

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

XVIV:2, February, 2004

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BOOK REVIEWS:

a zen firecracker: selected haiku, by Graham Nunn (2003), illustrated by Rowan Donovan, with an introduction by Janice M. Bostok. Out now through Impressed Publishing, 50 Baynes St. Highgate Hill, Brisbane, Queensland, 4101. ISBN 0-9751618-1-4. Available from Impressed by emailing David Weekes - or by emailing the author AU\$16.50 + AU\$1.50 S&H per copy. Reviewed by John Bird.

Early Evening Pieces by Marianne Bluger. BuschekBooks, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada: 2004. Trade paperback, 8.5 x 5.5, 84 pages, ISBN:1-894543-14-9, \$15.00. Order from The Literary Press Group of Canada, 192 Spadina Ave., Suite 501, Toronto, ON M5T 2C2, Canada. Phone:514.605.6931 or web site.

The Sound of One Thigh Clapping: Haiku for a Thinner You by Meredith Clair. Workman Publishing, New York: 2004. Hardcover with glossy dust jacket, 4 x 6 inches, 124 pages, ISBN:0-7611-3142-6, US\$10.95 \$15.95 in Canada.

On Cat Time by William Hart. Timberline Press: 2004. Flat-spine, 5 x 5 inches, illustrations by Jayasri Majumdar, 32 pages, ISBN:0-944049-31-5, \$7.50 + \$2.00 S&H. Order from Timberline Press, Clarence Wolfshohl, 6281 Red Bud, Fulton, MO 65251.

Insects - Mushi and other Small Creature: Three Haiku Sequences by June Moreau, Jane Reichhold and Giselle Maya. Koyama Press, Saint Martin de Castillon, Provence, France:2004. Hand-tied, hand-made paper covers, 6 x 10 inches, 48 pages, illustrated by Dao Yan Hu with calligraphy by Yasuo Mizui, \$18.00. E-mail Giselle Maya or Jane.

Sunlight Comes and Goes: haiku by Francine Porad. Vandina Press, Bellevue Washington:2004. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 24 pages, color illustrations by Francine Porad, Introduction by John Stevenson, ISBN: 1-88738-24-4, \$15.00. Order from the author at 10392 NE 12th Street, I-307, Bellevue, WA 98004.

Kokoro: Haiku and Senryu by Geert Verbeke. Empty Sky, Kortrijk, Flanders:2004. Trade paperback, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 68 pages, ISBN: 90-805634-63, \$25. Email Geert Verbeke for your best method of payment.

Breasts of Snow Fumiko Nakajo: Her tanka and her life written by Hatsue Kawamura and Jane Reichhold. The Japan Times Book Division, Tokyo, Japan:2004. Trade paperback, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 152 pages, ISBN:4-7890-1161-5, \$20.00, ¥2000E. In the States, copies can be ordered from Jane Reichhold.

LETTERS AND ARTICLES

Ed Baranosky explains the glosa renga and his work with Melisa Fauceglia, Jen Findlay and Holly Briesmaster; Tom Clausen discusses his work with Werner Reichhold; Dick Pettit discusses his work in renga with Francis Attard (Malta) John Carley and Colin Blundell; Larry Kimmel writes in response to Werner's poem, "The Apparition Gyated" in the last issue of Lynx.; Karina Klesko describes a new form she has devised with Cindy Tebo; Daniel W. Schwerin, winner of several Tanka Splendor Awards introduces his sijo; Francis P. Attard explains why he had stopped submitting to Participation Renga (but has returned again, anyhow!); Haiku Reality is a new Serbian and English magazine from the editor - Sasa Vazic as reported by Zoran Doderovic; suhni reminds us of the newest from Mother Tongued; Kenneth P. Gurney, editor of tmpoetry.com and Joan Payne Kincaid report on Kincaid's newest online book - Snap Shoots; . - Gino Peregrini invites readers to visit The Ghazal Page; A new Literary Ezine - MindFire Renewed – launched and in the hands of Gary Blankenship; Zolo reports on his workshop at the New York BOCES (board of cooperative educational services) and includes the latest zen-bo poems; Alec Findlay sends the Renga Calendar 2004 of events in Scotland. Linda Jeannette Ward sends the scoop on a tanka contest with a deadline of July 15th; Jane Reichhold includes the "100 link renga form for summer."

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

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

TIME OUT

Edward Baranosky

Melisa Fauceglia

The day was now departing ; the dark air
Released the living beings of the earth
From work and weariness; and I myself
Alone prepared to undergo the battle
Inferno; Canto II, 1-4 Dante

Sooner or later, we all have to face it,
One eye on the declining light,
And a suddenly conscious loss
Of unconscious senses, care
Gradually muting extension and influence.
Cautiously we weighed every dare;
We didn't run from the wind,
But before it, pushing the way toward release,
Into the depths of the earth or the sea; the fair
Day was now departing; the dark air

As an arrow, follows the links of my marks.
A student of human consciousness,
I study my hands, the vessels form forth.
The cloaked figure points toward stage right
Where shadowed curtains and subtle bodies pull up,
Up. Leaches heal the black widow's bite;
Collapsing demons hit the ground,
Harder than a frozen lake,
As they slam through light doors of birth
Releasing the living beings of earth.

Lightning strikes through the rain.
Salted mud flows out of primordial ice,
Inhales before breath; bleeds before blood.
Having tasted air, every infant elf
Cries for food, disturbing
The peace of sleeping giants.
Into the breach
Our real dream begins
The timed stroke of metronome Delft
From work and weariness; and I myself

Scour the dunes of this empty planet.
My mystery walker prevails camouflaged

By twisting smoke from shrinking wax towers;
Leadership does not know men without combat.
Thy naked sword is a compass that pulls
Toward the traces of worthy rivals.
Memory is fixed, any book can be a bible.
My sheath is empty, cold steel
Leaning on the last open saddle,
Alone, prepared to undergo the battle.

SUGGESTED ENDLESS FRAGMENTS

John M. Bennett

found in Ivan Arguelles' "Suggested and Endless Fragments"

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RAIN

John M. Bennett

Stacey Allam

She put her face in the rain
careful

to place her nose
in the spot
where it wouldn't touch her eye
when flattened with a spatula

G NAWS SUN
John M. Bennett
Jim Leftwich

g naw s lab you clunking
ame thy st strobe alche my
m ade an hopping b urner
jade cougar spared tongues
c lungs par id sugar p age
sp urn ed s hop ping me dean
ah my stroked camera !
sun king lab yrinth thaws

A LILAC BREEZE
Michael L. Evans
Connie Donleycott

broccoli buds
that small lavender splotch
takes wing

sprouts of moss
on the stone hedgehog

plum blossoms
shadow the temple wall. . .
children's whispers

new birdbath -
placing a bell
on the cat's collar

a lilac breeze
wood chimes . . . and tree frogs!

moonlit ball field
a boy plays catch
with a boomerang

CHOCOLATE FINGERPRINTS

Betty Kaplan
Max Verhart

kindergarten —
her first valentine
the smell of paste

chocolate fingerprints
all over the room

playing hide-n-go-seek
poor little Johnny left
under a desk

dominoes —
he lets his father
win this one

saved in the piano bench
"yellow polka-dot bikini"

before he opens
the pink envelope —
scent of roses

February 9-10, 2004
#11 in the Max & Betty Rengay Marathon

MARRY ME ALICE

Betty Kaplan
Max Verhart

no snow on the ground
 but white powder puff mountains
 floating by

the hot air balloon
slowly loses height

a yellow kite
sails away, a little boy
drops the string

dazzling free fall —
then one short pull and
the chute opens

the plane tows a banner
Marry Me Alice

flapping wings —
the stork is heading
for the cottage

january 6-7, 2004

JEWEL-BEETLE
Larry Kimmel
Ron Moss

blizzard warning
the dog coming home
looks like a sheep

tea-tree blossoms
a jewel-beetle in the rain

catching chubs
with earthworms on bent pins
shade of the oak

early frost
in heavy footprints
a crushed snail

the cat hides behind
dusty ragweed, almost

fork lightning
a stick-insect vibrates
into view

PICK-UP-STICKS

Karina Klesko

Cindy Tebo

rolling hills heightened
in twilight's glow
the baying of dogs —
within her eyes a tempest
hunts the night

if pain
could be slept away
I would join the 3-toed sloth
high in the treetops
dreaming of other sloths

a cradle swings
to an old lullaby —
round and round
the mobile's blue planes
move slower and slower

in the odds and ends
of make believe
the clay knight
off to battle
with a penny for its shield

throwaway children
living in cardboard cities
until the rain. . . .
they pick-up-sticks
to build a fire of hope

hoarding sweet rolls
under his pillow
the dementia patient
tells the nurse
he's a wealthy man

scissors, paper, rock
we try to decide;
is there a "u" in color?
those white-haired men
preparing our meds

on the floor
of a teenager's room
a Jimi Hendrix CD
how close do you have to be
to kiss the sky?

one more
for the long wet road
the Cutty Sark sails on
leaving behind an unborn sun
and a note in a bottle

Easter breakfast
without Mom
my sister orders
Eggs Benedict
for the first and last time

out from the basement
those little dust bunnies
growing fangs
too big for peter rabbit
the torn jacket
hung on a fence post

'TALK DIRTY'
Marlene Mountain
Suhni Bell

1m talk dirty to me the last spring morning with its last drizzle

2s hush money exchanged in the confessional

3m outlook for red falls on pink shoulders of a spider plant

4s hospice worker ribbons for every occasion

5m a breeze floats in floats back into the oblivion of tomorrow

6s across the darkest dream a flutter of zen

7s sweetgrass woven into her baskets into her prayer songs

8m everyone's god on everyone's side everyone's lost
9s war supplies i wonder who orders body bags for children
10m shut in with a good case of humidity
11s sunrise desert palette twisting its way thru juniper & shale
12m 50 percent chance for separated brains gone
13s wishing well the koi swim away from both sides of the coin
14m 'hunting for bambi' ie naked women by 'wimps'
15s in the blues of dusk a wild thought barely escape us
16m just perfect a fresh garlic alone
17s unemployed every stray cat in the neighborhood named & fed
18m muggy day a box turtle in the squishy part

19m rain flaps through the window into poems of a thunderstorm
20s sidewalk chalk we hop over dried blood
21m an old priest murdered in prison if only hell weren't a figment
22s summer's end the heat still clings
23m male oil of yet another male country that's what they crave
24s adopted my heart is full of not knowing
25m even this second her thumbprint heavy on the minutes left of me
26s i hate indecision wait no i don't
27m eyes now on pampas as heads undo themselves toward winter
28s debating the debate before & after the debate
29m doctor visit & fast food all the patriarchy i can stand for one day
30s the date twice my age becomes an issue

31s new year's raking up loose change to turn over new leaves
32m before the happy ending i teared at the sad part
33s raped she looks the other way for reasons to blame the victim
34m how much of the world digs dug-in dubya
35s suiseki uncovers an old word for an old rock collection
36m bed-ridden beneath the snow the iris patch

notes

12m iranian twins ladan and laleh bijani
14m las vegas paint-ball safari tho considered a pr hoax by some is
nonetheless in the culture's consciousness
21m child molester john geoghan
28s california governor recall debate
35s the japanese art of collecting & displaying naturally formed rocks

june 20, 2003 - january 29, 2004

THE PRISONER'S BLACKBIRD

Dick Pettit (Denmark)

