

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

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BOOK REVIEWS

Garden Mandala by Giselle Maya. Koyama Press. 84750 Saint Martine de Castillon, France: 2011. Hand-tied, 10 x 13 inches, hand-made paper covers, 52 pages, illustrated with woodcuts of botanicals from 1532 and pen & ink sketches by her daughter, Introduction by Michael McClintock. Contact: Giselle.Maya@wanadoo.fr. for pricing.

Anemones, tanka by Giselle Maya. Koyama Press. 84750 Saint Martine de Castillon, France: 2011. Hand-tied, 6.5 x 10 inches, hand-made paper covers, unnumbered pages. Contact: Giselle.Maya@wanadoo.fr. for pricing.

100 Selected Haiku of Kato Ikuya. Translated with a study by Ito Isao. Literary Society's Library of Aichi University; April 2011. Slipcase, hardcover with silk, 6 x 9 inches, 104 pages, ISBN 978-4-8060-4752-0 ¥3500.

A Further Mountain Range by Fumiko Tanihara. ISBN: 978-4-89448-638-6. Dust-jacket on soft covers, 5 x 7.5 inches, 120 pages, Japanese and English, full-color cover, ¥1700.

All That Remains by Catherine J.S. Lee. Turtle Light Press, P.O. Box 1405, Highland Park, NJ 08904. Info@turtlelightpress.com. Hand-tied, 5.5 x 4.5 inches, 30 pages, decorated end-sheets, \$17. ppd.

haiku by Kala Ramesh and My Haiku Moments. Published by Katha, New Delhi, India. Marketing@katha.org My Haiku Moments is saddle-stapled, 5 x 5 inches, 12 card-quality pages and haiku is a full-color folded to 5 x 5 inch book.

The Debris Field by Anthony Knight. Contact: knight.pages@hotmail.co.uk. Soft cover in full color, flat-spine, 80 pages. tanka and haiku.

breakthrough (very small caliber verse) by John Bryce Belbas. Southern Illinois University Publication: 2010. Soft full-color cover of artwork by Barbara Ann Fife, flat spine, 4 x 6.75 inches, 120 pages, five haiku per page. John Belbas, P.O. Box 442, Oregon House, CA 95962.

Nipponese Essences by Adina Al. Enachescu. Editura Societatii Scriitorilor Romani, Bucuresti, 2011. Trade paperback with full color cover, 5.5 x 8 inches, 180 pages, bilingual Romanian and English, ISBN:: 978-973-7700-80-3

Dancing in the Dew / Ples Po Rosi by Vlasta Mazuranic. Ogranak Matice hrvatske u Samoboru. Contact info@ogranak-mh-samobor.hr. Trade paperback with full color cover, 5.5 x 8 inches, 96 pages, bilingual ISBN:978—953-6588-51-0

A Narrow Road by Ljubomir Dragovic. Liber, Belgrade. Soft cover, 5 x 6.5 inches, 106 pages, bilingual, ISBN:978-86-6133-055-1. No price given.

My loved Japan by Clelia Ifrim. Editura Universitara: 2011. Flat-spine, soft cover, 4 x 7 inches 38 pages one poem to a page, no price given. Contact: redactia@editurauruiversitara.ro

two milkweed parachutes by Carol Purington and Larry Kimmel. Tri-fold, 8.5 x 11. \$1 with a SASE from Winfred Press. 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340.

Modern English Tanka Press publication new titles in 2011.

The Maternal Line: The 13th Tanka Collection by Kawano Yûko translated by Amelia Fielden and Saeko Ogi. Dreams Wander On: Contemporary Poems of Death Awareness edited by Robert Epstein.

I'm a Traveler: a collection of tanka by Kozue Uzawa. Haiku Wisdom: Living the Principles and Philosophies of Kung Fu, Haiku and Nature by Don Baird. Take Five: Best Contemporary Tanka Volume Three (2010) Anthology, edited by M. Kei.

LETTERS

TO LYNX FROM:

Karina Klesko, Don Ammons, Steffen Horstmann

CONTESTS

Polish International Haiku Club, Journal of Renga & Renku

MAGAZINES

The Ghazal Page, haiku-art, Revue du Tanka francophone, Ardea, Simply Haiku, contemporary haibun online, Haibun Today, The Fib Review, Roadrunner Journal, Atlas Poetica, Showcase Haiku Haijin

COLLABORATIVE POETRY

EARLY SPRING

Catherine Mair

Patricia Prime

from shadow into sunshine, stepping over magnolia petals
bare cherry trees - no hint of the blossom to come
to be felled - a cross marks the pin oak's trunk
filled with scarlet seed pods - the stone bird bath
a truck laden with gas cylinders revs up the road
lined up in a window coloured glass bottles
twig on the path, her shadow steps over it
through the umbrella-palm, wind rattles
on the west side the letterbox roof broken
lying in sunshine the tabby cat stretches its legs
in the raised garden a tepee of bamboo sticks
caught in the fork of a tree a tiny bird's nest
the whirr and spray of a water blaster
carrying a plastic bucket and a newspaper - the old man



FLOWER

Collaborative Haiga: burning sky: Haiku by John Daleiden; art by Juilana Galluccio

TEAPOTS

Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

perched on the bird feeder - artificial budgies
miniature shade-houses billow in a front garden
a tuft of moss on the magnolia's branch
that dip in the hills holding the clouds
over the fence gleams a line of white washing
behind the park bench just a hint of insects
hidden by hedges, the murmur of voices
one-legged postie swerves her bike to a letterbox
filling the dog's bowl - clatter of the bucket
warming the right side of my face, winter sunshine
holding a basket of flowers - small statue
a lean figure in black - the click of her walking stick
on the front steps a collection of mosaic teapots
aggregate pathway - each pebble shining

DANCING PARTNERS

Colin Stewart Jones
Jane Reichhold

Still waiting on the dance floor, Jane!
Do I hear a waltz?
Strauss. I think. Perhaps it's not the done thing in Vienna but how about we make our own moves and see where the music leads.
If the world was flat we could go to the edge and jump off.
Before we leap into another reality, first dance me to the end of love.
Any love is another reality, isn't it.
And yet even nothing always means something when said by a woman!

the steep hillside
wanting to give all
and let go

one foot follows the other
but I hear clouds beckon

I had to get out of bed early because the grass was talking to me.
Return O night and let your whispers take me softly into a dream.
Why do I feel you sleep with a Dylan Thomas book under your pillow?
Perhaps the bottle by the bed gave me away.
I've often wondered if alcohol makes a better writer.
Though the slur is hard to translate to the page it certainly makes for more interesting reading.
None intended. Now I am wondering why you see my comments as a 'slur.'
And none taken. Yet see how we stagger when we involve the drink.
I often feel I would be nicer person if I occasionally loosened up.

Play it Sam!
but first you must
part your lips

3 TAN-RENGA
Ramona Linke
Simone K. Busch

Sommerfest ...
Über dem See verglühen
weiße Chrysanthemen
auf halbem Wege
das alte Wiegenlied

Summer festival ...
white chrysanthemums burn up
above the lake
a forgotten lullaby
cuts surface

Sommermond
auf seiner bleichen Wange
ein wenig Maskara
verfrüht – aus der Kastanie
fallen unreife Früchte

summer moon
on his sallow cheek
a little mascara
untimely - green fruits falling
from the chestnut tree

auf dem Dachboden
das alte Gespenst pfeift
mein Lied
zu seiner Abschlussfeier
die Blumenduftnote

in the attic
the old wraith whistles
my song
for his graduation party
the flowery scent

SHADING THE SKY

Lynne Leach
David Rice

first heat of summer
a white moth orchid wilts
plopping on the sill
even with a big sunhat
all my petals have dropped

revived
by ripe boysenberries
picked from our vine
I sit on the porch
and listen to a wren

how rare...perfection...
the taste of fruit
still plump with juice
and after birdsong
sweet silence

midday quiet
even the wind is still
I listen
to my worries
chattering

arbutus branch

curls of crackled skin peeling
down to pale pink bark
the hotter our earth becomes
the more fragile I feel

leaves touching
the garden's micro-climate
keeps the soil cool
no way to shade
the whole sky

DRIFTWOOD
Claudia Brefeld
Helga Stania

FADED SONGS

amber
at the edge of the waves
time breaks away

message in a bottle
when unstopping a dream
blows away

while clamming
find her second half

in the roar of the surf
“Will you ...?”

in father's pocket
a note
with his name

the place to sleep
under the bridge
dispose of waste

sea foam
the hermit crab
shifts the shell

salt lips and
names in the sand –
the sea hesitates

bunker nearly buried
by sand

faded songs
beer cases remain

my foot
touching cold ashes –
driftwood lands

hand in hand
looking back for the last time ...
film tear

(March – May 2011)

WORLDS COLLIDE
André Surridge
Owen Bullock

reading
on the bank to the gentle
sound of the river . . .
a willow leaf
becomes a book mark

after the chapter
meeting my ex from the bus
for the film show
my worlds collide
and I'm glad

full house
how easily
my hand
slips into yours . . .
popcorn

before the big bang
surely life had already begun . . .
I seem to
have had many lives
within this body

some say we each hold
a genetic memory

within the essence
of our beings . . . the struggles
& triumphs of ancestors

fragrance of the rose
this sweet yellow morning
and something more . . .
nights of passion
long ago

the house of wisdom
its seven strong pillars
let in the light . . .
today I am a disciple
of reflections in dewdrops

the sphere in that sci-fi
contained the energy of
another world . . .
pocket of autumn sun
the kitten wades through fallen leaves

in this
expanding universe
reality
seems to stretch
beyond known borders

as a child
I knew how big the world was
I just didn't know
where it went
how much it would cost

priceless
this view across the lake
to the mountain
ripples of light
in a salmon sunset

no words
for this one red
winter rose
just a colour
a colour & the cold

ache of old bones
is it winter setting in
or arthritis

the mad dog chews
on everything

I have nothing to say
about the world situation
no microphone in hand
dense fog
encloses morning

midday
mist turns to rain
I start
the tax return
write off the day

bare branches
shaking in the wind
and inside the bark
what life revived
what preparations made?



