so grateful, just that you didn't HATE it, let alone give me such a kind and good and understanding review!....thank you, sincerely 2 things: 1. the correct ISBN is 0-7414-1395-7 2. the 'noir' : i was more referring to the spirit of 'film noir'--that whole existential, absurdist, detached, and even wryly funny quality found in most of the genre you 2 guys have meant and do mean so much to me--in spite of my churlishness, i hope you know that thanks again. Bob Gray

. . . Thanks Jane and Werner for publishing "ON A THOUSAND BRANCHES" ... I especially enjoyed the renga by you and Giselle

Maya...i've been out of touch with her (and other friends) for too long and hope to catch up this summer...still having some fatigue problems, but health is improved from last yr. LYNX continues to be an important "Linking" source for poets. Linda Jeannette Ward

. . . Thanks for the kind and generous comments about my chapbook, My California. The last issue of the Tanka Society of America newsletter had a listing and one person (Michael McClintock) ordered one! I especially appreciated your comments about the binding. I was going to staple it when a friend said she could/would like to bind it. She did a great job. She "refused" to let me put her name on the acknowledgements page but I am going to print up twenty more soon (I gave most of original twenty away to friends and family) and I plan on giving her credit whether she wants me to or not.

I'm up to chapter 13 in your Genji translations. Very impressive. Thanks for doing that work!!! Hello to Werner. "Praise Be" to tanka writers and translators. David Rice

. . . You have done such a wonderful job with Lynx and all the wonderful resources at AHA - bravo! I haven't submitted anything for so long because I have been using up all my writing energy on academic papers and a masters thesis. But I'm done now, and teaching at university, and eager to get back to the sorts of writing I

really love. Hopefully I can send you something in the near future.

ITerri Grell Kelly (former editor of LYNX!)

. . . long time! i have two children now:

kaspar 5 years

ursula 2 years

we just moved here: chaba has been non-functioning (but the page is still there even though i haven't had that account for years). i haven't been writing much... the reason i write is that i am trying to put out a winter cd/gift for all my friends (i count you...please let me know your mailing address again), and the friend who is collaborating with me wanted me to write a short haiku. it will be related to the end of winter/last snow/temporariness of winter.

the only line i have so far is:

snow into my head

as i forgot to put my hat on the snow disappears into my head. perhaps not too related to the end of winter... i tried to find the shiki list, but found it gone...is there a replacement? i have to take my daughter to a music class now; but i thought, since i found your name in relationship to the shiki list, that you might be able to help on short notice. Thanks for the notice about Lynx, Jane. And congrats on your new books! john hudak

. . .FYI, my new address in the Seattle area is as follows: Michael Dylan Welch, 22230 NE 28th Place, Sammamish, WA 98074-6408.

Michael and Hiromi Welch are expecting a baby around the ninth of October. All Blessings on the new baby! Write for his haiku sheet of "expecting haiku."

. . . Of the writing of tan renga there is no end, apparently, at least not for Larry and me! We enclose several sets written just recently, with the hope that they may find space in the upcoming Lynx. We are excited to inform you (and the readers of Lynx) that our book of tanrenga and other linked verse, *A Spill of Apples*, is almost...almost ready to go to the printers. Thank you again for your introduction, which gives our words both historical and creative context. Carol Purington & Larry Kimmel

. . . Respectfully, I send you this message to present you my new book: "Tanka of the Local Village" I make wooden books, handmade books, made one by one, colored with acrylic paintings, color pencils and ink. A handmade book that weighs 1 kilogram and 100 grams! An art book with original illustrations painted one for one  
The title of my new wooden book is: "Tanka of the Local Village" 170 Tanka written in Spanish and in English! The Local History expressed poetically The notes are written in English A concrete example of comparative literature: the basic form of Japanese poetry (a five line, 31 syllable poem) , an Argentinean writer and written in Spanish and in English with cultemas ( cultema: minimum unit of imitation, minimum unit of cultural transmission, a culture gene ) shared by the Local Village and the Global Village I send you more information in an attached file. I will respond any question that you want to make to me...

