

# LYNX

A Journal for Linking Poets  
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## **BOOK REVIEWS:**

Behind Summer, Tanka Poems by Kuriki Kyoko, translated into English by Amelia Fielden and Yuhki Aya; cover art by Jan Bostok with calligraphy by Ogi Saeko (Ginnindera Press: Canberra, Australia: 2005). ISBN 1-74027-306-0. 5.75 X 8.25 inches, 72 pages, perfect bound. Can be ordered from Amelia Fielden at 20A Elouera Avenue, Buff Point NSW 2262, Australia, for US \$20, inclusive of international airmail postage (US bills preferred) by Jeanne Emrich

Streaks of Rain: 85 Haibun by Geert Verbeke. Printed by Cyberwit.net, 4/2, L.I.G. Govindpur Colony, Allahabad, 211004 India. Perfect bound, 8 x 5.5 inches, 96 pages, ISBN:90-8056348-X. Contact the author. and 'Vegen Van Regen' 85 Haibun door Geert Verbeke ISBN: 90-8056348 – X 2005 Publisher : Empty Sky by Silva Ley

Pomona Summer by Allan Briesmaster with artwork by Holly Briesmaster; Hidden Book Press, Toronto. Flat-spined, full-color cover, 32 pages, ISBN:1-894553-62-4 by Edward Baranosky

Der Lärm des Herzens, Haiku-Jahrbuch 2004, 15:21 cm, perfect bound. Herausgeber Volker Friebe, Haiku heute, Wolkenpfad Verlag, Denzenbergstrasse 29, 72074 Tübingen, Germany by Werner Reichhold

THE REST OF THE BOOK REVIEWS by Jane Reichhold

Zen Mercies Small Satoris by Marianne Bluger. Penumbra Press, Poetry Series 57: 2005. Soft cover, 8 x 5 inches, 64 pages, \$14.95, ISBN:18941375-4.

May Dazed: A Cinquain Sequence by the Cinquain Poets. Lulu Enterprises, Inc. 3131 RDU Center, Suite 210, Morrisville, NC 27560 Perfect bound, 74 pages, ISBN 1-4116-3399-7 \$9.95 USD.

Rose Haiku for Flower Lovers and Gardeners, edited by Angela Leuck. Price-Patterson Ltd. Perfect bound, full-color cover, 6 x 6 inches, 108 pages, 2005, ISBN:1-896881-52-1.

Ikebana: Haiku by Vasile Moldovan. Editura Orion, Bucharest, Romania: 2005. ISBN:973-8020-66-2. Flat-spined, full-color cover, 66 pages, Romanian and English, \$15. Contact Vasile Moldovan, str.Birnova, nr.8,bl.M.110,ap.9, cod-051164, Bucharest, Romania.

Being There by Tom Clausen. Haiku Masters Mini Series No. 2 Edited by vincent tripi. Swamp Press, Greenfield, MA: 2005. Hand-tied spine, 4 x 4 inches, 48 unnumbered pages, edition of 350.

A Moment is Forever by Stanley Pelter. Hub Editions, England: 2005. Perfect bound, 8 x 5 inches, full-color cover, 84 pages, ISBN:1-903746-48-5.

Buddha's Fingerprint by Stanford M. Forrester. Bottle Rockets Press , pob 290691, Wethersfield, CT 06129-0691: 2005. Hand-tied, 4 x 5.75 inches, 32 unnumbered pages, USA - \$10. , Canada & Mexico - \$11.00, elsewhere - \$12.

## **ARTICLES**

INTRODUCING THE NEW AHAPOETRY FORUM by Jane Reichhold

SURREALISM by Werner Reichhold

FROM THE SYMBIOTIC IN SINGLE VERSE TO SYMBIOTIC POETRY  
by Werner Reichhold

VON DER SYMBIOSE IM EINZELVERS ZU SYMBIOTISCHER POESIE by Werner Reichhold

## **LETTERS**

Kelly Ann Malone

Michael Williams

Denis M. Garrison

Deborah P. Kolodji

Edward Baranosky

Gene Doty  
aka Gino Pelegrini

Laryalee Frazer

Werner Reichhold

Geert Verbeke

Ray Rasmussen

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## SOLO POETRY

### GHAZALS

#### FOREST

Lorin Ford

I learned the paths of smaller animals;  
valley scrub, foreshore, mountain forest.

You were waiting, a prophet, promises shining  
green above the rubble of a charred forest.

Limping across Antarctica, brandy in my ice,  
I clean forgot the tangled forest.

Rocking the reef-tour boat, our adopted whales  
surfaced (out of season) from the deep forest.

Paper souvenirs - they're here somewhere -  
words on white, hauntings from the lost forest.

Clear-felled and milled, the stands of Coastal Ash;  
we do not speak of the empty forest.

Out of the woods now, but so much older,  
I knit, with children's bones, a witch's forest.

#### THIS LOVE

C W Hawes

I had given up on love, when I saw her before me;  
Yes, there she was sitting quite demurely before me.

I spoke to a friend and told him I'd seen love was around;  
He laughed at me and said, "Oh sure, she's standing before me."

The moon was rising in the east, I told her I'd found love;  
And in her pale silence I knew the future before me.

In the glow of the candle I met my love face to face,  
Gazed into her eyes and the light grew brighter before me.

And I, Akikaze, have seen many years, asked many questions;  
But always it is this love, which is the answer before me.

## VOICES

C W Hawes

Hear the song the recorder is playing!  
Hear the joyful songs the birds are making!

The hunt is on and the dogs are baying;  
It's the wily old fox they are making.

What are the words you insist on saying?  
What's this argument you keep on making?

Speaking to God in the prayers they're praying;  
But what requests are their hearts making?

In the house of his Friend has he been staying.  
His voice speaks truth in the silence it's making.

By the old fox outfoxed, hunters aren't preying.  
Let the player's tune finish this poem I'm making.

## HAIBUN

EARLY SEPTEMBER

C W Hawes

A Monday in early September. The sun is hot, but the southerly breeze is cool for a change. Evidence of the long absence of rain is everywhere. The iced tea still tastes good. The crickets are chanting their prayers, while birds look south.

this summer  
a hundred summers long  
leaves falling

## NEW YEAR'S FEAST

C W Hawes

My mother is of hearty eastern European stock: Slav and Magyar blood flows in her veins. My father's mother's ancestors hailed from the British Isles. Every New Year's Day these two traditions produced a bountiful feast in the hopes that we'd have good things to eat throughout the year. Today I carry on this tradition, but, due to economics, the scale is much more modest.

the new year's fourth day:  
sauerkraut leftovers  
but the meat is gone

## NOTES TOWARD A SEQUENCE BASED ON

"The Legend of The Lost City of Ys"

Larry Kimmel

The Lost City of Ys is a medieval legend from Brittany. It concerns King Gradlon and his daughter, Dahut. To please her whim, Gradlon builds a city by the sea for her to preside over. Dahut is a beautiful and wicked princess of the first order and leads Ys in dissolute behavior, and eventually to its destruction. Alongside the pagan lore, there are saints and prophecies aplenty, but in the end Daunt, is persuaded to steal the key to the dykes that hold back the sea from Ys. To this day, sailors will sometimes see lights and hear church bells from the depths of the green waters off the coasts of Brittany.

lavender twilight

the pearl gray castle  
higher than the highest cathedral

wicked pretty  
the siren-princess awaits  
her victim

gossip grips the town

another body rolled by the surf  
seals not what they seem to be

in a white tower  
the siren-princess ponders  
a crystal ball

dressed in hides

the hermit-sage walks the cliff's edge  
ringing a bell, he chants from his psalter

his fearful prophesy –  
the castle's shadow inching  
across the cobble square

FEELING NO PAIN

Larry Kimmel

"You been messin' with my ol' lady?"