Haiga by Ramona Linke

OCEAN BREEZE

Owen Bullock
André Surridge

crashed wall
of the wave
picks up again

ocean breeze
the gull lifts
from its shadow

the wind . . .
echoes of
other days

her eyes
the sky
blue beyond belief

dusk
the long afternoon
changes colour

first stars
the tide brings
driftwood & dreams

what do they know
the seagulls
all flying west

out at sea
lights from crab boats
nipple the dark

sandflies
feeding on him
he buries his feet

path home
between dunes
the crunch of shells

VESSELS OF LIGHT

Autumn N. Hall

Claire Everett

a mountain breeze
the sound of ocean surf through
Ponderosa Pine
I must learn to bend and sway
awash in these sky waters

again, the climb
through coconut-scented gorse...
in the middle
of my mind's nowhere
the lake's sun-beaten gold

this rusted blade
washed up once more on shore
like so much flotsam
if I grasp its battered hilt,
might I yet be a King?

not the arrowhead
that grazed the heel of dawn
but the cushion stone
where I took pains to shape
and polish the dream

vessels of light
the morning star contained
in each drop of dew
water for this, my whetstone
Ardennes' yellow coticule

deep in the inkwell
a tear the sun let fall
the hawk on the crag
and the stag's rutting call
across the ridge of time

a doe answers
the language of musk
speaks in fawns
her mate will lose his antlers
to grow them back once more

my thoughts interlaced
with fingers of mist...
the stone-mason
carves an effigy
of his beloved Queen

all around is salt
the waters of Her womb
stone-eroding seas
and still She weeps for man
and still man sleeps...

first light
raising the cairns
the song of a wren
spills from the lintel...
a kiss to awaken him

first breath
sun's blush on the apricot
warm, this call to flesh
fingers dovetailed round prayer beads
hands cupped round soft breasts

his fingers in stars
he slips the torque from her hair...
from the swallow's throat
to the robin's breast
and the foxglove's grail of dew

CHILDHOOD CINEMA

Patricia Prime
Owen Bullock

childhood cinema
where I spent my pocket money
watching Roy Rogers
riding towards the sunset
on his golden palomino, Trigger

my sister took me
to Saturday morning shows:
tune in
to next week's exciting adventures . . .
I never thanked her

so much comes to mind
like dust down blades of sunlight
memory shows a morning
of all the family together
sitting round the breakfast table

we ate alone, in shifts –
when I was fourteen
I turned vegetarian
mother said, you can
do your own cooking from now on

their paths diverge
as the children leave home
one by one
our love held by slender threads:
email, texts and phone calls

I knew
Gran had died
before I picked up the receiver
she cried out for me mother said
and I for her, at the funeral

memories roll on
like the silent films of yesterday
the tape
stopping and starting
until the spool finally ends

I still dream
of acting in films
some say
it's a substitute
for your own life

TWICE OVER
Rodney Williams
Jo McNerney

bush-orchids
glisten in spring rain –
eucalypt air

breathless hush
of summer twilight ...
his tread on the gravel

river meadow ~
across round bales of hay
a flood-line of silt

they breast-stroke
beyond the pontoon
deep water

limpid reflection ...
a black swan preens its mate
twice over

second tremor ...
this time
they simply hold hands

logger's notches
scale a mountain grey gum ~
lace monitor

last windfall
split in half ...
autumn equinox

plums in syrup
bubble on the stove ...
weeding gran's grave

a whisper
through the grass ...
moonrise

crows caw
down the south range
a chill wind

spindrift ...
seagulls buffeted
above the break

already dark ...
the fragrance of wood-smoke
from a neighbour's fire

prunus petals

float over the wall ...
spring thaw

their boots
on the veranda
daffodils

first home ...
deciding where to put
the bird-feeder

UNDER SWISS PINE BRANCHES

Claudia Brefeld
Helga Stania

third mowing
wafts of mist loosing
from the Matterhorn

only late the day warms
the hut at the slope

mountain chapel ...
a torrent blocks
the arduous path

in the swiss pine forest
finding nutlets
of last year

fear of heights – rocks
reflecting raven caws

crouching between milk cans
downhill
the light vanishes

UNTER ARVENZWEIGEN

Claudia Brefeld
Helga Stania

Dritte Mahd
Vom Matterhorn lösen sich
Nebelfahnen

erst spät wärmt der Tag
die Hütte am Hang

zur Bergkapelle ...
ein Sturzbach versperrt
den Steilpfad

im Arvenwald
Nüsschen
des Vorjahres finden

Höhenangst - Felsen werfen
Rabenschreie zurück

zwischen Milchkesseln
kauernd talwärts
verliert sich das Licht

VIEW FROM A DISTANCE:

AH MATSUSHIMA

Giselle Maya
Jane Reichhold

from his ancient lair
the god of earthquakes has stirred –
a powerful move

daily I check the progress at:
<http://earthquake.usgs.gov/>

pitiless and uncaring
of land and people he took
Matsushima into his embrace

“Waiting for Godot” but
preparing for a tsunami

as far as the moon
miniscule radioactive particles
penetrate the air

listening to the CIA cousin
nature suddenly seems benign

horror stories
children in lines to be tested
by the Geiger counter

as though all were well
swifts link sky and earth

Sunday church
on a sunny porch
the ants and me

Namazu a giant catfish
has shaken the archipelago

sleeping in a book
old stories come awake
with a jolt

no heavenly protection
what can we do to help

a hand extended
following it the person
with a kind heart

soothing wounds of kokoro
May moonlight on white iris

shining
on mourning clothes
tears

the cuckoo sends its song
over wind-swayed oaks

clouds
on the higher hills
cherry blossoms

sending healing thoughts
to Japan each day at noon

centifolia roses
and scent of freshly turned earth
a moment of silence

down on my knees
even the wind drops

a windbell from Kyoto
without wind this day
I watch my thoughts

on the windmill
of the monkey mind

calendar turned to June
a Northern saw-whet owl
looks at me

in his paper eyes
our common ancestors

without feeling a thing
we rush through space
round and round

as the center of the earth
trees grow tall and taller

Kashima the protector
keeps the earthshaker
pinned down

the carpenter comes today
replaces shingles on the roof

silent moon
the earth also has stopped
tembling

ripples on the waves
covering so much loss

rising sun
all that a new day
promises

ripe snow peas
nothing else needed

thanks giving
the radiation numbers
go down

long June rains
thunder and lightning

flooding
the fallen cherry petals
swirl away

may all songs of Yamato
restore the land's harmony

started May 15, 2011 – ended: June 5, 2011

GARDENING COAT
Owen Bullock
Patricia Prime

this man
in his best jacket
I'd like to see
his face unshaven
and his gardening coat

to please me
he brings a plastic bag
of persimmons
overripe and full of juice
that I pulp into a fruity haze

the fog
has settled into the bay
a day reading
variations on questions
possible improbable

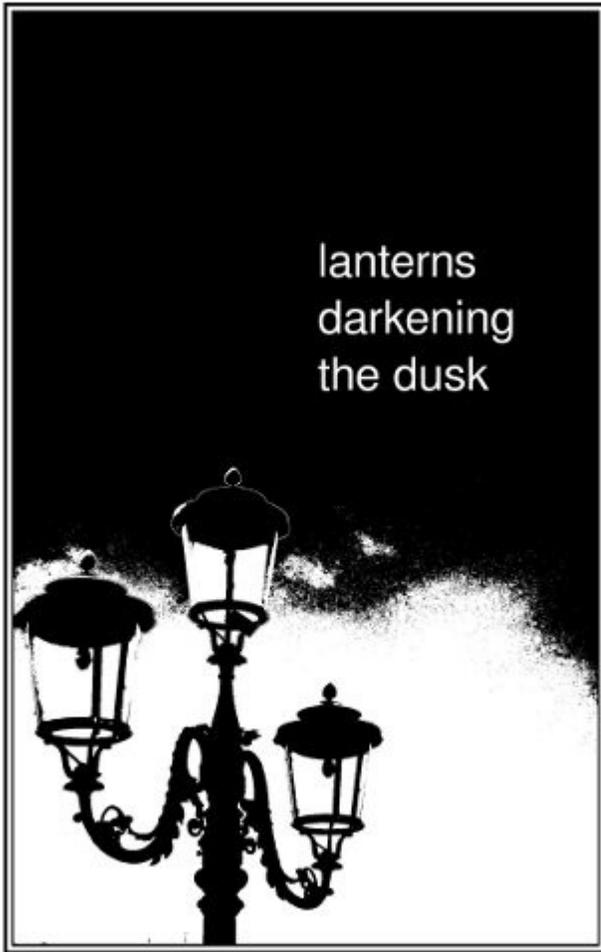
after my walk
in stormy weather
I place my boots
side by side, as in
Van Gogh's painting

who knows
we may cross the field
tomorrow
to the place where
we'll grow old together

in the beginning
there was a BSA motorbike -
a pillion for me,
just the two of us travelling
the length of the British Isles

we met after tai chi
and before meditation
silence
enveloped our talk
our smiles

light drifts
from the rising moon
to the bare table
where pages rise in a brief breeze
opening like palms in prayer



lanterns
darkening
the dusk

Răzvan Pinte

Haiga by Razvan Pinte

SOLO POETRY

GHAZALS

SALAMANDERS SWARM ALONG THE STREAM IN YOUR JAPANESE GARDEN*
Steffen Horstmann

Salamanders swarm along the stream in your Japanese garden,
Near sunlit shallows where minnows teem in your Japanese garden.

Plum petals form a delicate shroud on a samurai's shrine.
His body levitates from a pond like steam in your Japanese garden.

You watch lotus-shaped clouds transform into faces of deities –
Nestled beneath willows (rapt in a dream) in your Japanese garden.

Hummingbirds hover before a mirror, charmed by their reflection.
Butterflies spiral in a breeze's slipstream in your Japanese garden.

Pearls embedded in a geisha's embroidered gown glisten by candlelight.
She reads Basho & appraises her diamond's gleam in your Japanese garden.

Silence suffused with the sensation of expectancy, an aesthetic of space
Awaiting its occupant (a latent theme) in your Japanese garden.

Bonsai saplings, golden abacus, cherry trees, marble tiger –
Lavished with the grace of an Empress's esteem—in your Japanese garden.

Dream of transformation you become—a cloud of mist lit from within
Dissolves as light leaks from an expanding seam, in your Japanese garden.

Wind through grasses is the voice of a sage reciting haiku, uttered
Subtly within the breadth of a daydream, in your Japanese garden.

*title and opening line by David St. John

THE WORLD'S SCRIPTURES
Gene Doty

In the Paleozoic, hidden hands redacted the world's scriptures.
A temple built of one-way mirrors reflected the world's scriptures.

Stone masons chopped raw granite with imaginary chisels.
Mute frotteurs with sticks of graphite extracted the world's scriptures.

Adam calculated the curve of Eve's thigh and buttock.
The mathematics of his desire impacted the world's scriptures.

Hardly any gods bothered to read or write or do arithmetic.
Instead, their scribes, Thoth and Ganesh, refracted the world's scriptures.

Alphabets and ideograms give Archimedes a fulcrum.
Find a place to stand, Gino, and you will have inspected the world's scriptures.

READING ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DESTRUCTION

Ruth Holzer

The true goal of war is to pile body on body;
guilty or innocent, no matter whose body.

Rats clamber over the rubble of the world,
flies feed to satiety on many a body.

Warm ash shoveled into a bucket:
through fire and air, there goes everybody.

Punishment your sole inheritance;
you too are humanity's nobody.

Ruth survives and learns to forget
the sentence of history inscribed on the body.



Haiga by Emily Romano

THE LIGHT KEEPER

Ed Baranosky

It is too clear and so it is hard to see.
A dunce once searched for a fire with a lighted lantern,
Had he known what fire was,
He could have cooked his rice much sooner.

Mu-mon

spiral stairway encloses the point of light
Sweeping across the invisible horizon

Among the fossil fires
Of distant stars.

Beached with driftwood relics
Our rippling reflection

In a tidal pool mirror
That traces the effects of time

Wing-fingers stretch open above
Our forgotten footprints

And decimated shells remain
Shattered along the cliff's base.

Every vision quest has a secret cost.
We've been away too long.

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

ALWAYS

L. Costa

I've always had this unceasing desire of changing the meaning of words and verbs in such a way that they will act on the mind of the reader always. Last night I decided to start. I went to the cellar that I haven't got and lighted two small candles that I had lost, one made with red wax, the other with green. Though pale, the candles provided enough expanding space for my project. I started changing the action of words and verbs at once.

single chair
in the vast cathedral
stained by glass

It will work out progressively. First the words will stark shanking sillyghtly. As timme paso-dobles the tang oly opre grit rose. Up to the paint of non-geranium. Stamp.