Francis Attard (Malta)

the moon's turned its rough edge over overnight
inside a crater measuring time
the prisoner's blackbird walks like a gaoler on a patch of lawn
knowing well which side bread is buttered on
a regular guest goes straight to the kitchen to wash the dishes
twilight in the garden the cat's first litter
a couple come out arm in gentle arm and fall silent

carob tree pods do as wind chimes

out on errands a boy runs his stick along the railings

spinning top scarlet and crimson mixing

a seer concentrates all else excluded from the still centre

under a spring umbrella blue, its border indigo

the manufacturer walks the promenade without a friend

stars the sky's fire-folk moon's smouldering loveliness

she takes two hours for hair, dress and make-up feeling better

wig off, he mumbles in the wings of the stage

not a squeak! we shan't know how they take it until the Synod

padded patchwork a smirk back on scarecrow's face

a music critic notes the many notes not in his score

supercalifragilistic expialidocious

a socio-ixi- palific- irregisal- speculid

in the parlour mirror who is talking back?

the substitute re-arranges himself after the impersonation

returned to props glove spoonbill stitched and sober

the boss has spoken and that's the end of it. Any comments?

boardroom's polished glass - beyond the skylight, a language

miles away the town lights clear without a glow

fireworks on the agenda the man in the moon watches

the girls giggle at an attic window over Mummy and her friend

in the magician's hand a pack of cards, one dog-eared

an odd question the speaker's warmth reveals human feeling

unreproved fancy, mottled painter's varied brushstrokes

two figures gesticulate into an animated landscape

Punch & Judy bump heads Side by side.

drinkers partying under the cherry trees are near to bliss

a solo on the tuba brass sheen and tone

LANDSCAPE

Patricia Prime

Catherine Mair

the desk lamp's glow
on notebook, house plants, poems,
the ageing woman
writing of present tense sex
desires only peace

the landforms
of her body create
a low horizon
there isn't an invitation
she turns away

change in the weather
storms follow
early spring
seeing herself in the mirror
she is reminded of her mother

on the wall
a painting
of the Sounds
her belly folds
like the hills

MORNING SONG

Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

tui
wake the morning
with their song
fly into the air with a cry
why doesn't my heart take wing?

wisteria
soaring sparrows
rainbowed waterfalls -
who is left in China
crowing in the rain

bathing at night
verbena & rosemary
in the water
a good night's sleep
forgetting everything

another morning -
flooded fields
a child's sandal
hangs on a barbed fence:
a toy panda coated with mud

AOTEAROA
Patricia Prime
Ron Moss

grey morning
the sound of rugby boots
on concrete

sunday roast lamb
the smell of mint jelly
in mum's hair

under the dust
on the old photograph
faded football shirt

pipi gathering
last night's moon
still on my shoulder

settler cemetery
we count the number of graves
with the same name

lewis pass
the abandoned cobb house
disappears into rain

franz joseph glacier
children sledging
on a plastic sack

heavy cloud
the gliding albatross
shears the air

rotorua
the smell of geysers
before we arrive

pie cart
the flash of its neon
in the puddle

smoko . . .
the kiwi-fruit pickers
share their stories

heavy dew
a giant flax plant
drips light

PLACE WHERE NAMES ARE LOST

Yuri Runov

Karina Klesko

CindyTebo

the old maple wood

gives the red-carpet treatment
to me and my dog
dry leaves underfoot... they sound
like long-awaited applause

the liveliness of baby toads —
couples in the park sidestep
a sudden gust of wind
brandy and tears blend
into shades of gold

opening the jewel box
there's a pair of mom's earrings
light and sparkling
with the moon's curve
but I can't wear them

a slim silver C
the moon's way of saying 'Bye'
to desolate streets
and who needs its ghostly light
to disturb their weary sleep?

crashing waves
against the breakers
captured in a conch shell
both my past and future... the same
rushing of the sea

spinning the globe
again and again
I live in a place
where the names are lost
and the land becomes water

now seen through gray mist —
snowy peaks of memory,
their brilliance long lost
those dirty paths of autumn
never take us far from home

planting tulip bulbs
outside the prison fence
each day nearer to the bloom
I smile feeling the sun's warmth
upon my face

to define
the manifest destiny

two students square off
the last one standing
wins a chocolate bar

THE FRAGRANCE OF SUNLIGHT

Maria Steyn (South Africa)

Marjorie Buettner (USA)

spring meadow
the fragrance of sunlight
in my hands

honeybees' dance
pointing the way

two beachcombers
follow the high tide mark
this early morning

a girl drawing
outside the lines

full moon
sewn into the center
of the crazy quilt

zig-zag flight of geese
homeward bound

we pick out our graves
the sudden cessation
of color

as the music stops
her hair brushes his arm

this newness of you
when our bodies
meet

whispered secrets
while dawn seeps into night

that look again
as if you were seeing us
without you

collecting feathers
for a dreamcatcher

how moonlight
casts a silver shadow
on the web

a double rainbow
after the storm

high arc
of the arrow
before it hits

farewell letter written
with his old fountain pen

one by one
petals of the camellia
open

at the tea ceremony
soft folds of her kimono

SPRING RAIN
zhanna p. rader
karina klesko

spring rain -
the beech tree's black branches
through tender green

open umbrella
a little boy and a frog

misty breeze —
the daffodils bow
to the lily shoots

for days, a slow drip
from clogged roof gutters —
moss covered stones

puddles here and there
a luna moth on the brick wall

wet newsprint
stains the front stoop —
the robin snags a worm

A LEAF FLOATS TO EARTH

john white UK
karina klesko USA

distant music
greet me through the west wind
echoing applause

the whimsy of zephyros
a face borne into the rocks

battles of Sumatra
augmenting discomfort —
nature's breath

palm fronds fan
the orchid's blossom —
eco-friendly allies

avoiding countless boughs
a leaf floats to earth

hang-gliding —
chants of a thousand insects
kasesukai-tsushin*

* the valley of winds

PUTTING ON THE DOG

Max Verhart
Betty Kaplan

umbrella stand —
the master's walking cane
full of teeth marks

good morning!
he holds the leash in his mouth

an elderly lady
being pulled down the street —
now who's walking who?

a run in the park -
can't keep him away
from his new love

all along the long lane
not a tree left unsniffed
big cardboard box
with room for them all —
nursing the tiny ones

February 14th 2004

SOLO WORKS

GHAZAL

LO! TIME . . .
T. Ashok Chakravarthy

The resurging tides of fate
Swarm my thoughts in haste
The joy-filled dance of rage
Break the spikes of hopes cage.

Time, stirring the strings of death
Never considers affection or faith
It befalls on me too, without mercy
Dismantling the citadel-illusionary.

Showering wisdom of peace on some
Implanting a violent tendency in some
Imparting ways and means for some
Time replaces every barrier in some

Lo time, the inventor of worldly deeds
The object of mistrust is misplaced
Immortal love, if for you do not exist
Even reality and illusions cannot co-exist.

THE TWINKLE OF PEACE

T. Ashok Chakravarthy

The barriers of peace lay broken
The peace loving people lay crest fallen
The concept of universal peace is shaken
The poetic instinct for peace should awaken.

Shattered and taken aback beyond belief
Let us regroup to restore the peace's leaf
There's a saying, pen is mightier than sword
Let us pierce with our love-filled peace words.

Poems and verses from our pens should flow
The highest impact on hearts should they show
Our share of concern for achieving world peace
Should sway all forlorn hearts, at all the places.

Yes, some self-proclaiming, so called saviors
Are provoking and sowing the seeds of terror
Innocents are made pawns in their misadventure
What's the future if they are not derailed here?

If the thoughtful tears from our mighty pens
Are not aimed to stir hearts with our concern,
Even the twinkle of peace is forced to vanish
Yet another hope to restore peace will diminish.

POET/PROFESSOR
Gene Doty

Professorial poet or poetic professor?
One an oxymoron, the other flat absurdity.

No beard can transform tenure into hipness,
No street-swagger lends danger to the processional.

Tasseled headgear, tasseled footwear—
that's the ticket that punched your talent.

Faded blue jeans with worn spots,
Rugged boots flecked with mud guarantee nada.

Well, Gino makes no claim
To poetically tenured fame.

He awaits the posthumous award

Of stone slab and green sward.

BLUES

Ruth Holzer

The king snake's eyes of milky blue
outstare summer's blinding blue.

Fields of chicory bloom overnight,
replacing withered with living blue.

The butterfly feels a hint of chill —
a shadow blots his powdery blue.

Rose-breasted birds asleep on a wire,
their folded wings display pure blue.

A foreign stone finds the right hand to adorn —
lapis lazuli, the gray-veined blue.

Last view of the lake with mirrored spruce
in the dawn of departure, black and blue.

No man, no luck, and she's not feeling too well —
Ruth is close, but not there yet, into the blue.

AGAIN

Barbara (Abra) MacKay

In my dream my love let me hold her hand again,
And I felt myself drift above the clouds again.

She said follow me into this rubble strewn city
Where we will let go the doves and be at peace again?

I am sorely wounded by this over long war,
My legs shorn of their sockets, how will I live again.

The journey home by land or sea is long and perilous.
I feel death's glove, will I ever sit by your side again?

Do not pity yourself Abra though you have lost your love;
Do not covet the dead who will never see light again.

A COMMON LANGUAGE

Barbara (Abra) MacKay

We are still shy of each other as we seek a common language.
Without trust we cannot achieve a common language.

You speak of eternity, I of the here and now, come lie by my side;
Let us mingle our tongues and reap a common language.

I fear for you caught in the cross fire between East and West,
Which tear asunder the human bond and delete the common language.

I do not know how to pray to your god nor you to mine.
Who then will enable us to conceive a common language?

Oh gather me close, let your body and mine be as one,
for may we not yet come to speak a common language.

AUTUMN

Barbara (Abra) MacKay

I open my eyes and see signs of autumn
in yours and recognize the design of autumn.

How easily one season passes into the next,
summer's soft pause before complying to autumn.

Time the illusion, it is cycles we live by
striving to remain in the eye of autumn.

Out on the field, dandelions turn
from summer yellow to the dye of autumn.

How each season, Abra, has its color, the white of winter
the green of spring, summer's yellow, the wine of autumn.

THE PASSION OF THE CHRIST, THE MOVIE

Tree Riesener

In the lobby, the usual tantalizing decision - chocolate or popcorn; decided, soon begun,
half saved for refreshment during the evening's entertainment of high-noon crucifixion.

What do the popcorn makers buy, Omar, that's half so precious as what they sell?

Buttery grain to awake my thirst for wine unmixed with gall as for his swoon at crucifixion.

Count on ten minutes of coming attractions, car chases, mayhem, so even running late, with hard-to-find parking, we'll be in plenty of time for the bridegroom's crucifixion.

Extreme violence, over seventeen suggested, but no sex, so parents tell their screaming children, "Sh-h, that's just a plastic hand they're nailing for this dummy crucifixion!"

Daffy Duck and Roadrunner violence is cathartic and removed from reality; toddlers can learn about Daddy's love through torture by an age-appropriate cartoon crucifixion.

A poor middle-eastern boy persecuted by the arms-laden majority, dead but undefeated; hey, you Islamic radicals can't show this film for inspiration; that's our own crucifixion.

Slasher films become old-hat so remember with Mel's \$16.99 crucifixion-nail necklace; the horror's not the tree but the previews, food and drink of this zoom-in crucifixion.

GHAZAL TO THE NIGHT

(with apologies to Byron & Browning for the 3rd Stanza)

J.E. Stanley

Enveloped in a purple haze all night,
the guitar renegade plays all night.

Beowulf is fiction, insubstantial myth.
Grendel roams free and slays all night.

In cloudless climes under starry skies,
lovers count the ways all night.

The holy celebrate rites of spring,
sacrifice virgins in praise all night.

The moon goes dark, forever gone,
leaves only stars ablaze all night.

Insomnia displaces troubled dreams:
the poet in deep malaise all night.