"Maybe, what's'er name?"

A script you fantasize about, and Cyd got to do it, and got a carnation stain on his shirt for the doing of it, but didn't know that at first. "Ain't no way, man, it's gotta be his, 'cause I trashed the mothah," which he had, but when told the red carnation was now a mutant peony, Cyd dropped his guitar, sat down on the edge of the bandstand, and blanched as best he could.

the bike clocked at 135 mph

midnight and flatland in all directions  
one stone and it's over

Lorain to Oberlin  
15 miles 7 minutes  
me & Cyd

## ROUTE FIVE, VIRGINIA

Gary LeBel

Young corn bristles up through the sluggish mist. All along this verdant road the Saturday quietness of empty churches makes each new mile a still-life.

Route 5, along which some of oldest English settlements in America are found, never fails to surprise you as it continually transforms itself from ripening fields to dense, sun-dappled woodlands to brown, exuberant rivers and back again.

And there are stretches where the deep forest trees huddle close to the road, the leaf and limb of both sides intertwining in a tunnel of shade above the car. This closeness of the forest brings an intimacy I've not felt anywhere else, a vague connection with the past, however aloof and indifferent it always is.

Not far from here the first Thanksgiving was held; just the word itself coaxes grade school images of turkeys and wigwams, fires and muskets up out of my own past. But today, in light of the vast, populous country that sprang from such modest beginnings, I can't help but wonder what might have happened had we not rewarded the Native Americans' generosity and kindness with the beleaguering fact of their own extinction, had we honored the words of the faiths our European ancestors sailed so steadfastly to this coast to safeguard and practice. It's all here in sunsets and sediments, in leaf-rot and growth rings, another path we could have taken.

In 2007 Virginia will celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of its founding. Even as expertly pickled as the phantoms of the past have been in places like Williamsburg where children amble about in bonnets and three-cornered hats, it's hard not to imagine what a different nation America might be had we blended our beliefs rather than stamp out another's.

tractor paths well-worn;  
the sound of the falling rain  
in the leaves of corn

## SEQUENCES

### A PAPER DOLL WORLD

Ed Baranosky

on a knitted brow  
knit one, pearl two,  
wailing a song  
whaling along  
the lines form

at the right  
spaces between the yarns  
never empty.  
hot apple pie awaits  
no longer a plebian dream.

sound with feathers  
prayers carried by Gabriel  
to the inward sun.  
wings on notes sing  
life itself the music.

#### HOW TO ELBMUH

John M. Bennett

- 1) Seep lube and pest your deldnof
- 2) Seem log and tramp your remalf
- 3) Blut flap and snag your gnignalc
- 4) Drip sleep and slug your apap
- 5) Dime slag and flunk your rovalf
- 6) Bin spoon and crust your ycnargalf
- 7) Jab lungoid and flange your gnippop

#### HAIKU FOR LYNX

Ruth Franke

Kleine Bank am See

der Rohrsänger pfeift im Schilf  
sonst nichts als Stille

Secluded lake  
warbler's song from the reed  
silence deepens

Aschermittwoch  
im Morgennebel  
alle Ampeln grün

Ash Wednesday  
in morning fog  
all lights green

Zwischen Farbkübeln  
das Weiß  
der Orchidee

the orchid  
among paint buckets  
very white

Besuch daheim  
die Leere  
wo die Pappel stand

visiting home  
the gap  
where the poplar was

Im Nachbarfenster  
lautlose Hände  
am Vibrafon

behind the window  
hands at a vibraphone  
noiseless

Im Bodenraum  
lächelt  
ein staubiger Clown

in the attic  
a dusty clown  
smiling

Boulevard im Schnee  
farbige Schatten

der Neonlichter

boulevard in snow  
colored shadows  
of the neon signs

Durch Nebelgrau  
ein heller Klang -  
Sternsinger

through misty rain  
the voices  
of carol singers

## INCIDENTAL TOURIST

Laryalee Fraser

pores soaked  
with summer  
she folds  
translucent memories  
in her suitcase

the gloss  
of travel brochures  
tarnished. . .  
seductive promises  
trail from silver wingtips

opening the door  
to her apartment  
the dust  
of a thousand longings  
remains untouched

## THE WEB

Elizabeth Howard

knowing the future  
cancer's web connecting  
breast to lung  
shoulder to thighbone  
she chooses a gravesite

her body  
a lush garden  
cancer vine growing  
like kudzu  
on a red gravel bank

chemo and radiation  
toxins she cannot endure  
she lies inert  
unable to raise her head  
to turn in the bed

antibiotics pump  
through her veins  
day and night  
the beeper screaming  
for more and more

more and more  
morphine, too,  
patches and pumps  
only her purse  
growing smaller

pneumonia  
curse and blessing  
the call to come  
the last visit  
a hospital bed

my body rushes  
feet drag  
how I dread  
to see her like this  
what to say

her smile  
family talk  
a little joke  
yet the cough  
the raling breath

phone call  
in the night  
she's gone  
you have  
to tell mama

ask me  
to cross the Sahara  
to drink the Dead Sea  
don't ask me to tell mama  
her daughter is dead

## SCENES FROM RIVERVIEW Francis Masat

folks gather around  
a new face - with one suitcase  
in a noisy lounge  
to hear the same old stories  
told by family and friends

graceful old willows -  
wave and bend in the stiff wind  
evening shadows grow  
as daytime memories fade  
week after week after week

out of Mom's wheel chair  
a child's tattered doll tumbles  
Mother and I smile  
sharing a glass of water  
she asks again "What is cake?"

floating white dust motes  
move through the rays of sunset  
past an unmarked door  
a blank where a name once was  
Grandpa scratches his gray head

Saturday Party  
in an Alzheimer's unit  
Happy Birthday sung  
again-and-again and then  
again-and-again again

## UNDER A FINGERNAIL MOON

Kelly Ann Malone

A pregnant lunar display, plugged into the sky... This is not for me.

I exist under a fingernail moon, casting less of a glow.

Providing scant beams, if any.

I prefer the thin, silver rim that pleasantly dips north-east.

It does not pierce the clouds, but gently hovers above them.

It leaves us below to find our own way.

It causes us to forge our own light, so that we may

discover the path within the eclipse of our destinies.

## A TANKA SEQUENCE

June Moreau

We'll sleep a dancing sleep  
on the foamy crest  
of an ocean wave  
kissed and kissed again  
by joyful dolphins.

We'll sleep  
the sun-drift sleep  
of pollen  
drifting, drifting,  
with the drifting wind.

We'll sleep with mountain arms  
around the puma  
and feel  
the living warmth  
of its golden fur.

We'll sleep

with swarms  
and swarms of wild bees  
in a cloud forest  
of orchids

We'll sleep there  
in the meadow  
where speckled eggs  
are hidden  
in a lark's dreamy nest.

We'll sleep  
in the everywhere blue  
and know  
the sun's everlasting path  
across the sky.

THREE QUATRAIN WRITTEN IN CHIEH CHU FASHION, MAILED  
AFTER HIKING TO TOWN FOR THE SAKE OF BRINGING BACK  
BEANS AND RICE

Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

Unrecognized by others, it doesn't matter -  
I know my heart well, and it knows me well too.  
People preen themselves while the rivers rise.  
They'll drown just for the sake of looking good.

Eyebrow hairs turning white with every moon . . .  
Won't be long now before I'm really old.  
When my time comes, I plan to be ready for it.  
Hope to cheat Mr. Death, leave him only ash.

Ankle bones calloused from sitting crosslegged,  
Mumbling mantra even when he seems asleep . . .  
Ask him what he's learned after all these years,  
He'll draw a circle in the dirt, then wipe it out.