It is your message  
the star that guides me for  
strange lands  
your and I will make the Tanka  
that connects your Village and mine

Es tu mensaje  
la estrella que me guía por  
tierras extrañas  
tu y yo haremos el Tanka  
que engarza tu Aldea y la mía

Guillermo Compte Cathcart, Garay 254, (1854) Longchamps, Argentina

. . . This is the first time I had a chance to visit your LYNX review section. Thank you so very much for your kind review. I find I could spend hours at you site, everything is so interesting. You are one in a million, Jane! What a wonderful mind God blessed you with. You are the most outstanding woman I have ever had the privilege of knowing. I hope you and Werner are well and happy. Peace and love,  
Helen Sherry

LYNX is making an important contribution in providing a lot of variety and quality of work. It is a worthy source of reference for a reader or a poet. Your efforts in this ezine are commendable.  
Cheers. Khizra Aslam

. . . Had a note from Suhni Bell, Mary Lee McClure and Cindy Tebo that the premier issue of mothertongued is being unveiled today. This is a website with an incredible magazine of art and literature featuring many names you will recognize such as Marlene Mountain, Marjorie Buettner, Jeanne Emrich, Hortensia Anderson, Lyn Lifshin, Francine Porad, Shiela Windsor, Susan C. Bolstad, Benita Kape, Melisande Luna, Carol Sircoulomb, Sprite, Lynne Steel, Carmen Sterba, Melinda Varner, Etsuko Yanagibori, Cathy Drinkwater Better and myself. They are looking for more female artist/writers, so do check this out.

#### Invitation to The Bush Warble

If you are unable to attend the World Haiku Festival in Holland this weekend then take part from wherever you are!

We'd like you to take part by sometime this weekend taking a short walk or visiting somewhere, someone and then sharing something of the experience with us as haiku, haibun, haiga, if its haiga or haiku alone tell us where you went too - and lets all join together with those friends that are meeting in Holland with our hearts and minds if not physically - it is the World Haiku Festival so lets make it happen not only in Holland but the world over!

So this weekend be a haiku 'Bush Warbler' - let us know where you are and what you are doing - sing out! Please put WHF Bush Warble in the subject field somewhere! Send your submissions to:  
paul.conneally@ntlworld.com Paul Conneally.

## **FOURTEENTH**

## **INTERNATIONAL**

## **TANKA SPLENDOR**

## **AWARD**

2003

Sponsored by AHA Books

1. Thirty-one tanka and three tanka sequences will be awarded publication in Tanka Splendor 2003 and for each winning entry the author will receive a \$20. gift certificate for books from AHA Books.
2. Each author may submit either a group of up to three (3) unpublished tanka or one tanka sequence of

any length. All material must be original and not under consideration elsewhere.

3. There is no entry fee.

4. Individual tanka should be in English, written in five lines containing 31 or less syllables, preferably without titles.

5. The tanka sequence should consist of a title with three or more tanka, each of which contains 31 or less syllables written in five lines.

6. Send your entry either by using the form below or sending an e-mail to [ahabooks@mcn.org](mailto:ahabooks@mcn.org) with "TS entry" in the subject line. Entries may also be sent by regular post. These will be entered in the contest but the author will be unable to take part in the judging. Winners not online will notified by mail. Send mail entries, typed on sheets of paper to:

TS2003 Contest  
pob 767 / 1250  
Gualala, CA 95445

8. The judging will be done only by the persons with a valid e-mail address who have entered the contest. Each contestant will receive an e-mail with the anonymous poems for judging. The contestants are invited to declare their choices for the best single tanka and best sequence. After tabulating these votes the 31 single tanka and three sequences which receive the most votes will be published as Tanka Splendor 2003 as an AHA Books Online and winners will be notified with the gift certificates.

9. Rights return to authors upon publication. Entries cannot be returned.

Send your tanka entries to the Tanka Splendor Awards Contest with this form. If this form fails to function, you can send a regular e-mail to [ahabooks@mcn.org](mailto:ahabooks@mcn.org) with "TS entry" in the subject line.

Read the winning entries in Tanka Splendor 2000.  
Or in Tanka Splendor 2001.  
Or the latest winners in Tanka Splendor 2002

Back editions of Tanka Splendor for the years 92, 95, 97, 98 and 99 are still available from AHA Books for \$6.00 each postpaid. Send a check by post to AHA Books, pob 1250, Gualala, CA.

The haiku scene lost two important women writers in one week in March, 2003. Anne McKay, born April 29, 1932 in Ottawa, Canada, died on March 4th in Vancouver, British Columbia. She had published fourteen books of haiku, renga and tanka. Her soft, romantic way of writing, all in lower case, influenced many other poets. Lea Lifschitz died on March 10th, 2003. (If anyone has more information on her, please e-mail me so I can add it in.)

