

**LYNX**  
A Journal for Linking Poets

XXI:3 October, 2006

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## BOOK REVIEWS:

### GUEST BOOK REVIEWS

My Tanka Diary, by Yuko Kawano, translated by Amelia Fielden. Ginninderra Press: 2006, 213 pages, ISBN:1740227 361 3, US \$20 (US bills preferred, cost includes postage). Can be ordered from A. Fielden, 20A Elouera Avenue, Buff Point, NSW 2262, Australia.  
by Sanford Goldstein, Shibata-shi, Japan

A Book Review A Hindi Translation of Masaoka Shiki's – If Someone Asks . . . by Dr. Angelee Deodhar. Written by Kala Ramesh, Pune, India. If Someone Asks ... Masaoka Shiki's Life and Haiku, published December 2005; English translation by The Shiki-Kinen Museum English Volunteers, Hindi translation by Dr. Angelee Deodhar, 156 pages. This book is not for sale but copies can be requested from: Dr. Angelee Deodhar, House No. 1224, Sector - 42 B Chandigarh -160 036 India.

Haiku: Anthologie du poème court japonais. Selection and translation by Corinne Atlan and Zéno Bianu. Editions Gallimard: 2002. Colour cover, 242 pages, ISBN:2-07-041306-3, available for under \$13 from [www.amazon.ca](http://www.amazon.ca) by Norman Darlington, Bunclody, Ireland

### Book Announcements

SWEEPS OF RAIN - a haibun book about dementia (in het Nederlands: Vegen van Regen) Year: 2006 by GEERT VERBEKE (°31-05-1948). ISBN - 81-8253-06-87, Pages: 128, Format: Paperback A5. Language: English. Publisher mail: Dr. Santosh Kumar Website: [Cyberwit India](http://CyberwitIndia.com) PRICE: 18 us\$ on bank account.

Mud On The Wall, Selected Haiku, Senryu & Tanka Poems of Jörgen Johansson , Sweden - River Man Publishing Co. ISBN 91-976430-0-9. 79 Poems, all in English! 2003-2006, picked by Heron's Nest, Frogpond, Acorn, Mainchi News, Simply Haiku. Ltd edition of 100 numbered copies, price, \$6 + \$4 Airmail, payment thru cash in a well concealed airmail letter OR Paypal.

CHO is a quarterly journal edited by Ken Jones, Jim Kacian and Bruce Ross. Featured in this issue: Selections for Contemporary Haibun [The Yearly Print Journal].

Haiku For Peace – In Memory of Sadako Sasaki by Mevsimsiz Publishing House in Turkey is planning to publish “1000 Haiku for Peace” anthology in memory of Sadako Sasaki in August 6, 2007 in English and Turkish. We are looking for 100 haiku and senryu poets in order to help us to make this project real. All over the world who believes the peace; all over the world, who would like to stop the war in Palestine , Lebanon , Africa .Each haiku and senryu poets shall have 10 haiku or senryu in the anthology.

TANKA FIELDS A Chapbook of Tanka by Robert D. Wilson, With a Forward by Michael McClintock, White Egret Press (c)2006. Featuring 75 tanka written by the award winning poet and owner/managing editor of Simply Haiku, Robert D. Wilson. \$6.00 U.S. & Canada : \$2.00 P&H International: \$4.00 P&H. Checks and/or money orders are to be made out to: Robert D. Wilson, 20734 Hemlock Street , Groveland, CA 95321 USA

July's FireWeed is complete and ready for your inspection: Poetry, interview, Houdini , Scotland , experimental, War, Peace and Everything in between supplemental, and feature - Jon Hayes. Terrie Relf, editor, invites you to come on over and enjoy. And also go to the blog. The blog owner's (Michelle Buchanan) goal is to post a memorial poem to each of the military killed during the Iraq war - 2615 as of the end of June. Please add yours. Gary Blankenship Gary's book, A River Transformed.

HAIKU HARVEST — Journal of Haiku in English, Spring & Summer 2006, Volume 6 Number 1 Print & Digital Editions. Denis M. Garrison, Editor.

The German web site Haiku heute (Haiku Today) appears monthly. It contains a juried collection of 15 to twenty haiku chosen from about 150 to 200 haiku submitted monthly, plus commentary, haibun, renku, interviews and essays.

## **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; GV - Geert Verbeke; JAJ - Jean Jorgensen; JC - Jeanne Cassler; JMB - John M. Bennett; JR - Jane Reichhold; JS - John Sheirer; JSJ - Joyce Sandeen Johnson; KCL - Kenneth C. Leibman; LCG - Larry Gross; LE - Lesley Einer; LJ - Lael Johnson; MHH - Madeline Hoffer; ML - Minna Lerman; MM - Marianne Marks; MWM - Mary Wittry-Mason; N - Nika; NA -Nasira Alma; PC - Penny Crosby; PGC - Pamela Connor; PJS - P.J. Sharpe; PS - Pat Shelley; R - Ronan; RF - Robert Flannery; SCH - Suzette Hains, SD - Simon Doubleday; SMc - Steve McComas; TLG -Terri Lee Grell; TV - Teresa Volz; TW - Tundra (Jim Wilson) Wind; WEG - Elliot Greig; WR - Werner Reichhold; YH - Yvonne Hardenbrook; ZP - Zane Parks.

## SOLO WORKS

### GAZALS

#### HOLDING YOUR HAND

CW Hawes

The December snow melts fast away while I hold your hand;  
I'd rather be on a tropical isle holding your hand.

Here we sit: it is late at night, the movie has ended,  
You are drinking a cup of chamomile; I hold your hand.

In the grocery store, studying labels on jars of pickles,  
I don't mind being a bit juvenile: I hold your hand.

We go for a walk on the trails through the nature center  
Spying birds, bugs; you give me a sweet smile, I hold your hand.

Whispering sweet nothings with a nibble of your ear;  
By now you know what I want, you know my style: I hold your hand.

Now old and grey, Akikaze, sits by the warming fire  
And fingers her hair, without any guile, and holds her hand.

#### RETURNING

CW Hawes

We are all returning – from what and to what are the questions.  
Perhaps we are geese returning north on an early spring morning.

For seven years I gazed out of my window at the meadow before the wood  
and saw there the turning and the returning of the seasons.

Everyday the rotten apples and spent tea leaves are tossed upon the  
compost pile and in the blackness I see their returning.

Thousands of babies coming into this world each day and each day,  
in every death, I see them all returning.

With my brother at Great Sand Dunes National Park climbing sand  
mountains; because of our parents' fear, we are forced into returning.

A winner and a loser and the end of the chess game;  
in a minute, the pieces are returning to the beginning.

This man of the study, this seeker of knowledge,  
is returning to the woods of his youth to gather wisdom.

GIFT  
CW Hawes

This morning I feel the warm breeze, a gift upon my face;  
as the sun lifts itself in the east, I know a gift in its brightness.

My child bursting with joy ecstatic on Christmas morning;  
I see disappointment on her face after the last gift is opened.

Sorting through the odds and ends in the drawer accumulated over years;  
I find her gift to me, a ring, and wonder where she is today.

Is there a pain equal to the pain of the precious one's goodbye?  
The two seashells, her gift, still remain on a corner of my desk.

Barn swallows swooping through the air eating bugs by the ton;  
A gift from the Unseen Hand which directs the spheres.

Walking down the street after the thunderstorm has passed;  
Peony petals scattered on the ground – is there a gift in the falling?

The seeker sits on the park bench and watches the children play;  
Hearing the laughter, he hears the past's gift to the future.

Last night I wandered the place, dousing the bulbs  
imbued with space-filling fire that promised but weak insurance.

When I stopped at the single remaining, what it made of the  
rough-plastered wall behind, for the first time fused

feeling and context, where I'd been and all the specters  
I ever desired or fled as possible futures.

I thought: now I'm really here. (Whatever that implies.)  
And this morning tying tie, I felt the peculiar

snag of serrated dead fingertip-skin against silk.

And I knew then mine was a madness that would be cured.

Michael Helsem

PASSING

Dustin Neal

Hidden below two heavy feet in the midst of summer,  
Spring thoughts crushed along with the cankerworm.

The breeze shaking the pine trees in the front yard  
Right above the bird nest— mother calling out softly.

Dinner later than usual— the same meal again,  
Tasting the bitterness passed with the sudden glances.

Sneaking into the window at midnight without a mask,  
The thief notices the old woman's portrait in candlelight.

At dawn the ambulance spins its tires in red mud,  
Dew slowly fading with each breath taken in.

The mailman delivers the note to the wrong address,  
Father and mother turn the news off to watch dusk.

The gun sets in the cabinet with hints of rust,  
The cocoon still closed off to the world.

Her dress colorful with each twist and turn,  
Confetti drifts into the ditch unnoticed, forgotten.

GHAZAL FOR A DULL DAY

Laurence W. Thomas

I fill my coffee cup, butter a muffin, turn on the news  
and watch as the sun readies my garden for another day.

After morning news and commercials seen ad nauseam,  
television wafts me off to places I'd rather not go.

Wandering through pages of the nearest book,  
I find escape to anonymity from the world I know.

The hush of pages veils the noises from outdoors,  
a distant plane, the thrum of traffic miles away.

I check the Internet to see what messages have been sent.  
My friends, at occupations elsewhere, have better things to do.

My indefatigable cat nuzzles my hand, his hours as long as mine:  
a tummy rub to vary the regimen of his day, at odds with ennui.

Scanning the channels for something to while away the time,  
all I find are judges, preachers, Martha Stewart, Oprah.

I wait, but the telephone remains as mute to my need  
as any walk around the block on a rainy day.

My neighbors are walking their dogs or off at work.  
Even the crows have removed themselves to the tallest tree.

After lunch, a sandwich and a bowl of chicken noodle soup,  
A time to catch up on reading and a short siesta.

As usual, the mail is late and when it finally arrives,  
it's demands for what I owe, what I should buy.

Supper quickly fixed, leftovers, some second-hand dessert  
accompanied by the same old evening news events on TV.

I scroll through reruns and repeats of ads till time to go  
to bed, anticipating the excitement of tomorrow.

HAIBUN

ASCENSION SUNDAY  
Gillena Cox

Ascension Sunday; I'm wearing white, down to my undies. Walking home from church, there is a man  
a few paces in from of me looking up skywards.

a jetplane

now hidden in a mass  
of white cumulus

A HAIBUN FOR SUSANNAH  
CW Hawes

The instilling and distilling of the mind; the past thirteen years, an inward journey in which the flower returns to the seed and only then is once more a bud.

high school  
graduation ceremony  
rose blossom opens

All along the horizon the hills are calling out to the fledgling spirits. Green hills promising a place on which to stand and touch the clouds.

one foot placed  
on this road which leads  
far from home  
dandelion seeds  
once more the look back

"All roads lead to Rome", but some are more scenic than others. Each of us the sum total of all those who traveled before us and the path-makers for those who will follow. On the mountains, it is said, dwell the gods.

The sound  
of summer's wind:  
Nature's Adhan calling  
us all to the celebration  
of life.

ORIGAMI  
Elizabeth Howard

He dreams of being an artist, tours arts and crafts shows, admires the skill of others. When he is 70, origami figures catch his eye. He buys a stack of books and paper of every color, practices hours on end, crumpled butterflies, and crippled cranes wadded in the trash. At last, a redbird with a warped wing flies from the chandelier.

evening sun  
flocks of white doves  
stream across the sky

## SCHOOL'S OUT

Roger Jones

Fifth grade, class just dismissed. On the asphalt edge of the school ground, I am looking beyond the baseball fields, past the fence, the busy street – three months of freedom.

flick flick flick  
the sprinkler jet arcs  
rainbows

## TRAVEL HAIBUN

Larry Kimmel

7:00 am. i see kate off and go back to bed. a short doze later the phone rings. it's kate calling from pittsburg, 500 miles away. she's calling to say she left her car in a tow-away zone at the airport. had to, to catch her plane. it's going to get towed by the time i can drive the 80 miles to bradley anyway, so i don't hurry. work the stiffness out of my back. do chores. answer e-mail.

blizzard warning  
and a two hour drive  
ahead of me -  
old age  
uncertain as a winter road

by early evening i get there. ask around. look around. and find it parked in a tow-away zone, all by its lonely and unmolested! get in. drive it off. park it in a lot against kate's return. go back to my own car and set off for home, here in colrain.

the promised snowstorm  
80 miles of stardrive  
at my windshield

think of it! this morning, i'd moved from bed to bathroom to bed, a round trip of, say, 15 feet, while kate, in that same time, traveled 500 miles from home.

just me and a fly  
at black windows  
the tick of snow

#### COMMON THEME

Sheila E. Murphy

Nomadic pesticides equate to boundaries unless a fickle avenue tenses half to blue. The several overt migration theories tend to wax. Why am I telling you? Eternity costs the same as fiberglass if you purchase sweeping canopies. Cacophony de-veins the silk rubbed to osmosis. I half conceive dormant vicissitudes. Are you among my briars thatched? I guess it is worm worn to be holding tanks. Eventually stars will splinter into crispy light. At which point homogeneous throwbacks may take flight.

Coffers filled, exhilarating premises, once your home

#### MONITOR THE MORNING

Sheila E. Murphy

When able wheels are not (mis)placed beneath me I distinguish surface from the resonance of stones. No room for pebbles on the page. I think to you, with certainty of prayer. Pressed duck, rucksack, beyond-the-limit-searing scratch. The lack of flurry draws forth synonyms or homophones or objects that occur on either side of equal sign. This painting will amount to broth unless you frame it. And walls that once seemed gray recall that time occurs at once.

Shoulder to should, anachronism if mismatch there be

#### DOVE LIGHT

Sheila E. Murphy

You have not been my child until this day when recitation channels sense of slight. My skin has not been thick enough to bear you. In an instant everything I learn is true to taste still holding you alive.

A wilderness remains left center of shared pulse. This momentary lapse into fulfillment tenses blossoms that appear relaxed. Listen for tone preferred but learned. The glyph absorbing speech removes doubt shaped to glean capacity.

Granularity a form of clear good feeling, daylight confused with sliver of a moon

## COME THE REVOLUTION

Zane Parks

Friday night. My wife and I are having drinks. We talk about our younger days. Before we knew each other. She takes me back . . .

Detroit. Mid-sixties. LaSalle and Lafayette, two fine-looking young men. Twins. Black Panthers. A young woman. Radical, white. They share a pitcher of beer.

"Come the revolution, we have to kill you."