HAIBUN

JUST FOR YOU

For Sarah Tuchinsky

(From the song by Lionel Richard)

Gerard John Conforti

Just for you, I would gather white roses from the hedge thorn and give them to you. Just for you, I would walk the meadows in search for the unknown violets hidden in the woods. Just for you, I would listen to the sparrows' song in the middle of winter outside my room. Just for you, I would embrace your emotional pain you feel every passing day and show my love for you. Just for you, I would sit and listen to you when you are in tears. Just for you, I would go through endless nights of sleep and think of you. Just for you, I would gaze at the moonlight and stars which you dream of at night. Just for you, I would climb a ladder to the universe and seek the light in your heart.

Lying beneath stars
I feel the light in my eyes
closing to night

Just for you, I would give up my life to save yours. Just for you, I would stand at the shore and watch the moon rise. Just for you, I would never give up the love in your heart. Just for you, I would bring happiness from the compassion you feel for me. Just for you, I would never turn from you and walk away. Just for you, I would feel the coldness of winter just to keep you warm.

My frozen hands
holds the sunlight
keeping me warm

Just for you, I would bring the sunlight within you. Just for you, I would never betray you nor bring you tears you cannot hold. Just for you, I would reach the summit of the mountain and gaze up at the galaxy.

Some laugh at me
some weep for me
I continue onward

Just for you, I would bring you all you want. Just for you, I would keep you safe as much as I could. Just for you, I would always try to help you with your hardships in life. Just for you, I would do all these things and know how much you mean to me.

Never have I known
love in all its blossoms:
spring breeze

HAIKU SEQUENCE

CITIES HIDDEN BY RAIN

Beginning two series from a book by the same name

Rob Cook

1. (NYC, any Sunday at dawn)

Streets empty except
for stray bottles
the early light is crawling from.

Two years in the city,
I keep hearing crickets
in the deli flowers.

Sunday morning, dark,
now where have the revelers
hidden us?

Drinking coffee at dawn
so the sun
can come back.

The early city,
stacks of lit windows
The crickets left

A woman sipping coffee —
her face lost
behind steam.

I rest the phone against my ear
and listen
to the cherry blossoms breathing.

Pruning the daisies'
yellow faces —
the sky smaller today.

Even with the approaching F train,
this one guitarist
plays like a sleeping pigeon.

Sick from too much rest —
how will I tell
my cactus blossoms to live?

2.

Parts of me from kindergarten
falling in tonight's rain.

Father, was it from loneliness
you let those cockroaches live,
those years before winter?

Coffee with nothing in it —
now I see you, homeless men
asleep on the moon.

I have certain friends
I've shared coffee with
and not spoken a single word.

Only when I crush
a cockroach
is the world dying.

My mother, who keeps
the weather to herself,
mixing sleet with today's laundry.

Night with a book
that ends early,
rain that I know.

LAST JUNE
Ruth Holzer

cancer ward –
she decides
to get married

white wedding –
her arm bruised
from the I.V.

over the threshold
to the hospital bed –
newlyweds

tomorrow
they'll bury her –
bride of disease

funeral service –
a fly in my ear
not an angel

SAPPHO
(adapted from Fragments 98a, 98b)
Andrew MacArthur

A very great ornament
from my mother's prime –
hair wound with purple

Ornaments indeed!
Bindings with spangles,
or hair like yellow torches?

Daughter, no sparkling tiaras.
Where would I find them
in exile?

SUNSET MANOR
Fran Masat

willows —
old folks
bending with the wind

new leaves
pinning them on the walls
of the dining room

jigsaw puzzle —
one piece more
than last week

a new arrival —
folks gather 'round
her one old suitcase

a row of matriarchs
united hand to hand
in their walkers

crowded parlor —
the same stories
from different families

Sunday afternoon party —
Mom and I share
a glass of water

a warm gift
for a Birthday Girl —
ninety-one candles

Alzheimer's unit —
singing Happy Birthday
again and again ...

a child's doll
falling
out of someone's wheel chair

dark patch on a door
a blank
where a name was

scratching his head —
a blank
where a name was

old women
moving in rays of sunset
white dust motes

old men
creeping down the hall
evening shadows

Grandfather's watch —
ticking
it must have sounded the same

SMALL DEEDS
Fran Masat

blossoms —
bees leaving
a gold haze hangs in the air

spring break —
a butterfly drifts
alighting on her shadow

damp morning
mosquitoes zigzag
seeking fresh blood

new flower bud —
a gnat and an ant rest
on a petal's tip

her motive is clear —
a Mayfly glistening
in the warm sun

I do nothing —
a moth fluttering
in a spider's web

clear night —
water striders passing
add dimples to the moon

SILENCE
ron moss

darkness
between rain
a loosening
of silence

light bulb
the silent burning
. . . of white

rain
exploding
repeat

silence

SEEKER

maria van dongen

where have they gone?
my tongue thick with rust, and dust
tartar words

you're in my dreams.
and all that cannot be said
lies between

old (once) friend
how will you find me now
that i am mute?

SIJO

BARBED WIRE

Gino Peregrini

Make a movement through the woods; sparrows fall without a sound.
Telemetry of the void: rusted barb wire beneath dead leaves.
Don't fret, Gino, you've arrived at today again, despite yourself.

CREEK-BANK

Gino Peregrini

creek-bank sitters with cane poles
plastic bobbers sun-shiny

snapping turtle: its beak pokes
from deepest pool of dark water

in clear water, my stringer's empty:
Oh, catfish, where do you hide?

~*~

The wake against the shore fishes a boy and his father,
"don't cast the swirls. Fish weeds where the moon lingers among lily pads.
Remember, life is in the resistance, not in the calm."

Daniel W. Schwerin

A cabin window opens to moonlight enough for reading;
spaces between logs leak creatures that slither underfoot.
Take care, though, do not lift the scriptures to take life from small things.

Daniel W. Schwerin

Eden is beyond us, protected by a flaming sword.
Adam doesn't invent the fire, the fire invents Adam:
short a rib, buck-naked, then cursed, but happy not to be alone.

Daniel W. Schwerin

Our family Bible opens to the word, 'abiding;'
it goes back to leaves of grass, when lilacs last in the courtyard bloomed.
Mother's treasure has become mine. Words made flesh redeem the time.

Daniel W. Schwerin

TANKA

AWAKENINGS

Ed Baranosky

Show me how you will swallow the thorny chestnut shell.
[Yang-Chi Fang Hui, from the Wu-teng hui-yuan, vol.19]

late winter birds call
and dogs bark from distances,
every voice at home
but for the few waking wounded
snarling linear time.

the drapes are drawn
across forgotten dramas.

still, a two AM
freight rattles the windows
answering its incoming pulse.

even the old wooden
planks of long-laid floors move
to a steam whistle
haunting the hazy city
with sleepless wanderlust.

red-winged blackbirds
across the Humber estuary
permeate fractured sleep.
before early light
a time-storm gathers.

JAPANESE IRISES

Tony Beyer

Japanese irises
petals folded
to conceal
the secret
of themselves

soft blue
Japanese irises
deepen to veined
tough purple
along their creases

air beads
climbing stems
Japanese irises
standing
in a glass jar

three hundred
volumes of poems
prints of the masters
Japanese irises
dominate the room

a small part

of the garden
but making it
a garden
Japanese irises

Japanese irises
drenched
by as much
dew as a
blackbird displaces

closed and open
Japanese irises
admired by
the fingertips
of passersby

silhouetted
against the lamp
Japanese irises
two dimensions
one shade

stained glass door
to our cottage
imitating
Japanese irises
in the flower bed

painted on the hut
of someone
who can't live
with others
Japanese irises

YOUR MEMORY FILLS MY HEART
shirley cahayom

listening
to the pitter-patter
of the winter rain
your memory fills my heart
with unspoken sorrow

in my blue suitcase

your love letters
from another space and time
are still intact
tied in blue velvet ribbon

you're gone now
but the memories
of the times we shared
linger like the apricot sunset
in your eyes

I write my name
and the question "where art thou? "
upon the shore
the waves washed my name away
but my question remains

a summer night
of star-studded sky
I immortalize your name
in a poem
written from my heart of hearts

THIS MEASURED SENSE

Tom Clausen

Autumn nightfall
dropping my son off
for something else —
this measured sense
of a lifetime

never sure what he learns
but today at the end
of the "Last Samurai"
I had my son watch through
all the closing credits

the chorus of cicadas
broken by one high whine
in the sticky heat —
this luck of quiet
a suffering confession for all

if I saw one
or twenty women
walk past

this quiet eyed reverence
for each and everyone

far from my family
these thoughts,
as we drive along
my daughter holds a toy
way out the window

night of the lunar eclipse
it comes to me
what is wrong at home —
something I did
or didn't do

how could it be
that I do not desire
to have an agenda
when the season's forever
slipstream in agenda

SNAIL SHELLS
Elizabeth Howard

tracing the steep gulch
granddaughter collects
an assortment of snail shells —
we talk of seasons
a time to live, a time to die

all winter
the hawthorne's red berries
brighten my window
yet I gladly give them up
for the robin's red breast

a walk through the mall
the stroke victim
lifts his feet high
hurdling barriers
I refuse to imagine

two feet of snow
t.v. brings Colorado's chill
to Tennessee

I poke the fire
brew hot chocolate

arranging jonquils
at the gravesite,
the mother reads
his name in stone —
the lad she relied on

a riot of wild grape vines
clusters of tiny fruit —
oh, for auntie's garden
the sweet purple essence
of Concord on my tongue

red calico hen
the doorstep I hated
stumbling in the dark—
in the dark of her passage
I place it by the door

spring peepers
at the old homeplace
and I am a young girl
head on a white pillow
a lullaby of frog voices

snow stabs
thru the eyes' window
melting the view
too many fences
for a complete sketch

joan payne kincaid

SAMPLING ALL THE FLOWERS
kirsty karkow

I must observe
the sun and storms at sea
all life's shapes
and colors – for I
may be called home soon

breaking away
a cove of ice escapes
to the sea
oh, to join this current
float upon salty waves

trail's end. . .
a descending sun
illuminates
and gilds the far shore
just as darkness falls

still morning
no twitters in hedge-rows
nor windsong
yet the river ripples
flow steadily to sea

a small car
weaves from lane to lane
out of control
the feckless mind that darts
from subject to subject

a butterfly
lives just three days
so little time
marked by death it flutters
sampling all the flowers

at play
in the froth and foam
of life
it is easy to forget
the value of each moment

it is love
that reminds us
gives us strength
the tides of time run out
and we are stranded

so many ways
to shield myself
from myself
even as a snail grows
layers of shell from birth

Two Envoys

If Buddha met
with Jesus and Mohammed
would they despair?
burned trees mark the forests
and few fish swim the seas

would LaoTsu
and all the saints
keep praying?
love like softest sunshine
warms even shaded things

THE WAY OF THINGS

Larry Kimmel

in the gray distance
the line between sky and hillscape,
barely discernible —
without faulting the facts
memoir becomes legend

standing among stately pines
disgraced and alone in my outcast state
yet always,
always an integral part
of the universe

to pick up the beach
grain by grain, how long?
in eternity
no time at all, I think —
the endless hour glass trickles trickles

first light
morphing into shadowless dawn
perfect stillness
what I am I am
right here right now

It's all right for them,
of course, the birds who at dawn
chirp, Carpe diem!
They've no reckoning to face
here or any other place.
Andrew Lansdown

When it bared its teeth
at me again, the black dog,
I bared, bared my neck.
But it would no more attack
than it would go, go on back!

Andrew Lansdown

Waking, unseen birds
are rowdy with rejoicing. Song
from every dark twig!
Unbearable but for the crows
cawing the colour of the heart.