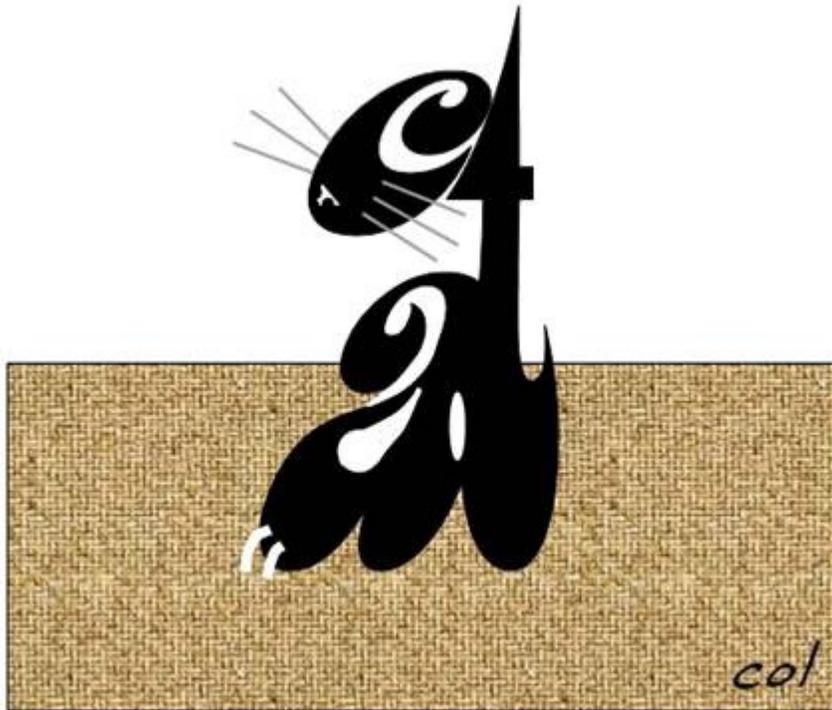
last night
out of the blues
new light

A CONVERSATION WITH ZUGGRYDIAN AT THE LAST PORT IN THE SOLAR-SYSTEM

Colin Stewart Jones

Ask anything you want. I'll gladly be your guide and show you around my home planet, if you want. I'll even share my food with you but you're not probing there mate, got it! Yes I understand your need for knowledge but that is a difficult thing that you ask of me.

Prose and poetry? Ok, that's perhaps even more difficult but here goes! Put simply, prose is a form of written language that follows natural speech patterns to convey its message; poetry is more stylized and you should never mix prose and poetry within a piece of writing. Well, actually "The cat sat on the mat" is prose, even though it does rhyme. Can I scribble a quick example of how you could turn the same images into poetry. Thanks!



This an example of what we call concrete poetry. Ah, haiku, you've heard of them. Well, yes, they do use concrete images but they are not concrete poems. I know it sometimes feels alien to me too but apparently it is all about the juxtaposition of concrete images. You've had a go at writing one...can I see it?

ghy thaaaarg—
qwarxox hawz xzxlug
Sirius B.

Yes, I think I get it. My universal translator can act up sometimes but it is a pun, isn't it? I'm not sure if the third "A" in thaaaarg is silent, or not. But anyway, we don't count syllables any more. You are playing with the idea of "The Pup", the unseen companion to the Dog Star, Sirius. I think an Earth editor would tell you that you've used too many verbs. And anyway puns are kinda frowned upon these days. Better to set the scene first, and write:

Sirius B—
rith hawz thaaaarglog
xzxlug qwarxox

Yes, I know. But there is a subtle difference and lines two and three now end with a slant rhyme. Haiku were originally meant to be spoken, you know! I'm sorry. Yes of course I'll give you a "moment".

I know, I know! I did say you shouldn't mix prose and poetry. Seems like prose to you? It did to me at first as well. You'd like to see one of mine? I do not write them now that I'm busy among the stars. But yes, here is an old one:

blue sky
before me
beyond me

Well, it is philosophical and uses word play to give it its double meaning. But yes I do see your point; it could be read as disjointed prose and also as a pun. But, to me, it is a poem and is more about what is unstated. But yes, it does also seem a pointless question now that I'm out here policing this sector of the Solar System.

What about haibun? I know. Now that I think about it, haibun really do sound contradictory too but they are also poetry even though they're composed of both prose and poetry in juxtaposition. You are not alone, most folk don't get it either. No I'm sorry, I have never written one.

we say adieu,
can there be any more
here and now?
our moon—half or full
a simple trick of light

ZiggyStardust is the name of the cat

Age Doesn't Come Alone

it was lovely
it was really nice
good to see my cousins
did you hear about John?
all the family were there
poor John's in hospital
such a young minister
nearly all the family
Jimmy's looking ill
really very poorly
he is getting old
you not hear?
heart attack

*rush hour ...
mum dodges questions
about her health*

Colin Stewart Jones

R.I.P.

simply haiku, winter 2009, vol 7 no 4

ANIMATED MOVIE HAIBUN

by morvene = Robby an animator in Bali

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZGXaTqzO7zM&feature=related>

from the distant south,
there the first swallow comes
for a moments rest.

TAKE THE WEATHER Colin Stewart Jones

...a form of insinuation, always yet never, humming not singing, no, hints of grey, ghosts, extensions, black, broken, as far as possible, hell, a relic, a ceremony, a cure, beaten, brought back, it's happening, definitely coming, yes, dark nights, hidden days, vagaries, no one knows, armpits, a steaming vat, leading to this moment, contact, frustrated, no matter, the door, relationship, desire, distance maintained, much distance, rare these days, do you see, look don't see, look for, look after, looking forward, yes, positive attitude, valuable contribution, discussion, a prayer, make voice heard, brass, cynical, a world of good, doubts tested, that's the key, face it, face to face, fantastic, fascinating, conclusion, might be possible, don't buy it, too late, none shall sleep, more than one, none, a voice, don't think I heard, disappointed, catastrophic, practice, go ahead, wait, just like that, driven, give it a go, the lyrics, like that, sad, write them down, what's it called, all night, keep out, forget about them, no help, passing, now, not the first time, I have the first, right, running, blowing, slower, I think, right, it is, not that bad, not too bad, the same, over and over, leave, not many have heard, where are they now, commemorate, celebrate memory, play it by ear, excited now, suppose, ping, pong...

the walls
institutional blue
diazepam

...that's the business, sound better, used to think, a partnership, grief, we've all got it wrong, inherent infallibility, system isn't working, novelty, give up now, defeatist, sure it's good, now live, exciting victory, eager to start, hands together, rugged, dream small first, young dreams, poet, fool, spin to light, lifted, do now, in time, do what, plan, hold on, get it, silence, celebration, the answer's simple, costs too much, sound plausible, I feel it's time, move up, experience the challenge, a potential story, hidden from the rest, walk in the sun, coming at me, no choice now, did you see, quick, you see it, nothing there, does it have a name, how about, no, wait got one, perfect, what, it's not working, who's this, it's alright, shut up, make it quick, any reason why, doubts, a friendly ear, a strange story, it must have burrowed, connection, no others, wild, company, out of the way, seconds, give up on the idea, see it, before it moves, hairy, a plague resting, away, pursuing conventions, it gives off a smell, connected, somewhere safe, together, in chains, caring, mind at rest, easy, in the vice, won't feel a thing, sure, a few minor modifications, rope, this is new, green, chew through it all, better, more appropriate, still fire, rocks, struggle, listen, icy wind, take in some air, breathe...

counselling
I see a fly on the wall

scratch its head

...question, leave it, just curiosity, spared the experience, that's where it grows, somewhere safe, a place you'd never think of, the last place you'd think, rocking, shaking, falling now, can't move, rest, yes, fine now, tell you, not here, where, guess, far as possible, working controls, wires, doors, just a dream, crocheted blades, some man speaking, solemn time, an atmosphere of serenity, very special, no more, no sacrifice if easy, won't be beaten, understood, oh yes, make a vow, deep, somewhere safe, this is easy, not even thinking, not thinking, rocking, do you think, I certainly do, circling Euclid, 3.14159265, doesn't impress, hold it down, sleep, relent, give in, temptation, punish myself, used to be happy, it wasn't enough, admit it, Ave, Ave Maria, relentless, holding, seeing things as they are, visions are back, normal, still here, all coming back, I remember, want fun, good miserable time, never think that, imagine that, to disintegrate, on fire, blue, ah yes, my particular vice, willpower, basic things, get rid of pride, obstacles, fulfilment, burn the bricks, red, tonight, I miss the rain, knocking loudly, sound and light, I'm back, didn't think ahead, a whole head, old habits, day in, day out, oaths, I just wait, counting the days, stories, his not mine, told over, confessional, recounted in silence...

fashion victim
conscious
of my new label

So the flesh rears up again.

Again the fish flares up finding fissures, fissures, fissures.
The cracks are appearing peering leering sat nav Peeping Tom.

Tom, Tom the piper's son, is an S.O.B, son of a gun.
I hate fish and I hate Fridays.

So what you're not Catholic anyway, but lapsed – prolapsed colon.

No, that is not how you spell my name.

I'm dry, in need of irrigation, why say irritation?

Fresh fish flesh, feeling flaccid tickles under my belly.
Belly up, the fish is fried and the flesh is dead.



**sowing for harvest
an angel on my shoulder
gathers each prayer**

Colin Stewart Jones

THE FISHER POETS

Johnny Baranski

i've come to know many of them by name
the fisher poets who gather to critical acclaim
at astoria, oregon by the dock of the bay

in the "voodoo room" and the "wet dog cafe"
there's geeno and hobe, holly and moe
susan, rebecca, toby and joe
dano, natalia, they're part of the crew
and "kid and spud siegel" to sing for you
year in and year out these mariners rhyme
though a few spin their poems free verse some time
dave densmore can tell a whale of a tale
while moe bowstern's hair is a peacock's fantail
their sonnets and songs on port side or starboard
often are far from sweet home and safe harbor
the fishing they do hook, line, and sinker
is fraught with peril, so none is a shrinker
and when to the sea one of them's lost
a little of each pays a part of the cost
it's not just a job these fishers confess
but "our way of life" despite the duress
the fishing's a must they're quick to maintain
the poems because there's "salt in our veins"

autumn moon

tossed about in ocean swells

the empty trawler

TONGUE-TIDE

Jane Reichhold

When I dream of the sea I wake up with no words left in me.

Is it like having them washed away?

Jumbled. Even the alphabet is stirred into a soup.

Crabmeat and abalone?

When the tide turns to recede, it draws out the ideas in sleeping minds.

All along the coast the petal-fragile consciousness of the unaware slips in one great dark direction.

Perhaps that is why people often die at low tide in the night.

The silver cups of moonlight in the waves become boats.

No boatman as on the river Styx?

It seems the tide is so filled with deep knowledge that it alone knows the way.

To where?

Back to the stars. Our true homes. The navels of our beginnings.

the open sea
a face still young stares
back at me

SALOME AND AVIVA

Werner Reichhold

No more refined news on oily Arabian screens?

Salome, they're only trying to suck up the sand's milk, kneeling

Oh, like me? I am a nurse, patiently cashing in at night-services

Wow, are you the winner of blessings on corporations' surplus?