Nods all around.

glass crunches  
under rioters' feet . . .  
motown smokin'

## I SWEAR

Zane Parks

I'm in the 3rd grade, Jimmy's in the 4th. We fight coming home from school. I swear. I just start cussing and say things I don't mean. Why did I call his mother a bitch? I like her. Jeez, she's one of the sweetest moms on the block. I tell my own mom, "The fight wasn't about anything. It was just a fight." I hope Jimmy keeps his mouth shut. Maybe he doesn't even look like he was in a fight.

the new clock's charm  
fades around midnight –  
cuckoo

## SEQUENCES

### JUST THIS MORNING

Ed Baker

Every  
morning  
on  
the  
base

Little  
pile  
saw  
dust

bigger

be  
tween  
her  
breasts  
and

neck

FOR REV. BEN BORTEN  
Gerard John Conforti

Life is long each passing day  
we live it to the end  
in the setting of the sun  
when autumn leaves fall  
upon the river of life

I have lived my life  
with joy and pain  
which is part of life  
and we must go forward  
down the roads toward the stars

I wish I could make things better  
for all of us  
who dwell somewhere in rooms  
and find confining walls  
and complete silence

## A WHITE HORSEMAN

John Daleiden

Will it end, this summer heat,  
oppressive siege like your absence?  
No letter from you today—  
nor did it rain—unbearable.  
Earth and I thirst for your presence,  
fill my garden with new blooms.

Twenty-three days with no word;  
the earth cracks, the grass turns brown.  
Last night thunder in the skies  
returned with clouds, but no rain.  
In my dreams you ride a white horse;  
you wear black and do not speak.

Autumn winds relieve the draught;  
a letter commends your acts.  
Your bravery saved many lives;  
your funeral complete with taps.  
Quiet tears fill each of my nights  
grieving victims of all wars.

## SUMI-E

Margarita Engle

hand  
of the artist  
perched in air  
the upright brush  
a heron's beak

wide brush  
for sea and sky  
a fine point  
of horsehair  
becomes feathers

bamboo

drawn upward  
from roots  
the earth  
a single stroke

waterfall  
brushed from the top  
of a cliff  
downward  
following rocks

ink  
of lamp-soot  
warm black  
ink of pine-soot  
cool blue

slanted brush  
to create mountains  
or upright  
for the man  
on a bridge, alone...

old tree  
the nearly dry brush  
then a few swift  
motions of the hand –  
fresh blossoms

## VISIT TO A PETTING FARM

Laryalee Fraser

mercury rising...  
an emu swallows  
the carrot whole

the gate  
slightly tilted –  
a sheep ruminates

corn maze  
the children brush aside  
grandma's fears

the blue

of her wide eyes –  
strutting peacock

tourist's camera  
a donkey ambles  
toward the barn

THE SIREN AGAIN  
CW Hawes

sinuous she  
slithered into my life  
and wound herself  
about me a fleshly coat  
squeezing ever so tightly

this hand  
that is so accustomed  
to killing  
gently strokes her hair  
and tenderly caresses

in a dream  
the dark shape takes away  
my soul  
when I wake and see you  
why do I shiver

in the middle  
of the falling rain  
a slow burn  
these pines turn yellow  
my skin melts away

from the dream  
I awake with a start  
heart pounding  
in the distance the sound  
of the siren again

WHAT CAN BE TAUGHT  
Michael Helsem

a glacier passes  
someone else collects pebbles

i wear my solitude  
like a crown of aphids

the ambition  
to have rotting teeth

ALLOTROPES OF REASON  
Michael Helsem

Winter rose, of the two alike keys  
i always choose the wrong one first

pain of waiting, rose  
i walked past without a glance

i belong in this winter  
garden

IN ASSISTED LIVING  
Elizabeth Howard

it scuttles in the dark barn  
follows her to the house  
scrabbles through the door  
gallops up the stairs  
hot breath on her neck

in assisted living  
she frets bitterly  
churched at 16  
yet it's the fatherless child  
who cares for her now

through lace curtains  
and wind-blown birches  
a kaleidoscope of light  
the old man's glasses  
whirling smoke and fire

she can't find her face  
in the mirror  
her food on the plate

she cries out at midnight  
what time is it

lady in a baby bonnet  
and ruby rouge  
humps over the CD  
singing the old hymn  
a glow on her face

she takes the dreaded road  
hours in a cloud tunnel  
just ahead in the evening  
a golden corona  
and bells pealing

#### SKIPJACK SEQUENCE M. Kei

at the water's edge  
trees rustle in a cool breeze  
not yet felt in town  
sloops at anchor turns their heads  
to face the gathering storm

needles of rain  
stitch across the bay  
overtake us  
hem us in  
and knot the wind

three hours on deck  
face scoured  
by the north wind  
november  
will be worse

the wind stalks  
in agitated endless sighs  
of rage  
blow, winds, blow,  
blow the world's color away

finally sighting  
Concord Point Lighthouse  
on a moonless night;

the sailboat slips at last  
into her home harbor.

\*skipjack: traditional wooden sailboat used to fish for oysters on the Chesapeake Bay. M. Kei is a crewman aboard the skipjack Martha Lewis, one of the last skipjacks still dredging.

## AMONG TAPERS

karina klesko

August  
winds rush past us –  
a golding oak leaf clings  
to my old sweater as we kiss  
good-bye

razed fields  
bloom with fireweed,  
pods let go of seedlings –  
the first day of school, kids line up  
in rows

preschool  
dragons aglow  
in neon finger paint;  
winged flames flutter into the sky –  
magic!

fireflies –  
among tapers  
of swamp weeds and algae;  
the college on the hill, a light  
here, there

sidewalk  
geraniums;  
my knowledge too, grounded,  
absorbed from sullied surroundings,  
shadows

barbed wire  
church revival;  
skimming through the scriptures,  
a beginning, a middle &  
an end

within  
numerical  
divisions of soul mates  
Sixty-Six books for the Judges  
to bind

THE TENDER SPOTS  
Richard Magahiz

Moon in eclipse    Thule station swims  
  
the rock face takes breath    an acid stain  
  
choked in paper    no scissors to slice  
  
storms confer    judging the tender spots  
  
wireframe geoid    a purple bloom's spread  
  
undersea the ink rises    clots mass  
  
a Sun unrecognized    face so dull

(Hint: These next two poems use the title as the first line of a three-line haiku)

Francis Masat  
YARD SALE –

placing things in front  
of those I'd rather keep

just two feet high  
she wants the basketball

haggling on the price  
we settle on a dime

all the Barbies gone  
except for Ken

dragonflies swirl in  
mating overhead

Francis Masat  
WILDLIFE CENTER –

a broken wing  
in a tray

flapping in circles  
a one-winged bird

an injured pelican  
lays her egg

my reflexives too slow  
for a scorpion

I share my chair  
with an iguana

To LORRAINE ELLIS HARR  
In memoriam May her soul rest in peace!  
Vasile Moldovan

"A Flight of Herons":  
she and her twin soul,  
the haiku poem

"Snowflakes in the wind"-  
an old woman still hesitates  
between earth and heaven

"Pathways of the Dragonfly":  
here, there and everywhere  
the autumn dust

On the writing table  
some white sheets of paper...  
"Walls of Silence"

The last "dragonfly"  
passing away to depart too...  
such is life

THE WIND  
June Moreau

keeping the tent flap  
open wide to the wind  
the mountain may not  
keep to itself  
all its dreams

come and see  
where the wind sleeps  
its house  
is made of sheer glass  
the glass is made of air

one can't help  
but feel it  
the way the wind  
moves the branches of pine –  
so seductively

I breathe in  
and I breathe out  
in doing so  
I have harnessed the wind  
in a certain way

the wind is singing  
it is singing  
in the fir trees  
the azure words  
from a lullaby

without having read  
a single word  
the wind has turned  
every page  
in the book of time

unperturbed  
by the strong winds  
the moon strolls  
along its path  
in the sky

I want to

take it with me  
everywhere I go  
but who has arms enough  
to hold the wind!

A THIN WASH  
Jane Reichhold

black ink

surrounds the white

flowing from the wet point

held up by thick jointed fingers

the brush

moving in a march of heartbeats

skitters and skips into

a rock solid

moment

wind blows

a line of sheets

across the living room

attempts and failures together

brushing

idea against reality's mask

curtains to hide behind

pictures to draw

madness

lacking

visitors or

friends stopping by for tea

the kettle brings the water for

a brush

to touch the solitude of soot

ground against a dark stone

day upon day

sketches

Werner Reichhold

Larval in waiting

arcs of palms donate

imperceptible asseverations

desert nightfall

are we destined

to resort

with the habitual cool down of a snake's tongue

that brings to attendance an enigmatic path

like nakedness caught by the call of insects

silently turning on a door's eye opposite walls

in absence of a friend's brown skin lighting a candle

printing on sand she walks the way sandpipers curve the beach

clam colony the silence of prisoners at low tide

owl-eyed oak in a mouth-round hole the moon

barefoot sleeping under a tree bare roots

the size of this morning the warmth of this hair

noon circling on the face of its dreamer

two wishes not yet permanently meeting

luck of a flatter-kick the breath bereft of its length

released from talking a liquid consonant adjustable  
weeping marble-framed assemblages barely lit  
charmings with no attitude coming alongside  
the youngest pair of scissors her quibbler lost  
a neck-exposing talisman makes the street shadow ring  
stone and ointment the call at the present

spare bedroom guest the one jogging depending on headphones

beside his letter  
an astrological chart  
she meets herself  
carrying adamantine bits  
    inside a dark voice  
reading in reverse  
up the spine my mother's  
frail connections  
white appears  
    bone-folded

some sound sent  
    as we speak  
does not arrive  
over a migrating whisper  
scrupulous inflamed  
    at which speed  
        aiming  
        ailing  
she circumnavigates it  
    not unwillingly  
curling  
a black cat's tail  
the air around attentive  
forward backward  
    a flag

response on curtains when they open  
one side to the dark their woven ears

tight touch along a collapsed bath rope  
the weaver left her accusations

elastic beyond sleep a swan of this  
wind's white tracks changes

the creek as we go by so tender  
trout-lovers aware of joining

spangled spawn light embodies  
suspended bubbles on side-streams

children squeeze the juice of black berries  
sudden entry sliding finger tips

checking into a slow motion's affection  
when the gate leans undecided on its bell

SILENCE  
R.K.Singh

Conveying  
the inexpressible  
her lines and curves:  
she acts in plots of pain  
the dumb sense of silence

Brooding condemning  
things not done and unable  
to undo she prays  
ceaselessly fails to stop  
now compelled to make a choice

Unknowable  
the soul's pursuit hidden  
by its own works:  
the spirit's thirst, the strife  
the restless silence, too much

A moment of love  
and long silence for years:  
from dream to nightmare  
again fear grips my soul  
I sense her presence around

Twisting tassels  
round her finger fears coming  
of night in bed  
octopus grips the body  
and buckles into silence

SUN

R K Singh

A sweating sun  
after the midnight chill—  
changing hues of spring

The sun conceals  
aeons of darkness planets  
mirror in the sky

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

Two dreamy eyes  
await the rising sun  
through the fogged window

With sunrise  
gone to sleep  
the morning moon

Setting sun  
leaves behind sparkles  
on the waves

A dot  
on the sun's head:  
venus

The sun rolls  
on the waving Ganges  
whitens love-hope

Awaits the sunrise  
in the chilly Ganges  
a nude worshipper

Closing its eyes  
in the setting sun—  
the Ganges in autumn

Safe from sun  
under nascent leaf

a small fish

In the changing hues  
of rainbow in the east:  
sun and lightning

Puppies groping  
for the tits of our doggy  
relaxing in sun

Basking in the sun  
files nails in garden chair  
my wife's friend

AMONG FLOWERS  
Sue Stanford

asleep among flowers  
without a morbid thought

no past tense  
every word's a promise  
the old dog

her lead  
we ride to the vet's

with small teeth  
balls of mince  
from my fingers

flies come  
the smell of blood

Easter Sunday  
my dog's dead eye  
stays open

I stand up  
from kneeling position

good dog  
her corpse will  
burst with life

the small spot  
she had on her nose

absurd  
the way bones  
hang around

SPRING 2006  
Ella Wagemakers

as the tulips arrive  
the homeland further away  
than it ever was

as usual  
after seventeen springs  
of my new life  
no letters from the land  
that was my mother

rice and fish ...  
and beneath my feet  
rough stones  
leading to the beach  
of my memories

nothing  
but the sounds  
of a tongue  
as painfully familiar  
as it is unspoken

thunder from  
a distant monsoon ...  
I am deaf  
to the dying sounds  
of an old lost dream

my hair grows  
gray as the waning moon. . .  
who knows I am here?

## SINGLE POEMS

on an open field  
a cement bag in the rain  
turned to stone

Gerd Boerner

the old clock tower  
with the first sound  
the second one wrings

Gerd Boerner

slowly I release  
out of her hair  
the burdock

Gerd Boerner

in the tuning fork  
hums a bumblebee

Gerd Boerner

after that look  
a half tone deeper  
her blush

Gerd Boerner

a faint voice echoes  
a distant star beckoning  
love's sweet cadence tuned  
to the beat of my broken heart  
rain fall outside my window

Karen J. Briggs

summer heat raging  
we dance in wildflower fields  
passion gone crazy

love's reckless sweet illusions  
drift away on autumn leaves

Karen J. Briggs

no breeze and yet  
the sound of leaves  
falling to the ground –  
my silence fills  
the space amid trees

Sonia Cristina Coman

same snow-drifts  
same pungent smoke  
same fir trees...  
seeing you again  
after ten years

Sonia Cristina Coman

Between two  
endless fields  
what do I head for?  
The wind lingers  
amid birch trees

Sonia Cristina Coman

sometimes  
when life narrows  
to a bird's wing,  
I think of Buddha  
sitting on a dune

Sanford Goldstein

I hobble  
cane-ridden

behind –  
at corridor's end  
my intensive care sedated brother

Sanford Goldstein

ninety-five  
she was and frail  
and gone now,  
he repeats the story  
three times at Joe's diner

Sanford Goldstein

two guardians  
again help me sleep  
help me escape  
I swallow hope  
I sandpaper ruts

Sanford Goldstein

in the morning  
I swam in your ocean  
at noon I climbed your tree  
where will I be  
when your moon shines?