LONG-DISTANCE LOVE

Mrinalini

like the waves,  
we meet and part.  
parched sand, drinks the ocean,  
and gives away some grains.  
treasured memoirs, turn into pearls.

the contact feels good,  
what about separation?  
a masochistic yearning  
to be caressed, to get soaked  
again, in selfish love.

it's a perfect love.  
thirstier sand, churns wilder waves,  
in a quest to be together.  
only regret is, the lack of control.  
waiting, till nature took its course.

DRAGON  
anna rugis

even the owl is  
prey to the goshawk  
a blowfly

the specifics of  
it's ridiculous  
skid we are

talking decadence  
the slack of muscles  
the collapse

of friendship and our  
ideals composted  
by neglect

and the spring fed streams  
that push and flow no  
matter what

the academy

of distrust who will  
write the slip?

post marks on degrees  
of meaninglessness  
in one week

on this street alone  
three houses change hands  
my buyers

inherit nothing  
this is the only  
list I'm on

we are all burning  
this morning the air  
is so clear

like saints roll biddis  
to feed their children  
we are rocked

and caressed in fumes  
ultra-violet  
luculent

that last white bark pine  
the Sawtooth Mountain  
sage stunted

as alive as dead  
beautiful beyond  
reason like

the insights inside  
schizophrenia  
come to me

my dragon and hold  
my tiny bent hand  
in a sky

somewhere which we will  
firebrand one flick  
and we're free

RACING THE MOON  
Sandra Simpson

origami stars  
in a glass bowl  
mother's dahlias

spring shower  
in our hair  
cherry blossom

morning walk  
clouds all the way down  
to the smokestack      puffing

last rose  
how pink  
this morning

one by one  
the trees bare  
my bony fingers

pawlonia leaves fall  
at the window  
turning another page

waking quickly  
heart racing  
the moon

cranes dancing  
from the master's brush  
a red stroke

streetlight to streetlight  
a red umbrella  
the beat of your heart

zig-zag path  
to the tea-house  
heat lightning

winter gardens  
trailing behind her  
the scent of spring

market day  
pipe band  
drums up a storm

practicing with chopsticks  
she picks up  
a new friend

through bare branches  
growing daily  
the scaffolding

MOSQUITOES  
R.K.Singh

Without humming  
mosquitoes alight and bite -  
all night awake

Leaving the signs  
of mosquito menace  
on white wall

Lies with her  
in freezing cold -  
mosquitoes trill

Can't flap a fly  
or swat a mosquito -  
hands so inept

A mosquito  
drifting her attention from  
haiku in bath

The long night passes  
sleeplessly I deep-breathe -  
mosquitoes in bed

Waiting for the train  
alone on the platform  
swatting mosquitoes

KEIN KOPF ÜBER MEINEM  
Dietmar Tauchner

kein kopf über meinem frühlingshimmel  
tauchen mit offenen augen  
der blick eines schädels ins leere  
winterkälte rieche nichts  
am ende des schneelands blaue berge  
atemzug um atemzug todeszone  
schneeflocken leben wird zu einem kissen  
klar der fluss fließt  
erwacht die sonne ist schon da

NO HEAD ABOVE MINE  
Dietmar Tauchner

no head above mine spring sky  
diving with open eyes  
skull's glance into emptiness  
winter cold smelling nothing  
at the snowland's end blue mountains  
breath for breath death's zone  
snowflakes life becomes a pillow  
of course the river flows  
awakening the sun is already there

SEASONS BETWEEN  
Geraldine Toh

a thin green blade  
spring enters the heart  
leaves of grass  
I press between these pages  
a lingering summer

maple road  
the long way to the heart winds  
through autumn hills  
this new path-- is it too soon  
to ask where it will lead us?

dreams of a long winter  
brief days divided, divided again  
what gifts will we uncover  
hidden in the snow?  
a year's forgotten branches -  
all the brighter they'll burn

#### LIGHTHOUSE GUARDIAN COMPANION\*

Michael Williams

lighthouse of my soul, keeper of my heart, true love of my life

beacon on my stormy seas, sole guardian of my hopes, companion of all my days

give me peace of mind, calm my worried fears, stay close by my side

guide me surely through turmoil, show me the future's bright light, accompany me onward

provide safe harbor at day's end, love me as long as we live, for I will love you always

\*This is to be read as three tanka side by side but it also works as one poem with longer lines.

#### SINGLE POEMS

rundernd  
ins blaue  
licht der lupinen

Mario Fitterer

swinging  
into the blue

light of the lupines

Trs. Gene Rollins

die ganze habe  
auf dem buckel des fremden  
im auge das meer

Mario Fitterer

all belongings  
on the back of the stranger  
in the eye the sea

Trs. Gene Rollins

der blick ruht  
auf dem ball das gefallen

es ist grün

Mario Fitterer

the glance rests  
on the leaf fallen

it is green

Trs. Gene Rollins

vogelzug  
am schiefernen himmel  
blaue ballen laub

Mario Fitterer

bird migration  
in the slatey sky  
blue bales of leaves

Trs. Gene Rollins

up and down  
the branch moves in the wind  
nodding by the fire

C W Hawes

the hills  
of her breasts  
are gone  
no stags to leap  
upon the mountains

C W Hawes

listening  
to the long wishlist  
of my daughter  
on the shortest day  
of the year

C W Hawes

we hurt ourselves  
while fighting  
and then that sorry  
which follows  
is meant for whom?

Kala Ramesh

at the airport  
not once did my son turn  
to bid us farewell

had I been him I would have  
- a dozen times

Kala Ramesh

CURVED NUDITY

R.K.Singh

The wind lifts  
her curved nudity hidden  
in water curtain:  
I touch the strings that whisper  
love in each falling drop

fuji hidden-  
blank pages  
in the wind

J.E. Stanley

clouds hide october's moon-  
cry of a distant train  
followed by silence

J.E. Stanley

jazz  
chord changes  
seasons

J.E. Stanley

courthouse handrail  
weathered by emotions  
...always there  
a schoolboy in shackles  
gets a breath of fresh air

M. Franklyn Teaford

a stampede of stripes  
a blur of beige among them  
zebra mother stares  
at the fate of her colt  
then runs with the others

M. Franklyn Teaford

bricks seeing sunshine  
for the first time in ages  
urban renewal  
changing minds and spirits  
...and bars into churches

M. Franklyn Teaford

slowly following  
a spot of warmth in the hall  
the cat knows the sun  
but runs from shadows  
of passing clouds

M. Franklyn Teaford

sailboat frozen  
in lake glass  
autumn's first chill  
now melted  
by the passion in your eyes

M. Franklyn Teaford

ceiling fan and its shadow  
spinning oppositely  
in the TV's light  
...some things are mind-boggling

others are entertaining

M. Franklyn Teaford

SIJO

How I miss her! When we talk on the cell, her voice scatters.

What I wonder: will my stomach get queasy on the schooner?

After a nap, I return to task: making shapes of shapely words.

Gino Peregrini

Sun-flares glint from the farm pond;  
Cut-finger reeds grow beside the bank.  
Barn swallows dive to drink;  
Dragonflies cling to swaying reeds.  
Let us nap in the meadow:  
No fish swim in clear water!

Gino Peregrini

New bombings on the London Tube: police shoot a Brazilian.

Lying down for a short nap, I become homesick again.

Under the pine, sap sticks to my jeans while I talk on the cellphone.

Gino Peregrini

Lulled by patterns etched in Shirakawa sand, I dream a heron.

Silent in the shallows, he lifts his foot, slowly rakes the river bed.

A sudden lunge. A silver flash. A small wave ripples to the shore.