Like a flying hostess' sister not spilling rosé leaning by screaming

Ah, is there hope that helps the shades of energy not to melt again?

Guess it hurts, Aviva, watching cold skin going out with a riptide

Hot on the rock, the father of uncontrolled thoughts named Nobel

Look at hybrids, "Otto-engine and the currents" make quiet babies

By gum, do you praise the bubbles of share traders in dark hollows?

Rubbing my eyes, honey- I guess bait lifts trout staying wild online

wireless dated

and yet still two figures

not likely

close enough to share

one shadow

NOTES ON A BUTAN SCULPTURE

Carol Pearce-Worthington

A miniature man slumbers on the deck of a pewter ship that is his life. A dagger rests beside him. He obviously does not feel threatened, yet his ship balances on the back of an elephant with jeweled ears and pointed teeth. He may dream of victories to come, a confident warrior. While dragons curve in the ocean below, still the man sleeps. He is designed to sleep, to go blindly through the walls of nothing and the threat of dragons, carved by the artist who also made the waves, the ship, the dagger; he is designed to fit this journey where no bird will ever dare to sing and thus embody the courage of the human being. Perhaps in dreams he knows that this is where he was meant to be for he does not seem afraid of what lies below or ahead. And unaware of the glass case and its edges that surround him, the man sleeps.

We stare at him, his ship, his dagger, the elephant, and the dragons. Meanwhile, the man, the warrior, sleeps.

it will have to be enough...
the master weaver
never stops weaving

FRIENDS

Adelaide B. Shaw

She was a bright student, Phi Beta Kappa. Married before graduation. Has her first child six months later. Three more children follow in rapid succession. She moves to a New England Coastal town and writes that she is happy.

She, with husband and children, move to Florence, Italy, where he continues his art studies.

She writes that she is happy.

Upon their return she teaches high school English and writes that she is not happy.

She and the children move to a commune in California where she grows vegetables, bakes bread, has a lover, changes her name to Sunflower and writes that she is happy.

dried roses
arranged in a vase
for a second life

NOTHING SACRED Adelaide B. Shaw

The Poulnabrone Dolmen, the Portal Tomb. A six foot high structure of two slender limestone portal stones supporting a 12 foot flat table-like capstone. High on a hill in the Burren in County Clare, Ireland. The name means “hole of sorrows.”

Dating back from 4200 BC – 2900 BC, it is the sacred burial tomb of Celtic tribes. Silhouetted against the lowering sun, it is impressive, especially from a distance without tourists snapping pictures and where the restraining ropes are not visible. They were put up to keep visitors from climbing on the top or chipping away at the pillars.

I hang back from the group and look again.

six foot cairn
whistling winds keep company
with the dead

LIFE AND LIVING IT Jeanne Jorgensen

Kaylan George was born on June 16, 1994 . . . the healthy first child for my youngest brother, Tim, and his wife, Carol. 5 months and 3 weeks later, I still can see clearly Kaylan's tiny body as it lay so strangely still on a large, adult bed in the intensive care unit of the University Hospital. The sleeping baby boy lay hovering somewhere between life and death suffering from Endo Cardio Fibro Elastosis; a heart anomaly that ends the majority of its sufferers lives between the age of 2-5 years.

Leaving his distraught mother, Carol, kneeling beside Kaylan's bed, the remainder of us filed out slowly into the corridor in tears and did the only thing we knew how to do. We stood in a circle and joined hands, then, led by Grandpa Angle, prayed for something we had never experienced: a small miracle that would somehow change the course of Kaylan's life.

Over the next several months (with intensive medication and the care of his medical specialists) Kaylan rallied. In the meantime, his mom and dad learned as much as they could about this rare heart disorder and discovered that, in fact, a young girl in England had lived to the age of 13 years. A small but bright flicker of hope carried them forward one day at a time.

Not long ago, in April 2011, I had the pleasure of visiting with Kaylan who is now 16 years old.

Through the years, he has been active in hockey and many other sports. At present, he is involved in football and is busy trying to graduate from high school. Kaylan is now almost 5 feet 6 inches tall and is endowed with striking, dark, good looks. He remains under the care of heart specialists and his mother's firm belief in homeopathy.

At this time, friends in the haiku community who believe in the power of prayer, as well as family members have kept Kaylan in their daily devotions. His doctors cannot really explain Kaylan's continuing good health and how he can remain active in sports. He is on medications for his heart and doctors feel sure that, as Kaylan grows, his heart may become stressed to the point that a heart transplant must be considered. If this happens, and until that day, he lives life to the fullest.

Not long ago, Kaylan passed an important test and now drives the family car when dad finds the courage to let number #1 son out into the world of the 'wheeled'.

late spring
close by the dandelion in bloom
prairie crocus

FOR SARAH BRENNER
Gerard John Conforti

So small a room you have. It's like the walls are closing in on you. When we argue it breaks my heart and the tears flow. I think of you in such a small room alone at night when there is no one around to embrace you. I love you more than anyone I can think of and you are my closest friend. How could they put you in a small room and leave you to yourself when I am not around. We talk for hours when I'm there, but when I leave you my heart breaks once again.

the rain from the bough slowly falling into my heart

A DREAMER
Chen-ou Liu

I've both wrestled with, and been despaired of, learning English since my emigration to Canada in 2002. Five years ago, I, a middle-aged man who doesn't speak English, felt that I could never master two languages at the same time. In order to achieve my goal of becoming a writer, I eventually came to the conclusion that I had to break with my Chinese mind and to re-build a new English self.

first dawn
I see Icarus in the dream
waving his wings

To write in English requires a different way of thinking and focuses more on the expressivity and innovation of words and phrases. During the course of my adjustment to English writing, I have slowly begun to squeeze the Chinese literary mentality out of my mind.

As Chinese American writer Ha Jin said emphatically, "it was like having a blood transfusion, like you are changing your blood."

slapped hard
by Li Po in autumn dreams –
moonlight by my side

Five years have slipped away. I have had limited success in improving my English writing, but I keep on writing. As the poet Robert Louis Stevenson once stressed, "Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits."

For me now, to write in English is to make an attempt without knowing whether I am going to succeed in the unfamiliar world of the alphabet. Maybe, at some point, my English writing will arrive back where I started, and I will know what English writing means to me for the first time.

New Year dream
Sisyphus and I smile
at each other

NOBLEBORO BRANCH
Gary LeBel

There's a dock with a FOR SALE sign on it across the lake, raw land where no cottage was ever built. But for a small clearing at the water's edge, the rest of the property looks like virgin forest. What lies behind that realtor's sign?

We dive in, swim the channel, and after a decade away, I'm thankful to taste sweet Maine waters again; to feel its tingle resurrect a half-second's worth of youth.

Near the opposite shore, there's a cluster of lily pads with several buds and one pink blossom. Treading water, I cup the flower, its long and slimy stem descending through my fingers to the leaf-muck below; I sink my nose into it: its scent is brief, nearly transparent but exquisitely fragrant, like nothing I've ever smelled. I hold it for my sister.

We climb ashore beside the sign. A footpath leads through cedars, pine and hardwoods and ends at a flattened turnaround; beyond it, a gravel road rises and snakes upward through the thick woods, lined with ferns on both sides and weeded up the center, all of it virtually quivering with morning sunlight. No one has driven on it for some time for there are no tire marks in the leaf-moil.

The woodlands are shot through with sun-shafts; the air is sprinkled with blue jays. Stone fences climb the easy rise until the land plateaus at a tarred county road—it's then that my sister sees it: an old

cemetery.

Its grounds are enclosed by stone fences that maintain their arrow-straight courses through the woods. It has a small gate with wooden tines still attached to a frame, with iron hinge pins keyed to unworked granite posts.

But what is most remarkable is that the grounds within are covered entirely by an unbroken quilt of foliage: the headstones float on a lake of ivy, and not even a single stem grows outside its precincts.

Under an enormous oak that stands inside the enclosure, a shaft of sunlight pours down through the foliage and like a lamp illumines the smallest headstone: we step carefully into the graveyard, and kneeling, sink down into the depth of ivy around it.

Her name was Amanda, and she'd died at five years eight months old in 1865. But when I read her family's name, I find it's also our mother's! I comb the ivy carefully back from the stone and rub the lichen and moss away with my palm enough to read the last four lines near the bottom:

She was a child of earth,
A blossom pure and fair
That bloomed upon our hearth
And left its fragrance there.

Who wrote these lines? I read them again, this time aloud to my sister. We move on to her brother's and lastly, her mother's and father's stones.

We later learn that what were once only names and dates in the pages of our aunt's genealogy, a labor of love she'd painstakingly prepared years before the internet, now reaps ivy and poetry, and the Nobleboro branch of our family.

The cry of a loon

begins

and ends

a channel swim

EARLY MEMORY, DAVENPORT, IA

Roger Jones

Reddish squirrel on Brady Street, next to the park, lying on its stomach in the near lane, front legs outstretched as if in flight, a pool of drying blood around its mouth. Traffic passes; no one runs over it a second time. The calm purr of cars passing back and forth. People going home late from work.

follows me home
on the north wind
a red maple leaf

TAPS

Johnny Baranski

It could be Any Small Town, USA on this warm and bright Sunday afternoon. There's a parade moving down main street led by the local contingent of the VFW flanked on both sides by rows of star spangled banners fixed at attention on lampposts in the breezeless humid air. Curbside the towns folk applaud their appreciation. Shouts of, "Thank you for your service," ring out from here and there along the route and, "Semper Fi," when the band from the nearby Marine Corps base marches by. The shopkeeper in his apron, the cop on the beat, the bespectacled librarian, the parson, the barber, the waitress, the rough and tumble motorcycle outlaw, boy scouts and girl scouts, the town drunk all raise their hands to their foreheads or their hearts in salutes as the nation's colors pass in review. Later at a park by the river the entire town will usher in the unofficial start of summer with a picnic, three-legged race, egg toss, a softball game. Some people will tune in their portable radios to the annual running of the Indianapolis 500 automobile race. There will be a dance in the park gazebo. After sunset a fireworks display. And then as the last of the smoke rises from the dying barbeque pits a solitary bugler will somberly play "Taps."

Memorial Day
for those who have fallen
war no more

CRAZY ARROW

Gary LeBel

After working for seventeen hours on a steel tempering line, I hedge against driving the four and a half hours home, but when you've worked out of town for weeks at a time, things mount up, you get tired, you've had plenty of whatever it is you've had enough of.

I've stumbled through industrial holes all over the eastern seaboard for years and it's an uncontested fact that they never get pretty. The miles of lurid floodlights, smokestacks, gauges, domes and tangled pipes weigh heavily on the psyche like expressionistic stage sets for Wozzeck: apparently America feels no need to apply its makeup anymore (if it ever learned).

We decide to leave even though we're dead tired and would be content with any anonymous pillow. My right hand, my associate, is a good sleeper, already snoring as soon as the city's lampposts have disappeared.

So you start feeling your way along the little roads of the night by landmark, a farm here, a huddled enclave there, the lights of a rundown gas station that closes at dusk, a courthouse, a diner, a hill, a shine of water, a bridge. In most any small town there's always somebody up at four AM with their yellowy lamplight trickling out over their sills and onto Main Street. Somewhere on it float their stories.

And you look forward and trust in the terrain to bring you the wide Tennessee and an iron bridge whose metal grates will sing you across it to the mountain road it keeps on the other side, the one that edges you closer home.