Andrew Lansdown

EIGHT TANKA
M. L. Mackie

unable to tell
the forest from
the trees
when I find
one chin hair

behind fans
gliding gracefully
before us
not geishas
but wild turkeys

their strut
is nothing like
my swearing
off the sauce
cold turkey

I take
my pulse to
find out
what makes
you tick

solitude
without poetry
the anguish
of a singer
without her voice

breathing
side by side
lost in
the intimacy
of unlived life

set off
by a likelihood
of rain
the fireworks
in my joints

shortcircuiting
the call I want
to make
remembering
she is gone

seeing on television
that small group of scattering kids
running from tanks:
once all I did was struggle up and up
playing King of the Hill on weed-studded slopes

Sanford Goldstein

..

tonight
I take a mind-stretch
to an earlier joy:
ah, gifts from my first-grade classmates
when I lay in that hospital bed

Sanford Goldstein

at first
I cried remembering past decades
by my mother's grave;
now I'm glad she's at rest
in this quiet space of lawn and sky

Sanford Goldstein

a peanut-buttered slice,
a large glass of milk by his side,
and feelings whirl--
this seventy-eight-year-old kid
goes back to the innocence of more, more!

Sanford Goldstein

CHANGE OF HEART
Thelma Mariano

as if
they sense my decision
to end it
the three roses you gave me
drooping on their stems

cloudy day
echoes my indecision
a man's voice
as he walks behind me
arguing with himself

our first night
sleeping skin to skin
today
even the city traffic
seems to hum

like the lull
after a storm on the high seas
I lie awake
listening to the in-and-out
of your breathing

bringing back
images of that night
so closely entwined
here on these sheets
the scent you left behind

how quickly
we fall into the rhythm
of each other's lives
there's comfort in the patter
of this morning's rain

ODE TO ONE OF THIRTY-TWO WINDS IN PROVENCE
an ode to the Windgod, brother of the sun goddess Amaterasu
Giselle Maya

greengrey the wind wails
mountain made invisible
mist & swirling clouds
panes & goblets tremble white
mountain stands deeply rooted

stone silent village
not a cat out in the streets
the bell's steelblue sound
lifted high by the wind's drone
long roots anchor trees and houses

dream of stone chapels
blown ephemeral bluegreen
each jasper carved stone
born through bent heather branches
shattered ochre lichen tiles

mounds of sienna sands
seep within the trembling house
pumpkin sun in hiding
hidden in deep cave darkness
rasped by tempest's thorn tongue

forgotten on the line
ivory twist of linen
torn from pins' clasp
undulating dragon's flight
over waved village roofs

howling gusts pierce and
rattle the wooden shutters
sleepless and dreamless
the shivering village awaits
the bronze tempest's passage

QUEER LOVE
Mrinalini Gadkari

can you see it?
i'm growing in his love
'coz I can now feel
how the seed quivers inside
when it gives off the shoot.

his love brings out
my best like the soil
that under covers
the ugly zygotes, but still
gives out lilies and pansies.

possessive he can
be same as earth snatches
water from clouds,
and pulls down the flowers
in withered graves.

lover boy comes by
plucking fresh buds to please her
on Valentine's Day.
and earth bleeds from within
what's left after all?

MOTHER'S DAY 2004
(in loving memory of Enola M. Borgh)
Ellen G. Olinger

You gave your life
to Language and us
 reading your work
 fills the long hours
I freely gave to your care

How you worked to live
and were unafraid to die
 remembering how
 you basked in the books
I read aloud

The photo of us by
the graves at the
family reunion
 "Woman, why
 weepest thou?" *

*from John 20:15 (KJV)

out of the window
on the bougainvillea
one last bloom
a single bird on an empty branch
I move closer to the singer
Patricia Prime

dampness
things drift out of focus
in the not-quite-dark
I look up at the sky
that is miraculously close
Patricia Prime

branches lift blossoms
so the birds take to the air
and first leaves shine
these are fair days of spring
and again I believe in magic
Patricia Prime

a Chinese woman
balances her baby
on her back
the pink and blue scarf
makes the two become one
Patricia Prime

I never knew
that by autumn
cicadas are silent
tonight they spread static
and I am the perfect listener
Patricia Prime

how a single poem
may shimmer and rise
off the page
I gaze out of the window
lines echo in my mind
Patricia Prime

ON THE BEACH
R. K. Singh

A cloud-eagle
curves to the haze
in the west
skimming the sail
on soundless sea

Watching the waves
with him she makes an angle
in contemplation:
green weed and white foam break
on the beach with falling mood

Crazy these people
don't know how to go
down with the swirl and
up with the whirl but
play in the raging water

They couldn't hide the moon
in water or boat but now
fish moonlight from sky:
I watch their wisdom and smile
why I lent my rod and bait

MIDNIGHT SENSATIONS

R.K.Singh

I fear the demons
rising from my body
at midnight crowding
the mind and leading the soul
to deeper darkness

Sleeps the night with
desires wrapped in blanket —
spring in the eyes
gods couldn't change the rhythm
of the body and its needs

Awake in dream time
he looks for the candle —
love's invitation
lighting up in the dark
and sings the body's song

The night queen fragrance
seeps in through the window
coupled with full moon
adds to my delight though I'm
alone in my bed tonight

The sleep is buried
in sex for diversion
yoga or prayers:
the dawn preserves bitter eyes
in the day's bleak passage

An insomniac
weak with desires and prayers
hears the heartbeats
rising fast with dark hours
survives one more nightmare

WITHOUT GENRE

TWILLINGATE

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

The verbena thinned
into separate purple clusters
She lay near that renascent sea
with air clear and cupidless dolphin
balancing fear anticipation her heart
swollen with apparent exuberance

That barnacled crust
and then that silver plush
Her head pitched at zenith
she begged the copious twinkle
into winks of falling tear
asunder they sank

Now aquatic almost mirthful
she bore past seashells
and torn parasols

GREEN IS GREEN

Seth Stratton

As infection grows my strength fades but
I feel no pain
My parents are concerned but I can not see why
They rush me to the car I can see the malcontent in their eyes
I see the letters H-O-S-P-I-T-A-L in the reflection of my car door window
The floor sent chills up my spine, it is cold as I stepped on the unwelcoming tile
The vinyl has bubbled mountains, cracked valleys and the river between stained a tint of red
The doctors solid and chapped hand touch my forehead
The tongue depressor gags me as he forces it down my throat
As my parents leave I feel like a caged bird wanting out of the solitary confinement
The room is dark and it seems like the brightest light can not penetrate its black grasp
But one light seems to have the key to the prison
The satellite of our mother earth the harvest moon of autumn
The first ray of light was like a spear
The spear golden and indestructible
It broke the wall of my depression and reached deep into my soul
When it came out it took with it a blanket of comfort and stability
The yellow has a brilliant shade of amber
I think how can something so simple be so breath taking
How can the owls song be so inspirational
The winds whisper so loving and hopeful
I pray to the power to give this night to me
Let me own it
Let it last forever
Than darkness engulfs the serenity
The brace of insomnia gives way
Sleep overcomes me
Will I wake up in the morning
Doubt is the demon in this nightmare
Morning comes my eyelids lifts
The brilliance of the star blinds me
The joy overtakes me my hart fills with courage and strength
I lifted my mighty sword of bravery and I vanquished the disgusting being.
My rose colored glasses are broken
Everything is new to my sight the world is new
And green is green is no more

BOOK REVIEW

John Bird

a zen firecracker: selected haiku, by Graham Nunn (2003), illustrated by Rowan Donovan, with an introduction by Janice M. Bostok. Out now through Impressed Publishing, 50 Baynes St. Highgate Hill, Brisbane, Queensland, 4101. ISBN 0-9751618-1-4. Available from Impressed by e-mailing David Weekes - or by e-mailing the author AU\$16.50 + AU\$1.50 S&H per copy.

At first I thought the oxymoron a zen firecracker an immodest title but having read the book I believe Graham Nunn largely delivers on the expectations he set up. Within the cracker-coloured covers of a pocket-sized (167mm x 110mm) book, he fires off 100 haiku. While not all are rockets, I didn't find a single fizzer.

The haiku are honoured by, and they merit, the generous white space around them. Near-random spacing on the page, and variation of haiku line alignments, help suppress any carry-over of mood and image between haiku there is little need for mind-clearing breaks when reading. I found the illustrations distracting, a missed opportunity for more white space.

How satisfying that Graham writes with an Australian voice and includes many local subjects: flying fox, sheep, ti-tree, rosella, jacaranda, curlew, and whip bird:

high in the canopy
shrill crack
of the whip bird

For a poet who lives in sub-tropical Brisbane, he is finely attuned to the seasons:

leaves all raked
autumn moon
hangs in the branches

A common theme is reflections, such as in this delightful prize-winning poem:

distant thunder
each stroke of the oar
stirs the clouds

Juxtaposed haiku elements are usually from the same sense but Graham gets great value from mixing them:

silently
across the picnic blanket -
butterfly's shadow

Do not expect philosophy or major disjunctions in this book. Graham writes in the mainstream of haiku in English. However, within that, he is prepared to take risks, to skid on corners:

at the back of my throat
autumn deepens

and one suspects he was encouraged in such adventures by writing associates in paper wasp, the Brisbane haiku group. On the other hand, Graham is mercifully free of any need to demonstrate his cleverness. I easily pass over: under lemon peel moon / fish and chips / on the beach for the pleasure of the simple:

standing alone
my shadow
taller than me

He has the maturity and confidence to not ask too much of his poems:

first light
on the horizon
a line of fishing boats

In terms of craft he is somewhat on the minimalist side. He uses punctuation sparingly. He opens many haiku with a preposition or present participle. Such openings produce run-on haiku which do not have the strong cut, or turn, that many readers will expect. However he still achieves effective juxtaposition:

behind the stone nude
three poplar trees
almost leafless

A Zen Firecracker is a class production. How fortunate we are that Graham Nunn has made his work available.

MORE BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

On this warm sunny May day, no books of tanka lie on my desk waiting to be reviewed. Thus, I get to give my attention to the haiku books, which in other times would only get mentions.

Early Evening Pieces by Marianne Bluger. BuschekBooks, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada: 2004. Trade paperback, 8.5 x 5.5, 84 pages, ISBN:1-894543-14-9, \$15.00. Order from The Literary Press Group of Canada, 192 Spadina Ave., Suite 501, Toronto, ON M5T 2C2, Canada. Phone:514.605.6931 or web site.

Thanks to the strong arts support of the Canada Council for the Arts and the Ontario Arts Council, a beautiful book like this can be given to the haiku of Marianne Bluger. And she and her work deserve such professional treatment. The cover, with its subtle colors and picture of an excellent abstract oil painting, "Ottawa Experimental Farm" by Michael Adam Kim, announces that this is a book of poetry just as good as any other in mainstream poetry. And to my mind, even better.

It is a joy to take this marvelously made book in hand and to slowly turn the pages where the haiku flow gracefully among the generous spaces. The book is divided into sections titled "Sweetgrass," "Flight," "Goldenrod and Asters," "Snowblind," "Gusts," "Annapolis," and "Summer Quilt for A Winter

Night," and ending with "Dunegrass." These breaks in the poems not only signal a change in the inspiration, but move the reader into other areas of interest creating perfect haiku sequences. To be unfair to the sequences, here are the first and last haiku of the book.

in a pause
when the wind dies
the coo of a dove

on the beach
back to the wind — I watch it
sweep my tracks

Bluger has received several awards for her haiku and tanka both in Japan and the United States. These include the Hoshito-Mori Prize and the Tanka Splendor Award. Marianne Bluger lives in Ottawa, Canada, with her husband of eleven years, Larry Neily. This is Bluger's ninth book of poetry.

The Sound of One Thigh Clapping: Haiku for a Thinner You by Meredith Clair. Workman Publishing, New York: 2004. Hardcover with glossy dustjacket, 4 x 6 inches, 124 pages, ISBN:0-7611-3142-6, US\$10.95 \$15.95 in Canada.