Barry Goodmann

like a snowman  
in the making  
a fat moon  
on the horizon  
sits on a cloud

Barry Goodmann

blitz –

rising from the underground  
at dawn  
they'd put the kettle on  
for a nice cuppa tea

Ruth Holzer

while I was busy  
correcting year-end reports  
full of errors  
the divers pulled their brother  
from the Hackensack River

Ruth Holzer

Craigflower Bridge –  
summer moon shimmering  
over the Gorge  
where a gang of girls  
drowned the outsider

Ruth Holzer

From the lookout platform, I spy the eagle's white head, broad span.  
Three-hundred boardwalk steps below, molting teal await fresh wings.  
Today I dabble among the hens – someday to soar aloft.

Jeanne Lesinski

forty-five o'clock  
still nada in the out box  
what time's the late bus

Sheila E. Murphy

## SYMBIOTIC POETRY

### WHO-WHOOING TO THE STARS

Ann Piet Anderson (apa)

Francis Fike (ff)

Marchiene Vroon Rienstra (mvr)

Sitting quietly,  
Doing nothing. April rain.  
Grass grows by itself. (ff)

Resting in silence, watching  
A hummingbird sip nectar. (mvr)

From nearby bushes  
A flurry of feathers fly.  
Empty bird feeder. (apa)

Covering the radish seeds  
Next to the climbing green peas. (ff)

Through a thin cloud-veil  
Glimpses of the moon's bright face.  
On a rose, a moth. (mvr)

Dark horizon briefly glows.  
A sudden thunderous clap. (apa)

The sky clears. Circling  
Black bat silhouettes flying  
Under the white stars. (ff)

At dawn, two cardinals perch,  
Feeding each other tidbits. (mvr)

Through autumn grasses  
Lovers wandering the beach.  
Lunch snatched by seagulls. (apa)

Chrysanthemums' golden blooms  
Bow to fierce November's blasts. (mvr)

Mouse tracks lace the sand  
Under dry nodding weed stalks.  
Gyring red-tail hawk. (ff)

Sculpted by strong wind and waves,  
Lakeshore a changing canvas. (apa)

Many cratered, an  
Orange full moon surfaces  
Through leaf-bare limbs. (ff)

Pale shriveled leaves quivering  
In winter's freezing gray light. (mvr)

Small floes of ice swirl  
Silently through blue water.  
That one is a swan. (apa)

Sudden thaw. Drifts all shrinking.  
Thick frost. Snowflakes whirlhurling. (ff)

Three little children  
Balancing on an iceberg.  
Laughter fills the air. (mvr)

Sunshine-rounded icy edge  
Drips into a hollow cave. (apa)

Heat pits stranded floe  
Where sand, absorbing sunrays,  
Melts back to the beach. (ff)

Underfoot, outlines of hills  
Drawn by the receding lake. (mvr)

Familiar pathway  
Covered with flowers and leeks.  
Fresh bouquet for her. (apa)

Behind the silent chapel  
A choir of white trilliums. (ff)

Black clouds release drops;  
Red petunias bow their heads.  
Celestial drumming. (mvr)

From the wet roof, a wren's song  
Announces the rising sun. (apa)

From dewdrenched gable,  
Slow dripping down drying eaves.  
Steam from the shingles. (ff)

Rattle of sleet on skylight.  
Rumble of distant thunder. (mvr)

Sparkling crystals  
Disappear fast in warm air.  
Leaf buds reappear. (apa)

Fiddlehead ferns in the marsh;  
Yellow marigolds blooming. (ff)

On the tall-spruce tip  
A great-horned owl in moonlight  
Who-whoos to the stars. (ff)

A faint glimmer in lakefog:  
A golden pathway shimmers. (mvr)

Distant foghorn warns.  
Across the bay a sunken  
Shipbow points skyward. (apa)

Northward aimed, sandhill cranes fly  
With croaking cries in chorus. (ff)

Calls of gathered gulls  
Deep in the drifting shoremist  
Counterpoint surfsound. (ff)

A bald eagle swooping down  
Feasts on a wave-fresh salmon. (mvr)

Beneath roots and pads  
Of waterlily blossoms,  
Silver smelt hiding. (apa)

Pondside, a monk meditating.  
Up from the mud, a lotus blooms. (ff)

A HOUSE ON THE BANK  
Ginka Biliarska, Bulgaria  
Ion Codrescu, Romania

house on the bank  
the river flows  
but time has stopped

on the window sill

a doll in a white dress

grown wild vine  
the black grapes in leafage –  
hornet's nest

almost unnoticed  
a fluff is moving  
on the sundial

the first ripe pear falls down –  
no child around

still another  
and the garden keeps  
the same asymmetry

A HOUSE ON THE BANK  
Ginka Biliarska, Bulgaria  
Angela Leuck, Canada

house on the bank  
the river flows  
but time has stopped

late winter-snowflakes  
melting as they fall

birds gone –  
the southern passes  
through the willow-grove

out of sorts –  
sitting beneath a cloud  
of apple blossoms

to let my hair grow longer  
or to shorten my long skirt

wading into the current  
I no longer fear  
being swept away

A HOUSE ON THE BANK  
Ginka Biliarska, Bulgaria  
Vasile Moldovan, Romania

house on the bank  
the river flows  
but time has stopped

the sound of old horologe:  
under the eaves water drop by drop

little suns  
into the puddle –  
ring by ring into space

heralding the spring,  
from the south the first guests:  
the same swallows

the flower pot is cracking  
a rusty key is underneath

clean up. . .  
another owner is sweeping out  
the cobwebby room

A HOUSE ON THE BANK  
Ginka Biliarska, Bulgaria  
Jadran Zalokar, Croatia

house on the bank  
the river flows  
but time has stopped

townsmen feel far less the sun  
and the storms as well

wooden gateway –  
an old fashioned hat  
wallowing in the mud

an old forester  
facing to the sun he withdrew  
from this world

rolling sky between the treetops –  
an oozing silver birch

sky in blueness  
here and there  
embraced crowns of trees

A HOUSE ON THE BANK  
Ginka Biliarska, Bulgaria  
Yudit Vihar, Hungary

house on the bank  
the river flows  
but time has stopped

an Angel is hovering  
over the river. . .

small church  
almost destroyed –  
a nest for all the winged

tornado howled  
the foamy river is flooding  
a carcass of horse on the water

only cries of birds follow  
the stooped man to his sunset

the city lies in ruins  
but the small bird is  
in the pocket of the coat

A HOUSE ON THE BANK  
Ginka Biliarska, Bulgaria  
David Prater, Australia

house on the bank  
the river flows  
but time has stopped

just like the white moon  
in the child's dark room

sun beam –

the sleepy dog is driving it  
away from his nose

dust  
from old cushions  
fills the summer day

opal window glass  
flickering sunspots outside

friendly fires –  
smoke that crosses the threshold  
between our two worlds

"WHOEVER BROUGHT ME HERE WILL HAVE TO TAKE ME HOME"

A quote from D. Rumi

Sandra Casares

Dietmar Tauchner

passing plane clouds slide in the other direction

arrived in vienna but still in madrid

chestnut worm become a moth in the living room

abroad a homeless man welcomes me

on the road at night the arrows point to daylight

who am i the nave's silence

between breaths the rose is opened

the water's colour the flow

upstream gliding sun

STREET MUSICIANS

Carol Purington

Larry Kimmel

A street singer  
good enough to play the clubs

she says  
glittering in her money basket  
one Sacajawea dollar / cp

I thought he was into  
something avant garde  
till one day,  
a give away interval -  
just an old-fashioned melody

Dancing  
from puddle to puddle  
red high heels  
and the shaggy paws  
of a fiddler's dog

He's got a great tune  
and he's got it down perfectly -  
if I'd the money  
I'd gladly buy him another  
or pay him to go away

Bus stop  
the harmonica player  
blows faster  
as the wait gets longer  
... as the flakes get bigger

New leaves, migrant birds  
and last year's buskers  
Stravinsky  
would not have thought it  
possible

SCIFABULENGA: MIND-BODY MASHUP  
Rich Magahiz  
John W. Sexton

master's thousand pint amnion stare

divers enter a ventricle of the omni whale

maddened by the whiteness blood spout quest

packing the shadows of virgins into his case  
DJ René's mind-body mashup  
grey matters meat peabrain two vegetate  
tendrils transported melanoid  
filth a cosmic bleach emanates from the anti universe  
halfborn scenes of Second Serendip  
mixed pickled aliens first race fourteen to one  
two fingers raised extinct by degrees  
deflated old farts sent off to the gas planet  
downspiral the storm eye kecks up smack

#### IN THE TOILET

Zane Parks  
CW Hawes

West Virginia kin  
my mother explains what  
an outhouse is

down a one-holer  
teddy awaits his master

posh restaurant...  
grunting as the diaper fills  
and overflows

nursing home...  
the attendant empties  
the bedpan

old fart teaching grandson  
to piss his name in snow

young woman  
barfing in the toilet  
morning sickness

## THE SAW-TOOTH FENCE

Patricia Prime  
Catherine Mair

winter holidays - toys strewn on the lawn  
tying a pillow on her "bum," learner cyclist  
crack in the path, a clump of pansies  
saw-tooth fence –the zig-zag shadows  
foundations of a house - 'war' on the builder's radio  
cupping a cloud, the old pine tree's branch  
'lot 190' – buttercups grow below the sign  
new sun deck – he tosses out his coffee dregs  
after the storm – a slip on the hillside  
very chatty this morning, magpies in a kanuka tree  
behind a friend's haiku boulder toi-toi plumes  
so close, the heron's foot picks up mown grass  
on the bridge mud from last summer's swimmers  
against a cloudless sky the fire alarm tower

## VIEW FROM THE HILL

Patricia Prime  
Catherine Mair

viewing platform  
holding a metal map  
graffitied rock -  
from the valley

the sound of a chain saw

"Wonderful", she says.  
I'm looking for something ...  
"Where are the deer?" I ask,  
remembering the roar  
of rutting stags

below the day moon  
vertical folds  
of farmland  
"Too steep to farm", says  
the ninety-three year old

shadows -  
their knack  
of spreading  
across the hills  
to please us

new house -  
the unsealed road  
winds uphill  
pine trees shield  
the homestead from the westerly

with the track  
through forest  
mapped in her mind  
she's reaching towards  
the summit

down from the heights  
we park outside  
a dairy  
oak leaves transform  
the school playground

each time  
I drive my mother  
to the lookout  
she's frailer,  
closer to the clouds

BETWEEN US  
Jane Reichhold  
Werner Reichhold

desert vista  
in the silence between us  
heat

dumbfounded  
at the distance

human footprints  
speck on a rock  
becoming

a Hawaiian shirt  
the blonde freckled

wearing lace  
behind thin clouds  
the moon

wiggle at 5 o'clock  
visiting

mole  
at the end of a tunnel  
morning blind

back together again  
making love all night

slightest touch  
shaking all over  
the gong

as path to meditation  
circles across the galaxies

uplifting  
wind in the water  
waves

unrolling on the beach  
a great white roar

smell of red snapper  
the sheets witness  
a handful of love

a hazy moon  
wet dreams

her hips  
swinging ahead  
of his taste

a priest raises the wine  
blood rushes to his cheeks

deathflower  
celebrating the last time  
this body

end of the road  
and old couple going home

empty house  
filled with the cries  
of wild birds

ending free ride  
mother's newborn

winter solstice  
the sun at its own  
birthday party

pubic hair  
turning into public hair

shanty bar  
dancing lights  
at anchor

shell and sand united  
pearl harbor

winning the war  
the president buys a necklace  
made in Japan

spiderweb  
survivor's technique

may day  
removing her  
wedding band

2 similarities=  
1 plural

teary halos  
around the moon  
onion rings

hula-hoop  
a tool for

fragments  
rolling into  
space

the road to heaven  
an outward spiral

telescoped  
for a handy  
touch

how many angels can dance  
on the head of a pin?

lilies  
naked ladies  
blush

grandparents  
forgetting the years

TIME'S APHASIA  
Cindy Tebo  
Suhni Bell

glacial earthquakes a smaller headline than the white house shake ups

sea glass scattered here & there your footprints

tornado warning the azaleas pink and unfazed

edible panties the pedophile's record goes platinum

american idol rod stewart croons under a fake moon

splash in the frog pond a slow croak ripples

columbine anniversary more echoes more gunshots  
4/20 smoke curls across the campus at 4:20\*  
the bones of a dead deer not on our geocache list  
sidewalk sale frieda khalo's prints half off  
"hola" the silent 'h' in a taxi ride thru ciudad juarez  
menudo recipes across the border we hold our guts  
sleeping in & out of morphine dreams last night's rain  
unsaved data a lost year of my life  
surfer's paradise wave after wave reserved for google  
a rabbit's back and forth till the road ends  
dancing around the flames midnight's fire spits & sputters  
polluted river no telling what the child remembers

odd birdsong even asleep rearranging this & that  
time's aphasia dad points to his watch\*\*  
we promise each other no ghost stories my sister's suicide  
missing cat the faded poster taken down  
another victim of middle age spread the oldest tattoo  
do or don't a revised poem's contraction  
steady whistle paul revere engraved on the tea kettle  
biohazard uninsured john doe  
may day may day in every color an iris alert  
neon blinking thru the blinds  
billboard change we go from jesus to motel 6

stale gin on your breath checkmate

now showing on the silver screen june bug circles

red felt pen the teacher's opinion

clear skies in a letter to mom I keep my distance

venus butterfly flutters away

glade runner the darts of salamander among the stones

sniffing paint below the bridge urban hieroglyphics

Notes:

\* 420 is a term used by marijuana users - the day & time is considered a holiday by them

\*\*aphasia is the inability to articulate ideas or comprehend spoken or written language, resulting from damage to the brain caused by disease or injury.