I like the tire-roar of a van which is often a kind of music, but sometimes you need the real thing. Climbing up the steep grade of the mountain, I poke the ON, and then the SEEK.

And out of the air come slivers of country music, evangelistic hoots, soft rock and then—sharp as a laser, buoyant, perfect: Mozart!

I swear I have never loved him as much as I do at this moment: brilliant, crystalline, his whole calamitous century marching and dancing behind him like a Fellini procession, though at the lead, Mozart himself is ageless, dressed however floridly. Ah, the Jupiter!

And what a master of second winds he is! You wake up and stand at attention. There is no Sisyphus rolling an ungodly boulder up a slope in Mozart's pantheon, no, only an inexhaustible lightness where even the darkest contrabass is but light turned blue instead of silver, green, orange, or crimson. I once read that the painter Rothko listened to him incessantly while he worked, and to this day I cannot fathom why Mozart didn't erase a bit more of the painter's despair, but then I've always asked too much of music...

and now a brand new day is sneaking up over the mountain like a cow-licked child and into your bed on a Saturday morning, a giggling, sweaty panther ready to pounce and eat you alive with snarls of kisses: Mozart brings all this and as his Jupiter ends, my sleeper smacks his lips in dry-mouth, yawns, grunts and stretches, while our oldest companions, the stars, take their leave as if to say, "good-bye to all that." until tonight.

With this first step,

I'll take one of infinitely many paths

to the shifting target,

another of which

the arrow has never heard

SEQUENCES

FOR JAPAN

Owen Bullock

shaken
as snow from a branch
cold dawn

reflection of the lamp
shining
in another window

spring
the fly
unmoving

philodendron
has grown since they left
'on vacation'

little bottles
on the dressing table
still standing

from their departure
a book has curled
spiders multiplied

the blue of the cloud
meets the blue of the night . . .
rain

his limbs
often getting to sleep
before him

curtains drawn over distant slumber

NEW ORLEANS

(some years before Katrina)

Bill Cooper

spicy crab with eggplant
adding grace notes
to her song

little league
in center field
a shotgun shell

oyster artichoke soup
a lunch meeting
over insurance

approaching gale
our host sets sail
with a scoff

hazy afternoon
the blind artist's
delicate hands

heads out the moon roof
Christmas lights
in canopy oaks

lakeside restaurant
dark pylons
in dark water

turtle soup
the dean's
wry smile

play kitchen
her krewe cups
from bygone years

gala reception
hollow forerunner
of the french fry

blackened redfish
a searing question
about wetlands

causeway drive
Jackson Browne
in a warm breeze

wrong turn
no dry cleaning
on this corner

chef's aria
profiteroles
on opera night

levee romp
toddler shoes
above the roof

FROM THE FRONT
Carolyn Coit Dancy

draft notice
the high-school sweethearts
elope

separation
she starts smoking
a pack a day

bare bulb dangling
from the tent's ridge pole
he writes home

Victory Garden
doing her part
for the troops

mail call
a black-and-white photo
of his newborn son

Movie Tone News
closing her eyes to reports
from the front

PASCAL'S PARADOX
Ed Baranosky

It is not certain that everything is uncertain.
Blaise Pascal

Out of the pearl grey sky
A few snowflakes spin

Through black branches
Clawing at the memories of crows
Unfolding curved wings.

The long headland
Buries itself into a heavy fog
Always beyond reach,
Limp sails forming out of the mist
Culling bells and horns.

Appaloosa horses
Turn into the surf and whinny
Rumbling towards salted grass,
The spartina still green
In tufts of snow-drift.

In the geometry of oceans,
And Lovecraft's prehistoric cities
The angles seem closer now
When the offshore November storms
Wield serrated edges.

Never divide by zero
An absent teacher once warned
Or you'll lose your mind,
The first step of a beginner
Rediscovering infinity.

SUNSET SCENE FROM YOUR MEMORIAL BENCH
Autumn Noelle Hall

opaline skies
tatted with apricot clouds
await the new moon
in my heart, as in the air
cicada song

netting of vines
hung among the hickories
a captive forest
red fox pacing figure eights
infinity traced in grass

zig-zagging
after June Bugs

fruit bats on the wing
it is possible to seek
what one cannot see

a Great Horned Owl
her silent silhouette
slowing time
reverence in her passage
this night's honor flight

guiding her owlets
to the top of the trees
a good mother, Owl
below, a buzzing banquet
a once-in-thirteen-years feast

owls drop to the lawn
like ladies in hoop-skirts
hunting
hopping cicadas
on pantaloons'd legs

a wallflower
I am witness to their dance
in the dark
this black metal bench
an orchestra seat

a plaque underfoot—
Hunting morels in heaven—
even more I hope
tonight you are dancing
in each other's arms

HORNET NEST Elizabeth Howard

a deserted hornet nest
under the garage eaves
how have we missed it
throughout the summer?
how have the hornets missed us?

what if
while trundling back and forth,
mowing, watering,
tending the flowers,

idling under the sweet cherry?

what if
the dog clambering about
barking at every leaf fall
in the forest
at every squirrel in the yard?

the nest now paper ashes
we stand in awe of the builders
a bell with hundreds
of geometric chambers
each perfectly placed

had they been ancient Romans
might they have built
coliseums, aqueducts,
temples, roads
extant after 2000 years?

we pull the nest down
it turns topsy-turvy, a tier cake
perhaps overturned
by riotous dancers
or a jealous lover

we give it to the forest
paper for field mice
to fashion a winter haven
or for the hornets
to build anew next summer

TANGLED VINES

Claire Everett

distilled
from the eaves of silence
drop by drop
an icicle of tanka
run through a love-blanching heart

perfumed dust
the faint stain
of freesias
her glad grace remembered

in tanka's cut-glass vase

a lotus moon
blooms with the scent
of tanka...
dropping pollen
until sleep turns the page

tanka
with her restless fingers
tugs at loose threads...
half way to lost
these red and gold dreams

corked
the dammed veins of sunset
how my tongue flinches
when I long to drink dry
the grape of tanka

fears
these old haunts...
a crow wind
picks clean
the bones of tanka

climbing the walls
these tangled vines of tanka
a foothold
on the crumbling ledge...
a window to your heart

RAGGED WINGS

Ruth Holzer

is it still
their anniversary
if one
has gone and the other
doesn't remember?

a crow
with a ragged wing
I meet
in the same place every day

on the way to Mother's

the woman
tending her father
tells me
they're on a journey
no good for anyone

to each
his own burden
of care--
if it wasn't this
it would be something else

TANKA
Alegria Imperial

scanning for dawn
between willows--
we weary our thoughts
wanting to know
where infinity begins

as the birch
shed off its bark
you have changed
scraping off what clings
what weighs you down

the gingko
bends and arcs its twigs to reach
an indifferent sky
unlike how we wall ourselves
in from cold stars

soft rain
blurring the dance of trees
brings on the longing
in a language the sky
dictates to our hearts

BETWEEN AUTUMN AND WINTER
Chen-ou Liu

pulling up the blind
in this mid-autumn sky
I see
her plane leaving
the long white trail

she's gone forever
darkness fills up the space
where my heart
has reserved for her
since we first met in '68

alone
by the Pacific shore
I put
a seashell to my ear
on a windy autumn day

a handful of sand
defying the grip
of my clasped fingers
Cupid's arrows fly
at a lonely darts pub

the ebb
and flow of thoughts
of her
that keep beckoning me
on that starry night

autumn
that crimson lure
tricks me
into forgetting
winter will come soon



bluejay
spreads one wing
then the other

Emily Romano

Haiga by Emily Romano

THAT SHINING SUMMER DAY
Chen-ou Liu

walking out
in the middle of the lecture
on astrology
we saw summer stars
in each other's eyes

fearing
what would come out of my heart
I pulled her tight
into my arms
putting my mouth on hers

she laughed
Yesterday was a one-off
just that once
drifting in the chill spring air

the theme song from Ghost

I walk alone
down a leafy path
drenched in a shower
of summer memories
a fork in the road ahead

ITHACA
Hannah Mahoney

we linger
brush shoulders in the dark . . .
as days lengthen
receding snow
reveals soft earth

afterward, tangled
like surf-flung flotsam
the light trace of your hand
along my spine
our mingled breath

I dive into the chill
and out beyond the waves
when I look back
you and the osprey
keep watch

as you sing along
with the car radio
I suddenly ache to be with you
even beyond this life
eucalyptus after rain

SEASONAL ROMANCES
Ramesh Anand

melting snow –
memories of kissing
in the fragrant breeze

pondering wedlock
first drizzle
in the hill lake

walking barefoot
on the river pebbles –
morning chill

spring's end
she whispers
i have mastered

gathering shells –
the twilight tide
splashed her face

winter mist
my grandma shows
her first calf love

SINGLE POEMS

Im Regenlicht -
auf den Stufen zum Haus
schon die Wärme

in rain light
on the house steps
already warmth

Gerd Boerner

zwischen den Lippen
der dünne Rand der Teetasse
Magnolienblüten

between the lips
the curved edge of the teacup
magnolia blossoms

Gerd Boerner

am Rande des Sommers
langsamer
durch den Regen gehen

at the edge of summer
going more slowly

through the rain

Gerd Boerner

auf der Wäscheleine
zwischen leeren Klammern
ein Höschen

on the wash line
between empty clothespins
panties

Gerd Boerner

a summer's eve
between the rows of corn
an idea

ayaz daryl nielsen

mossy steps
across the brook
the lives of rocks

ayaz daryl nielsen

a kindergartner
fills her paper with color
I see a white spot, I say
Oh, she whispers, that's for God
wind-blown petals at the window

hannah mahoney

THE MIND'S SHADOW
Gino Peregrini

a bar of wet soap—the mind eludes the hand's grasp, rides on bubbles
a bee drifting from plant to plant—the mind's quest for nectar an old
dog at the window, barking at shadows . . .

die Finger
in der Wunde des Baumes
beim Spaziergang

fingers
in the trees wound
during a walk

Michael Denhoff

Weggabelung
sie entscheidet sich
umzukehren

a forked path
she chooses
to turn back

Michael Denhoff

spätes Licht
die langen Schatten
der Familie

evening light
the long shadows
of the family

Michael Denhoff

Januar -
mit den Königen kommen
auch die Krähen

January -

with the kings
the crows also come

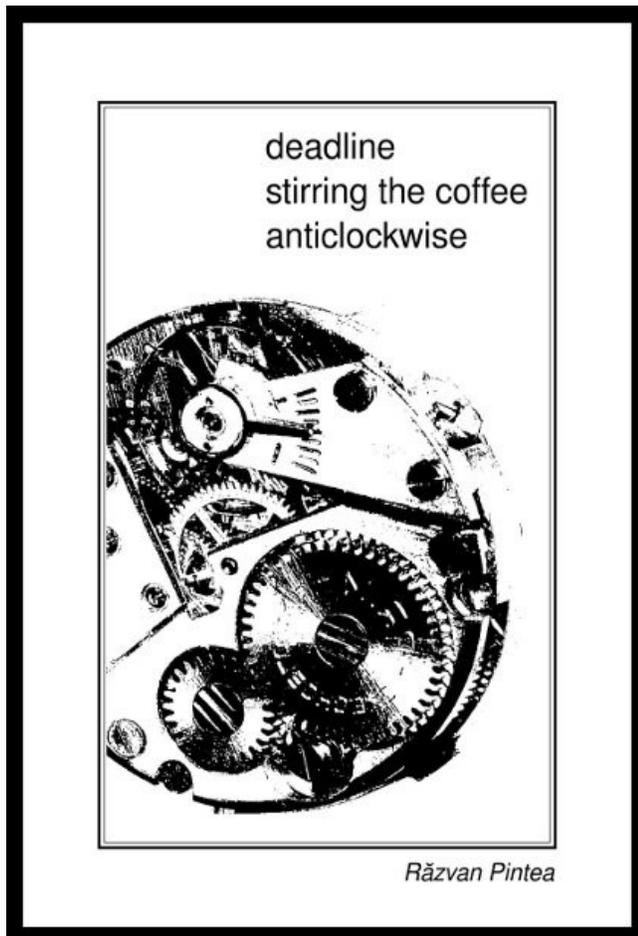
Michael Denhoff

Orchestertutti
die Spur des Taktstocks
in der Luft

full orchestra
the trail of the baton
in the air
Michael Denhoff

with the rag top down
in his shiny new camaro
the office geek
suddenly
a chick magnate

Johnny Baranski



Haiga by Razvan Pinteă

BOOK REVIEWS

Garden Mandala by Giselle Maya. Koyama Press. 84750 Saint Martine de Castillon, France: 2011. Hand-tied, 10 x 13 inches, hand-made paper covers, 52 pages, illustrated with woodcuts of botanicals from 1532 and pen & ink sketches by her daughter, Introduction by Michael McClintock. Contact: Giselle.Maya@wanadoo.fr. for pricing.