Harriot West

## **SYMBIOTIC POETRY**

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Ginka Biliarska-Bulgaria

Vasile Moldovan-Romania

Sparkles in the night  
burning chrysanthemums  
sink into the water.

The Holly Virgin listening  
to the prayer of a child.

It's snowing again...  
the white chrysanthemums  
grow bigger and bigger...

Botany class -  
putting buds and young leaves  
in an old herbarium.

Frost patterns at the door -  
to breath again the snowman...

A single colour everywhere -  
The north wind scattering old flowers  
over the new snowdrifts.

#### IN OUR REFILLED CUPS

Jason Sanford Brown  
Scott Metz

unconcerned  
for me -  
caged monkey

bird circling  
still  
flooded rice fields

nothing implied -  
the blue of the sky deepens

in our refilled cups  
the scent of the sea -  
mixed company

everyone  
with a different way  
to fix the kite

mountain peak  
absolved  
by low clouds

some fog left  
inside the window -  
empty clam shells

MAY DAZED

CET - Cindy Tebo

DMG - Denis M. Garrison

DPK - Deborah P. Kolodji

JED - John Daleiden

KS - Kate Steere

LMP - Linda M. Papanicolaou

MLE - Michael L. Evans

S – Sprite

TJL - Toni J. Layton

43. KS

Broken  
shells beneath my  
bare feet, shards of time worn  
sea glass play in the waves of my  
childhood.

44. DPK

Childhood  
disappearing  
before a mother's eyes –  
a sand castle missing turrets,  
high tide.

45. DMG

High tide  
fills the night cove,  
climbs the beach, whispering.  
Each new wave dances – quicksilver  
moonlight!

46. KS

Moonlight  
shatters the dark  
quiet, a fluttering  
restlessness awakened born to  
take flight.

47. JED

Take flight  
obscuring clouds –  
emerge bright midnight moon  
smiling full faced nocturnal orb?  
ghost light.

48. CET

ghost light  
someone's lantern  
glows without hands to hold  
it steady – the crickets have stopped  
chirping.

49. DPK

Chirping  
too cheerily,  
a robin sings at dawn.  
I slowly throw back curtains, see  
blue eggs.

50. TJL

Blue eggs:  
dye sloshes out  
from red plastic cups and  
she giggles, tiny hands bathed in  
rainbows.

51. MLE

Rainbows  
in her wide eyes.  
For the first time, she sees  
a boy who makes her heart whisper  
of love.

52. KS

Of love  
lost and found, she  
wrote, of missed glances and  
moonlit dances, yellowed by time  
and death.

53. DMG

And death,  
of course, my dear.  
Let us not forget that  
grave-breath guest who always arrives  
unasked.

54. LMP

Unasked  
the question that  
was all that mattered most –  
indoors the nattering of the  
tv.

55. TJL

TV  
fills the vacuum,  
white noise a veil masking  
a strange face – I only asked you  
her name.

56. KS

Her name,  
the one etched in  
stone, in the scars hidden  
so well in plain sight, in late night  
whispers.

57. DMG

Whispers  
of old thunder  
on the far horizon –  
Traces of my sins are there in  
your eyes.

58. MLE

Your eyes,  
jade butterflies  
sailing a warm south wind –  
to what dreamland would they carry  
my heart.

59. S

my heart  
has known winters  
long before summerflies  
lit my way home – blue blossoms in  
white hair

#### BROKEN HEARTS

DMG - Denis M. Garrison

DPK - Deborah P. Kolodji

GDB - Gary Blankenship

MLE - Michael L. Evans

TJL - Toni J. Layton

DMG #1

buried  
five cold years  
but never gone  
our bedroom's fragrant with  
her scent

MLE #2

her scent -  
summer rain  
on red clay roads;  
at the end of her world,  
rainbows

GDB #3

rainbow  
suspenders,  
sneakers too large  
my clown's coat keeps me dry,  
almost

DMG #4

...almost  
was happy,  
nearly found bliss -  
you came and stole away  
my heart

GDB #5

My heart  
stopped today,  
I heard you call -  
my bed empty for far  
too long.

DMG #6

too long  
without you  
season of grief  
a time of storms - my tears  
unheard

TJL #7

unheard  
prayers hang low  
in blackened skies -  
red dirt scatters on pale  
white pine

GDB #8

White pine  
boxes lie  
in perfect rows  
not forgotten, lovers,  
fathers.

TJL #9

Father's  
Day, empty  
house, no laughter -  
oak leaves tumble, Heaven  
to Earth.

DMG #10

To earth  
now returned,  
from sight escaped,  
but in our hearts you shall  
remain.

GDB #11

Remain  
true, a love  
gone still seems there -  
reclining in your chair,  
asleep.

MLE #12

Asleep  
in my arms,  
your life signs fade -  
a brother's promise kept  
this night.

TJL #13

This night  
fresh when all  
has faded – rain  
taps on split panes, tears still  
falling.

MLE #14

Falling ...  
Stupid heart,  
when will you learn -  
the hard landings always  
break you.

DMG #15

Break? You  
will some day.  
Remember me  
and we can compare our  
pieces.

GDB #16

Pieces  
of my heart  
have been scattered  
along life's clover leafs  
gravel...

DMG #17

Gravel  
riverbed...  
how softer here,  
and warmer, than our bed  
became.

MLE #18

Became  
just one more  
sad statistic -  
our love, that so slowly  
ended.

DB #19

Ended  
as if we  
never were one,  
ended stale air from a  
balloon.

DPK #20

Balloon  
bursts popping  
her inward calm -  
giddy with helium,  
set free.

DMG #21

Set free,  
I wander.  
Captive so long  
to your control, I am  
my cage.

GDB #22

My cage  
is empty  
of anything,  
but the wish I was caged  
again.

DMG #23

Again  
and again,  
"what if's" torture -  
was this lonely path meant  
to be?

GDB #24

"to be  
or not to,"  
the question asked  
stayed long after Hamlet's  
love passed

DMG #25

Love passed  
while I slept;

or as I worked,  
sometime when duty called.  
My fault.

GDB #26

My fault  
there's no place  
for larks to nest  
each hole blocked against their  
fledglings

DMG #27

Fledglings,  
where are you?  
The vacancy  
fills this empty nest like  
darkness.

GDB #28

Darkness  
descending  
upon our day  
a broken egg found on  
the porch.

DMG #29

The porch  
swing barely  
moves in the wind -  
I haven't sat there since  
you left.

GDB #30

You left  
unannounced -  
I waited, your call

only a hi-wi booth  
away.

DMG #31

Away  
so long now,  
your memory  
is turning a fine shade  
of rose.

DPK #32

Of rose  
and love notes  
never given -  
a night's promise denied  
by day.

DMG #33

By day,  
I can smile  
but when night falls,  
I see your eyes again,  
weeping.

GDB #34

Weeping,  
the end near,  
I will miss your  
wisdom, laughter, mystery,  
support.

DMG #35

Support  
from good friends,  
sympathy, too...  
it all turns to ashes.  
Alone!