DATURA NOIR

sheila windsor (u.k.)

hortensia anderson (u.s.a)

ron moss (tasmania)

every room electric light

reality t.v.

he wonders if it's tuesday

neighbour

at the door, another jar

she can't open /s

\*

her secret passion

datura noir and

white camellia

seeping through

Victorian atomizers  
hidden in a hope chest /h

\*

lingering scent

he fingers the reminder  
of last night's loving

ghosts entwine  
beneath the indigo lake -  
remembering her warmth /r

\*

something rusted like a cloud

north wind  
the 'sale' board faded stoops

yet in the orchard  
daffodils, more than before  
sun yellow /s

\*

the moon sinks

rising from the trees  
a certain coolness

at day's end –  
Darjeeling steep  
into deep amber /h

\*

office block

as darkness creeps  
she works alone

only a love-sick cat  
and frozen sheets  
to call home /r

13/01/05 - 17/01/05

## LETTERS

As introduction here is my biographical sketch: Rich Magahiz is a former Californian, former scientist, current entrepreneur, current blogger, future mystic, future recollection. His work appears online at World Haiku Review, Amaze, iscifstory, tinywords, Abyss & Apex, and clouds peak (forthcoming). His website is at <http://magahiz.com:8080/frabjous/index.html>. Rich Magahiz

A few words before to send our rengay, which have been written by me and some other haiku poets from different countries in 2005. I proposed to them to make together an experiment starting to write rengay always from this hokku:

house on the bank  
the river flows  
but time has stopped

So we could see how many could be the directions to which might flow the waters of our imagination. I called this experiment Delta-Rengay, because at one point of the river the poems started to separate like delta of any river. It will be very interesting if you let us know your impression. Best regards! Ginka Biliarska

Hello, everyone, I've just posted two new issues of The Ghazal Page. Although I'm not absolutely committed to publishing monthly, issues 6 and 7 do correspond with June and July. I hope issue 8 will be published around the first of August. There's also a new entry on the Ghazal Blog and a new comment and response. Thank you for your interest in The Ghazal Page. Be well, Gino Peregrini

Dear, I've gotten the opportunity to go stunt flying with a fantastic biplane, the PITS S2B Acro. See the photos. Good for my haiku writing?

in a biplane  
turning topsy-turvy  
where is the sun

Geert Verbeke, Flanders

Modern English Tanka is a new digital and print literary journal dedicated to publishing and promoting fine English tanka (including tanka written in cinquain and cinqu set forms). We are interested in both traditional and innovative verse of high quality and in all serious attempts to assimilate the best of the Japanese waka/tanka genres into a continuously developing English short verse tradition. In addition to verse, we publish articles, essays, reviews, interviews, etc., related to tanka.

What is not wanted: Doggerel, didactic (schoolroom) cinquains, and tanka sequences are not wanted. Serious poetry and adult themes are appreciated. Nothing pornographic or in any way nasty, hateful, bigoted, or partisan political, will be accepted. All such judgments will be made at the sole discretion of the editor. Modern English Tanka, Maryland USA. Website. Editor: Denis M. Garrison. Email 1 to 40 tanka, or email articles, reviews, essays, etc., to the Editor. Before submitting, please read the detailed submission guidelines on the website at Modern English Tanka looks for top quality tanka in natural, modern English idiom. No payment for

publication. Publishes digital edition online and print edition. Thank you for sharing this call widely.  
Sincerely, Denis M. Garrison

The new journal, Modern English Tanka, will only be as good as its contributors, but knowing all the fine tanka poets here, I have no worries in that respect. This morning, a couple hours into the existence of MET, it is online with tanka from three poets and more ready to go live. Everyone, please check us out at <http://www.modernenglishtanka.com/> and send us your finest to share with the world. Denis Garrison.

In Tanka@yahoogroups.com, "Michael McClintock" <MchlMcClintock@...> wrote:  
"I may be wrong, but I think this will be the first English language tanka journal of this scope and focus to attempt this "best of both worlds" method of distribution, both on the Web and as a print journal. The potential for contribution and readership is greatly enhanced. Bravo for taking on this pioneering effort, Denis! Your news is tremendously exciting. --Michael McClintock

Just letting you know the haiku section of Aha! Poetry is listed on the links page of Liquid Haiku, a newly launched section of my website, Illumination Gallery. Best, Peter Schmideg

9 June 2006

Tanka Poets Announce New Publishing Venture - Poets M. Kei, Michael McClintock, and Denis M. Garrison today announced the formation of ~Seamark~, a publishing venture 'For Poets, by Poets.' McClintock, well-known in the English-speaking world as one of the foremost tanka poets of the day, is also a co-editor of The Tanka Anthology and President of the Tanka Society of America. Garrison, a poet and the well-known editor of Haiku Harvest and several other poetry journals, recently established a new journal, the 3 x 5 Poetry Review. M. Kei is a young tanka poet and editor who is the Moderator for Kyoka Mad Poems. The new anthology from Seamark is his brainchild. All three poets will continue their established associations and responsibilities as well as taking on the duties of running the new publishing house. Seamark's first project is Fire Pearls: Short Masterpieces of Love and Passion. A call for submissions will be made later this summer. Poets should not submit until the call is made as the editors are very busy finalizing plans for the new anthology. Submissions made before the opening date will not be read. For more information, visit the web site.

From Sandy, in the AHA Tanka Group, are these quotes about writing poetry:

Poetry is the language in which man explores his own amazement. ~Christopher Fry

If I knew where the good songs came from, I'd go there more often. ~Leonard Cohen

Ink runs from the corners of my mouth. There is no happiness like mine. I have been eating poetry.  
~Mark Strand, "Eating Poetry," Reasons for Moving, 1968

Poetry is a packsack of invisible keepsakes. ~Carl Sandburg

The poem is the point at which our strength gave out. ~Richard Rosen

Out of the quarrel with others we make rhetoric; out of the quarrel with ourselves we make poetry.  
~W.B. Yeats

It is the job of poetry to clean up our word-clogged reality by creating silences around things.  
~Stéphane Mallarmé

If Galileo had said in verse that the world moved, the inquisition might have let him alone.  
~Thomas Hardy

"Expectations are resentments under construction." ~Anne Lamott

Something that seems to have nothing to do with poetry except that saving the planet will save poets so they can write another day.

### Green Guide by DAISY PRINCE and EMILY BUTSELAAR

- 1. LIGHTBULBS MATTER** Switch from traditional incandescent lightbulbs to compact fluorescent lightbulbs (C.F.L.). If every American household replaced one regular lightbulb with a C.F.L., the pollution reduction would be equivalent to removing one million cars from the road. A 30-watt C.F.L. produces about as much light as an ordinary 100-watt bulb. Although the initial price is higher, C.F.L.'s can last 12 times as long. C.F.L.'s are available at most home-improvement stores and at [bulbs.com](http://bulbs.com).
- 2. DITCH PLASTIC BAGS** Californians Against Waste - [cawrecycles.org](http://cawrecycles.org), a nonprofit environmental advocacy group, estimates that Americans use 84 billion plastic bags annually, a considerable contribution to the 500 billion to one trillion used worldwide. Made from polyethylene, plastic bags are not biodegradable and are making their way into our oceans and waterways. According to recent studies, the oceans are full of tiny fragments of plastic that are beginning to work their way up the food chain. Invest in stronger, re-usable bags, and avoid plastic bags whenever possible.
- 3. RINSE NO MORE** According to Consumer Reports, pre-rinsing dishes does not necessarily improve a dishwasher's ability to clean them. By skipping the wash before the wash, you can save up to 20 gallons of water per dishload. At one load a day, that's 7,300 gallons over the course of the year. Not to mention that you're saving time, dishwashing soap, and the energy used to heat the additional water.
- 4. FORGET PRE-HEATING** Ignore cookbooks! It is usually unnecessary to pre-heat your oven before cooking, except when baking bread or pastries. Just turn on the oven at the same time you put the dish in. During cooking, rather than opening the oven door to check on your food, just look at it through the oven window. Why? Opening the oven door results in a significant loss of energy.
- 5. A GLASS ACT** Recycle glass (think beer bottles, jars, juice containers) either through curbside programs or at community drop-off centers. Glass takes more than one million years to decompose; Americans generate almost 13 million tons of glass waste a year. Glass produced from recycled glass reduces related air pollution by 20 percent and related water pollution by 50 percent. Go to [earth911.org](http://earth911.org) for local recycling information.
- 6. BANKING ON THE ENVIRONMENT** Want to have a more energy-efficient home or office? Save

green by being green. Purchase appliances and electronics with the Energy Star certification. Begun in 1992 by the E.P.A. to rate energy-efficient computers, the Energy Star program today includes more than 40 product categories, and it also rates homes and workplaces for energy efficiency. Energy Star estimates that, with its help, Americans saved enough energy in 2004 to power 24 million homes, amounting to savings of \$10 billion. To learn more about Energy Star, visit [energystar.gov](http://energystar.gov).

7. **HANG UP YOUR DRYER** It goes without saying—clothes dryers are huge energy gluttons. Hints to reduce energy use: Clean the lint filter after each load (improves air circulation). Use the cool-down cycle (allows clothes to finish drying from the residual heat inside). Better yet, abandon your dryer and buy some drying racks, if you don't have a clothesline. Generally, clothes dry overnight.

8. **GET A GOLD LAUNDRY STAR** An Energy Star-qualified washing machine uses 50 percent less energy and could reduce your utility bills by \$110 annually. Standard machines use about 40 gallons of water per wash; most Energy Star machines use only 18 to 25 gallons, thus also saving water. Whenever possible, wash your clothes in cold water using cold-water detergents (designed to remove soils at low temperatures). And do your laundry only when you have a full load. If you must do a small load, adjust the water level accordingly.

9. **GREEN PAINT** Most paint is made from petrochemicals, and its manufacturing process can create 10 times its own weight in toxic waste. It also releases volatile organic compounds (V.O.C.'s) that threaten public health. (V.O.C.'s are solvents that rapidly evaporate, allowing paint to dry quickly.) They cause photochemical reactions in the atmosphere, leading to ground-level smog that can cause eye and skin irritation, lung and breathing problems, headaches, nausea, and nervous-system and kidney damage. The best alternative? Natural paints. Manufactured using plant oils, natural paints pose far fewer health risks, are breathable, and in some cases are 100 percent biodegradable. Remember: Never throw your paint away. Check out Earth 911's "Paint Wise" section for re-use programs in your community; [earth911.org](http://earth911.org)

10. **BUILD GREEN** Before embarking on any home remodeling, make sure your architect has green credentials. Although there is no national organization of green architects in the U.S., that doesn't mean you can't get an architect who will build along sustainable lines. Ask where he or she sources materials, and request that energy-saving devices, such as solar paneling, be installed. Visit [directory.greenbuilder.com](http://directory.greenbuilder.com). or [environmentalhomecenter.com](http://environmentalhomecenter.com) for more green-building information.

11. **GET A GREEN ROOF** A green roof is more than simply a roof with plants growing on it. It functions like a "breathing wall," consuming carbon dioxide from the atmosphere and emitting oxygen. Green roofs generally use low-maintenance, drought-resistant plants. Vegetation is planted or laid down as pre-vegetated mats on a thin layer of soil. More intensive green-roof systems may contain trees and larger plants, but these require deeper soil and are more expensive. One of the biggest benefits of a green roof is water management: it can absorb more than 50 percent of rainwater, thereby reducing runoff, a major source of pollution in our waterways. Plus, it can help reduce air-conditioning costs during the hot summer months. The vegetation looks after itself through the seasons and creates a habitat for insects, which, in turn, provide food for birds. Green roofs can also last more than twice as long as conventional rooftops. They look better too. For more information, visit [greenroofs.com](http://greenroofs.com).

12. **PLAY IT COOL** Avoid placing your air conditioner next to a TV, lamp, or other electrical appliance that generates heat. A heat source will confuse the unit's thermostat, causing it to misread how hot the room is and make the air conditioner run longer than it should. You can also program an air conditioner to start running 30 minutes before you arrive home (as with heating). There is no need to cool a home if

no one is in it.

13. **FOOD MILES MATTER** Food is traveling farther than ever. Once upon a time people ate seasonally—artichokes in the winter, cherries in June. Now you can buy most fruits and vegetables practically year-round. The average American meal contains ingredients produced in at least five other countries. The transportation of food and agricultural products constitutes more than 20 percent of total commodity transport within the U.S. To help reduce CO<sub>2</sub> emissions (released from trucks, airplanes, and cargo ships), it's best to buy food that's in season, organic, and grown locally. Go to [ams.usda.gov/farmersmarkets](http://ams.usda.gov/farmersmarkets) to find the farmers' market nearest you.

14. **GO VEGETARIAN ONE DAY A WEEK** To produce one pound of beef requires 2,500 gallons of water—that's 40 times more water than is used to produce a pound of potatoes. Before buying beef, think about the immense cost of energy used to raise cattle and to transport meat to your supermarket shelf. Besides all this, cows consume enormous amounts of antibiotics and are a prodigious source of methane, which is the number-two greenhouse gas; livestock are responsible for almost 20 percent of the methane in the atmosphere.

15. **BUY EGGS IN CARDBOARD CARTONS** Cardboard egg cartons are normally made from recycled paper, which biodegrades relatively quickly, and are also again recyclable—Styrofoam or plastic cartons take a much longer time to biodegrade and their manufacture produces harmful by-products.

16. **DRINK SHADE-GROWN COFFEE** Shade-grown coffee is for the birds, literally. According to [coffeeresearch.org](http://coffeeresearch.org), about 150 species of birds live on shade-grown-coffee farms, while only 20 to 50 inhabit full-sun farms. With increased demand for cheap coffee, many Latin American growers have moved toward full-sun plantations, clearing the habitat of numerous native birds and increasing the use of pesticides and fertilizers. By drinking shade-grown coffee, you can help bird habitats and reduce the need for farming chemicals. Shade-grown coffee beans can be purchased at many grocery stores. Starbucks offers shade-grown coffee as well.

17. **SAVE WATER INDOORS** A typical American household uses 350 gallons of water each day. About half that—175 gallons—is used indoors (toilets consume about 30 percent of the indoor total). Unnecessary water usage comes in the form of leaks. Fixing leaky faucets and toilets is a quick and easy way to conserve water. A steady faucet drip can waste 20 gallons of water a day. Leaky toilets are even worse, wasting upward of 100 gallons a day. Since toilet leaks are generally silent, check for them regularly by removing the tank cover and adding food coloring. If the toilet is leaking (and 20 percent of them usually are), color will appear in the bowl within 30 minutes.

18. **TAKE SHOWERS, NOT BATHS** The average American household consumes about 60 gallons of water a day from showers and baths. To reduce this number, take quick showers and install a low-flow showerhead that uses fewer than 2.5 gallons of water per minute, as compared to about 5 gallons with an older showerhead. Baths are relaxing, but it can take 50 gallons of water to fill a tub.

19. **STOP THE WATER** By leaving the water running while you brush your teeth, you can waste 150 gallons of water per month—that's 1,800 gallons a year! Turning the water off while you brush can save several gallons of water per minute. Also pay attention to this water-saving principle while shaving or washing your face.