This is the kind of single-author book that makes haiku writers want to turn to despair and or commit some vile violence in the world of publishing. Finally a haiku book given first class treatment with fairly big name publisher, hardcover and dust jacket, surely a large print run, and what do they print? Rip-off haiku by someone who uses the form for jokes and three-liners not worthy of even being called beginner's haiku.

Lose inches with lard. . .!
Fight fat with peanut butter. . .!
The alarm clock sounds.

And because this book will surely sell many copies, as gifts to dieters (aren't we all?) the notion that this is the way to write haiku will proliferate like other misinformation and urban legends. In the meantime, "real haiku writers" will continue to staple and glue together by hand their beautiful little books of "true" haiku run off on the local copy machine and offered in small magazines. I could rail on for hours, and yet, I am a tiny bit thankful when anyone at any level can find joy and realization and even maybe wealth (if Workman Publishing has its way) in this tiny form that has formed such an important part of our lives. I am recommending, not that you buy this book, but keep it in mind as a goal for the treatment your own haiku deserve.

On Cat Time by William Hart. Timberline Press: 2004. Flat-spined, 5 x 5 inches, illustrations by Jayasri Majumdar, 32 pages, ISBN:0-944049-31-5, \$7.50 + \$2.00 S&H. Order from Timberline Press, Clarence Wolfshohl, 6281 Red Bud, Fulton, MO 65251.

What an honor to haiku, that William Hart, though known for his novels (Not Fade Away is being used as a college text) and his scripts for the documentary films made by his wife, Jayasri Majumdar,

continues to write and publish haiku. This is the fourth book the couple has collaborated on with Timberline Press. William writes the haiku, this time about their adventures with a neighbor's cat, and Jayasri does the very catty illustrations, as lean and significant as haiga. This is a beautifully made book that is ideal for gift-giving to your friends who have also been adopted by a cat.

Clarence Wolfshohn, heart and soul of Timberline Press, continues to print and make books in the "old way" – with hand-set type on a 6 x 10 C & P Pilot Press. He then binds them by hand with flat-spines. Should you be a person not interested in cats, haiku or art, you would still buy the book as an excellent example of an old-time craft that is slowly fading from the scene. Only the popularity of haiku could keep it alive, and the gentle people with haiku in their veins.

One could say that William Hart has haiku as his daily meditation practice because his haiku are so gentle, so down-to-earth, so accepting of what is.

from a nap
into our potted fern
flops neighbor cat

Insects - Mushi and other Small Creature: Three Haiku Sequences by June Moreau, Jane Reichhold and Giselle Maya. Koyama Press, Saint Martin de Castillon, Provence, France:2004. Hand-tied hand-made paper covers, 6 x 10 inches, 48 pages, illustrated by Dao Yan Hu with calligraphy by Yasuo Mizui, \$18.00. E-mail Giselle Maya or Jane.

In an increasingly long line of publications from Koyama Press, Giselle Maya lavishes her loving attention to another of these over-sized books. This one, Insects – Mushi (Japanese for insect) And Other Small Creatures, she brings three haiku sequences she has arranged from the haiku of June Moreau, Jane Reichhold and herself.

June Moreau, who has never had enough of her poems put into book form, although she seems to be published everywhere in magazines far beyond the smaller haiku scene, is certainly deserving of having a collection of her many delightful haiku about insects available for the readers. I feel she is one of the best haiku (and tanka) writers in English, so I can never get too many of her works. See how good she is with:

quiet schoolyard
a scribble of ants
in the stone's shadow

dewdrops
turned into tiny stars —
fireflies

Giselle Maya tends to write longer haiku than the other two participants in this book which forms a

nice change of pace. She, too, is an excellent writer of haiku and tanka so it is no surprise to find among the work in her sequence:

in the center
of a splendid sunflower
a ladybug just sitting

rhubarb leaf
chalice for summer rain
and orange butterflies

Well, what do you expect me to say about my own haiku? Just that I am thankful to have been included this book with such great writers by my side.

a broken crayon
the path of a butterfly
drawn by a child

braiding in her hair
last night's dream
a tiny moth

As always, Giselle invites wonderful artists to contribute to her books. This time it is Dao Yan Hu, a watercolorist living in Toronto, Canada, who adds the beautifully drawn, accurate, sumi-e ink works. The warm yellow pages in perfectly matching hand-made paper covers gives a sense of the delight of summer and the time of insects and other small creatures celebrated in this book.

Sunlight Comes and Goes: haiku by Francine Porad. Vandina Press, Bellevue Washington:2004. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 24 pages, color illustrations by Francine Porad, Introduction by John Stevenson, ISBN: 1-88738-24-4, \$15.00. Order from the author at 10392 NE 12th Street, I-307, Bellevue, WA 98004.

This book, Francine's first since the death of her husband Bernard, is dedicated to her family and friends in his memory. The title is a clue to her acceptance and many of the poems refer to her life with him and without him. From the sequence "Beyond Measurable Systems"

trying to get past
the trying years
to the good memories

e-mail message
received by the new widow:
Take care. Have fun.

blank calendar
not only a new year
a new life

Francine Porad, former President of the Haiku Society of America and Editor of Brussels Sprout, continues to amaze and astound with her prolific works in haiku, tanka and renga. This beautifully made book, the twenty-third in her series, is probably her most poignant.

As Karma Tenzing Wangchuk writes on the back cover: "Francine Porad's poems are plainly autobiographical, but never self-absorbed; often melancholy but not without a nearby touch of the poet's more characteristic sense of humor; darker in mood than usual for the author, but accompanied by brief, and brilliant, breakthroughs of sky and sun, as well as appearances by the flowers she is well known for writing about."

In the Introduction, John Stevenson, also a former President of the Haiku Society of America, calls Francine "a generous and wise teacher, leader, and mentor" and relates she sent him his first rejection slip that was "frank, specific and surprisingly nurturing."

Ever faithful to her inner feelings, the abstract watercolors in this book have, superimposed over her gay, bright colors, slashes of black that add a new maturity to her art. You can see more on the web or on Suhni's Mother-Tongued.

Kokoro: Haiku and Senryu by Geert Verbeke. Empty Sky, Kortrijk, Flanders:2004. Tradepaper back, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 68 pages, ISBN: 90-805634-63, \$25. Email Geert Verbeke for your best method of payment.

With the news full of examples of atrocities, corruption, and killing, one needs, even more, to take in hand a book like Kokoro (Japanese for "heart"), go off to a quiet place and realize that there are good people and beautiful things on this earth if one just seeks them. Here is Geert Verbeke, a completely gentle soul who writes volumes of haiku (in both Dutch and English in this book), plays the Himalayan singing bowls (he has made ten CDs of his compositions), has written four books on the bowls (one published by Pilgrims' Bookhouse in Nepal). Why can't the sonorous voices of newscaster teams discuss his work instead of yet another suicide bomber? His haiku have all the elements the news needs.

There is sadness:

grootvader sterft	grandpa is dying
de dichte sneeuwval	the dense snowfall
bedekt zijn klompen	covers his clogs

There is sex:

opa lonkt nog steeds	grandpa still looks
----------------------	---------------------

met wellustige blikken with lascivious glances
oma zocht zijn foto gran kisses his photo

There is madness:

voor mijn grootvader for my grandfather
is de maan zijn dochter the moon is his daughter
elke boom een zoon each tree a son

And all of that on only one page of Kokoro. Each page has eight to eleven haiku so the reader gets a generous sampling of Verbeke's many haiku. Though they are not divided into sections, the flow does move gently from one subject to another, from one experience into another – almost as one would watch a film.

Unhindered by the current emphasis in that corner of the world (Netherlands / Flanders) for strict 5 – 7 – 5 syllable count, Verbeke's haiku have a natural rhythm and flow and perhaps you can see how exactly he translates the Dutch into English. Of all the Dutch haiku I've read, none sound as succinct and sweetly filled with life as his.

As far as I know this is the first time someone has issued a book of haiku and a matching CD. To sit and listen to the singing bowls is a great way to read the over 500 haiku in Geert Verbeke's book. The artwork throughout the book is simple but very effective in black, white and red. Here is someone doing everything to the very best of his ability to share the majesty and beauty in his life. All you have to do is to order the book and CD and there you have it!

And I almost forgot!

Breasts of Snow Fumiko Nakajo: Her tanka and her life written by Hatsue Kawamura and Jane Reichhold. The Japan Times, Tokyo, Japan:2004. Trade paperback, 8.5 x 5.5, 152 pages, ISBN:4-7890-1161-5, \$20.00, ¥2000E. In the States copies can be ordered from Jane Reichhold.

Fumiko Nakajo is considered to be the third in the three most famous female poets of Japan in the last century, right up there with Akiko Yosano and Machi Tawara. Though she is almost unknown outside of Japan, (aside from the 20 tanka translated by Makoto Ueda in his book *Modern Japanese Tanka*) her popularity at the time of her death in August, 1952, was such that her one and only book of tanka rocketed to the best-seller lists of the country and her publisher then assembled a volume from the poems she had culled for her book and this too sold extremely well. Of the two novels were written of her life, *Chibusa Yo Eien Nare* by Akira Wakatsuki and *Fuyu No Hanabi* by the well-known author Jun-ichi Watanabe, *Chibusa Yo Eien Nare* (Let Breasts be Eternal) was made into a film of the same name.

Fame came to Nakajo only in the last days as she lay dying of breast cancer in a hospital in Sapporo, on the island of Hokkaido, at the age of 32. Her last words to her mother were, "I don't want to die." And in so many ways she hasn't as her poetry lives and finds an ever wider audience of men and woman who so greatly admire her spirit and her faith in love as expressed in her tanka.

For this book, Hatsue Kawamura and Jane Reichhold (their fourth collaboration of translation of tanka) continued their method of presenting the tanka within a matrix of prose as used in *A String of Flowers*, *Untied: Love Poems from The Tale of Genji* by Murasaki Shikibu. In *Breasts of Snow*, the reader is shown the events of Fumiko Nakajo's life with the tanka inserted at the proper chronological intervals.

Along with the biographical information of this mother of four children, are descriptions of the beautiful island of Hokkaido, customs of the country as well as explanations of how Fumiko used tanka and its techniques. A sample from the book with one of Nakajo's most famous poems:

"As one year ends and the new one begins, with fireworks in the night sky, Fumiko, in the arms of her lover, thinks of her recent operation to have a breast removed and her joy in her coming marriage.

oto takaku
yosora ni hanabi
uchi hiraki
ware wa kumanaku
ubawarete iru

overhead a sound
fireworks in the night sky
shoot up and open
everywhere I
can be taken

The first line *oto takaku*, (*oto* - sound, and *takaku* – high in the sky), has a double meaning; the sound of fireworks is very loud and that the fireworks open high up in the sky. This poem contains the only sexual scene in her tanka collection. The verb *ubawarete* – "taken" can mean a woman's body is "taken" by a man's so that she is taken in passion or as "possessed" as in almost crazy. In addition, the loss of her breast means that a part of her body has been taken away from her which adds greatly to ephemeral aspect of fireworks. The fireworks symbolize her fleeting, transient and ephemeral happiness, since she now knows she is fated to die soon."

The book, beautifully made by The Japan Times Book Division also brings the kanji versions of the poems. A timeline of Nakajo's life in the back of the book allows a quick overview. An essay by Jane Reichhold explains the place of Fumiko Nakajo as a poet in Japan.

If you wish to read another review of *Breasts of Snow* you can read the one published in *The Japan Times* written by Donald Richie online.

LETTERS AND ARTICLES

LETTERS TO LYNX

(Hint to those who print out the Lynx pages: If you set your paper orientation to horizontal you will get the full page of these text pages.)