TWO TAN RENGA

soundlessly  
munching on the lettuce  
a caterpillar sups

Hattori Ransetsu

not wishing to disturb  
I cut the next head

C W Hawes

ah moonflowers  
and a woman's skin  
unveiled

Chiyo

moonlight visits  
me in my room

C W Hawes

EXPOSED

Laryalee Fraser  
Werner Reichhold

heat spell  
sweaty fingers slip  
on the keyboard

steps I make  
    moon by moon  
    without sandals  
following in the dark  
the call of an owl

dropping pebbles  
to mark the path home  
a new blister

glass roundness  
in the blower's mouth  
    Venetian red  
softening the shades  
of flowers in his bowl

childhood secrets  
quiver in the dust  
mortar crumbles

escape or return  
equally unpredictable  
    eyes of a wolf  
linked to the perturbation  
the prey feels before seen

no light  
at the end of the tunnel  
striking the last match

pastel soft  
the shine drifting  
    at early dawn  
neighbor's chimney smoke  
white from burning letters

two profiles  
tomorrow slides between  
the gap

down a dune  
drawn in by a roar  
    I feel exposed  
to the waves' loose identity  
parting numb numerals

KLARES WASSER  
Horst Ludwig, Minnesota,  
Udo Wenzel, Hamburg, Germany

Am Fuß des Abhangs -  
wie klares Wasser dem Sand  
entquillt und wegrinnt.

Gemeinsam den Bach entlang,  
der Vater mit seinem Sohn.

Unten am Stausee  
in dem neuen Restaurant  
herzhaftes Essen.

Den Fluß hinunter  
auf den Platanen kräuselt  
sich das Morgenlicht.

Ein Boot der Weißen Flotte  
lädt sich Touristen ein.

Im Hafen der Mond. -  
Scheint er die Elbe hinauf  
oder stromabwärts?

CLEAR WATER  
Horst Ludwig, Minnesota,  
Udo Wenzel, Hamburg, Germany  
Translation: Horst Ludwig

At the foot of the slope -  
clear water welling from the sand  
and running away.

Along the creek together,  
a father and his son.

Down at the reservoir,  
at the new restaurant  
a hearty meal.

Down the river -  
morning light ripples  
on the plane-trees.

A White Fleet ship  
loading tourists

The moon in the harbor -  
against the flow of the Elbe  
or with it?

KNOWER OF SECRETS

Francine Porad

Marlene Mountain

sunlight on the lowering casket the unseen 'Knower of Secrets'

a christian heart if dubya prays for impeachments

no misconduct Chinese patrons except me and mine for Din Sum

'fat actress' a load of funny bones to boot

pelican jaw sharp-edged and thick decays in the sand

blood across his bridge a stray shot deliberately

a hint in the air along the path daffodil buds refuse to budge

finally the construction starts good weather

lack of concentration could a dishwasher on sale cure all

trip around the world zeroitis\*

danged bums' toes squishy 'green' feel from damned nature\*\*

blustery wind swirls of pink cherry blossoms

buckle up a small change in the fortunes of someone i know

IM from Hong Kong to verify hair appointment

genealogy search the ranch of granddaddy gibson in mist

family get-together multiple birthdays

unrelated how i tear and glue paper to make art scraps

strips of old paintings dedicated to Dad

always-been-near love partner no daydreaming about him

ah the life of a loner [part of the fbi profile]

unable to speak George waits in a hospice to join his Jeannie

little jessica found in the dirt of our mother earth\*\*\*

mud pies in the park today's watering of all the azalea plants

off for grub the rusty tailgate hammered off first

a call from Ford to upgrade car mileage under 50000

conflict of interest let terri go on to 'heaven'\*\*\*\*

pals hang around cloud nine undocumented population surges

wow a phoebe's voice mirrored in the window

after deciding not to mention aches and pains I do anyway

how embarrassing to live in a republican state

haiku with attitude unmatched house shoes wait for action

piled at the door and just after the maid leaves

success of mary on a grilled cheese now the 'holy pan' itself\*\*\*\*\*

terrorists' self-destructive wish helped along

our boys' eye teeth cut on graphic violence & sexist images

my grandchildren beautiful inside and out

Mar 14-24, 2005

Notes

\* conversation sprinkled with zeros (hundreds of thousands, millions)

\*\*the push to drill in alaskan wilderness for profit not oil

\*\*\*nine-year-old Jessica Lunsford at the hands of a pedophile

\*\*\*\* interference in the Terri Schiavo case by congress and the president for all the wrong reasons

\*\*\*\*\* sold on ebay

OPENING DAY  
Marlene Mountain  
Francine Porad

opening day 'faces of the fallen' at arlington the walls covered

gravestone cameo remains ageless

lodged within the neolithic bird 'shevinity' even when i forget

no suggestions from Spellcheck spring allergies

cacti almost watered only kitchen cobwebs swept away

free shipping lamp light reveals all

composers shine 'Who could ask for anything more?'

in his truck bed as many plants as i can give

the cherry trees' snowy white blooms one and a half months early

barefoot that old feeling

undercurrent in art pieces soul mates or just a fling?

love of dubya way way way down in the polls

'impish confident look' or no Bush still stinks oceanfront flotsam

oh swell a far-off quake near the last far-off quake

people fear delirium before they flee tsunami alerts canceled

embraced by nonthinkers the 'brain dead' woman

a choice of inner animal maybe leopard or golden retriever

male tennis a few knees return a hint of thigh

first run of dishes the manual unread the hot button unpushed

hunger pangs at the times I don't exercise too  
not as dark as when it was yet the pampas won't rake itself  
I steadily draw parrot tulips with pastels  
a little girl ripped from her blue jeans and her full life ahead  
joining her Terri S, Johnnie C, Americans, Iraqi  
the screen falls into energy mode part of dusk hits the window  
one errand after another [www.shuteye.com](http://www.shuteye.com)  
bills neglected tho the tv asks and asks i don't pray for anyone  
an April Fool I pay you pay we all pay  
full-length rain on the turtle's eyebrows a field of notebooks  
written quote 'instant gratification takes too long'\*

doctor says: take meds you will eventually be free from pain  
confusion from the vatican plugged or unplugged  
vigil by tens of thousands pilgrims death of Pope John Paul II  
toward rights thunder rolled in with sleet  
Jews, Muslims, Christians, atheists a spiritual crossroad reached  
embedded the pedophiles

March 25-April 3, 2005

Notes

\* Postcards From the Edge by Carrie Fisher

POMP AND CEREMONY  
Francine Porad  
Marlene Mountain

'pomp and ceremony' cardinals' secret selection of the Pope  
full of osteoarthritis 'the healing garden'  
hooray! the new pain medicines are effective today's pills downed  
no uphill after early morning coffee  
Israel wins top two of three Technology Innovation Awards 2004\*  
breath held lester a backhoe culverts of \$399.96

new channels two scary movies by lunch and the heat's snuck in  
hallucinations frightening to me  
the bad 'war president' at war with 'nature nature' in america  
pulled from the Tigris fifty bodies  
do i want to live dangerously asks 'eudora email' an iris haiku  
following own conscience on moral questions  
on the move again a chicago underpass virgin [ie unwed] mary\*  
attractive people earn 5% more than the average  
an air of sirens and smoke a neighbor's double-wide disappears  
fire trucks screech past Earth Day  
in our old mountains the new greens almost too much to 'bare'  
landscape photos Stephie says: Take me. I'm photogenic!

dinner party with my kids and the grands much too much food  
not for all the tea in china can our debt be thinned  
starting a diet for health: reducing the risk of chronic disease  
other worldly the world's path to destruction  
web worms and viruses one fly finds its way into the house

a spatter of pink runs through  
five for one by a surrogate mother now a part of the family  
newts lovemake the little pond  
boys and girls keep active all summer even old-fashioned baseball  
out of an afternoon nap no clue how i'd gotten in  
one feather falls from a goose-down quilt starlings swoop the sky  
chitter-chatter the old and young pine needles

biggest conspiracy theory of course not to believe pre-9/11 stuff  
selecting my long ago haiku of water, air, fire and earth  
the creative experience nothing ruled in and nothing ruled out  
original work kudos for our area's energetic burst  
without any help from my wrists the rise of scattered tiger lilies  
May Day vases full of tulips, roses and daisies