20. **INSULATE YOUR HOUSE** Good insulation is one of the best ways to reduce your heating bills

and cut your CO2 emissions. Heating and cooling make up 50 to 70 percent of energy use in the average American home. Also, replace old windows and be sure to seal holes and cracks in your house with weather stripping or caulk. A well-insulated house can prevent hundreds of pounds of CO2 emissions per year and can cut your heating and cooling bills by up to 20 percent. For more information, visit [eere.energy.gov/consumer/tips/insulation.html](http://eere.energy.gov/consumer/tips/insulation.html).

**21. TURN YOUR THERMOSTAT DOWN ONE DEGREE** If you turn your thermostat down by one degree, your heating costs will decrease by about 3 percent. Turn it down five more degrees for four hours a day and reduce your heating bills by almost 6 percent. If you're going to be away for the weekend or out in the evening, turn your thermostat down. It's not true that reducing the temperature means it will take more heat to bring it back up to a warm level (unless you have a heat pump in your home). Also, turn the heat down if you are throwing a party—every guest will be the equivalent of a 100-watt heater.

**22. DON'T BE A BUTT TOSSER** About 4.5 trillion cigarette butts are littered worldwide each year—making them the most-littered item. The myth that cigarette filters are biodegradable is just that, a myth. Although the filters do eventually decompose, they release harmful chemicals that enter the earth's land and water during the decaying process. There is nothing earth-friendly about the breakdown. If you must smoke, carry a 35-mm. film canister to store your used butts in until you can properly discard them.

**23. DON'T JUST DUMP** Envelopes come in huge quantities for free every day. If you are careful when opening letters, you can use the envelopes again by simply putting a label over the original address. This saves money and trees, while reducing waste. Try to re-use jars and plastic containers—for example, when taking your lunch to work. (Doing so prevents waste, and making your food at home is less expensive than the alternative.) Ask your office manager to buy re-usable mesh coffee filters instead of bleached paper ones, which may contain dioxins. They are tree-free and should save your company money.

**24. AVOID DISPOSABLE GOODS** Institute a mug policy in your office. Americans throw away some 25 billion polystyrene cups every year, most of which end up in landfills. Refill your water bottles once or twice, and make your coffee in a ceramic mug. If you bring in cutlery from home, you will also cut down on those pesky plastic forks, knives, and spoons.

**25. GROW YOUR OWN GARDEN** In 1826, J. C. Loudon wrote in *An Encyclopaedia of Gardening*, "For all things produced in a garden, whether salads or fruits, a poor man that has one of his own will eat better than a rich man that has none." To start a vegetable garden costs nothing but a few packs of seeds and rudimentary garden implements, and it saves enormous amounts of money, to say nothing of the food miles and the packaging that go into supplying you with fresh fruits and vegetables. Of course, a vegetable garden is only productive for part of the year, but it is amazing how long that growing season lasts and how much you can produce from one small patch.

**26. BUY RECYCLED PRODUCTS** There has to be a market for products made with recycled goods. Support this movement by purchasing recycled goods—you will save virgin materials, conserve energy, and reduce landfill waste. Recycled paper products include toilet paper (which is no longer scratchy, like it used to be), copy paper, paper towels, and tissues. Look for garbage bags and bin liners labeled "recycled plastic," and buy recycled toner cartridges for your fax machines and printers.

**27. PLANE BETTER** Air travel is currently responsible for 3.5 percent of the global-warming gases

from all human activity and is growing fast. Cargo transport by air is increasing by about 7 percent annually and passenger air travel is up in the last few years by between 4 and 7 percent. The impact of air travel is enormous; a round-trip between New York and Los Angeles emits one ton of CO<sub>2</sub> per passenger. (To determine CO<sub>2</sub> emissions for your next flight, go to [co2.org](http://co2.org).) Try to limit the number of flights you take. If you're traveling within a country, why not take a train? (Air travel releases at least three times more carbon dioxide into the atmosphere than rail travel does.) If you're planning a business trip, consider whether a video linkup or a conference call will suffice.

28. **CARBON OFFSETTING** Air traffic is the fastest-growing source of greenhouse-gas emissions, so when you do fly, consult a carbon-offsetting organization such as Climate Care to "carbon-offset" your journey. Climate Care determines your flight's emissions and the cost to offset the CO<sub>2</sub>. For example, to offset that round-trip flight between New York and Los Angeles, you would pay about \$10 to Climate Care, which invests in forestry and energy-efficiency projects. For more information, visit [climatecare.org](http://climatecare.org).

29. **SWITCH TO GREEN POWER** The leading cause of industrial air pollution is electricity production. According to the American Lung Association, more than 50,000 Americans die each year from air-pollution-related causes. If available, get your electricity from renewable energy sources such as wind, sun, water, and biomass, all of which generate electricity with fewer environmental impacts. With utility companies in 35 states offering green-power pricing plans, around half of all electricity consumers could buy green, yet only half a million do. Does green power cost more? Yes, but barely. For example, New York's Con Edison charges an additional one-half cent per kilowatt-hour for its green-power products. To see if your energy provider offers green-power options, visit [eere.energy.gov/greenpower](http://eere.energy.gov/greenpower).

30. **STANDBY NO LONGER** Electricity "leaks" are no laughing matter. Televisions, video and DVD players, cable boxes, and other electronic equipment found in nearly every American home are wasting huge amounts of energy. When these devices are left on standby (the equivalent of "sleep" mode for computers) they use about 40 percent of their full running power. Every year, the energy wasted in this way is the equivalent of the annual output of 26 power plants. To avoid the drain of these "energy vampires," plug them into a power strip and turn it off when they are not in use.

31. **TURN OFF YOUR CHARGERS** Most cell-phone chargers continue to draw electricity even when the phone isn't plugged into it. If your cell-phone charger averages five watts per hour and is plugged in all the time, that means a total of more than 40 kilowatt-hours every year, or about 93 pounds of CO<sub>2</sub>. The same problem applies to your other electronic equipment—your laptop, iPod, digital camera, and BlackBerry. Unplug all your chargers when they are not in use.

32. **RECYCLE YOUR BATTERIES** Although the number of electrical gadgets that use disposable batteries is on the decline, each person in the U.S. discards eight batteries per year. Overall, Americans purchase nearly three billion batteries annually, and about 179,000 tons of those end up in the garbage. Batteries have a high concentration of metals, which if not disposed of properly can seep into the ground when the casing erodes. Avoid disposable batteries by using your outlets whenever possible. If you can't do without batteries, use rechargeable and recycled ones. You should also have your batteries collected and recycled. Go to [rebat.com](http://rebat.com) for a list of companies that participate in battery reclamation.

33. **TURN OFF YOUR COMPUTER WHEN YOU LEAVE AT NIGHT** While computers do require a power surge when you first turn them on, they don't need enormous amounts of electricity to function for lengthy periods. Also, you can set your computer on "sleep" mode, which uses about three watts per

hour, if you are going to be away from your desk for more than 15 minutes.

34. **GET INVOLVED Recycling** at home doesn't get you off the hook at work. If your office doesn't recycle, or recycles only paper, find out why. If you work in a small office, call your local authority to discover what recycling equipment and services are available. These may include storage containers and compactors as well as collection. If you work in a larger office, ask your building-services coordinator why there are no recycling facilities and whom you would need to speak to about starting a recycling program for paper, glass, metal, and plastic. For more information, visit [earth911.org](http://earth911.org).

35. **PRINT DOUBLE-SIDED** American businesses throw away 21 million tons of paper every year, 175 pounds per office worker. For a quick and easy way to halve this, set your printer's default option to print double-sided (duplex printing). This has the added advantage of halving the paper pile on your desk. To further cut your paper wastage, make sure you always use "print preview" mode to check that there are no overhanging lines and that you print only the pages you need. Other ways to cut down on paper before you get to the printing stage include using single or 1.5 spacing instead of double spacing, and reducing your page margins.

36. **CONSERVE WATER IN YOUR GARDEN** Attach a barrel to your downspout that will collect rain from your roof's eaves. Your plants will thank you: rainwater is better for your garden, as the chlorine in tap water can inhibit plant growth. You can also save six gallons every minute of watering simply by attaching a trigger nozzle to your hose so that you use water only when it's needed. In addition, if you grow your grass a little longer, it will stay greener and require less water than a closely mowed lawn.

37. **CREATE A LIVING FENCE** When replacing yard fences, instead of building a wooden fence, opt for a living fence. A living fence is a hedge or row of trees, which can be groomed to maintain appearance. Not only is a living fence less expensive than a traditional fence, it also never needs to be painted. This saves you money and time and keeps harmful chemicals out of the environment. Try to use native flora and to avoid hedges comprised of only one species.

38. **RECYCLE YOUR NEWSPAPER** There are 63 million newspapers printed each day in the U.S.; 44 million, or about 69 percent, of these will be thrown away. Recycling just the Sunday papers would save more than half a million trees every week.

39. **PLANT A TREE** It's the simplest thing in the world to gather acorns, chestnuts, sweet chestnuts, and sycamore seeds in the autumn, plant them immediately, and forget them until the following spring. The success rate for acorns is not as high as for the other three, but in a good year about 40 percent germinate into oak trees. There's little that will stop the others from growing into healthy trees within the first year. Start saplings in Styrofoam coffee cups, which can be split with a knife so that the roots aren't disturbed when you plant them outdoors. Keep the saplings for four or five years, then plant them in your own garden, offer them to friends, or return them to nature. It may seem like a very small contribution, but if 5 percent of the U.S. population were to germinate one tree in one year, there would be almost 15 million extra trees absorbing carbon from the atmosphere. For more information, visit [arborday.org](http://arborday.org).

40. **AVOID PESTICIDES** Use natural methods of pest control. Form a log pile—dead wood provides a habitat for many kinds of wildlife, such as snakes and ground beetles. Both are natural predators for snails and slugs. If you create a small pond to encourage frogs and toads, they will help mop up the rest of your slug life. In the short term you can get rid of slugs using beer traps (slugs are attracted to yeast). To get rid of whiteflies, buy *Encarsia formosa*, small parasitic wasps that eat whiteflies. Grow flowers

such as marigolds to attract ladybugs, hoverflies, and lacewings, all of which protect against aphids.

41. **BAT BOXES** Want to reduce the number of mosquitoes in your backyard? Then invest in a bat box. One bat can eat up to 1,000 mosquitoes a night. You will also be making a contribution to our country's temperate biodiversity: bat populations in America and around the world are declining, especially in urban areas, where they have few roosting spaces. Ideally, group two or three boxes together, place them as high as possible, and face them so the sun directly heats them for six to seven hours each day. If you are making a bat box yourself, use untreated and unpainted wood. It is essential that bats not be disturbed, so make certain your bat boxes cannot be reached by any local cats. For more information, visit [batconservation.org/content/Bathouseimportance.html](http://batconservation.org/content/Bathouseimportance.html).

42. **WALK OR BIKE** Always consider alternatives to driving, especially for journeys under two miles. It's better for the environment to walk, cycle, or even take the bus than to hop in your car. Currently, only 2 percent of employed adults walk to work in the U.S. Walking adds to life expectancy, is safe, helps with mental and physical health, and, best of all, is completely free. Cycling is another way to get around and has recently become more popular, what with more bike paths and cool new gadgets like L.E.D. lights for riding in the dark. New kinds of folding bikes have been specially developed for the commuter. Surprisingly, recent studies have shown that bicyclists in cities are less exposed to air pollution than people in cars and taxis.

43. **BUY A HYBRID** Hybrid cars, which run on a combination of a gasoline engine and an electric motor, are all the rage these days. They get up to 50 miles per gallon, while a typical S.U.V. might travel around 15 m.p.g. Hybrids can offer substantial savings, and you may qualify for a one-time tax credit of up to \$3,400. For information on U.S hybrid-car incentives, go to [hybridcars.com/tax-deductions-credits.html](http://hybridcars.com/tax-deductions-credits.html).

44. **BIOFUELS 101, PART 1** Have you heard of biofuels? Biodiesel and bioethanol are alternative fuels derived from crops such as sugarcane, oilseed rape, and used cooking oil, which are generally blended with diesel fuel or gasoline. Biofuels are available in a range of different blends—for example, 30 percent biofuel and 70 percent gas or diesel. Biodiesel is generally appropriate for any diesel vehicle designed to run on low-sulphur diesel. Biodiesel blends are becoming more widely available in the U.S. Check [biodiesel.org/buyingbiodiesel/distributors](http://biodiesel.org/buyingbiodiesel/distributors) to find out about local availability.

45. **BIOFUELS 101, PART 2** Bioethanol is an alcohol-based fuel. A 5 percent blend of bioethanol can be included in ordinary gas and used by any car in the U.S. that runs on unleaded gas. You may already be using bioethanol-blended gas, as the 5 percent version is now being sold in the U.S. through unmarked unleaded-gas pumps. Saab and Ford both have a flex-fuel model available, which can run on bioethanol-based fuel or on straight gasoline. If you drive an older model, you can still use biofuel if you are willing to have your car converted to flex-fuel.

46. **DISCOVER YOUR CARBON FOOTPRINT** If you think you're already pretty green, determine your carbon footprint: a measurement of how your lifestyle choices affect carbon emissions. Your footprint will take into account your habits, the food you eat, your gas and electricity usage, your car and air mileage. Your score will be compared to the average figures for your county. These online tests aim to help you estimate your own carbon emissions and calculate how much of the planet's resources are required to sustain your lifestyle. They may motivate you to make changes, helping you set simple goals to reduce your negative impact on the planet. To learn about your carbon footprint, go to [carbonfootprint.com/calculator.html](http://carbonfootprint.com/calculator.html).

47. **GET AN ELECTRIC LAWN MOWER** Surrender your gas lawn mower. Gasoline lawn mowers are among the dirtiest of modern machines. A study funded by the Swedish E.P.A. found that using a four-horsepower lawn mower for an hour causes the same amount of pollution as driving a car 93 miles. The trouble with gas lawn mowers is that they not only emit a disproportionate amount of CO<sub>2</sub>, they are also responsible for releasing carcinogens such as polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons into the air. Retire the noisy monster and buy an electric or manual model. Better still, reduce the number of times you mow per season and let some of your lawn grow wild, which has added benefits for bugs, butterflies, and birds. For more information, visit [greengrasscutters.com](http://greengrasscutters.com).

48. **GREEN GRILLING** If you have a charcoal barbecue grill, make sure your charcoal comes from a sustainable source. Enormous areas of tropical rainforest are destroyed every year to produce the 900,000 tons of charcoal burned annually in the U.S. Chimney starters are the most environmentally friendly solution to lighting charcoal. They use only a couple of pieces of newspaper, meaning you can avoid the gas-flavored meat that accompanies barbecues started with lighter fluid or fire starters. If you are replacing your grill, remember that using a gas, rather than charcoal, grill is the most environmentally friendly way to barbecue. It avoids forest destruction and doesn't add to local air pollution.