Subject: Re: glosa renga: The process is to choose four consecutive lines from a (preferably) non-living poet; then write four ten line stanzas each including a borrowed line as an ending (in the same sequence as the quotation), rhyming with the end line at the ninth line, and the sixth and/or fourth in each of four verses. With a glosa-rengait is the same, except the verses are traded between two partners. In "Time Out", I wrote the first verse ending with the first line of Dante's quotation; Melisa wrote the second verse ending with the second line of Dante; I wrote the third; and she wrote the fourth. This is stated right after the Dante quote as: (Edward Baranosky, verses 1 and 3; Melisa Fauceglia, verses 2 and 4) It is more challenging than writing a "usual" tanka-related renga in that much is considered in each verse before passing the baton to a partner. Chances for failure are increased. And the first harmonic of the quotation must always be remembered. When it works, it opens a surprising dialogue (trialogue?) with the original poet. Ed Baranosky

PS

Although the Senku with Jen Findlay was mutually estimated to take us a year or two, we finished it in about three months, almost as long to edit it and write an appendix and intros. This may turn out to be a larger community effort as well, since Melisa, Jen and Holly Briesmaster will be doing illustrations in b&w, and I'll be painting an oil for the cover. We'll also be doing a theatrical type of (duet) read-through with a "small" audience before our final polish and launch. And that's just a fraction of what I've been involved with. I just submitted an application for Canadian citizenship, as well as the residence card (so I can get back in should I leave the country); it's about time too, given I've been here for thirty years, and might want to travel. (There's also the ongoing project of the Chinese calendar with Giselle Maya; and the reading series in Toronto). Thanks again for your patience!

. . . Am home now (saw your message this morning at work but a very busy day at the library and no time to answer there!) , the dishes done, our Scrabble game over , Casey doing homework, Berta reading Harry Potter to Emma and here I am able to send warm greetings to you and Jane and thank you for the very effective groupings of my tanka... they looked just fine to me and held together nicely as you grouped them in my opinion and once again you have selected generously many more than I expected . For this I am very grateful and honored and what you wrote below certainly as supportive and encouraging a message as I have ever received about my writing! Thank you Werner for your kindness and although I do not see what I write in the same light you do I am very appreciative of the great company and space you and Jane have given it in Lynx, and Mirrors before. I hope you know that despite many, if not most of my tanka being rather dire, glum and angst ridden expressions that I am truly a somewhat cheerful and smiling person... I guess what I end up writing about is the aspects of life which trouble me and are so in contrast with the better times and happier sensations... It must be sort of clear that family life drives me half mad and crazy... I really crave, need and get far less solitary time than I like and the result is alot of inner subterfuge and frustration that gets outlet in writing...The incessant need to be "on" at home leaves precious little time for 1,000 things that attract my attention and as life flows onward I am so drawn by the sorrow that so many things I wish to do in this life I cannot do... Yes, this is somewhat true for everyone and yes if I help Casey and Emma grow up appreciating and loving their lives then I have done something positive but dagnabit it sure is a tough chore doing it! Anyway, I do fare quite decently and most people who know me and see me would not imagine my life "is" so troubled unless they read my poems and perhaps they would simply see the

troubles that we all share and know... that is my small hope sending such tanka out , that maybe others might gain some solace or reassurance to see what I felt may be close to what others feel sometimes... In all cases, my gratitude and thanks again for the courtesy of a reminder to submit and for such wonderful acceptance. Tom Clausen

Dear Tom, What a wonderful letter you wrote! Thank you so much for trying to get deep into your innermost feelings and sharing them with us. Tom, you are such a modest person. You deserve all the possible attention given to your work. Please take it as a valuable statement when I answer, that Jane and I - and I believe many others - think of you as an important poet. You recognize I don't say tanka or haiku writer, I said poet, and I mean it. The form is one thing, and the content and the poetry are something else. Besides, you are a master of the form, very few are able to do as much with it as you do. Your pocket notebook is a treasure, and we're proud that you offered us as many out of it as you did. As I tried before, I build some groups, trying to let each of them become a mirror of what you represent today, letting the reader have the pleasure to get in contact with your poetical genius, your true feelings, your fantasy, your outlooks and perspectives, your traumas and your hopes. Werner Reichhold

Francis Attard (Malta) & I (Denmark) submit 'The Prisoner's Blackbird', a kasen renga. It's one of 11 we did simultaneously by post starting at the end of 2001. They reached v 36 some months ago, but we've been tidying up & deciding what to do with them since. Of the 11, we rate 3 as 'not our best' and 3 or 4 the tops - of which this is one. I'd promised myself, since last sending you one of Helen Robinson & my 'not our best's', that I'd send a first fruits from Francis & myself. We hope you like it. The Danish haiku group continues at a steady pace and is producing an anthology. We had a session in which a 12-verse renga was written in English & Danish; also, in November a 12-verse session by five groups at the British Haiku Society AGM. I've continued very fruitful contact with John Carley and the English language New Basho Renku Group. Certainly the 'intensive care' method ought to produce better renga; but the combination of the participants and the spirit of the day matters as much. The renga with Francis is by the old method, but we made an always interesting rapport. Colin Blundell (editor of 'Blithe Spirit') and I published a collection of 4 kasen, but I've hesitated about sending it out (or to you for review). I said to Colin, I won't write them like that again; but on the other hand, they and the essays about renga were the best we could manage at the time. All best wishes. Dick Pettit . . . I'd like to say something erudite about "The Apparition Gyated", but as I can't truly read (how many can?) Joyce's Finnegans Wake, I'll have to take another approach. (Let me point out that I love reading about reading FW, and it is not to say I don't read it in bits and pieces, but so often what I take from it personally, I'm not sure enough of myself to want to go public. Right or wrong, I imagine you can understand that.)

The first thing that attracted me to "Gyated" is the potentials I saw for a five-line down language-generated poetry. Of course, I enjoyed the word play, "horrorscopish," for example, in which I read, "horoscope" and "scop" to combine into a whole new word. It suggestion a small poem in and of itself. This I can enjoy. What it all adds up to, I don't feel qualified to say, other than I get from it a heightened sense of creativity, or life force, which to me is one of the essentials of art. Not a meaning, but an energy.

Interestingly to me, is that I find myself in frequent monologue with historic artists, these days. For example I've a long draft of a poem addressed to William Langland. The autobiographical portion in his "Piers Plowman," seems to speak to me across six hundred years, and so I've answered him. This is not quite the same thing for you, I think, but having seen your propensity to experiment with art, to take it into new spaces, where would you find a more worthy collaborator for a symbiotic work than Joyce? The symbiotic relationship here seems fortuitous and logical.

Oh yes, when I said above that I saw new potentials for a five-line down language-generated poetry

(and it doesn't have to be five lines), I also meant that for me it suggested ways to go beyond the daily sort of realism into a more, what, a more inner-realism, into that reality that uses memory and imagination in a far more creative way, a way that creates totality new world, like the world of dreams. In this world, this reality, one is really on ones own.

I, myself, will probably always be more connected to the world of daylight and dailiness, but I need this other world to jolt my energies, and so I look to other artists for that need. Still, I don't rule out the possibility of my writing out of a self-created dreamscape, and so you see one of the fascinations "Gyrated" holds for me. It points a direction. I hope that out of all this fumbling thought of mine, my probable incomprehension, in regards to "Gyrated", I can at least compliment your work in that way. It, simply said, inspires me! - Larry Kimmel.

. . . "Pick-Up-Sticks" is a tan-ra which is different from a regular tanka series in that the final verse is six lines--three written by each author. The tan-ra can be modified if more partners participate. Each writer takes a different perspective on the underlying theme to reach a conclusion to the series. This form has been developed by Cindy Tebo and Karina Klesko

. . . Thank you for your forum. I have enjoyed it for years, and have used it to learn about haiku, tanka, and now I dabble in sijo. The trouble with writing in solitude is appreciating the finer points of a new form. While I struggle with rhythm and phrasing, I am submitting a few sijo to your editorial eyes. Other than a few lucky Tanka Splendor awards, this is my first submission to you. Daniel W. Schwerin

. . . I stopped sending in links (to participation renga) because of the spectre of cryptoamnesia – reading something somewhere and later pops up as one's own. I guess a risk many have to face. And, again, the risk of producing the same old themes and topics. Permit me to enclose some sample work. Francis P. Attard

. . . Announcing a new haiku magazine Haiku stvarnost/ Haiku Reality: in Serbian and English. Editor is Sasa Vazic Best wishes Zoran Doderovic

. . . Don't forget to check out the newest from Mother Tongued. suhni

. . . Just placed onto the Tamafyhr Mountain Website at 5:29am pacific coast time is a new electronic Chapbook by Joan Payne Kincaid called Snap Shoots. CHAPBOOKS JOAN PAYNE KINCAID. Live a good poem... -- Kenneth P. Gurney, editor tmpoetry.com

. . . I can't tell you how invaluable your site and Lynx have been to me. I thank you for your generosity and opening up the boundaries of contemporary oriental poetry forms; of the expansiveness you have brought to the linked or as you call them symbiotic forms. The scope and borderlessness of your imaginations are an inspiration. Thanks. Joan Payne Kincaid

I have published the first set of ghazals for 2004, as well as a new, brief blog. My appreciation to the fine poets represented there. I have enough poems for another group in three or four weeks, but after that, I need more submissions. So if you have some unpublished ghazals, send them my way. Also, I would really like to see relevant book or media reviews and short prose pieces. I appreciate your continued interest in The Ghazal Page. - Gino Peregrini

A new Literary Ezine - MindFire Renewed – launched <http://www.mindfirereneew.com/> Fiction,

nonfiction, reviews, interviews, art, challenges, and of course, poetry. Languages, translated and not. Our features - poet TE Ballard, a marriage of art and word by Danielle Jones, en español featured poet Matilde Alba Swann. Our content - stories by Niama Williams, Barry Ergang, Kelley Buzbee and Nancy Shiffrin, art by Teresa White, Patricia Jones, Carole Barley, Stephen Mead and David Burse, photos by Liliana Munte and Ellen Blankenship, nonfiction by Christine Jeffords, Thomas Fortenberry, Maryann Hazen Stearns and poetry by the truckload from around the world in Spanish, Italian, French, Rumanian, Hindi, Urdu, Punjabi and Bengali, and on the staff pages, Norse. Poetry from Alice Pero to Terry Lowenstein with stops at David Anthony, Robert Sward, Brett Hursey, Laurel Dodge, Charles Levenstein, Robert Jordan, Shaynal Horiwitz, Melody Lewis, Janet Buck, Larry Jaffe and Margaret Griffith. Announcements for an exiting feature – "In Your Own Hand", short forms in issue 3 and the Mandy Poetry Contest. In my never humble opinion, a good beginning and well worth your perusal. And special thanks to the Fireeaters - Thomas, Mary, Ryfkah, Karin, Khizra, Silvia, Marilyn, Thane, Tom and Tony - and many others who helped bring this first issue to you. Gary Blankenship

. . . gone for the next week or so . . . i was invited by the New York State Association of Incarcerated Education Programs to speak at the upcoming New York BOCES (board of cooperative educational services) State Conference in May 2004 regarding my work teaching haiga and haiku to prisoners . . . and to present the "Haiga & Haiku" workshop at the Hudson Valley Resort & Spa before a gathering of more than 35 component educational districts, representing thousands of educators, counselors, therapists, penologists, psychologists, teachers, etc. from the greater New York metropolitan area. . . . i've put together what i believe is a nice program, and while there's much theoretical discourse on the benefits of prison arts programs these days, i want to speak strictly from personal experience gathered over the years, to speak in a very real way, a very down-to-earth way, about the effects of the art program on prisoners . . . and the changes i've seen in tough young criminals in even just a short period of time as they begin to dig in to the art program being offered . . . anyway, i'll talk about that for a short while, and then the workshop will become interactive . . . i'll break out the paints and brushes, pass out the paper and water cups, etc. and get the folks there all involved . . . "Show 'em rather than tell 'em" . . . and put my easel up and do some demos, and in a very real way, have the folks experience first hand what the prisoners experience right in the classroom at the prison. so then, here are the latest four in the zen-bo series, i hope you enjoy them:

in every sunlit
corner of the universe . . .
without exception,
zen-bo plainly saw that there
were also swarms of black flies

having attended
a sermon on the mountain,
there was much ado
in the hobo camp . . . of course,
zen-bo hadn't heard one word

after a warm rain,
zen-bo found a huge stinkhorn . . .
"mushroom dignity"

he thought, "attested to by
a gathering of small flies"

"look!, look!" cried zen-bo
as a great musical note
rose from the hilltop . . .
but the trees were dead silent,
& the monkeys blind as bats

Zolo

PS

Greetings folks, i'm back from speaking at the New York State BOCES Conference where i conducted the Haiku & Haiga Workshop for representatives of the Association of Incarcerated Education Programs . . .