## **PARTICIPATION RENGA**

### **AT THE BEACH**

Rule: 3 – 2 lines alternating

Ends with 12 links

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC  
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR  
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR  
eating ice cream in the dark no more blondes WR  
Carrot Top's telephone time travel . . . back in the Rotary Club CC  
dark curls from under swimming instructor's suit 1950s lessons GD

watching my years reflected  
in the sea's mirror WR

blacklisted  
Joe McCarthy CC

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
missing the obvious he slashes his foot on a mussel-covered rock JAJ  
coming home quietly broken shells and I WR  
her new treasure a wagon full of driftwood JAJ  
the stick I threw now in a dog's teeth WR  
smushed sandcastle curl-lipped snarl of the 98-pound bully CC  
covert photos nude beach GD

shortening shadows  
the spike  
of a valleyball CC

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
deep in the wave just as it breaks light glints GD  
I twinkle and I shut my eyes for in the dark appearing stars WR  
wearing sunglasses the Hollywood wantabee stumbles JR

on her hands and knees in front of Grauman's CC  
"Whata beach!" the young tough snarls through slitted eyes JR  
a dolphin jumps or was it Eve? WR

Primavera  
the nymphs swirl their  
gauze nachos GD

bridge dummy  
the three faces  
of my partner CC

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
in rain the rocks find their colors cg  
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC  
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR  
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR  
Irishman explaining the steering wheel in his crotch: "It drives me nuts!" JR  
spitting out a shell and a tooth WR

no more  
press conferences  
let them read the funnies GD

cloud gap  
clean  
sting of nothing eating JMB

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
tourists wading in surf eyes open for sharks GD  
from afar calling her through both hands white teeth WR  
bright green thong between pale cheeks GD  
playing frisbee a mouth full of sand hair too JAJ  
your eye low water JMB  
swirling swirling the sound of a siren CC  
Ah – those uniformed uncovering us WR

the dog buries her nose  
in the shoe, looking for  
a smelly sock GD

~\*~

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops Robert Flannery  
tourists wading in surf eyes open for sharks GD  
from afar calling her through both hands white teeth WR  
bright green thong between pale cheeks GD  
playing frisbee a mouth full of sand hair too JAJ  
your eye low water JMB  
concentrating on the gulls to neutralize the nausea - CC  
oh watch the cage JMB

kitchen counter:  
behind the blender  
the mouse's tail GD

## **NEWNEWNEWNEWNEWNEWGETINONTHEFUNEARLYNEWNEW**

### **BLACKOUT**

Rule: 3 / 2 lines alternating ending with 12 links  
Theme: loss, frustration, deprivation

after the blackout  
eating all the ice cream quickly  
before the power returns            Gene Doty

### **GENTLY WIPING DUST**

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

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW  
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ  
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC  
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR  
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC  
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM  
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ  
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG  
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM  
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL  
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ  
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG

breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ  
father and son pause for a long moment RF  
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR  
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ  
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR  
finishing the school of hard knocks YH  
digital display counting down the failing heart GD  
she tries to add up all the good times YH  
was never very good at math MHH  
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR  
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking out GD  
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB  
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ  
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD  
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH  
even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth! dht  
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF  
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC  
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA  
mackerel clouds reach every horizon piling the sea JR  
broken thermometer poisonous mercury scatters everywhere JAJ  
driving through a school zone spray of sparrows RF  
waiting at the end of the block police speed trap JAJ  
another hole in the cheese CC  
small tear in the yellowed love letter folded, refolded cg  
anthrax scare the office smart-aleck CC  
we go to bed goose pimples appear wanted WR  
bare feet find the linoleum CC  
grano coffee ground heel thought JMB

splintered edge  
where the door – sill GD

sijo\*  
jogging the memory  
in Central Park CC

(\*sijo is the pseudonym of Gary Barnes)

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW  
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ  
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC  
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taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC  
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stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA  
mackerel clouds reach every horizon piling the sea JR  
broken thermometer poisonous mercury scatters everywhere JAJ  
driving through a school zone spray of sparrows RF  
waiting at the end of the block police speed trap JAJ  
she remembers when fast was dad's Model T cg  
man on the running board the answering machine gun CC  
two Firestone front tires flat my personal "axis of evil" WR  
stripped one lug nut on each wheel CC  
churned crust JMB  
old dog appears at my hands hoping for a treat GD

falling to my knees  
then the in and out  
of her tongue WR

~\*~

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father and son pause for a long moment RF  
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR  
finishing the school of hard knocks YH  
digital display counting the failing heart GD  
she tries to add up all the good times YH  
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD  
the new player late for the first game RF  
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD  
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC  
richer for the experience bottoms up YH  
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC  
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg  
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ  
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg  
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD  
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg  
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB  
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD  
listening to a star leaving the lake WR  
heaving light beneath the wave JMB  
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg  
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR  
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ  
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR  
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD

permeating . . .  
a stick  
of sandalwood CC

dust behind the radio  
stiff  
rubber band JMB

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW  
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ  
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC

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mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD  
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg  
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB  
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD  
listening to a star leaving the lake WR  
heaving light beneath the wave JMB  
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg  
bubblegum smack across her face JAJ  
wiping her feet at heaven's gate Pat Shelley CC  
"wind do not muss my hair" calm skies on the day of her death JR  
the dropped marble rolls out of sight GD

Lew Marie:

"Give me Marvin Gardens,  
or give me death!" CC

## **LA RENGALOCA**

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

La Renga Loca

Your muses lock horns with

Night Blooming Jazzman

X-treme Poetry – Carlos Colón

She wouldn't be as  
Holy  
I  
F  
The neighbor's boy wasn't that shy WR

Kiss  
Incenses  
Grizzled  
Opponent CC

Soon  
Even the birds won't

Nest  
Right by  
Your home you  
Ungrateful slingshot wretch JAJ

Turquoise  
Egret  
Neck  
Stretched  
Into a knot  
On  
Niece's Big Chief Tablet CC

Pope  
Introduces  
Veterans  
Of the Swiss Guard  
To sharp shooters WR

Military intelligence  
Oxymoron  
Obfuscates  
Normal life JR

Wandering  
Away  
By  
Incense WR

Belly laughs  
Rarely  
Accoladed  
Despite

Yuckability CC

~\*~

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

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

Talking  
Willingly  
In the manner of  
Stereotypes used for a  
Thousand times WR

Proper feelings  
Often  
Edges  
Thrust into a  
Reactive  
You JR

Right now she's had  
Enough of hot weather  
No doubt in winter  
Going to somewhere warm  
All that she will desire JAJ

To  
Answer  
Notes  
Responding  
Emotion  
Names  
Greater  
Appetites JR

Love is  
Ever waiting  
At another  
Place you don't expect WR

Periods

À trois  
Utilized  
Sparingly  
Elliptically CC

Even  
Newcomers  
Join in  
On  
Yoodles of fun JR

### **SWARMING**

6-word links on the  
Theme: swarming

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
carrying the birds' idea of food JR  
news of doughnuts in the break room cg  
the case of the pedophile priest CC  
memories of a my own shame JR  
that I couldn't count to six JMB  
a handful of ideas to touch JR

flies through broken screen: floor honey GD

cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB

~\*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
carrying the birds' idea of food JR  
news of doughnuts in the break room cg  
children flipping raisins at the wall WR  
flies rest on the burning floor JMB  
one victim states he's not Moslem WR  
a crowd at heaven's gate fighting JR

"somewhere over the rainbow, bluebirds fly" GD

monk lifted by two holy sisters ??

~\*~

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

memories of a my own shame JR  
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC  
water the window dry the face JMB

the hokku with one thousand links GD

deafening the music of your eyes CC

## **NEWNEWNEWNEWNEWNEWNEWGETINONTHEFUNNEWNEW**

### **VANILLA RENGA**

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

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

### **WITHIN/WITHOUT**

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 12 links

Theme: interconnectedness

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery  
with jeans a belt of stars the radiance of a daughter JR  
tied shoelaces tug of war between two teams of Barbies CC  
in mirror: the head upside down JMB  
jigsaw puzzle factory her missing timecard CC  
hissing hose beneath the table JMB  
after forty years her breasts still sweet GD

chewing gum  
just letting fly  
the ball of bubble WR

frozen in love  
the night Dad turned on  
the light JR

~\*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery  
left the hair combed my hand JMB  
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC  
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ  
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR  
blue heron passes overhead RF

sky food the gopher learns to fly JR

the joke on me  
echoing into eternity CC

sky diver and hang-glider  
collide at four thousand feet GD

~\*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery  
left the hair combed my hand JMB  
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC  
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ  
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR  
at the gulf course hole 18 flooded WR  
Sunday the rain clears for a sun day JR

the choir's strange voices  
make distant harmonies GD

**FINIS**