To borrow the words of Michael McClintock in the Introduction: “Garden Mandala is poet’s open love affair with the growing things in a single hectare of earth in the south of France. In haiku, tanka, free verse and prose, Giselle Maya writes of “this one spot on earth” in a language of adoration and awe, as both lover and servant.”

McClintock goes on to say, “In books such as this, composed as a kind of prayer within a diary of passion, we may all recognize and savor that mythos of Eden that we carry in the very chalk of our bones and clay of our flesh.” Beautifully said!

not a flower
in the gleaned garden
by the window
a Christmas rose
pure white and green

This handmade book, green and soft as new growth, brings art and inspiration for gardener or anyone who eats of the harvest. Giselle Maya combines the soul of a poet, the sweat of a gardener and gift for us all in her outstretched hands. Yes, the font in the book is similar to this one. I especially enjoyed the story of how she got this garden spot and the glimpses into the life of an extra-ordinary woman.

Anemones, tanka by Giselle Maya. Koyama Press. 84750 Saint Martine de Castillon, France: 2011. Hand-tied, 6.5 x 10 inches, hand-made paper covers, unnumbered pages. Contact: Giselle.Maya@wanadoo.fr. for pricing.

Anemones almost seems a companion book to Garden Mandala, yet here the tanka really shine. With twenty-four single poems printed one to a page the reader is lifted up on a wave of clear praise and poetry.

learning
to live with paradox
I continue to garden
sharing lettuce and radishes
with a clan of snails

fierce as tigers
divine sand-bearing winds
sculpt

the limestone towers and dwellings
of this perched village

100 Selected Haiku of Katoo Ikuya. Translated with a study by Ito Isao. Literary Society's Library of Aichi University; April 2011. Slipcase, hardcover with silk, 6 x 9 inches, 104 pages, ISBN978-4-8060-4752-0 ¥3500.

With this beautifully made book, Ikuya Katoo, the leading innovator of Japanese modern haiku is introduced to the English-reading audience via superb translations. In addition, Mr. Ito presents detailed explanations of Katoo's work and its connection to Japanese and world-wide culture as well as a clear biography of his life.

Ikuya Katoo was born on the third of January in 1929 in Tokyo. His father, Shishuu Katoo, was already an established haiku poet. It was no surprise then when the son graduated from Waseda University with a degree in literature. In the same year (1951) Ikuya Katoo had published his first book of collected haiku: *Kyuutai kankaku – The Sense of a Sphere*. Over the years 12 volumes of his haiku have garnered all the highest haiku and literature prizes of Japan and established him as the authority on Edo-aestheticism – the beauty of form as a vision based on Bushido and Zen in modern times.

According to the full-some introduction the features of the style of poetry based on the Edo-aestheticism are “wit, an attitude of not showing an air of seriousness, straight-forwardness without roundabout expression, consistency, bracingness, elasticity, the manner of firm resolution, nonchalance of the unprejudiced mind, taste for humour and so on.” It seems Ikuya Katoo's work is closer to Kikaku's – Basho's student, rather than to the Old Master.

While this might lead the reader to suppose Ikuya Katoo's work to only have the flavor of a 300 year old Tokyo, it doesn't. Ikuya Katoo is a modern man and while specialists may detect echoes of the gay life of that period, he has developed his haiku into a universal light-hearted expression free from emotional development. Sometimes one can also equate Ikuya Katoo's style with that of Shiki and his *shasei* writing method of “sketches.” For the English reader, this means that many of the poems are so ethereal or based on cultural implications that the poem melts and disappears in one's hand. However a sample of the poems that make the leap across the societal divide are:

under an umbrella
we drank together –
the spring rain

people streaming up
along by the river –
a fallen bamboo leaf

There are a lot of poems about drinking, or giving up drinking, the life with his wife, her death, and his companion in later life.

In Gero

the mistress by me

and the autumn tints
of the mountains.

Isao Ito shows each poem in kanji and romaji with slashes to show the three parts of the poem. The English is given without beginning caps (thank you very much for noticing!) or poem end punctuation. This small nod to contemporary English haiku makes the poems feel very modern. For English readers these haiku and their translation offer a good answer to the question I often get: just what are the top Japanese haiku poets writing today?

Not only can you read and understand the haiku, Isao Ito breaks up the runs of poetry to discuss each one. He fills in the cultural references and gives clear, understandable diagnosis of each work so the haiku student can appreciate current Japanese literary criticism.

A Further Mountain Range by Fumiko Tanihara. ISBN:978-4-89448-638-6. Dust-jacket on soft covers, 5 x 7.5 inches, 120 pages, Japanese and English, full-color cover, ¥1700.

The tanka in A Further Mountain Range are printed one to a page with the kanji given on the outer margins in a pleasing and easy-to-read format. The single tanka are combined into twenty series; each with a title that charts the travels of this adventurous woman. The joy of Ms. Tanihara for her life of adventure and mountain climbing is evident throughout the book.

From the series “By The Summer Sea in Kishu,” I especially liked:

on the weathered rocks
of Goblin’s Castle
I’m walking. . .
alas, time slips away
so fast from me

As you can see the English is given without caps and with minimal punctuation. While many of the English versions do follow the tanka form, it seems the translations follow closely the Japanese even when the target language needs more space.

While reading these poems I had the strong feeling that “here is woman I would love to meet on a mountain path.” Maybe on her many travels this will be so.

All That Remains by Catherine J.S. Lee. Turtle Light Press, P.O.
Box 1405, Highland Park, NJ 08904. info@turtlelightpress.com. Hand-tied, 5.5 x 4.5 inches, 30 pages, decorated end-sheets, \$17. ppd.

All That Remains was the winner of a chapbook contest judged by Kwame Dawes and Rick Black, editor of the Turtle Light Press and served to illustrate this new press’s approach to publishing. In many ways, upon opening the book, one thinks it might be one of Swamp Press’s editions but instead the poem pages are computer printed. Otherwise the book is given to the careful handwork of old time bookmaking.

Catherine Lee’s only began writing haiku in 2007 after many years of writing short fiction, but already

her work is winning prizes.

home burial
his rusted gang-plough almost
hidden by snow

again he sighs
and tells her his name
afternoon fog

haiku by Kala Ramesh and My Haiku Moments. Published by Katha, New Delhi, India.
Marketing@katha.org My Haiku Moments is saddle-stapled, 5 x 5 inches, 12 card-quality pages and haiku is a full-color folded to 5 x 5 inch book.

What charming duo these books are! Published by Katha, a non-profit organization in the slums of New Delhi, dedicated to bringing the joy of reading books for children and adults they combine to encourage the study and writing of haiku. The book haiku is completely off the wall in that it is printed on heavy cardstock in vivid delightful colors of the artwork by Surabhi Singh and then folds in an ingenious way so that no matter how you turn it or flip up a page, new haiku by Kala Ramesh come into view. A marvelous way to delight the quirky mind.

Kala Ramesh's haiku are perfectly constructed with international insight and humor.

waterfall
do darting birds
tickle it?

shaded avenue
an abstract painting
of bird droppings

My Haiku Moments is designed to get any child started with writing haiku. The information is succinct and 'correct' with modern English haiku. What a great change from the many antiquated versions of "how to write haiku" on YouTube and in printed books! These you could give with pride to grandchildren or get a set for every child in their class. In the back of the booklet are instructions for teachers, which show the many ways haiku can be used within other disciplines and closes with the line "And we suggest every teacher should haiku up her sleeve."

These books are the best haiku ambassadors I have seen and they need an international distributor so children everywhere can have the positive influence of excellent haiku. If I were not so old I would out on street corners selling these books! Some retired salesman needs to step up to the plate and do a good deed for haiku by helping this new publishing house.

The Debris Field by Anthony Knight. Contact:knight.pages@hotmail.co.uk. Soft cover in full color, flat-spine, 80 pages. tanka and haiku.

As for the price I've decided that for American readers it's too much bother to convert dollars to sterling and therefore I'll send out copies free of charge providing the recipient agrees to donate \$10 to any American anti-war charity..Kind regards, Tony Knight

With a wet brush I stand
By the newly-painted fence,
Second thoughts dripping. . .
And preferred the weathered wall,
All cracks and moss, I knocked down.

Ankle-deep in leaves
I pause on fortieth
And autumn rakes me.

breakthrough (very small caliber verse) by John Bryce Belbas. Southern Illinois University Publication: 2010. Soft full-color cover of artwork by Barbara Ann Fife, flat spine, 4 x 6.75 inches, 120 pages, five haiku per page. John Belbas, P.O. Box 442, Oregon House, CA 95962.

the subway at night :
a choir of angels singing
in the hissing brakes

a little piece of mountain
breaks off and floats up –
. . . a cloud comes to see

Nipponese Essences by Adina Al. Enachescu. Editura Societatii Scriitorilor Romani, Bukuresti, 2011. Trade paperback with full color cover, 5.5 x 8 inches, 180 pages, bilingual Romanian and English, ISBN:: 978-973-7700-80-3

Poem given an award at the 2008 Romanian Society of Haiku:
Stormy winter –
an old woman with a bread
dragging her boots

Lonely in the night
waiting for the glow-worms. . .
with stars in my thoughts

Dancing in the Dew / Ples Po Rosi by Vlasta Mazuranic. Ogranak Matice hrvatske u Samoboru.
Contact info@ogranak-mh-samobor.hr. Trade paperback with full color cover, 5.5 x 8 inches, 96 pages,
bilingual ISBN:978—953-6588-51-0

an old pigsty –
rusty tools in the dung
silent emptiness

the village smithy
deserted, silent, and dark
smith's gone to matins

A Narrow Road by Ljubomir Dragovic. Liber, Belgrade. Soft cover, 5 x 6.5 inches, 106 pages,
bilingual, ISBN:978-86-6133-055-1. No price given.

spring fever –
a restless girl hides
it under her dress

smooth moonlight. . .
a girl's bare neck
presses the violin

My loved Japan by Clelia Ifrim. Editura Universitara: 2011. Flat-spine, soft cover, 4 x 7 inches 38
pages one poem to a page, no price given. Contact: redactia@editurauruiversitara.ro

Haiku inspired by the March 2011 earthquake in Japan.