49. **RE-GIFT GIFT WRAP** Help cut down on the consumption of paper and plastic by re-using wrapping paper, ribbons, bows, and gift bags. These items should be good for at least one more wrapping. If you are feeling creative, use old calendars, pages from magazines, or even newspaper to wrap gifts. Or use fabric for festive wrappings. It can be used over and over.

50. **A GREEN ENDING** Green funerals don't just mean a woodland burial. Very few people actually know about the green alternatives to steel or hardwood coffins. Many private funeral homes present green alternatives to traditional coffins, including wicker caskets and shrouds. Currently, 89 percent of coffins sold are made of chipboard that is manufactured using formaldehyde. When chipboard coffins are cremated, they can release toxic gases. If buried, they disrupt local ecosystems; as the chipboard decays, the formaldehyde and glue leach into the soil and groundwater. Finally, most people opting for a green good-bye will choose a meadow or woodland burial, with only a memorial tree marking the grave. For more information, visit [fullcirclecare.org/endoflife/funeral.htm](http://fullcirclecare.org/endoflife/funeral.htm).

51. **PUBLISH POETRY ONLINE.** Save a tree, publish your poems online!

52. **WEAR ORGANIC COTTON.** When you think about the amount of insecticides and pesticides poured on cotton plants, do think of where that fabric goes. Especially children need the purest fabric next their tender bodies. Check out the great patterns by my friend, Harmony Susalla on her website. Support organic cotton growers by asking for organic cotton in stores.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### GUEST BOOK REVIEWS

All the reviews have been written by Lynx readers.

My Tanka Diary, by Yuko Kawano, translated by Amelia Fielden. Ginninderra Press: 2006, 213 pages, ISBN:1740227 361 3, US \$20 (US bills preferred, cost includes postage). Can be ordered from A. Fielden, 20A Elouera Avenue, Buff Point, NSW 2262, Australia.

Takuboku Ishikawa's famous words of tanka as diary of the emotional life of the poet perfectly apply to Yuko Kawano's My Tanka Diary (2002). Two other translations of Kawano's books into English, As Things Are (translated by Fielden and Kozue Uzawa, 100 poems selected from Kawano's ten collections and chosen by Japanese poet Manaka Tomohisa) and Vital Forces (translated by Fielden and Aya Yuhki) also focus on Kawano's life as a woman, a wife, a mother, a celebrated poet, and other aspects of her varied life.

In My Tanka Diary, Kawano's plan was simple. She would write one tanka a day, or sometimes two or three, for an entire year. Her diary began on November 10, 1999 and ended November 9, 2000. Before each tanka she wrote prose headings sometimes related to the tanka, sometimes not, sometimes abridged by Fielden in her translations. How the prose passage relates to the poem is not always apparent, so when I began reading Fielden's translations, I did not want to interrupt the flow of the poems by stopping to read the prose. Yet as I read the diary tanka of the first month or so, I became curious about the prose and, surprisingly, found I wanted to know, if possible, the actual situation that might have motivated the creation of the poem. In this way I gained insights into Kawano's busy life as an unusual person.

We learn from three commentaries in My Tanka Diary, one by Kawano, one by Kathy Kituai, and one by Amelia Fielden, about the various facets of Kawano as a person and as a poet. One important fact that stood out was her award in 1972, when she was twenty-three years old, of the prestigious Kadokawa prize, given to her for a series of poems in her first collection. I had read a few years ago Vital Forces (1997). Finished when she was, I believe, forty-six, it covers a four-year period from the end of 1990 to January 1995. I was struck by the concern she had for her two children, an older boy and a younger girl. Two poems from Vital Forces:

our son  
sits facing away,  
metallic eyes  
glinting –  
he loathes his father [p. 73]

the kid,  
head down absorbed  
in maths' formulae,  
turns her haunted face  
towards me [p. 81]

In My Tanka Diary, Kawano's children remain one of the vital forces in her life in addition to her husband, her mother, and her extensive duties as one of the most famous tanka poets in Japan. Two

poems on her children along with the prose entry in My Tanka Diary:

July 12th cloudy; somehow I feel her love affair is not going well

in a love affair  
one doesn't need restraint,  
I told my daughter,  
at the same time rolling  
a fallen green persimmon [p. 144]

May 26th heavy rain; Nagata [Kawano's husband] went up to Tokyo; Jun [Kawano's son] took a dying  
stray cat to the vet's

come to borrow  
a spade for burying  
the dead cat,  
as always my son  
is reticent [p. 120]

Fielden, in her introduction, mentions how closely she worked with Kawano on the translations. The translator, who limited the 643 poems in the diary to 396, tells us she "tried to retain the original phrase order, and the order of images" [p. 15], this despite the differences in Japanese and English grammar. The following poems from My Tanka Diary show how closely Fielden was working with Kawano on another collection:

February 23rd cloudy; Amelia Fielden from Canberra University came to my home to work on the translation of Time Passes

lifting her eyes  
which had been fixed  
on the third tanka,  
she says "'ever"  
is better, more poetic' [p. 70]

June 2nd fine; from Jun, two days late, a birthday cake; in the afternoon Amelia came to visit for our final session on the translation of Time Passes

one by one  
my words are transformed  
into English  
with the gentle flexing  
of her penciled letters [p. 124]

What is especially noteworthy in this tanka collection is how Kawano makes the commonplace poetic. We find Kawano peeling pears, walking home after getting off a bus, thinking about household repairs, climbing the stairs to the second story in her house, noticing the wrong order of shoes on her grandchild's feet, putting cherry blossoms into a vase, doing neck exercises, brushing her teeth, waiting for her husband to fall asleep, and on and on. But included in the rhythm of these commonplace events are quite painful moments: Signs of age on her husband's face (I peer close/at his fevered face/seeing

that/he has aged now/sooner than I) [p. 176]; on dying: (I hate the thought/of lying still and dead/for a long, long time/being prayed over and called/'true believer', 'priestess', 'great sister') [p. 150]; death of a friend (so she has really/ended in ashes,/that person/who used to sit beside me/complaining of the cold) [p. 130].

Readers can enter into all these moments in Kawano's life. But as I read on, I had forebodings. Kawano could not have known when she began this year experiment of writing one poem or two or three a day what the end of the year would bring. Yet as a reader I was kept in suspense. The pressures on the poet of selecting tanka for TV contests and journals in addition to her own lectures and interviews and teaching had to take their toll. Sometimes Kawano is exhausted by these duties:

stab, stab,  
as if I'm doing  
needlework  
I'm choosing poems –  
there are no good ones [p. 112]

with books increasing  
four or five at a time,  
in this household  
it feels like we're lodging  
on the upper floor [p. 104]

same classroom, so  
the tanka are very alike –  
detail by detail  
critiquing them  
I make my way through [p. 156]

writing seven tanka,  
three pages of an essay,  
sending them off –  
no fun this night  
in a hotel [p. 116]

having weathered  
two typhoons finally  
it reached me,  
the bundle of submissions  
with a Hakata postmark [p. 170]

It was on September 20th that Kawano made a discovery:

the great lumps  
in my left armpit –  
what might they be?  
there are two or three  
the size of eggs [p. 180]

Her poignant tanka of October 1 tells us what we had earlier learned:

it's an absurd  
sad thing that  
my nicely shaped  
left breast  
is to be cut off [p. 188]

The memorable tanka of the last month of the diary have remained with me long after I finished reading. Whether poems appear at the start, middle, or end of the diary, Fielden's versions are always poetic.

The saga of Yuko Kawano will continue. In 2004, Amelia Fielden was designated the poet's official translator.

Sanford Goldstein  
Atellib House  
Shibata-shi, Japan

#### A Book Review

A Hindi Translation of Masaoka Shiki's – If Someone Asks . . . by Dr. Angelee Deodhar. Written by Kala Ramesh, Pune, India.

If Someone Asks ... Masaoka Shiki's Life and Haiku, published December 2005; English translation by The Shiki-Kinen Museum English Volunteers, Hindi translation by Dr. Angelee Deodhar, 156 pages. This book is not for sale but copies can be requested from: Dr. Angelee Deodhar, House No. 1224, Sector - 42 B Chandigarh -160 036 India

if someone asks  
say I'm still alive  
autumn wind

yadi koi poochhe  
kaho mayn abhi jeevit hoon  
patjhad ki hava

One morning, I received a mail from Angelee saying that she has sent me her book, a translation of Shiki's poems into Hindi. I waited and waited for its arrival. I was more than rewarded . . . I read it many times over, both the English and the Hindi versions.

If Someone Asks . . . Masaoka Shiki's Life and Haiku, originally published by Matsuyama Municipal Shiki-kinen Museum has now been translated into Hindi – India's national language – by the renowned haiku poet Dr. Angelee Deodhar.

Ms. Angelee in her translator's note says: "Masaoka Shiki, though well known to the western world through numerous excellent translations, is little known in India. The paucity of haiku related material

to readers of Hindi made me take up the task of presenting this book. It was an arduous task and some might question this translation. However, since one must start somewhere, I felt it would be worthwhile to introduce in Hindi this selection of Shiki's work, originally done into English by the sixteen translators of the Shiki-Kinen Museum, Matsuyama. It has taken three years to do this work"

Translation cannot be everyone's cup of tea. It needs a certain sensitivity, a certain way of seeing things, through the eyes of the poet and the translator, the experience and what is experienced. To be able to stick to the spirit of the original and still get into the skin of the translated language. In other words, not just to translate but to trans-create, which can be done only when the translator internalizes what needs to be translated. The amount of time, effort, inclination, and pure love that this kind of work demands is clear when one comes across a good translated work.

Then comes the art of translating haiku, which is so simple that it becomes complicated. All great art is simple. It looks simple.

From page one, Ms. Angelee's translation sticks to the original, a faithfully and honest rendering of the Master. Hindi when spoken as it should be spoken sounds simply beautiful – the language of the great poets like Saint Kabir and Saint Meera is both lyrical and forceful. I've put a few of Ms. Angelee's Hindi translation into Romaji for your reading pleasure; just read aloud and feel the texture of the words – the experience is rewarding!

again and again  
I ask the depth  
of the falling snow

barambar  
maynay poochha gehrai kitni hai  
girtibrrph ki

me leaving  
you staying  
two autumns

mera jana  
tumhara rehna  
do patjhad

snow –  
white cat on the roof ridge  
just its voice

brrph –  
safed billi chhuth kay chhajay par  
keval uski avaz

tugging at  
the quilt's shortness  
the cat meows

kheechtay huay  
razai ka chhotapan  
billi ki avaz

spring ebb tide  
I am happy  
everything is alive

vasanti bhatay mein  
mayn prasann hoon  
sab kuchh sajeev

my chair is moved –  
in the shade of young leaves  
I see the sky

meri kursi hilai gai –  
nanhi pattiyon ki chhanv mein say  
mayn akaash dekhta hoon

At first glance, I must own I was slightly disappointed with the cover. But after giving a thorough reading and seeing the world through Shiki's eyes, his self-portrait said so much more and seemed so meaningful. The editing is faultless and all the credit should go to Dr. Angelee.

Any translation, if well done, is like the two faces of a coin. Even after it has settled down well in its new language it makes the reader 'hunger' for the original. If this happens to the reader after reading this book, it is the most beautiful thing ever to happen!

Kala Ramesh  
Pune, India

Haiku: Anthologie du poème court japonais. Selection and translation by Corinne Atlan and Zéno Bianu. Editions Gallimard: 2002. Colour cover, 242 pages, ISBN:2-07-041306-3, available for under \$13 from [www.amazon.ca](http://www.amazon.ca)

This is a very comprehensive anthology of over 500 haiku from more than 130 poets, spanning the period from the beginnings of haikai in the sixteenth century, up to the late twentieth century. The book is divided into a section for each season, with notional subsections such as "Célébration du paysage", and "Le grand herbier", the effect of which is to group haiku with the same or similar kigo together. The poems are presented without regard to chronology, and this reader found it initially disorienting to read on a single page, for example, three haiku on lucioles (fireflies) by Chiyo (C18), Kaneko Tota and Maeda Fura (both C20). But though this may be an unusual method of presentation, it is ultimately rewarding to easily compare use of a single kigo through the centuries, knowing of course that the later poets were usually aware of the earlier poems. In some cases, this can help the reader by highlighting the possibility of deliberate cross-referencing. Consider the following on page 95:

Frappé  
le poisson de bois  
crache les moustiques de midi

(Struck/ the wooden fish/ spits out the midday mosquitoes)

Natsume Soseki (C19-20)

Dans le vieux puits  
un poisson gobe un moustique —  
l'eau fait un bruit noir

(In the old well/ a fish gulps down a mosquito —/ the water makes a black sound)

Yosa Buson (C18)

In Soseki's haiku, the image is of a kind of temple gong in the form of a hollowed-out fish, and we can easily imagine that he is playing on Buson's image, turning it inside out, as it were. And on page 188:

Dans ce jardin  
un siècle  
de feuilles mortes !

(In this garden/ a century/ of dead leaves!)

Matsuo Basho (C17)

Les feuilles tombent  
sur les feuilles —  
la pluie tombe sur la pluie

(The leaves fall/ on the leaves—/ the rain falls on the rain)

Kato Gyodai (C18).

As with any translation, there are inevitably cases where one feels a different choice of word or phrase might have been more felicitous, but the quality of translation is in fact very high. In addition to the wide variety of haiku presented, including many by lesser-known (in the west, at any rate) poets, there are several pages of notes which assist with some of the more opaque imagery, as well as a number of very useful appendices. These include a *Petite histoire de haiku*, which traces the origin of the form through tanka and renga, through its development up to the present day, with all of the changes thus imposed; an extensive bibliography of sources in French (as well as Japanese and English) for those interested in further study; an index of authors, presented both chronologically and alphabetically, and with female poets asterisked - always interesting to note the proportions, as well as the at times substantially different presence offered by the female haikuist.

This anthology has much to recommend it. In terms of value for money it surpasses almost anything available in English. It is an informative and enjoyable addition to the bookshelf of both the experienced haikai and the interested generalist. Even if you have only school French you will be able to enjoy new translations of old favourites, as well as poems entirely new to us, without incessant recourse to the dictionary:

Ce matin l'automne —  
dans le miroir  
le visage de mon père

Murakami Kijo

La solitude  
le froid du printemps  
rien d'autre

Uemura Sengyo

I recommend that this book is one to have.