April 18-May 2, 2005

Notes

\*5fp Awards given by THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

\*\*13m the latest 'sighting' created by road salt etc

HOT AS HECK  
Marlene Mountain  
Francine Porad

hot as heck can the world run out of little girls to degirl  
'is he is or is he ain't' back in the spotlight Osama  
even these mountains hang farther than the eye can see

vast train station shoeshine chair vantage

toward sainthood a pope in charge of pedophiles galore

cleared table tossing Mother's Day dead roses

the final section of Jane Fonda's latest book called 'Beginnings'

breach of security in dc biking dubya the last to know

past the park caught in a storm of swirling cottonwood fluff

a drip-drip sky plans for a sunny cookout unchanged

sound of tires on wet pavement stretched out glad to be alone

on the little screen a man kills a woman naked

savethechildren.com back-to-school mom is a lifelong learner

an ex-cia agent the tales he tells

story of her art in combinations of that blue that orange

oil-for-food scandal an accused blisters the accusers\*

in a courtroom scene on Law & Order prostitution determined

down and out and up against the state

shadows of flight a phoebe crisscrosses the drawn curtains

my joyous heart I stare at each sun deck planter in turn

warm breezes the county mowing machine idles on the bad curve

bomb's a dud Bush speaks from behind bulletproof glass

back in the money headline a new spin on north canadian furs

high fashion babies today come with hats

even with my newly-raked hair the truck remains pointed

trip plans order placed for lotion from Mazatlan

the latest leak tho hidden away saddam in his white undies

undignified publicity 24-hour surveillance

no matter what sleep pattern still not healthy wealthy wise

mattress sale everything has a \$100 tag

low mortgage rate sparks a remodeling trend aging boomers

'creation museum' tyrannosaurus rex on the ark too\*\*

'alleged' confession of 'alleged' rapist after 'alleged' he's the one

a goes-all-the-way haiku 'person of interest' on earth

popularity contest with husband Laura Bush wins hands down

not a finger lifted a patch of yellow iris

May 11-23, 2005

#### Notes

\* British parliament member George Galloway before a senate committee

\*\* Mr. Ham's museum in Kentucky opens in two years; a mini-Disney World says Rev. Falwell

#### NONAGENARIAN

Catherine Mair

Patricia Prime

asserting  
her independence  
the old lady  
doesn't know  
where she is

desert sand . . .  
a photo of the sphinx  
in the faded album  
heads and hands touching -

the elderly couple

great grandson  
explains again  
you don't remove  
"men" from  
the chinese chequers board

spring day  
buds on the willows  
above the footpath  
I wear the ninety-year old's  
crocheted scarf for the first time

lamb curry:  
that's a huge meal  
she exclaims  
& then polishes off  
every scrap

end of the day  
the moon big and close  
smudges the window  
the cover turned down  
on her bed

ROSELLA  
Patricia Prime  
Catherine Mair

farmyard  
surrounding a tree stump  
white stone ducks

frosty morning  
cows' mingled breath

in the flax bush  
one rosella

sunshine -  
his woolly hat  
dumped on the table

from among  
the plate of cakes  
two neenish tarts

just home  
he prepares the caravan  
for the next trip

sunset . . .  
collecting the croquet hoops  
rest home residents

evening bath  
I dip out  
the drowned moth

JUNK FOOD  
Catherine Mair  
Patricia Prime

grass softens the erratic sound of my footsteps

memorabilia - the business for sale

trucks curve around into the 50k zone

"the bamboo barn" - stenciled on the front silver stars

sunning ourselves beside the TIP TOP ice-cream sign

full of empty fish pails, the Hi-lux

inside the takeaway shop - bumps and crashes

a glimpse of yellow hard hats among piles of lumber

illustrated on the timber supplies sign, a blunt saw

from the jukebox Elvis's seductive voice

## WORDS

Joanne Cornelius

J.E. Stanley

Her lips and eyes don't lend to words.  
This alchemy transcends my words.

As distant worlds burn in her eyes,  
she steels their flame to blend with words

The future bends back and curves to now:  
just new beginnings, no end of words.

The desert moon shines in her sky  
as Ofra's prayers ascend on words.

Liquid lines ooze and flow at will.  
No poet truly penned these words.

\* Note: The 4th stanza refers to late Israeli singer, Ofra Haza.

## THIRTY-SIX WAYS

The first word of each set, in bold, was determined by the sixth stanza of Wallace Steven's "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird."

Jane Reichhold

Werner Reichhold

**Icicles**

touching the swollen gum  
where the tooth was pulled

**on** Sundays more emptied  
Safeway's frozen food aisle

**filled**

heaven high with the chill  
mackerel skies

**foreign** winds blow rounder  
bubbles into her blouse

the curve of her breast  
signaling desire he touches  
her wine goblet

more red from such a warmth  
tulips wouldn't close for sleep

long parted  
sea fogs for a morning  
crossing ships

the cause for rows of waves  
the hollow clang of bell buoys

window program  
shortly after midnight  
a spotted owl lights up

chain saw in moth balls  
the logger learns word-crunching

with a face lift  
his wife wonders why  
he too has whiskers

happy to hear the bird song  
return of a bearded tit

barbaric  
if one could but wouldn't stop  
dog before a tree

third day of the diet  
wanting chocolate so much

glass tubes  
lamps are forced to shine  
closer to a patient

deep in our dark bodies  
the radiance of white bone

the health care problem  
Hillary  
hilarious

a child dumps sea water  
in a sand castle's moat

shadow forms  
as day passes steep cliffs  
faces of ancestors

in my mask an octopus  
kelp green arm's slow motion

of Shiva  
the patina brings centuries  
to a bronze sculpture

pressed brown leaves a marker  
in the fading book a glow

the clock strikes  
wrong!  
summer time begins

in the heart of grass I watch  
April flowers growing colors

blackbird  
the circle of his eye  
widens the stars

too far, too early  
flight within my dream

crossed  
hairs in the glass  
of the sniper's gun

trembling and the sudden fall  
a man along his pass

it zigzags  
life is never again the same  
in the lightning's flash

strawberry cream letters  
on a birthday cake

to a surfer  
leaving a wave's tunnel  
shark faced

the great jaws green white  
sea energy travels wide

and between trees  
swinging  
maiden hair

prancing ponies catch the sun  
whirl around the carousel

fro fogged  
the ice restless  
under the bridge

the sun comes bringing spring  
wrapped in all that follows.

Started: April 3, 1993 / Finished: April 7, 1993

#### YELLOW WORDS

Beginning words, in bold, for each link are taken from Gertrude Stein's More Grammar for a Sentence.  
Werner Reichhold  
Jane Reichhold

A year of straw  
air lifts July higher  
to yellow words

sentence passed upon the field  
upon the road two are walking

is it printed  
their wagon's wheels press  
lines into the clay

natural nature forms  
language of a honeycomb

he who harvests  
does not require  
sweet memory

did they finish picking  
summer in apples?

not the knot

in the hay rope seeds  
sprouting

come in the name of green  
grass feeding from twisted roots

this rain  
the cloudy skies have cleared  
tourists from the beach

is there more mouth to drink  
warm visions in a tent

a fever  
the wound becomes  
hot and dry

joke walks away and returns  
to a body of patience

a cat's name  
goes out on the night air  
brings him home

sentence of fast reactions  
a mouse in its teeth

is now ceased  
the brightness of an eye  
where did it go?