Deserted houses –
the wind comes and leaves alone
more and more alone

White ruins, white words
of a woman with her baby
on her back – March snow

two milkweed parachutes by Carol Purington and Larry Kimmel. Tri-fold, 8.5 x 11. \$1 with a SASE
from Winfred Press. 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340.

It doesn't always need to be a book! These two experts in tan-renga and tanka combine to bring a
linked tanka poem as well as samples of their current work in a simple, yet effective way. I found this
folded brochure-type very refreshing and completely charming. What a lovely gift to tuck into an

envelope. There are just the right amount of poems for an afternoon's perusal. This is a marvelous way to visit these neighboring poets in Colrain, Massachusetts, via color photographs. You should order this tri-fold just to get inspiration what you could do with your own poems. Not ready for a book? think of doing a tri-fold and get your work out of the drawer and into other's hands!

Childhood landscape –
the covered bridge
that carried me
from safety to fear
and back again cp

wide snow,
all else perpendicular – tall trees
icicles off the porch eaves
and I too upright
in my solitude lk

Modern English Tanka Press is delighted to announce the recent publication of five new titles in 2011.

The Maternal Line: The 13th Tanka Collection by Kawano Yûko translated by Amelia Fielden and Saeko Ogi.

High-profile professional poet Kawano Yûko (24 July 1946–12 August 2010) stood in the forefront of Japanese post-war women tanka writers. An intensely personal writer, who always enlivened her work with events from her own life, she had a distinguished career spanning forty years. In addition to several thousand original tanka, she published books of essays and criticism. Kawano also taught tanka composition at colleges and on television while working as an editor, lecturer, and contest judge. She was married to scientist and poet Dr. Nagata Kazuhiro with whom she led the prestigious Kyoto-based association of contemporary tanka writers called 'Tower.' Published in late 2008, *The Maternal Line*, *Bôkei*, was Kawano Yûko's 13th tanka collection. The poems in it, written from 2005 to 2008, reflect her life over those years as a daughter, wife, mother, grandmother, and poet. Embracing the light and shade of her world with her whole being, Kawano has revealed that world to her readers through her tanka. Pamela A. Babusci, Editor of *Moonbathing: a journal of women's tanka*, writes: "The team of Amelia Fielden and Saeko Ogi has done it again, made available a wonderful tanka poet's contemporary collection for the enjoyment and appreciation of English readers everywhere. Without such important translations, much distinctive tanka poetry would be lost to non-Japanese. Kawano Yûko's award-winning tanka book: *The Maternal Line* is filled with tanka which will pull on your heart strings and captivate your soul. Her poetry weaves a rich tapestry of intense feelings all can relate to, from generation to generation. *The Maternal Line* is a tanka collection that should grace every tanka poet's library, a collection poets will read again and again, each time gaining new vision into the poet's life."

Dreams Wander On: Contemporary Poems of Death Awareness edited by Robert Epstein.

To be born is to die. We behold evidence of death every day of our lives, but our own mortality is nowhere in sight. Shall we relegate our own finiteness to the farthest point on the horizon, or bring it up close to discern what light it may shed on our all-too-brief lives? Contemplating death is not morbid! Philosophers and poets throughout the ages agree: The awareness of our own mortality deepens our connection with life. In *Dreams Wander On: Contemporary Poems of Death Awareness*, haiku poet and

editor Robert Epstein has collected more than 300 death awareness haiku (and related forms, senryu and tanka, plus artwork) by 125 contributors worldwide, who have written with great sensitivity and acute consciousness of their own mortality. The first collection of its kind to appear in contemporary English language haiku, *Dreams Wander On* takes its inspiration from the Japanese, who have for centuries written death poems or jisei on the verge of death as a kind of "farewell to life." While not literally writing as they breathe their last, the poets in *Dreams Wander On* don't shy away from their own finiteness, but rather stare down the well of mortality to draw insight, wisdom, and courage from the unfathomable. Readers will find themselves slowing down and appreciating each and every moment, where revelations unfold about the great mystery that is life-and-death. In these pages, you will encounter uncertainty, humor, gratitude, irony, joy, love, and a universal longing to be spared the fate which one and all must face. Such contemplations have the power to transport both reader and writer from the present moment to the Eternal Now—an ineffable and extraordinary gift of our finiteness.

I'm a Traveler: a collection of tanka by Kozue Uzawa.

Most of the tanka in this book appeared originally in: *Eucalypt* (Australia), *GUSTS* (Canada), *Modern English Tanka* (USA), *Moonbathing* (USA), *red lights* (USA), *Ribbons* (USA), *Season's Greetings Letter* (USA), *Tanka Café* (USA), *Tanka Journal* (Japan), and *Tanka Splendor 2006* (online, USA) from 2004 to 2011. Also, in anthologies: *Haiku Canada Members' Anthology* (2009 & 2010, Canada), *Landfall: Poetry of Place in Modern English Tanka* (2007, USA), and *Take Five: Best Contemporary Tanka vol. 2* (2010, USA). Some of them, translated into Romanian by Magdalena Dale, appeared in *Haiku: Magazine of Romanian-Japanese Relationships* (2009, 2010) and *Albatross* (2009, Romania). *I'm a Traveler*: a collection of tanka is Kozue Uzawa's first published collection of tanka, selected from her works published in journals over the period 2004–2011.

Haiku Wisdom: Living the Principles and Philosophies of Kung Fu, Haiku and Nature by Don Baird. Both born of ancient masters, the unique blending of Haiku and Kung Fu in *Haiku Wisdom*, gives us a seamless guide to exploring our human existence. With careful attention to the minute detail and beauty of nature, Don Baird brings us on a magical journey of perception, introducing us to the miracles of our souls, hearts, minds and world. By using the allure of haiku mixed with the elegance of martial arts philosophies, he allows us to open our eyes to our own journeys, where we may begin to revel in the grandeur that is our life

Take Five: Best Contemporary Tanka, Volume Three (2010) Anthology, edited by M. Kei. The *Take Five* editorial team for Volume 3 (2010), consisting of M. Kei, editor-in-chief (USA), Patricia Prime (NZ), Kala Ramesh (India), Alex von Vaupel (NL), Aurora Antonovic (CAN), Magdalena Dale (Romania), Amelia Fielden (AUS/JP), Andrew Riutta (USA), and James Tipton (MEX), read all contemporary tanka published in English during 2010, including more than 175 venues totaling eighteen thousand poems. Sources ranged from tanka journals to social media to musical performances to chapbooks and many other formats. The result is *Take Five : Best Contemporary Tanka, Volume Three*, featuring tanka, tanka prose, and tanka sequences by 187 poets and translators from around the world. With an introduction by editor-in-chief by M. Kei, and commentary by the editorial team, *Take Five* provides a valuable snapshot of tanka in the 21st century. Cover art by Aurora Antonovic.

Full information is available in the press releases for each of these books, published in full at <http://www.tankanews.com/> To shop for these books, please go to <http://stores.lulu.com/modernenglishtanka> MET Press bookstore at Lulu.com. best wishes, Denis M. Garrison, Modern English Tanka Press

Dear Authors,

If your marvelous new book has your haiku or tanka written with each line started with a capital letter and a flurry of punctuation or in strict syllable count, save yourself the postage and effort of sending a book to me to review. I am tired of trying to be kind when I really want to scream at you, “don’t you know what modern English haiku and tanka look like in these days?” Jane

LETTERS TO LYNX FROM:

Karina Klesko

Don Ammons

Steffen Horstmann

CONTESTS

Polish International Haiku Club

Journal of Renga & Renku

MAGAZINES

The Ghazal Page

haiku-art

Revue du Tanka francophone

Ardea

Simply Haiku

contemporary haibun online

Haibun Today

The Fib Review

Roadrunner Journal

Atlas Poetica

Showcase Haiku Haijin

LETTERS TO LYNX

. . .you probably have heard that Betty Kaplan passed away on July 25 of heart failure. Here is the link for the virtual card for the family. I have not been on all summer so just trying to get into the swing of things. The link for the card, more are added each day . It will appear in the next issue of Sketchbook with her tribute. http://poetrywriting.org/SketchbookTributeBettyKaplan08-31-2011/Betty_Kaplan_Tribute_SKB_Vol_6-4_JulAug_2011.htm Hugs, Karina Klesko

. . . I have just read an article on the Danish haiku site by one J.S.H. Bjerg that quotes you extensively. Do you know him? Go to the site, haikudanmark.dk. Then put the mouse on ARTIKLER and click. Under vinter 2011 you will find seven articles listed. The last two are by J.S.H. Bjerg, and the next to last is the one I have just read. It begins with a Jane Reichhold quote. And how are you? Hope all is well in the great north woods. Don Ammons

. . . In recent years I've taken the opportunity, from time to time, to review past issues of LYNX. To be honest, I've been humbled by the experience--in my realization of how much there was that I didn't know about the ancient eastern forms. For instance: before reading LYNX I had no knowledge of haiga, and learning of haiga was truly a fascinating experience for me. I also realized that my understanding of the practice of haiku was very much out-of-date. But the greatest pleasure for me is to be able to read the work of contemporary poets who continue to practice these forms.

. I spent most of 2010 revising older ghazals, written between 2003-2008. I found in rereading those poems that many of them had the capacity to be improved upon. It's a bit of a strange experience, to return to poems I'd written six or seven years before and begin working on them anew. In some cases the revisions were minor, but there were a few ghazals in which I felt it necessary to delete several couplets and write new ones to replace them. The working draft of the manuscript will be sixty-four ghazals, but I think ultimately the size of the book will be determined by the kind of feedback I receive.

