

A close-up photograph of a purple flower, likely a species of Iris, showing the intricate details of its petals and the bright yellow center. The petals are a deep, vibrant purple with visible veins. The center features four prominent yellow stamens. The background is a soft, out-of-focus purple, creating a monochromatic effect.

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(July, 2019)

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TOKONOMA

July 22 — Very hot, though the wind, which was south, dappled very sweetly on one's face and when I came out I seemed to put it on like a gown as a man puts on the shadow he walks into and hoods or hats himself with the shelter of a roof, a penhouse, or a copse of trees, I mean it rippled and fluttered like light linen, one could feel the folds and braid of it—and indeed a floating flag is like wind visible and what weeds are in a current; it gives it thew and fires it and bloods it in.

— Gerard Manley Hopkins,
Journal excerpt (1873)

Elmedin Kadric

carried on whispering away

Giuliana Ravaglia

*quante capriole fra i papaveri rossi :
vecchia bambina*

how many somersaults among the red poppies:
old girl

Jeannie Martin

my bones are light

I am learning to
fly

over purple clover

over the sweet
alfalfa fields
of my childhood

over green trees
water falling
bough to bough

ponds blue
like blue eyes

the air thin
and bright

my arms spread
wide

into the widening
sky

John Levy

DRIFTWOOD

If it is moved it will immediately never be the same and if it is not moved it will change more slowly. The piece of driftwood is like a distant tree's voice, though only a few words, in one of those languages that sounds musical, more vowels than consonants, peculiar accents and some letters that seem so elongated that you wonder if it is meant to show what happens when a letter is dreaming. The piece of driftwood is like the answer when a plank of wood is asked, "If it were up to you how would you choose the body you'd like to lounge in rather than being shaped to do human bidding?" The piece of driftwood sometimes has nightmares of being a new pencil in a box of pencils opened by a boy who also has a new pencil sharpener. The piece of driftwood waves to me. The piece of driftwood is a fragrant statue. Come closer, the piece of driftwood says, let's loiter before we start the next journey.

vincent tripi

moon cloud penny rail train

Eufemia Griffo

*silenzio interiore
i fiori di calendula
rinascono ovunque*

inner silence
the marigolds flowers
reborn everywhere

Lucia Cardillo

*terra bagnata
lungo un raggio di sole
le lumachine*

wet ground ...
along a sunbeam
snails

Sheila E. Murphy

He took the tops off
perfect blooms
and gave them
back to her.

She cried for every reason then
the sun was full
over the yard as rain
again would be.

Frances Angela

plane home the dream catcher in my pocket

John McManus

traffic jam
the snort of a horse
in the next lane

Mark Young

TEXT TILE / TACT TILE

The middle
ear as im-
portant as the
inner eye

in keeping
your balance
once you've
found it.

Lucy Whitehead

blue milk moon
a wave of sea foam
settles at my feet

Kala Ramesh

designer wear
she walks
her curves
on stilettos

Lee Gurga

flag

day

totem

sniper

John Hawkhead

petrol haze
the full moon
a cataract

Vincenzo Adamo

*Contaminazione. . .
un bruco verde
scivola sul basilico*

Contamination. . .
a green caterpillar
slips on the basil

Brad Bennett

moon sliver
lupines show
their silver

Donna Fleischer

dead of winter . . .
take your pill, keep walking
try to look up

Corrado Aiello

pincushion –
outside the rain
gets thinner

Margherita Petriccione

mallow meadow —
her little peeled knees

Kristen Lindquist

song sparrow
an old friend's voice
on the phone

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

peach flowers...
in the golden sunset
only the two of us

Carmela Marino

*una manina
non sentire il freddo
di questa pioggia*

a little hand
not feeling the cold
of this rain

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

remix
hearing the maple tree's ocean

David Gross

HUNTER'S MOON

After last night's snowfall, brush pile outlined with a tracery of tiny prints; a miscellany of birds, shrews, mice, and circling twice, a skinny coyote.

cleaning stove ashes almost stardust

Danny Blackwell

“You,” you say.
And the wheat in the wind.

Angela Giordano

*un aquilone
appesi al filo le mie risate*

a kite
my laughter hanging by the thread

Taofeek Ayeyemi

winter's end
a weaverbird perches
on a scarecrow

Hifsa Ashraf

every single word
with multiple meanings
evening sermon

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

*quasi tramonto
il silenzio sul lago
già un addio*

close to sunset
the stillness on the lake
already a farewell

Paweł Markiewicz

at the campsite
a Japanese woman draws
two storks overhead

Antonio Mangiameli

*imbarco —
un gelato in mano
gli occhi socchiusi*

boarding —
an ice cream in the hand
eyes narrowed

Maria Concetta Conti

*un vecchio cestino
i miei desideri
fiori selvatici*

an old basket
my wishes
wildflowers

Hansha Teki
(Stephen Bailey)

sea-born psalm
 words shuffle
a cadence hovers
 along parallel paths
the horizon
 one breath to another

Kokuu Andy McLellan

how much time
do we have left?
dandelion clock

speaking in tongues
all of the gods
I never believed in

Pina Teresi

*raccolgo rose —
mia madre in un gesto
torna a vivere*

I pick roses —
my mother in a gesture
back to life

Ezio Infantino

*Foglie d'autunno
Il cappello del busker
poggiato a terra*

Autumn leaves
The busker's hat
resting on earth

Anna Cates

skeletal moon
fireflies pass into
the porous dusk
we share its breath
ride the sacred river

Guliz Mutlu

REMEMBER US BELOVED BLITHELY

You are the grave in me!
You are the child of war I hanged!
Don't play me songs!
Light me cigars with hands that once
held mine, trembling, feral or cut!
You can't. Cry uncle! You won't.
If only you were a poem in me,
Don't despair, you can't know who I am,
I won't call you namelessly!

I can't, I won't forgive myself.
Through nights waiting for you to
return, I count ashtrays,
count all the rooms we lived in,
Broken, glass, closed, locked,
I count the keys left in that ashtray.
Remember us, beloved blithely in
elevator, hallway or kitchen!
Remember us like two children!

We've kept promises with dry eyes,
memories, barbarian pyres,
a weight beyond our so heavy ashes,
because the sun is rising from
Our ashes! We won't deny ourselves.
We can't. There's no excuse for our
Life. Our ashes aren't wind

Swept.

Alegria Imperial

LOGOS AND ANIMUS INTERPRETED

if eye-to-eye with a salamander

talk Heidegger or

drop down flat on your belly

hiss if you can
wait for existential footnotes
be sure to tiptoe

what if a rat
spews out philosophy

like the state of consciousness
in a walnut

the brain you ask

frog guffaws a croak
in fact, a song

confusing reality with logos
frog's right in that

easier to breathe out pretense

than tug your tie clear your throat
of animus

and begin on a ribbbit

Francesco Palladino

at the cemetery
among the lit candles
a cherry

Madhuri Pillai

off the beaten track an ant on my notebook

Angelica Costantini

three hours' delay —
on the rails cricket song

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

the husk of parking lights in the snow

Anna Maris

no more no less driftwood