natural on carved wooden masks  
and no more noise in ivory

she shot he said  
an elephant in Africa  
later it was a lie

did shade a lip  
on a faded Polaroid

which was  
deeper down the river  
a beach for nymphs

is imported from Hollywood  
and portable palm trees

variable selves

testing inner voices  
I talk to ring doves

and the forest answers  
green, gold and russet

they swing  
branches on the sky  
lines of a paraphrase

will-o-the-wisps in the swamp  
leading the way to quicksand

offer and swallowed  
the lighthouse meridian  
a flame

him she cried pointing left  
the judge blinked blankly

liver transplant  
we eat the onions  
so it smells less

with I-beams and trusses  
foreign workers repair the bridge

and on both hills  
straps of rain  
the cloud falling apart

without trying to go around  
the spider straightway makes a circle

oil spreads on water  
the calming influence  
of one rainbow

a long-billed water ouzel  
her flights to sprinkled eggs

sentence ending fast  
the renga nearly done  
at lunch time

made red more red on salmon  
overlapping tongue

against a twig

the past and future folded  
in a bud

...shading earth and me  
the moon within nine months

Started: April 7, 1993 Finished: April 11, 1993

## **BOOK REVIEWS BY LYNX READERS**

Behind Summer, Tanka Poems by Kuriki Kyoko, translated into English by Amelia Fielden and Yuhki Aya; cover art by Jan Bostok with calligraphy by Ogi Saeko (Ginnindera Press: Canberra, Australia: 2005). ISBN 1-74027-306-0. 5.75 X 8.25 inches, 72 pages, perfect bound. Can be ordered from Amelia Fielden at 20A Elouera Avenue, Buff Point NSW 2262, Australia, for US \$20, inclusive of international airmail postage (US bills preferred).

Tanka poets wishing to expand the range of subjects in their verses or explore writing tanka sequences will find inspiration in this translation of the fifth collection of tanka by the highly acclaimed Japanese poet, Kuriki Kyoko. The translation encompasses 315 of the 450 tanka from the original Japanese edition, winner of the Yomiuri Newspaper Prize for Literature, the most prestigious award in Japan for tanka. Equally at home writing about personal as well as political and environmental affairs, Kuriki composed these verses in 27 sequences as a series for eight issues of the quarterly journal, Tanka Studies, between 1999 and 2003. The title of the book comes from a sequence by the same name and the verse:

behind summer  
behind the evening sun  
behind sadness,  
there must surely  
be angels.

The book includes a preface by Beverly George, editor of the literary magazine, Yellow Moon, as well as a foreword by the Kuriki and an introduction to the translation by Amelia Fielden that is in itself a fine essay on the art of translating Japanese tanka into English.

Kuriki, born in 1954, became instantly famous in 1984, with her first collection, The Watery Planet. Though her background is in the sciences – Kuriko graduated from Kyoto University with a degree in chemistry – she went on to become a prolific poet, tanka critic, and contributor to various specialized journals. Regarding this fifth volume, she writes in her foreword: "Although I considered myself fortunate to be given the opportunity of having my poetry show-cased through serial publication, it was actually quite difficult for me to work on the required basis of 'thirty new tanka every three months'. For, until then, I had always composed in a laid-back sort of way. This was the first time, in my thirty years of writing tanka, that I had been under any real pressure to produce. But while I struggled to meet these deadlines, I was also conscious, for the first time, of how vital poetry is to my very being. And I

was able to experience to the full both the rigors and the joys with which tankaists are confronted."

The pressure to produce tanka against a deadline, however, did not result in any apparent strain in Kuriki's verses, which in this translation, begins with, "A Trial Printing" and a stunning opening poem:

heavy rain fell  
all night long,  
then with dawn  
like a trial printing  
a blue sky unfolded

There follow verses on the themes of violence and war in this sequence and others throughout the book, including references to WW II and other national and international strife all the way up to the September 11, 2001, attacks in New York City and the ensuing war in Iraq.

birds flying  
through the August sky  
stitch it together -  
for the victor nation  
there is no postwar

I've counted ten holes  
in a slice of lotus root  
and eaten it –  
where now is the world  
of massacres?

Her political verses are amply leavened with more traditional and soul-satisfying lyric verses in a personal vein:

is there a northern border  
to loneliness?  
this June evening  
though I walk and walk  
night never falls

I'd given up  
but the indigo-blue muffler  
at my neck  
flutters as if to say  
'go after him'

Throughout the book, one comes across quite unexpected and original references, reflecting an ever-ongoing pursuit of fresh images to use in a form now over 1300 years old:

when I stroll round town  
in fine May weather  
Greenwich Mean Time  
is restored

to my body

Queen Hera's breasts  
flying apart are born  
into the Milky Way -  
I, a housewife  
gaze upwards

Translators Amelia Fielden (Australia) and Yuhki Aya (Japan) make a fine team, having just prior to this volume translated into English Kawano Yuko's *Vital Forces* in 2004. Their work in *Behind Summer* has resulted in a memorable collection that can only get richer with each rereading. Though the volume is marred by childish cover art and certainly deserves a more polished face, this finely textured collection invites careful study by both experienced and aspiring tanka poets.

After reading the following delightful verse from Kuriki Kyoko's first collection, *The Water Planet*, this reviewer looks forward to more translations of this talented poet's work.

'turn, ferris wheel  
turn!  
memories  
for you one day  
for me a lifetime

Kuriki Kyoko lives in Tokyo with her husband, a physician, and has one son.

Reviewed by Jeanne Emrich

*Streaks of Rain: 85 Haibun* by Geert Verbeke. Printed by Cyberwit.net, 4/2, L.I.G. Govindpur Colony, Allahabad, 211004 India. Perfect bound, 8 x 5.5 inches, 96 pages, ISBN:90-8056348-X. Contact the author.

A light shiver happens to you, when you open this remarkable diary. Oh, please, no! Poetry about the illness dementia? Yet, the first page already will grip you. No clinical picture, but an example of the art of living slides along. Day after touching, humorous, sometimes very heavy day. A surprising, intense 'dialogue' between old Sietje de Boeck and her son and 'coat of care' ('coating care provider') Mon, supported by his wife Mia.

the quince pears  
ripen with felt like skin  
mum's scent is sugar

She suffers from a variant, named Pick's disease. First it affects your personality, then your memory and at last your total health. The author notes down this process of gradual changing and losing almost playful and light. In a rich, sometimes rough, associative language. But in the haiku sadness sounds through:

touching her toys –  
all in the past  
embracing included

Mon conquers his daily pain by tactic and creative reactions. It cannot be denied that mother and son are cast from the same mould. Their exuberant fantasy always wants the free rein. That 's why Mon let his mother go on living in her own house and art gallery as long as possible. Close to her piano, in her own atmosphere of artist and potter. There she can feel safe, surrounded by the treasures of her travels, especially from ancient cultures.

trembling fingers  
enclose the chalice – vase  
fragments in the passage

Mon takes a difficult daily walk with her. Included the risk that she tears loose and runs into a shop or building, as once the slaughterhouse. She was a great narrator but gradually her stories relapse to a childish jabbering. Dates, details and events become snippets in a sort of language – in – between. Mon stimulates her memory by practice in front of a mirror. He perceives that touching and caressing relax her most of all.

rocking to and fro  
among smelling herbs  
hands full of mint

The day comes that Sietje can't longer stay alone. She is moved to the nursing home. Difficult for Mon. There he sees 'a procession from the world of Jeroen Bosch. Fear for life, fear for death.' Sietje falls in apathy, but gradually she feels better, surrounded by solid structure and kind care.

her room takes up  
more and more silence  
autumn damps the light

Finally Mon is able to weep, 'though the universe is generous, in spite of all the waste away.' His coping with grief is shown by pages long roaming in his mother's house, taking all the beautiful items in his hand. He remembers her trips and events in a poetical avalanche, her favourite music on the background.

a lion's skull  
in the show – cabinet  
back to school

Mon says: 'She will become immortal. Small subjects will evoke the greatest thoughts. A sonorous cello will imagine a whole summer night. Japanese characters will create the blossoms. A peace of coral becomes a picture of Octave Landuyt. Each path refers to climbing the Kilimanjaro, because everything is related to all.'

everything is merged  
sunlight lives

in the smell of melon

‘The last hours need no words’. After her death Mon decorates Sietjes’ photo with a crockery scarab - the morning figure of Re - as a grave gift. Because ‘death is a mild final chord’. The Expertise Centrum Dementia ‘Sophia’ at Kortrijk, Belgium, says about this collection: ‘The way in which this process is written is original. This confrontation may lead to more openness in the matter.’ My conclusion: Sweeps of Rain consists of as many fits of sun. The 85 stories, not longer than one page, are constructive, in variety of contemplation and anecdotes. A book to approach in adversity and to appreciate after reading.