Norman Darlington  
Bunclody, Ireland

Book Announcements

SWEEPS OF RAIN a haibun book about dementia (in het Nederlands: Vegen van Regen) Year: 2006 by GEERT VERBEKE (°31-05-1948). ISBN - 81-8253-06-87, Pages: 128, Format: Paperback A5. Language: English. Publisher mail: Dr. Santosh Kumar Website: Cyberwit India PRICE: 18 us\$ on bank account BE-80-6353-2374-0177 (IBAN: BNA GBE-BB). Geert Verbeke, Leo Baekelandlaan 14, B-8500 Kortrijk, Flanders - Belgium - Europe

SWEEPS OF RAIN: A light shiver happens to you, when you open this remarkable diary. Oh, please, no... poetry about the illness dementia? Yet, the first page already will grip you. No clinical picture, but an example of the art of living slides along. Day after touching, humorous, sometimes very heavy day. A surprising, intense 'dialogue' between Sarah de Boeck and her son and 'coating care provider' John, supported by his wife Mia. Sarah suffers from Pick's disease. First it affects your personality, then your memory and at last your total health. The author notes down this process of gradual changing and losing almost playful and light. In a rich, sometimes rough, associative language. But in the haiku sadness sounds through:

touching her toys –  
all in the past  
embracing included

John conquers his daily pain by tactic and creative reactions. It cannot be denied that mother and son are cast from the same mould. Their exuberant fantasy always wants the free rein. That 's why John let his mother go on living in her own house and art gallery as long as possible. Close to her piano, in her own atmosphere of artist and potter. There she can feel safe, surrounded by the treasures of her travels, especially from ancient cultures. John takes a difficult daily walk with her. Included the risk that she tears loose and runs into a shop or building, as once the slaughterhouse. She was a great narrator but gradually her stories relapse to a childish jabbering. Dates, details and events become snippets in a sort of language – in – between. John stimulates her memory by practice in front of a mirror. He perceives that touching and caressing relax her most of all. The day comes that Sarah can't longer stay alone. She is moved to the nursing home. Difficult for John. There he sees 'a procession from the world of Jeroen Bosch. Fear for life, fear for death.' Sarah falls in apathy, but gradually she feels better, surrounded by solid structure and kind care. Finally John is able to weep, 'though the universe is generous, in spite of all the waste away.' His coping with grief is shown by pages long roaming in his mother's house, taking all the beautiful items in his hand. He remembers her trips and events in a poetical avalanche, her favourite music on the background. The last hours need no words...

After her death John decorates Sarah's photo with a crockery scarab - the morning figure of Re - as a grave gift. Because 'death is a mild final chord'.

"My conclusion: Sweeps of Rain consists of as many fits of sun. The 85 haibun, not longer than one page, are constructive, in variety of contemplation and anecdotes. A book to approach in averse and appreciate after reading." – Silva Ley.

Mud On The Wall, Selected Haiku, Senryu & Tanka Poems of Jörgen Johansson , Sweden - River Man Publishing Co. ISBN 91-976430-0-9. 79 Poems, all in English! 2003-2006, picked by Heron's Nest, Frogpond, Acorn, Mainchi News, Simply Haiku.Ltd edition of 100 numbered copies, price, \$6 + \$4 Airmail, payment thru cash in a well concealed airmail letter OR Paypal.

"I find that reading Jörgen Johansson's haiku, senryu, and tanka is a lot like getting used to a naked woman running through my backyard with a smile on her face . . . I never know from which direction she will come, or at what time of day or night, but I find myself wide-awake and patiently waiting..."--  
Michael McClintock.

CHO is a quarterly journal edited by Ken Jones, Jim Kacian and Bruce Ross. Featured in this issue:  
Selections for Contemporary Haibun [The Yearly Print Journal] with works by:

Hortensia Anderson, "Claire"  
Lynn Edge, "On My Mind"  
Graham High, "Holding Tanks"  
Gary LeBel, "The Frenchman's Line"  
Francis Masat, "Hapless Currents"  
Dru Philippou, "Return to the Table"  
Ray Rasmussen, "Moving Day"  
Mark Smith, "Bones of the Rainbow"  
Mark Smith, "Fishing the Falls"  
Bill Wyatt, "A Fistful of Frost"

Selections for Contemporary Haibun Online

Francis Alexander, "Fantastic"  
Hortensia Anderson, "Nature"  
Deb Baker, "Parallel Sunsets"  
Collin Barber, "Left Hand Man"  
Collin Barber, "Untitled"  
Gary Eaton, "Hardhat"  
Lynn Edge, "The Master"  
Valerie D. Eleby, "The Ritual Rites"  
Clyde Glandon, "Assisted Living"  
Mike Hill, "The Back Way"  
Robin Lloyd Jones, Tir Nan Og, "Land of the Ever Young"  
Rona Laycock, "The Cowshed"  
Francis Masat, "Lilacs"  
Lenard D. Moore, "Cleaning the Attic"  
Dustin Neal, "Muy Bueno"  
Graham Nunn, "01:00"  
Adelaide Shaw, "Renewal"  
Bill Wyatt, "Untitled"

Haibun by the Editors

Ken Jones: "Going Nowhere"  
Jim Kacian: "Deathwatch"  
Bruce Ross: "Dunes"

## 1000 HAIKU FOR PEACE in MEMORY of SADAKO SASAKI

“this is our cry  
this is our prayer  
Peace in the world”

“On the morning of August 6, 1945, the first atomic bomb of the world ever to be dropped, exploded in the heart of Hiroshima . In less time than it takes to blink your eyes, countless innocent lives were lost. So enormous was this unprecedented tragedy that the destruction caused by natural disasters or conventional weapons paled beside it.”

“Sadako Sasaki was a Japanese girl who lived near Misasa Bridge in Hiroshima . She was only two years old when the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. At the moment of explosion she was at her home, about 1 mile from ground zero. As she grew up, Sadako was a strong, courageous and athletic girl. In 1954, at age eleven, while practicing for a big race, she became dizzy and fell to the ground. Sadako was diagnosed with leukemia, the "atom bomb disease.

Sadako's best friend told her of an old Japanese legend which said that anyone who folds a thousand origami paper cranes would be granted a wish. Sadako hoped that the gods would grant her a wish to get well so that she could run again. However, it was not just for herself that she wished healing. It is said that what made the girl truly special in her effort was her additional wish to end all such suffering, to bring peace and healing to the victims of the world. She spent fourteen months in the hospital, and she folded over 1,300 paper cranes before dying at the age of twelve. She folded the cranes out of her medicine bottle wrappers and any other paper she could find in hopes of getting better.

After her death, her friends and schoolmates published a collection of letters to raise funds to build a memorial to her and all of the children who died from the atomic bomb in Hiroshima . It was also a popular cause for children and others in Japan . In 1958, a statue of Sadako holding a golden crane was unveiled in the Hiroshima Peace Memorial.”

Haiku For Peace – In Memory of Sadako Sasaki

Mevsimsiz Publishing House in Turkey ([www.mevsimsiz.com.tr](http://www.mevsimsiz.com.tr)) is planning to publish “1000 Haiku for Peace” anthology in memory of Sadako Sasaki in August 6, 2007 in English and Turkish. We are looking for 100 haiku and senryu poets in order to help us to make this project real. All over the world who believes the peace; all over the world, who would like to stop the war in Palestine , Lebanon , Africa .Each haiku and senryu poets shall have 10 haiku or senryu in the anthology. A brief biography

has to be for each kuyu and credits (awards, commendments, first publishing...) may be mentioned. They could send us 10 or more haiku for selection. Both unpublished and previously published Haiku are okay. Free copy of the book is going to be sent to the each haiku poet participated in the anthology. It means not only haiku about peace, but also haiku for peace. Every kind of haiku or a senryu could be, but if haiku refer to peace or make people think about peace may be good. In fact we believe, pure haiku even that is not about the peace, is the peace. Maybe we could say, haiku is a natural appearance of the peace. Since now, 20 haiku poets have sent their Haiku for the Project. I really thank to them again...Don't hesitate for any question and please send your haiku to anilengin@gmail.com ANIL ENGIN, Mevsimsiz Publishing House Editor / Istanbul / Turkey, 0090 555 480 81 27 – 00902125489256 (after GMT (+) 19:00)

TANKA FIELDS A Chapbook of Tanka by Robert D. Wilson, With a Forward by Michael McClintock, White Egret Press (c)2006. Featuring 75 tanka written by the award winning poet and owner/managing editor of Simply Haiku, Robert D. Wilson. \$6.00 U.S. & Canada : \$2.00 P&H International: \$4.00 P&H. Checks and/or money orders are to be made out to: Robert D. Wilson, 20734 Hemlock Street , Groveland , California 95321 USA

Says McClintock:

" No one writes tanka like Robert Wilson. These are poems that nudge but do not push, that have the delicacy of sumi-e brushwork. The insights and percipience of reverie, daydream, and vision have, in English-language tanka, no more persistent or skillful servant. Wilson 's vocabulary is that of shadow, moonlight, water-image, and restless loneliness – punctuated by some small detail that surprises, intrigues, or arrests. "

Adds Kirsty Karkow:

"His original images of the world and its inhabitants will not fail to stir deep-seated emotions and leave the read breathless."

July's FireWeed is complete and ready for your inspection: Poetry, interview, Houdini , Scotland , experimental, War, Peace and Everything in between supplemental, and feature - Jon Hayes. Terrie Relf, editor, invites you to come on over and enjoy. And also go to the blog. The blog owner's (Michelle Buchanan) goal is to post a memorial poem to each of the military killed during the Iraq war - 2615 as of the end of June. Please add yours.

Gary Blankenship Gary's book, A River Transformed.

HAIKU HARVEST — Journal of Haiku in English, Spring & Summer 2006, Volume 6 Number 1 Print & Digital Editions. Denis M. Garrison, Editor.

In this issue of HAIKU HARVEST, 73 poets from 17 countries are included. In addition to all the many haiku, there are more than 65 tanka and a few representatives of other forms. Haiku Harvest is dedicated to publishing and promoting haiku and tanka, both in the western tradition of classical haiku and tanka and in all related forms. We give generous space to poets so they can demonstrate the range

of their haiku and tanka and we promote innovation by providing a showcase for poetry in new forms that are serious attempts to assimilate the haiku and tanka genres within the English poetic tradition. Haiku Harvest has published since Spring 2000; this is the final issue. See its successor, 3x5 Poetry Review.

Besides the online digital edition, a print edition of Haiku Harvest Spring & Summer 2006 is also published. It is a paperback book, 6"x9", 232 pages, perfect bound, 60# interior paper, black and white interior ink, 100# exterior paper, full-color exterior. ISSN: 1558-9862. Available for purchase online. Sincerely, Denis M. Garrison, Editor, Haiku Harvest,

The German web site Haiku heute (Haiku Today) appears monthly. It contains a juried collection of 15 to twenty haiku chosen from about 150 to 200 haiku submitted monthly, plus commentary, haibun, renku, interviews and essays. The publisher of "Haiku heute", Volker Friebe, publishes also each year a "Haiku-Jahrbuch" (Haiku Yearbook), containing haiku, renku, haiku sequences, articles and international interviews and essays. You can submit haiku and related material in English with German translations (no fees claimed) for the monthly competitions and for the "Jahrbuch."

#### BOOKS WANTING REVIEWERS

If you are interested in reviewing any of these books, please let me know by e-mail.

All I Can Do by Aya Yuhki

Reeds: Contemporary Haiga 2006, editor Jeanne Emrich

Wazowski Himself and other poems by Ed Baranosky

Slow Spring Water: The Life Poetry of Melissa Dixon

On This Same Star, selections from the tanka collection Will by Mariko Kitakubo translated by Amelia Fielden

But then You Danced: tanka by Jeanne Lupton

Amber: dementia-haiku by Geert Verbeke

Blonde Red Mustang. . . a gathering of small poems by Art Stein

The Haiku Apprentice: Memoirs of Writing Poetry in Japan by Abigail Friedman

The Solitude of Cities by Ruth Holzer

Things Just Come Through by Ed Baker

17 Minutes by Mathew Hupert

## PARTICIPATION RENGA

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

Unless at least five people respond to these links, we will close down this feature with the next issue of Lynx.

## BLACKOUT

This renga ends the next time! Last chance!

