

Otata

January 2016

otata 1
January, 2016
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This inaugural number is in memory of Phyllis Walsh, whose *Hummingbird*, whose wings filled our hands.

<https://otatablog.wordpress.com>

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John Perlman

Johannes S.H. Bjerg

Tom Clausen

Giselle Maya

Max Verhart

fuyu no tsuki ikyou no machi no kasigeyuku

winter moon
the heathen town tumbling
into ruin

— Maya Hiromi

≡

one wave
one surfer
one

teasel burrs all in a row birdsong

— Charles Trumbull

≡

as light fades
a seagull's
white cry

winter night –
the patter
of little
rat feet

— Lorin Ford

≡

Dinghy veers
right round the Great Laker
summer breeze

Counting fish
three more nights this month
to fill the moon

— David McMurray

☐

how the deer's taken
on the valley
colors

— Scott Metz

☐

morning fog
parts of the tree left
to our imagination

the order the world takes
autumn leaves
under our feet

— Gary Hotham

☐

to bomb
to say we end
rosemary
for remembrance

— Mark Harris

☐

try and write it you can't
the fragrant colours of spring

in the night sky cloud
as a moonshelf

— Malcolm Ritchie

☐

from
NOTEBOOK: NEW MEXICO
January, 2016

Along Highway 64
Pine trees marching in
out of the storm,
shoulders white with snow.

Taos Pueblo

Lost in snow.
What am I not
meant to see?

Along Highway 68

Over the edge and into the mouth
of darkness, where trickster tells the truth.
No one falls down the mountain.

— Tom Montag

☐

between and
night dream
 an open
 window

heat shimmer
on the street
the city's
illusions

luminous leaves
my life a breath
of the earth

— Dietmar Tauchner

☐

hunting patterned skin the forest deep

violent wind storm petal face

feathered into
the after
life cooing

— Joseph Salvatore Aversano

☐

Cedar Tree Neck

massive boulders
in the spray point the
way the ice slipped from
their backs departing

after our grandson's stay
there stands my pen upright in
incense burner's ash

deer
have discovered
night's wonderful delicacies
of my hosta garden
day lily petals too
this time every
year

Reading Nyogen Senzaki

kneeling to pluck
wild garlic from the grass
behind the seawall nibbling
bulbs breath carried by a
west wind over
open sea

— John Perlman

E

stocking up on immortality
a carp
under the ice

after death
my shadow will back
to its waterfall

a blue stone a red stone and a grey one
slowly a hyacinth
gives up

— Johannes S.H. Bjerg

☐

a walk about
the great school
of the woods

—Tom Clausen

☐

Silence of Light
It touches both liars
and lilacs

Whisking tea
Green as a spring meadow
Unfazed by piercing winds

— Giselle Maya

☐

2016
buddy holly still in love
with peggy sue

— Max Verhart

EEEEEE
EEE
E

Otata will come again
one day
late fall in the mountains

— Santoka as translated by Burton Watson

Otata mo aru hi wa kite kureru yama no aki fukaku

As Watson notes, “Otata was a woman who went around selling fish in the area of
Santoka’s cottage in Matsuyama.”

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—John Martone