I'm certainly aware of Jane's extensive knowledge of the ghazal, and will always welcome and appreciate her feedback, suggestions, as well as her thoughts on the development of the ghazal. A couple of years ago I came upon an interesting essay on the evolution of the sonnet by Anthony Hecht. In this piece Hecht cites examples of experiments with the sonnet by contemporary poets. Some of the poems featured in his essay include a minimalist sonnet, and a poem of fourteen lines without rhymes that has very long lines (like a prose poem)... One of the things that interested Hecht is that to his knowledge no one complained about these poems being called sonnets. I believe the reason for this is that any avid reader of poetry knows the types of sonnets (the canonical forms) because of their extensive practice in English over many centuries. So as readers we know immediately if a particular poem calling itself a sonnet is in fact a traditional sonnet or not. I think it is inevitable that what has taken place with the sonnet will occur with the ghazal (if it hasn't already). We live in a time when anyone interested in researching the ghazal or learning how to write a ghazal in it's classical Arabic or

Persian/Urdu form can quickly obtain this information. So I don't believe that its valid to claim that a poet who, say, writes a poem that doesn't follow all of the rules of the ghazal (but calls the poem a ghazal) is deceiving readers that the poem is a traditional ghazal. These days experienced readers of poetry will already know if it's a traditional ghazal or not. I certainly think poets should still be encouraged to write traditional ghazals, but I don't believe experiments with the ghazal in any way devalue the classical versions of the form. I hope I wasn't too long-winded with that explanation! I'd certainly be interested to hear what you and Jane think. Sometime soon I'll let you know when I'll have the working draft of my book ready, and will also keep you informed on my progress with the essays on the German poets. It's been a pleasure writing to you! Steffen Horstmann

CONTESTS

Entry form for the Polish International Haiku Club's haiku contest can be accessed here :
<http://polish.international.competition.haiku.pl/entry.php>

competition open to anyone

Submission Period

1 August 2011 — 16 October 2011

Haiku

1 (one)
not previously published in any form

Language

English

Theme

free

Style

contemporary:
three lines

within the 5-7-5 syllable pattern
no strict syllable count

Fee

none

Entry

>> here <<

Jury

Jane Reichhold — Final Judge
Rafał Zabratyński — Pre-Selector

Results

11 November 2011
(Jury's decision is definitive and irrevocable)

Prizes

books, diplomas and souvenirs for:
1st Place (one haiku)
2nd Place (one haiku)
3rd Place (one haiku)
Commendations (ten haiku)

Coordinator

Krzysztof Kokot

Journal of Renga & Renku, we are delighted to announce this year's renku contest which will be judged by well-known renku poet, Eiko Yachimoto. Details: Entry fee: None Deadline: 1 October 2011 Prizes 1. The winning poem will be published, together with a detailed critique, in the 2011 issue of the Journal of Renga & Renku. All entries will be considered as content for inclusion in the journal.2. A small (and yet to be selected) prize will be sent by way of congratulation to the sabaki or one designated participant of the winning poem.
Details1. Only renku in the shisan form are eligible for this contest; 2. There is no limit on the number of entries you may send; 3. Both solo and collaborative shisan are eligible; 4. Previously published

shisan are also eligible for the contest; 5. Shisan that include verses written by the contest judge or editors of JRR, or led by them, are NOT eligible for this contest.

Entry procedure: The leader or sabaki of the poem is designated the contest entrant and should do the following: 1. Send a clean copy of the poem (stripped of initials, schema notes, renju's names etc.) as a Word (or RTF) document attachment to RengaRenku@gmail.com (RengaRenku AT gmail DOT com); 2. Mark the subject line: Shisan contest/name of poem/name of sabaki, e.g. Shisan contest/October's Moon/Moira Richards; 3. In the body of the email, paste the following text: I hereby confirm that I have obtained consent from all of the participating poets to enter this poem in the 2011 JRR Renku Contest, and to offer it for publication by JRR; 4. There is no need to list the names or number of poets who contributed to the poem. We'll contact you later for this information if we decide to publish.

Judging criteria The judges will look for: 1. evidence of appreciation of both the renku genre and its shisan form; 2. successful employment of jo-ha-kyû movement; 3. effective use and variety in linking techniques; 4. a rattling good poem

The editors Journal of Renga & Renku <http://www.darlingtonrichards.com/>

MAGAZINES

The new ghazal challenge is on the theme of music, with a deadline of 31 December 2011. New! Year's! Eve! (I go to bed early anyway.) Here's the URL for the challenge:

<http://www.ghazalpage.net/challenges.html>. Gino Peregrini, The Ghazal Page

<http://www.ghazalpage.net>

<http://ghazalpage.net/blog>

<http://genedoty.ghazalpage.net>

Liebe Haiku-Freunde, dear haiku-friends, die Monatsbeiträge August 2011 sind online haiku-art ... haiku and haiga of the month August 2011 are online:

haiku - Volker Friebel; haiga - Magdalena Banaszkiwicz / art - Konrad Banaszkiwicz

Eine gute Zeit ... wish you nice summer days. Haikugrüße aus dem Mansfeldischen,
sincerely yours, Ramona Linke

Dear friends, Ardea, the new online multilingual journal for haiku, tanka and related forms, is now live at www.ardea.org.uk. Submissions for issue 2 are welcome. Guidelines are on the website. Please feel free to publish this notice and forward it to anyone who may be interested. All best wishes, John Kinory, editor

... Canada Post was on strike for 25 days. Only today did I receive the 2011 June issue of the Revue du Tanka francophone of my free and abridged adaptation of your Introduction to your collection Take Tanka Home. The link to see the content (titles and short summaries) of the literary revue for June is http://www.revue-tanka-francophone.com/juin_2011.html. Or to read the advertising of my adaptation of your text, one may go on my web site: <http://www.janickbelleau.ca/fr/tanka.php>.

I gave the following title to the article: Jane Reichhold et le tanka : 30 ans d'histoire. I will let you know when the issue is sold out: the editor will then put the content of it on his web site and I'll put my adaptation on my own site. In friendship, Janick Belleau

Simply Haiku, Summer 2011, Vol. 9. No. 2 <http://simplyhaiku.theartofhaiku.com/>

W E L C O M E! Robert D. Wilson, Saša Važić Co-Owners, Co-Publishers, Co-Editors

and the staff members

. . .Editors Jim Kacian, Ken Jones & Bruce Ross announce the release of the July 2011 issue of contemporary haibun online. Enjoy the editor's haibun pick and a special feature: Haibun as Journalism, and haibun by 31 writers.<http://contemporaryhaibunonline.com>

. . .Editor Jeffrey Woodward recently released the June 2011 issue of Haibun Today containing articles, interviews and reviews and haibun and tanka prose offerings. <http://haibuntoday.com/>

. . .Submissions are open for the partly complete website, "Romance under a Waning Moon", a website of haiku, tanka, haibun and images about the ups and downs of later in life
romance:<http://raysweb.net/fallromance> Email: Ray@raysweb.net

. . . Just a note to let you know that the June issue is online<http://www.haigaonline.com/>. Not too many tanka in it this time, but there are a couple in the Contemporary Haiga section--one of Susan Constable's and one of mine. Enjoy! Lorin Ford

The Fib Review Issue #10 has been posted to the Muse-Pie Press site. This issue features an international community of poets of Canada, Italy, New Zealand, the UK, and the US. Visit the site to read the outstanding Fibonacci poetry from poets new to the Fibonacci form as well as some poets featured in previous issues of the Fib Review. Be sure to visit the Writer's Archive which links the poems of all of our previously published poets to the archived issue in which they were published. Submissions for Issue # 11, due to be posted in December 2011, are now being accepted. Please send your submissions to musepiepress@aol.com. Be sure to put "For the Fib Review" in the subject line.

Roadrunner Journal is now up at: <http://www.roadrunnerjournal.net/>. New ku by 20 poets; The Scorpion Prize 23 by Joseph Massey (author of Areas of Fog and At the Point). Submission for 11.3 are most welcome. Send submissions to Scott Metz [scott@roadrunnerjournal.net] with 'Roadrunner Submission' and your name in the subject line. Include your submission in the body of the email; no attachments please.

Please send 5 to 25 ku at a time for consideration. No single poem submissions, please (they will be ignored). Also, please limit yourself to sending only two submissions per reading period. All poems must be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere. Please read the journal before you submit work. At this time there is no payment for accepted work. The submission deadline for issue 11.3 is December 1st, 2011.

We look forward to them!

Liebe Haiku-Freunde/Innen, Freunde des Renku ...gerne möchte ich in der Zukunft versuchen jeweils zur Mitte jedes Monats auf haiku-art ein Renku zu posten, wenn möglich unveröffentlicht ... da mir die Renkudichtung sehr am Herzen liegt. Den Anfang macht Hans Lesener mit dem Solo-Stück „Warten“ ... Warten – auf haiku-art Danke für Zeit und Interesse und viel Freude ...Grüße aus dem Mansfeldischen,Ramona Linka

Atlas Poetica : A Journal of Poetry of Place in Contemporary Tanka, issue 9, is now available from Amazon.com: <<http://www.amazon.com/Atlas-Poetica-Journal-Poetry->

Contemporary/dp/0615513611/ref=sr_1_20?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1312885234&sr=1-20 One of the advantages of switching to the new printer is more reliable distribution, including via Amazon.com. Therefore, all issues from ATPO 9 forward will be available for sale at Amazon, as well as through the printer at CreateSpace.com at <<https://wwwcreatespace.com/3652750> On the other hand, purchases made through the printer pay larger royalties to the journal, thereby helping secure its financial support. Issues sold through Amazon.com must pay a cut to Amazon, and so return less to the journal. However, we understand that many people are already customers of Amazon.com and prefer the convenience of shopping for ATPO along with their other Amazon purchases. Ultimately, it doesn't matter how you support tanka poetry, as long as you do. Small presses depend upon their readers' support to be able to continue publishing high quality, innovative works. Atlas Poetica has been published since the Spring of 2008, and is a unique venue not only for poetry of place in tanka, kyoka, waka, and gogyoshi, but is one of the few print journals to publish sequences, tanka prose, and non-fiction. ATPO's large format means it can accommodate lengthy works, as well as sizable selections by individual poets. Past issues are archived on the website for free at: AtlasPoetica.org. In addition, ATPO sponsors 'Special Features' focussing attention on different topics in tanka literature, all of which are always free on the website. Thank you for your support. Cordially, M. Kei, Editor, Atlas Poetica : A Journal of Poetry of Place in Contemporary Tanka

A note from Karina. Some of you may know, as a woman I love to create new things. In addition to my Global Correspondents, the Little Black Book, Contributing Editors and Childwriter's Sketchbook, which were my last creations to the Sketchbook, I have a new one, Showcase Haiku Haijin, ie. SHH! I will scout out each Sketchbook Issue for haiku to Showcase. These haiku will be chosen by rigid standards. I have not set a limit to how many haiku will be selected for the Showcase Haiku Haijin; that will be determined and vary each issue depending upon the haiku submitted and selected for the issue. While our thread is themed and our kukai has a kigo, the Showcase Haiku Haijin (SHH), will not be restricted to a topic. However, each Showcase Haiku must have a kigo / season word in the season of the publication they are submitting to. Showcase Haiku Haijin is only for Haiku, no other genres. Later we will add Tanka as a separate showcase. Haijin may send up to five haiku for each bi-monthly issue: February, April, June, August, October, and December. Haiku entered in the Showcase Haiku Haijin (SHH) must be previously unpublished; they must not be work shopped; they must not appear on any list, forum, group, blog, or in print. In short, if the haiku has appeared on the internet or in print we consider it to have been published. The next deadline is 20, October, 2011 for the September/October 31, 2011 issue. Any autumn kigo may be selected. Send to: Shh@poetrywriting.org Subject line: SHH and your name Include a Reference from which your Autumn kigo word was chosen; for example: Autumn Kigo: "morning dew"--autumn season/climate: The Haiku Handbook. William J. Higginson, p. 277. Autumn Kigo: "quail"--autum season / animals: The Five Hundred Essential Japanese Season Words: on-line @ <http://www.2hweb.net/haikai/renku/500ESWd.html> Autumn Kigo: "harvest time"--autumn season/humanity: World Kigo Database--on-line: <http://worldkigo2005.blogspot.com/2005/08/harvest-and-its-kigo.html> The World Kigo Database also maintains a list of regional Kigo. Other saijiki sources may also be used; just be specific. The July / August Sketchbook issue will not be published until September 30, 2011 due to the high volume of submissions and tributes. Remember to submit your poems to the Found Poem Contest to be eligible for the 1st. prize of \$50.00 or 2nd prize of \$ 25.00. Read the Details here! Deadline is December 1, 2011. Send Found Poems to : found@poetrywriting.org Subject Line: Found Poem Contest plus Poet's Name
Karina Klesko, Sketchbook Administrator

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