Rule: 3 / 2lines alternating

ending with 12 links

Theme: loss, frustration, deprivation

after the blackout

eating all the ice cream quickly

before the power returns Gene Doty

no light plenty quiet JMB

loud mouthed the talking scales CC

automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD

condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR

discarded in the fallen leaves - a moment of passion GD

the budding tree reminds him of her JR

dropping puzzle pieces in her lap a picture forms GD

in swaddling clothes the calendar girl FPA

low-cut jeans reveal the dragon – faded tattoo GD

a tight hold of her real self

"& now, would you like some tea?" FPA

risen sun

lowered expectations CC

~&~

after the blackout

eating all the ice cream quickly

before the power returns Gene Doty

no light plenty quiet JMB

dream time when I see words unmasked WR

sensory deprivation chamber unplugged CC

black air feeding from the dark an owl WR

waterfront beacon Maigret's pipe FPA

the glow that doesn't warm a ho's smile JR

at the distance it seems two who won't come closer WR

sea slug wedge of waning moon FPA

snow-light crystals  
hardening the view WR

~&~

after the blackout  
eating all the ice cream quickly  
before the power returns Gene Doty  
no light plenty quiet JMB  
dream time when I see words unmasked WR  
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD  
a magnet breaks into two equal magnets CF  
one blitz only then no more light after radiation WR  
trying to understand nations why anyone would drop a bomb JR  
allergic skin flushes under the mistletoe FPA  
"Kiss me, I'm Irish" –her surprised blush GD

a bird is passing  
I too leave  
with wings of words WR

~&~

after the blackout  
eating all the ice cream quickly  
before the power returns Gene Doty  
no light plenty quiet JMB  
dream time when I see words unmasked WR  
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD  
a magnet breaks into two equal magnets CF  
one blitz only then no more light after radiation WR  
trying to understand nations why anyone would drop a bomb JR  
even blasted we smile back at you TSP  
time giving in with the pull of a kite WR

an old stone wall  
a good hand at the game  
sprayed graffiti FPA

~&~

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

stuck in traffic again dancing alone CF  
land locked the wave I hear on cliffs WR  
finding a key made of sand JR  
we furnish the room in the kelp castle a sunbeam the bed WR  
in the darkness between covers, we dream GD  
in the white of beaches night-black steps WR

four walls & on each  
a picture of great promise  
but there is no door FPA

~&~

after the blackout  
eating all the ice cream quickly  
before the power returns Gene Doty  
no light plenty quiet JMB  
loud mouthed the talking scales CC  
automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD  
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR  
discarded in the fallen leaves - a moment of passion GD  
washed into dawn I am holding on to half a moon WR  
pale sky waits for a cloud to paint its silver lining FPA  
dawn comes to a world of rain dropPING jr  
osprey lifts with prey dripping their reflections FPA

leaving the nest  
all those days of caring  
fly away JR

~&~

after the blackout  
eating all the ice cream quickly  
before the power returns Gene Doty  
no light plenty quiet JMB  
dream time when I see words unmasked WR  
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD  
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV  
the term "mother" names cover them JR  
attached she sends me a koan plus a virus WR  
opening the attachment – nothing displays but the code GD  
fogging the empty screen no sound of drumming fingers WR

screach of the chair  
my parting comment  
about the job JR

~&~

after the blackout  
eating all the ice cream quickly  
before the power returns Gene Doty  
no light plenty quiet JMB  
dream time when I see words unmasked WR  
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD  
a magnet breaks into two equal magnets CF  
one blitz only then no more light after radiation WR  
trying to understand nations why anyone would drop a bomb JR  
spirit so simple only the mind gets confused CF  
snake house speaking in whispers FPA

decapitated  
still the rattler  
strikes JR

~&~

after the blackout  
eating all the ice cream quickly  
before the power returns Gene Doty  
no light plenty quiet JMB  
dream time when I see words unmasked WR  
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD  
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV  
the term "mother" names cover them JR  
attached she sends me a koan plus a virus WR  
"The moon sets at midnight I walk alone" Shoushan meta  
the wealth sack shadows carved in stone light to carry FPA

brightening the journey home  
the many good memories JR

~&~

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eating all the ice cream quickly  
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dream time when I see words unmasked WR  
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD  
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV  
the term "mother" names cover them JR  
attached she sends me a koan plus a virus WR

decades old now? computer message haiku CC  
food bowl cat's date of birth added in calligraphy FPA

the shaky hand  
painting mountains JR

~&~

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no light plenty quiet JMB  
dream time when I see words unmasked WR  
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD  
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV  
the term "mother" names cover them JR  
attached she sends me a koan plus a virus WR  
two turtle doves & a partridge in a pear tree FPA  
opened Christmas card the squeaky music of my past from a tiny computer JR

in the royal gardens  
snowman's buckled shoes FPA

~&~

after the blackout  
eating all the ice cream quickly  
before the power returns Gene Doty  
no light plenty quiet JMB  
dream time when I see words unmasked WR  
sensory deprivation chamber unplugged CC  
black air feeding from the dark an owl WR  
Luggage steaming in the bush JMB  
home to mother warm iron in her travel bag CC  
naked on the window the face of younger dreams WR  
speechless before him my voice recedes to a point of light JR

the grass is singing  
spring moon mists over FPA

~&~

after the blackout  
eating all the ice cream quickly  
before the power returns Gene Doty  
no light plenty quiet JMB  
loud mouthed the talking scales CC  
hear the wasps walking on your hat JMB  
she says I am glad your eyes don't sting WR

Back for the Louvre - I'm asked if I've met the Mona Lisa FPA  
the mile spread behind her hips JMB  
in the meadow we can build a snowman FPA  
harbored perhaps the chord of a scheme in cat eyes WR

in white shirts at  
the usual chess party FPA

#### GENTLY WIPING DUST

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 100 lines

Theme: impermanence, transitoriness

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

smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ  
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR  
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD  
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB  
neither shrinking nor growing my 8-track collection CC  
returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA  
the sandstone nose washing away JMB  
on a postscript warned of insomnia waves pound a hunter's moon FPA  
my old manual the barely legible letters CC  
h lf wh t e s id w as it ching JMB  
literacy job applicant the misspelled words CC  
seasonal sign along the interstate: "grape's for sell" GD

roadside vendors  
Barney pats his holster CC

~\*~

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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  
patchouli reek his receding ponytail GD  
rainbowed the new bag of rubber bands CC  
round and round the vase roses CF  
steps I make moon by moon without sandals WR  
in the direction of a skein of geese FPA  
morning meadow a herd of sheep making an ewe turn CC  
rockin' merrily around the Christmas tree FPA  
neither egret nor heron the paper bag CC

swinging and arriving  
lost my ground plan WR

pages of old books  
cloud patterns on a beach stroll FPA

~\*~

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watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR  
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ  
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR  
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD  
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC  
it's Sunday morning dear stop – I am praying WR  
lectionary's faded pages, cross references GD  
trivia in the junk shop letters in medieval script FPA  
under the bunk a trunkful of playbills CC  
spiders and a french-fry sticky dust JMB  
one of those guys who needs to have a snack afterwards JR  
it was all so clear when a cardboard box was a spaceship CF  
36-hole golf course in my back yard CC

if it's fine tomorrow  
you'll have to wake up  
with the lark FPA

~\*~

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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  
sijo\* jogging his memory in Central Park CC  
as night falls still the fires of the two towers WR  
unfiltered dust the masks of the rescue workers CC  
disaster on TV close the windows GD  
leaping the fence every pocket filled with apples CC  
inclined to follow paw prints of a cat WR  
excited the dog sniffs the grass in a widening circle GD  
that voice is time unraveling CF  
pink azaleas a "sweater girl" pops a button CC

the guided missile  
goes astray again JR

~\*~

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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  
eminent domain: dog cringing from master's foot GD  
bouncing off the rim clipped toenail CC  
says she hates cobwebs the cleaning lady FPA  
guests leaving she stays with pearls WR  
idling engine I restart it CC  
hybrids have it up the hill a standstill WR  
ooo's and ahhh's my new rhyming dictionary CC  
looking through my slang dictionary for the right word GD

on the tip of my tongue  
the truth trips me up JR

~\*~

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ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR  
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD  
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB  
neither shrinking nor growing my 8-track collection CC  
returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA  
the sandstone nose washing away JMB  
oh-oh-oh snuff-snuff-snuffle caShoo GD  
the red moon pales as it rises above the pollution GD  
brownout at the chocolate factory CC  
girls giggling fingers between each other's hairy shoulder blades WR

the apes find pleasure  
in grooming each other JR

## SWARMING

6-word links on the theme: swarming  
18 links

storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
carrying the birds' idea of food JR  
news of doughnuts in the break room cg  
the case of the pedophile priest CC  
memories of a my own shame JR  
that I couldn't count to six JMB  
a handful of ideas to touch JR  
cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB  
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC  
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA  
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR  
fire extinguished but seldom blown out WR  
the poem submitted to another contest JR  
the words reversed the title air JMB  
ignores DOG Santa enters the garden FPA  
earthly god giving until it hurts JR

ground above the cat a cross CC

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
carrying the birds' idea of food JR  
news of doughnuts in the break room cg  
the case of the pedophile priest CC  
memories of a my own shame JR  
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC  
water the window dry the face JMB  
deafening the music of your eyes CC  
we'll swim until death parts us WR  
center of the storm – paradise island JR  
cosmic beach Milky Way all lit FPA  
flaring match lights the electric bill CC  
no moon standing between wind chimes CF  
a sound in the dark – bright JR  
clouds seeing us as curious animals CF  
reincarnation – the trip around the block JR

police sirens street barricaded with furniture CC

raised top desk used in childhood FPA

~&~

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

memories of a my own shame JR  
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC  
water the window dry the face JMB  
the hokku with one thousand links GD  
fantasies given hydraulic help by pills JR  
the brain curves vertical landing fields WR  
sci-fic novels pile by my bed JR  
chewing then choking yellow sea slugs WR  
face in plate a dripping spiral JMB  
cool moon wears a bright halo FPA  
plastic sun-burst clock clicking dark minutes GD  
the automobile license plate: "BUS STOP " CC  
photos of poets crazed by light GD

at the red-light district flowering plum FPA

~&~

storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
carrying the birds' idea of food JR  
news of doughnuts in the break room cg  
the case of the pedophile priest CC  
memories of a my own shame JR  
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cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB  
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC  
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA  
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR  
fire extinguished but seldom blown out WR  
the poem submitted to another contest JR  
"Hm," she says, "another honorable mention." CC  
a "horrible mention" he corrects her JR  
teacher runs out of red ink CC

leaving school with the last laugh WR

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett  
carrying the birds' idea of food JR  
news of doughnuts in the break room cg  
the case of the pedophile priest CC  
memories of a my own shame JR  
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC  
water the window dry the face JMB  
deafening the music of your eyes CC  
we'll swim until death parts us WR  
center of the storm – paradise island JR  
cosmic beach Milky Way all lit FPA  
flaring match lights the electric bill CC

no moon standing between wind chimes CF  
pretend the wind and power vanished CC  
trees trash leaves into the street GD  
in a dirt hole – clean gophers JR

and no president without a bomb WR

#### VANILLA RENGA

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

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

coin awakes  
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river  
your ocean  
gone fishin CF

once before when two  
alone felt united WR

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

swabbed off its flank  
lion's anesthetic pinch FPA

best part of the show  
the film begins with the roar  
of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer JR

better haiku if . . .  
I only had a brain CC

scarecrow and the tin man  
between them the wisdom  
of the natural world JR

the food on the table  
made from rocks CC

~&~

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

the chocolate and strawberry  
carefully removed CC

on her back  
running down the spine  
whipped cream WR

Reddi or not  
here I come! CC

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

the players argue:  
who cut the cheese? GD

barking spiders  
the raspberry sound  
joins laughter JR

all the red of sunset  
in my watermelon WR

~&~

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

crumpling the foil  
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling  
junk mail  
a new poem JR

plagiarized  
punch line CC

copycats  
serving the drink designed  
by Martha Stewart JR

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

furrin accent  
my kingdom  
for a hearse CC

mid-summer breeze  
Snowman's sneeze FPA

it'snot rain  
the clatter of hailstones  
on the window JR

I see my ground plan  
only lead under my feet WR

~&~

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

coin awakes  
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river  
your ocean  
gone fishin CF

garden's old pond  
goldfish round a blue moon FPA

where Basho  
once walked all night  
tourists JR

a monarch  
on the golf course FPA

still in awe  
even when it is only  
a butterfly JR

Christmas fires  
long fickle drought CF

fruitwood  
ablaze with blossoms  
even when cut JR

we open the new trunk  
cedar smell greets us WR

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

crumpling the foil  
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling  
junk mail  
a new poem JR

plagiarized  
punch line CC

copycats  
serving the drink designed  
by Martha Stewart JR

a chip in  
the china plate CC

the sake cup  
made valuable by the crack  
gold-filled JR

Rudolph the red nosed-reindeer  
one foggy Christmas Eve guides FPA

the idea of gift-giving  
learned from the three wise men  
paid by plastic JR

I turn my last card  
it's a joker WR

~&~

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

crumpling the foil  
to make a ball for the cat GD

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plagiarized  
punch line CC

copycats  
serving the drink designed  
by Martha Stewart JR

a chip in  
the china plate CC

the sake cup  
made valuable by the crack  
gold-filled JR

four lanes of interstate  
heading north CC

roads  
leading us along as if  
they knew something JR

obsidian  
more we dare to touch  
in fear of more fire WR

~&~

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

the chocolate and strawberry  
carefully removed CC

on her back  
running down the spine

whipped cream WR

Reddi or not  
here I come! CC

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

country store checkerboard  
between two barrels CC

old men's lies  
about fish never caught  
women not kissed JR

square hole  
in the ice CC

~&~

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

Firestone shredding  
its tread CC

grating cheese  
on the chopped vegetables  
April lunchtime GD

Hellman's left  
in the fridge CC

squeeze-bottle  
collapsed on its  
sticky innards GD

smell circles outward  
from the skunk roadkill JR

the perimeter  
if where I boxed  
myself in CC

the bright light of opportunity  
comes in the shine of gold JR

still at the death bed  
eyebrows  
waving from a surfer WR

hang ten  
vigilante posse CC

~&~

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

crumpling the foil  
to make a ball for the cat GD

catch –  
the door bell  
and hers mingling WR

soles of sleep  
pooled beneath JMB

the knitted sleeve  
mended with knurled fingers

the same old dream JR

on my winter window  
breath becomes frozen thistles WR

the flower  
you bring me only  
at night JR

on her back tattooed  
fruits I dare to touch WR

smiling  
she offers a taste  
of her peach GD

fuzz  
the scattered hippies CC

WHEELING ALONG  
5-liners, verse or prose  
ends with 12 links

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

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

following  
dotted lines  
another mile closer  
to my daughter's  
final flight CC

I wanted to enter light  
so I am planting a wildfire  
and everywhere mad  
there's hardly anything left  
a sudden rain sweeps up petals JR

rifled pages  
of our open books  
all the places  
we continue to go  
in our memories  
(for Nancy Pearl and Theodor Geisel) CC

museum corner  
skull of an adult female  
whale thoughts  
fanning out as lichen  
cream white and sunshine JR

~&~

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on its path  
on my path

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I wanted to enter light  
so I am planting a wildfire  
and everywhere mad  
there's hardly anything left  
a sudden rain sweeps up petals JR

I see the color questions  
unfurling in fern tops  
pearl drops  
the moon face  
giving in WR

the day  
my mother looked at a lake  
I was conceived  
my original mind came  
from the pure waters JR

~&~

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

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

opens our eyes

with a wake of destruction  
flooding  
left by the hurricane  
seems to be endless tears      JR

Astrodome  
a sea of cots  
but back in Louisiana  
the slow-moving tsunami  
of budget cuts      CC

just talk-words  
seeping into the evening  
childhood again  
that man's hands on me  
unable to speak still      JR

mimosas, magnolias,  
and the lone, tall elm  
I am young again  
golf club in hand  
each tree a hole      CC

~&~

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

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

with poems  
paying my taxes  
the IRS  
has nothing to do with  
a goddess named Iris      JR

flying  
on wings of five lines  
I expect landing  
on noh grounds

the verse without me WR

see how she flies  
and bestrides the dogmatic realm  
of suffering  
in infinite space where rays diverge  
I'll move like cautious sunlight – open JR

golden-haired –  
Supergirl soaring  
through outer space,  
her future as bright  
as blue Kryptonite CC

**FINIS**