. . . and what a genuine triumph it was in every way!
. . . it was apple blossom time in the Hudson River Valley, and i drove for miles thru a sea of pure white waves on a stream of jet black highway up to the sheer shale cliffs and glacial lakes of Kerhonkson, where the Hudson Valley Resort & Spa is located . . .
. . . frankly, it felt like the "old days", when i traveled the nation for fifteen intense years as a professional seminar leader . . . being back in the spotlight, entering another big hotel and having the bellman take my boxes of materials to my meeting room . . . being greeted by contact people, and then being up in front of a group again . . . it made me want to do a lot more speaking engagements . . . i've missed it . . . and my workshop could not have gone any better, it was carefully planned and timed to perfection . . . my goal statements were crystal clear, the handout was comprehensive and fun to read, the lecture part of the class was sharply focused, fast paced and packed with information, and lead in smoothly to the interactive part of the class . . . of course i did some demo paintings on big flip-charts situated on sturdy easels around the meeting room, and that's always a big hit . . . I began with the story of a young lady who i'd encountered in my very first prison workshop five years ago . . . she was a twenty-one year old heroin addict, her troubles with the law stemmed from a terrible drug addiction, and to make it all worse, she was pregnant . . . it was especially sad because she was such a pretty little girl, and obviously a sensitive soul . . . when she attended that first haiku and haiga workshop at the Day Reporting Center of the Long Island prison system, she wrote this one line poem:

even her baby is in the methadone program

. . . her name was Kelly, and she told me that she'd been voted best artist in her graduating class in high school, and that it even said so in her year book . . . but that she hadn't touched a paintbrush in years . . . that all the things she loved had fallen by the wayside as the drugs took deeper hold of her life . . . so, i begged her to try painting something for me . . . and she did . . . and in the following days she painted more and more, and i could see a real transformation taking place in her . . . she was showing up right on time, and she was keeping a journal of things she'd observed and considered paint-worthy, and worthy of writing about, in one of the little notebooks i give to every prisoner student . . . and then, on the fifth day of class, she told me this: "i love this workshop, because painting and writing makes me remember a time when i was free and clean . . ." . . . and she went on to write what has now become a model poem, and sentiment, and haiga painting hanging on the classroom wall for all other prisoners to see . . . she wrote:

a warm breeze

tells me i'm nearing
a strawberry patch

. . . and her haiga painting consisted of just one huge strawberry painted quickly on the paper, dotted with black dots, green leaves dashed in, and she signed it . . . it was like a declaration of her new optimism. (i'm very happy to say that Kelly did kick the drug habit, did graduate from the program, and is now married to a decent young fellow, some stories do have happy endings)

. . . this was the story i used to begin the painting demos, and how i began to show why learning haiku and haiga painting are valid and beneficial activities, and powerful tools in promoting a more positive self concept, an integral step in criminal rehabilitation . . . and i reproduced Kelly's big strawberry haiga in front of the class with a huge paintbrush on a big flipchart . . . and when that first big blast of red paint went up on that canvas, everyone turned on like electric lights . . . and when the paint boxes and brushes and paper started being handed out by my assistants, it was just as if those serious adults, teachers and counselors, etc., became kids again . . . they were thrilled to be painting, and the session entered a new level of fun, full of conversation and sharing, and good cheer and high energy all around, very much like the phenomenon that takes place with the prisoners in the jail classroom . . .

paint boxes snap . . .
years and walls melt away
in pastel shades

. . . truly, the whole workshop from beginning to end was a glowing success that met with rave reviews . . . and i am not exaggerating when i tell you that the people simply did not want to leave my workshop, some of them stayed in the room for a half hour more, just to keep on painting and to talk to me, giving up a half hour of their lunch time to do so . . . i was extremely gratified, and the committee members of the conference soon found out about a workshop that was just radiating excitement down in the Hudson room, the Haiku & Haiga Workshop . . . they even sent a photographer in to snap photos of me in action . . . and the written evaluations of the workshop were absolutely stellar (of course, i got copies of them all) . . . i had 30 people participating in the core workshop plus observers . . . 28 people handed in written evaluations that were supplied by the moderator at the beginning of the session . . . the evaluation sheets had 4 possible grades for 5 different categories: (Excellent, Good, Fair, Poor) . . . of the 28 evaluations turned in, 22 had straight "Excellent" across the board in all 5 categories, with equally excellent comments written in the space provided . . . on the other 6 evaluations i received "Excellent" on 4 of the 5 categories with only one "Good" on each . . . so, if i was being rated on a 4.0 scale, i guess i scored about 3.99 . . .

and after words, people came up to me throughout the entire conference to tell me they'd heard of my haiku and haiga workshop and were so sorry they'd missed it . . . others said when introduced to me, "Oh, so you're THAT fellow!" because they'd heard how fun the workshop had been (people talk, and it's amazing how word spreads) . . .

of course Dwight, committee chairperson for the conference was delighted, he'd been the one who has so deeply believed in my haiku/haiga workshop and suggested me as a presenter, and he got pats on the back and kudos for it . . .

and i'm happy to report that before i left the scene i was asked to return to next year's conference to be held at the grand Hilton in Lake Placid, NY . . . to do "something even more extensive" . . . and, the details of that will be worked out later . . .

. . . it was a grand experience . . . and the whole thing seemed magical from beginning to end . . .and
i'll keep you apprised of things that come up as a result of this work. Zolo

(Saga to be continued in the next issue of Lynx.)

RENGA CALENDAR 2004

MAY

Saturday May 22: Glasgow
nijuuin renga in the season of Spring
Master poets tbc the hidden gardens, Tramway, Glasgow. 11.00-17.00. Free

Sunday 23 MAY YORKSHIRE SCULPTURE PARK
nijuuin renga in the season of Spring Master Gerry Loose; Host Alec Finlay West Bretton, Wakefield.
11.00-17.00. Free

Monday 31st , Swaledale
nijuuin renga in the season of Summer Master Alec Finlay; Host Stephen Watts, Swaledale Festival.
11.00-17.00. Free

JUNE

Saturday June 12 Glasgow
nijuuin renga in the season of Summer Master poet Alec Finlay hidden gardens, Tramway, Glasgow.
11.00-17.00. Free

Sunday 20 Monday 21 June Yorkshire Sculpture Park
24 hour hyakuin renga in the season of Summer Eight poets West Bretton, Wakefield. 12.00-12.00.
Performance during YSP opening hours. Free

JULY

Saturday 17 July: Yorkshire Sculpture Park
nijuuin renga in the season of Summer Master Alec Finlay; Host Alan Halsey, West Bretton, Wakefield.
11.00-17.00. Free

Saturday July 24: Glasgow
nijuuin renga in the season of Summer Master poet tbc
the hidden gardens, Tramway, Glasgow. 11.00-17.00. Free

AUGUST

Saturday 31 July- Sunday 1 August: Glasgow
24 hour hyakuin renga in the season of Summer Eight poets hidden gardens, Tramway, Glasgow. 11.00-
17.00. Free

Saturday 7 August: Yorkshire Sculpture Park nijuuin renga in the season of Summer Master poet Alec
Finlay; Host Jackie Hardy West Bretton, Wakefield. 11.00-17.00. Free

August 14 Glasgow

nijuuin renga in the season of Summer Master poet Alec Finlay hidden gardens, Tramway, Glasgow. 11.00-17.00. Free

SEPTEMBER

Saturday 4 September: Yorkshire Sculpture Park

nijuuin renga in the season of Summer Master poet Alec Finlay; Hosts Helen Robinson and Fred Schofield, West Bretton, Wakefield. 11.00-17.00. Free

Saturday September 11: Glasgow

nijuuin renga in the season of Autumn Master poets tbc hidden gardens, Tramway, Glasgow. 11.00-17.00. Free

All welcome. Alec Finlay poetry circus

2005 Tanka Calendar Competition

Sponsors: Winfred Press & Clinging Vine Press

Deadline: In-Hand deadline of July 15, 2004

Eligibility: Open to all except editors of Winfred Press, Clinging Vine Press, contest coordinator and judges

Regulations: Any number of tanka may be entered.

Tanka may be free-form or follow the traditional 5-7-5-7-7 arrangement. Although winning tanka will be published in a calendar form, seasonal words or themes are not required (but may be used). Entries must be original, in English, unpublished, and not submitted for publication or to any other contest, either in print or online. For examples of the tanka form, please visit americatanka.com : and/or: Tanka Society of America [or the tanka section on AHApoetry.com].

Entry fees: \$5.00 for two tanka OR \$12.00 for six tanka, which entitles entrant to one copy of the calendar (postpaid). Checks drawn on US banks only should be made payable to Clinging Vine Press or Linda J. Ward. Foreign entrants may send cash in US funds at their own risk. Submissions: Submit each tanka on three separate 3"x 5" cards, two with the tanka only (for anonymous judging), the third with the tanka and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Please type or print neatly. Submissions that cannot be read cannot be considered. Submit entries and fees to: Wanda D. Cook, 10 Woodlawn Road, Hadley, MA 01035-9604 USA Publication: There will be 12 winners and six commended tanka. Each of the 12 primary winning tanka will appear on one month of an illustrated wall calendar, 8½" x 11". In addition, six commended tanka will appear on a separate page which will complement a 12-month arrangement.

Awards: In addition to publication in the calendar, three top prizes will be awarded from among the 12 primary winners. First Prize: \$80; Second prize: \$40; Third prize: \$20

All awards will be in US\$. Each of the 12 primary winners will receive a copy of Full Moon Tide: The Best of Tanka Splendor 1990-1999. Adjudication: The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced after

the contest. Rights: All rights revert to the authors after publication. Correspondence: Entries cannot be returned. Please send a business size, SASE for a list of winning entries. For foreign entries, SAE and one IRC.

Linda Jeannette Ward, P.O. Box 231, Coinjock, N.C. 27923 U.S.A.

. . . Have been having some correspondence with renga groups in England (via Alec Findlay) that are interested in working with the hundred-link form (hyakuin), so for them I compiled the one for summer. A challenge for those hot days when you just want to swing in the hammock. \o/ Jane

100 LINK SUMMER RENGA FORM

Devised by Jane Reichhold following the pattern used by Sogi in his "Solo Sequence of 1492" as presented in Steven D. Carter's The Road to Komatsubara.

1. summer
2. summer
3. autumn Moon
4. autumn
5. autumn
6. misc.
7. winter
8. winter
9. travel
10. travel
11. lamentations
12. love
13. love
14. love
15. spring Flowers
16. spring
17. spring

18. autumn Moon
19. autumn
20. autumn
21. autumn
22. winter
23. lamentations
24. lamentations
25. misc.
26. misc.
27. spring Flowers
28. spring
29. spring love
30. love
31. love
32. love
33. misc.
34. travel
35. autumn travel
36. autumn Moon
37. autumn
38. love
39. love
40. lamentations
41. lamentations
42. misc.

43. misc.
44. misc.
45. misc.
46. misc.
47. travel
48. travel
49. love
50. love
51. love
52. religion
53. religion
54. autumn Moon
55. autumn
56. autumn
57. travel
58. love
59. love
60. spring Flower
61. spring
62. spring
63. travel
64. lamentations
65. autumn Moon
66. autumn

67. autumn
68. lamentations
69. lamentations
70. misc.
71. spring Flower
72. spring
73. spring
74. travel
75. travel
76. travel
77. love
78. love
79. love
80. misc.
81. autumn Moon
82. autumn travel
83. autumn
84. travel and love
85. love
86. winter
87. winter
88. misc.
89. misc.
90. misc.
91. autumn

92. autumn Moon

93. autumn

94. misc.

95. spring Flower

96. spring

97. spring religion

98. spring religion

99. misc.

100. misc.

It is important to have a picture in one's mind of the four "sheets" of paper on which a renga was written on in ancient Japan. Each of these four sheets had two sides and the number of links per side was divided up as:

sheet 1 side one – 8 links
two – 14 links

sheet 2 side one – 14 links
two – 14 links

sheet 3 side one – 14 links
two – 14 links

sheet 4 side one – 14 links
two – 8 links

If two people are writing, it is common that the person who writes the last link on a side, or page, also write the first link on the next side or page. This practice avoids one person getting all the three-liners.

The first link should have a mention of the season at the time the renga is begun and should be a compliment to the partner or express something of the reason for the work.

It is very important to understand the jo –ha – kyû process. This is a progression borrowed from the musical composition. For renga it means:

Jo = calm prelude, smooth, simple, not surprising. No mentions of love, lamentation, religion or travel.

Ha = experimental, vitality, using a variety of techniques and personages.

Kyû = outstanding verses, one piled upon another, swift, concluding, a "grand finish" as in music. Use

of travel verses makes the kyû move faster.

Any use of moon implies the verse is in autumn unless the author indicates "spring moon" or "winter moon."

Most vital to renga that one verse not be followed by a verse with repeated or associated links. A link with "snow" should not have "icehouse" in the following one. It is in the leaps between the verses that lies the beauty of the renga. The link must be close enough for the reader to follow but far away enough to avoid a repeat.

No link, except the last one, can refer to the hokku or beginning link.

Try to avoid repeating nouns and verbs on any page. Use a thesaurus if you must. Some words should only be used once in a whole renga: woman, insect, demon.

To give the renga variety, and especially is one is writing a solo renga, the use of "masks" is vital. This means writing the verse as if spoken by someone else: an old man or woman, a nun, a young girl or boy. Occasionally use the links to have a dialogue with your partner, using the "you" form so the whole thing is not descriptive.

It is also possible to use quotes from signs or proverbs or songs or from literature to spice up the work and to serve as linkage. By mentioning a song or poem, the other partner is reminded of something else.

The love verses never admit to the joys of love in traditional renga, but there love is desire, waiting, unfulfilled, or wasting away. Thus, sex never entered the picture.

To the Japanese the concept of *ji* = background verses and *mon* = design verses is very important. This means that the renga have surrounding outstanding or design verses calm, ordinary rather blah verses so the great link becomes more outstanding. Only on the last page should each stanza be more brilliant than the previous one. If one cannot make a design verse by great wit, opulence or a surprising thought, it is possible to introduce horror, fearsome images, or shock value.

As you become more expert in renga writing consider doing what the Japanese call *torinashizuke* or "recasting" – this means writing the two-line by using the third line in the link above as if it is the first line. An example would be:

in the dark
a farmer guards is rice-crop
eyes wide open

eyes wide open
she comes out of the house
as if running from the devil

For me, the very most important part of doing a renga is to have fun and enjoy learning to know and work with someone else. Therefore it is important to understand in the beginning which of all these "rules" you want to use or not. In our democratic society, one partner should not be placed over the other by reminding him or her of rules, missed cues, mistakes during the writing.

Don't get into arguments of whether a spider is spring or autumn. But if you do need a reference, my saijiki is online at [A DICTIONARY OF HAIKU](#).

When the renga is done each partner should go over their own work making any changes or corrections. These should not interfere with the sense or link of the partner's stanza unless it is agreed upon. After everyone has had a chance to revise, if there are places that need correction, only then should these problems be addressed in a polite and caring manner.

PARTICIPATION RENGA

Remember to respond only to the links printed in bold italic.

AT THE BEACH

Rule: 3 – 2 lines alternating

Ends with 12 links

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

her bathing suit
in line with the news WR

~&~

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

no viagra left - he falls short GD

we both search
for hairy kelp roots WR

~&~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
Irishman explaining the steering wheel in his crotch: "It drives me nuts!" JR
spitting out a shell and a tooth WR
cloud gap clean sting of nothing eating JMB
New Years at the beach her doctor's face icy WR

archaeologist
closer and closer to bear
the first child FPA

~&~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
Irishman explaining the steering wheel in his crotch: "It drives me nuts!" JR
spitting out a shell and a tooth WR
no more press conferences let them read the funnies GD
on which beach can we land and start another war? WR

dusk or twilight
the tip of the Dragon's Tail
"mind you," says the sea slug FPA

one if by land
two if by sea
weapons of mass derision CC

sand-fort
raised on a dune
all fall down GD

~&~

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

playing Blackout
the Beach Blanket Bingo Bunch CC

expired credit card
a comb JMB

~&~

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

channel surfer lands
on "Surfside Six" CC

~&~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind

pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
tourists wading in surf eyes open for sharks GD
from afar calling her through both hands white teeth WR
bright green thong between pale cheeks GD
playing frisbee a mouth full of sand hair too JAJ
your eye low water JMB
concentrating on the gulls to neutralize the nausea - CC
oh watch the cage JMB
kitchen counter: behind the blender the mouse's tail GD
electric cord twitches JMB

kelp strand
wound around
her ankles GD

~&~

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

Santa's left
more low-carb treats:
dang Dr. Atkins GD

~&~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
deep in the wave just as it breaks light glints GD
I twinkle and I shut my eyes for in the dark appearing stars WR
wearing sunglasses the Hollywood wantabee stumbles JR
on her hands and knees in front of Grauman's CC
"Whata beach!" the young tough snarls through slitted eyes JR

a dolphin jumps or was it Eve? WR
Primavera the nymphs swirl their gauze nachos GD
air a screen nipple lifts in shadow JMB

the wind lifts
an empty grocery sack
drops it in the weeds GD

BLACKOUT

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

dream time
when I see words
unmasked WR

~&~

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

hear the wasps
walking
on your hat JMB

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
she changed from dressed to naked WR

when her bra
drops away
scar tissue GD

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
egg cases the spiders left under the dresser drawers GD

a card a match a
tooth a whisker a
french fry a JMB

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
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Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR

flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
it's Sunday morning dear stop – I am praying WR

of no concern
preacher's tirade
verger's golf day FPA

lectionary's
faded pages, cross
references GD

~*~

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
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listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB

fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
patchouli reek his receding ponytail GD

will be a full moon
news-vendor's
wolf whistle FPA

rainbowed
the new bag
of rubber bands CC

~*~

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
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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

~*~

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
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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
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

when tears dry
skin so tight
the small smile CF

bouncing off
the rim
clipped toenail CC

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting down the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
was never very good at math MHH
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking out GD
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ

mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH
even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth! dht
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA
mackerel clouds reach every horizon piling the sea JR
broken thermometer poisonous mercury scatters everywhere JAJ
driving through a school zone spray of sparrows RF
waiting at the end of the block police speed trap JAJ
another hole in the cheese CC
small tear in the yellowed love letter folded, refolded cg
anthrax scare the office smart-aleck CC
we go to bed goose pimples appear wanted WR
bare feet find the linoleum CC
grano coffee ground heel thought JMB
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

LA RENGA LOCA

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

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

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

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

Proper feelings
Often
Edges

Thrust into a
Reactive
You JR

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

To
Answer
Notes
Responding
Emotion
Names
Greater
Appetites JR

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

Even
Newcomers
Join in
On
Yoodles of fun JR

Ready to
Eschew the chains of linking?
No need to.
Gary Gay offers
An artful variation
You'll love it. CC

Haiku
And
Image
Graphically
Ambushed WR

~*~

La Renga Loca
Your muses lock horns with
Night Blooming Jazzman

X-treme Poetry – Carlos Colón

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

Kiss
Incenses
Grizzled
Opponent CC

Soon
Even the birds won't

Nest
Right by
Your home you
Ungrateful slingshot wretch JAJ

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

Pope
Introduces
Veterans
Of the Swiss Guard
To sharp shooters WR

Military intelligence
Oxymoron
Obfuscates
Normal life JR

For eating
Ribs of
A
Grim
Mad cow
Excellent
New
Tablets available to "get normal" WR

Hiding
Your
Aptitude for
Kraziness
Undermines
Innate
Naughtiness JR

~*~

La Renga Loca
Your muses lock horns with
Night Blooming Jazzman
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How easy it is
Always writing verbs that end
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Keep it to a minimum and
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Appetites JR

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

Even
Newcomers
Join in
On
Yoodles of fun JR

Only
Nincompoops
Endeavor to
Leave
Intelligence out
No
Energy
Results in
Silly poems WR

The spamku
Includes one of
These with its
Little
Epigram CC

Participating
Around
Renga
Tends to
iNtensify
Energy
Responses
Significantly JR

SWARMING
6-word links on the
Theme: swarming

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

eyelids flicker cat sleepwalks to divan 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
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

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
children flipping raisins at the wall WR
flies rest on the burning floor JMB
one victim states he's not Moslem WR
a crowd at heaven's gate fighting JR
monk lifted by two holy sisters ??
sponge soaked in dried stage blood GD

a shirt stiff beneath the bed JMB

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
that I couldn't count to six JMB
a handful of ideas to touch JR
flies through broken screen: floor honey GD
sole so slick wave your hands JMB

words for the deaf - eye shine JR

~&~

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

surfboarder ashore the bikinis surround him CC

center of the storm – paradise island JR

VANILLA RENGA

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

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

~&~

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

recycling
junk mail
a new poem JR

~&~

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

rattle of cordage
in half-lights half-hidden
the unfurled sails FPA

~&~

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

Firestone shredding
its tread CC

luggage crushed
beneath the
wind JMB

grating cheese
on the chopped vegetables
April lunchtime GD

~&~

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

we'll see – for sure
this way it can't go on WR

swiping
my credit card – "thank you"
says the machine GD

immovable
the desk the office
was built around CC

WITHIN/WITHOUT

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

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
blue heron passes overhead RF
sky food the gopher learns to fly JR
the joke on me echoing into eternity CC
not a word to mail no paper cut on my lips once hers WR

the drawer empty
full of air JMB

~&~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery

with jeans a belt of stars the radiance of a daughter JR
tied shoelaces tug of war between two teams of Barbies CC
in mirror: the head upside down JMB
jigsaw puzzle factory her missing timecard CC
hissing hose beneath the table JMB
after forty years her breasts still sweet GD
frozen in love the night Dad turned on the light JR
shadows in all our pockets still JMB

still warm
the coin clicks into
the cash drawer GD

geese in flight
glimpse of a pilgrim's way
a woven straw hat FPA

the click
of marbles
beneath the burnished sky CC

~&~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
at the gulf course hole 18 flooded WR
Sunday the rain clears for a sun day JR
the choir's strange voices make distant harmonies GD
sweaty from her hands the him book slips JR

rock face in pouring rain
from scowl to frown to smile
swabbed brows FPA

filled with drawings
traced from a night
by a comet's tail WR

~*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
blue heron passes overhead RF
sky food the gopher learns to fly JR
sky diver and hang-glider collide at four thousand feet GD

it is fall
wet soil embracing
unexpected guests WR

~&~

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

the heat
she wished for
after sniffing powder WR

FINIS