‘Vegen Van Regen’ 85 Haibun door Geert Verbeke ISBN: 90-8056348 – X 2005 Publisher : Empty Sky

Bij het eerste openslaan van dit merkwaardig soort dagboek overkomt je een lichte huivering: Oh nee toch, poëzie over dementie. Hoeft niet! Toch even beginnen... en dan ben je bij de eerste bladzijde al gewonnen. Geen ziektebeeld, maar een levensbeeld schuift voorbij, dag na ontroerende, humorvolle, soms ook zware dag. Een verrassende, intense ‘dialoog’ tussen Sietje de Boeck en haar zoon en mantelzorger Mon, gesteund door zijn vrouw Mia.

de kweeperen  
rijpen met viltige schil  
ma geurt naar suiker

Sietje lijdt aan een variant : de ziekte van Pick, die eerst de persoonlijkheid, dan het geheugen en tenslotte de hele mens aantast. Dit proces van langzaam veranderen en verliezen wordt door de schrijver bijna speels genoteerd. Met humor en rijke, soms ruige associatieve taal. Maar in de haiku klinkt vooral weemoed door:

speelgoed aanraken  
alles in verleden tijd  
ook het omhelzen

Mon gaat ‘dagelijks kopje onder’ door de aandoening van zijn moeder, maar hij wint altijd weer door tactisch en creatief op haar verdwazing te reageren. Prachtig komt naar voren dat moeder en zoon ‘van hetzelfde laken een pak’ zijn. Hun ruime fantasie wil altijd de vrije loop. Daarom laat Mon zijn moeder ook zo lang mogelijk in haar eigen huis en galerie wonen. Daar heeft ze haar piano, haar artistieke eigen sfeer als kunstenares / pottenbakster. Daar kan ze zich veilig voelen in haar ‘verleden’ tussen de schatten die ze meebracht van haar reizen. Kunst van oude volken, de Inuit vooral.

bevende vingers  
omvatten het kelkvaasje  
scherven op de gang

Mon biedt weerwerk door zolang mogelijk met haar te gaan wandelen. Met het risico dat Sietje ‘met haar ondernemend loopje’ zich losrukt en impulsief iets onderneemt, zoals bijv. het slachthuis binnenlopen om zich wild te schrikken van een ‘arduinen stier’. Haar geweldige verhalen veranderen

op den duur in brabbelen praten. Data, details en gebeurtenissen worden fragmenten. Er ontstaat een soort tussentaal. Mon stimuleert haar geheugen door voor de spiegel dingen te benoemen. Hij bemerkt dan dat aanraken, strelen, een rustgevend effect heeft:

heen en weer wiegen  
tussen geurende kruiden  
de handen vol munt

Dan komt de dag dat Sietje geen moment meer alleen gelaten kan worden en het verpleeg-huis noodzakelijk is. Mon heeft het er moeilijk mee. Hij ziet daar ‘een optocht uit de wereld van Jeroen Bosch. Angst voor het leven, angst voor de dood’. Aanvankelijk vervalt Sietje in apathie. Gelukkig hecht ze zich aan de vaste plek, de vaste structuur en de goede verzorging.

steeds meer stilte  
neemt haar kamer in  
herfst dooft het licht

Mon constateert dat ‘het universum toch zo gul is met zichzelf, ondanks het wegteren.’ Eindelijk kan hij huilen om dit alles. Tegelijk begint hij aan de rouwverwerking door mooie bladzijden lang in zijn moeders huis rond te dwalen en alle dierbare voorwerpen in de hand te nemen. Daarbij memoreert hij in een taallawine de reizen en gebeurtenissen, terwijl hij luistert naar haar lievelingsmuziek.

in de kijkkast  
een leeuwenschedel  
terug naar school

Mon zegt: Ze zal onsterfelijk worden. Kleine zaken zullen het grootste oproepen. Een sonoor hommelande cello zal een hele zomernacht uitbeelden. Japanse lettertekens zullen aan het bloesem kijken herinneren. Een stukje bloedkoraal wordt een schilderij van Octave Landuyt, elk pad verwijst naar de beklimming van de Kilimanjaro, want alles is met alles verbonden’.

alles is versmolten  
in de geur van meloenen  
woont het zonlicht

Als zij gestorven is – ‘want de laatste uren hebben geen woorden nodig – legt hij een scarabee van geglazuurd aardewerk onder haar foto, ‘als een grafgift, de morgen-gedaante van de zonnegod’. Want ‘de dood is een mild slotaccoord.’

Het Expertisecentrum Dementie ‘Sophia’ in Kortrijk zegt over deze bundel: ‘De wijze waarop dit proces wordt beschreven is origineel. Deze confrontatie kan leiden tot meer openheid’ Inderdaad, ‘Vegen van Regen’ bevat evenzoveel ‘vlagen van zon’. Het is een verrassende, leerzame verzameling korte verhalen vol beschouwingen en anecdotes. Een boek om een beetje wars te benaderen en daarna echt van te houden.

Written and translated by Silva Ley

Pomona Summer by Allan Briesmaster with artwork by Holly Briesmaster; Hidden Book Press, Toronto. Flat-spined, full-color cover, 32 pages, ISBN:1-894553-62-4.

Written as a series of walks through Pomona Park, this collection of epigraphic verses draws common breath with a fusion of different sources. As Allan Briesmaster says in his carefully worded postscript, the verses are not intended as haiku primarily, even though he is well aware of haiku and its traditions.

I tap no image  
off grey whirls below the pseudo-  
Japanese bridge

Summer in Southern Ontario is a short season. Here one can feel the heat, the slow pace, and the fleeting moments in the underlying small miracles of life.

Wood Duck siblings' wise  
fleet cruise, free of rivalry,  
maintains paradise

with scant need to hide,  
Heron targets his calm lookout:  
through long shallow glide

Holly Briesmaster's drawings are never an after-thought, but very much in the foreground as a true partnership in the nature of symbiotic haiga. Pomona Summer is a collection not to be devoured, but to be entered gently, quietly, lest we miss this shared world.

Sun sparks behind trees;...  
I'll leave.  
- For me, or not, may  
the rest stay of these.

I feel the "haiku world" would be hard put to come up with better. These are koans of fact, not formula. The dedication To Our Friends could as easily be With Our Friends drawing in an inclusively wide circle.

most fades...past recall,  
while "art" undarks one small candle.  
they flare on, till Fall.

Written by Edward Baranosky

Der Lärm des Herzens, Haiku-Jahrbuch 2004, 15:21 cm, perfect bound. Herausgeber Volker Friebe, Haiku heute, Wolkenpfad Verlag, Denzenbergstrasse 29, 72074 Tübingen, Germany.

Mit sicherer Hand wählt Volker Friebe sein Material aus einem großem Angebot an Haiku, und bietet es buchnisch gestaltet gut leserlich an. In diesem, seinem zweiten Jahrbuch, sind die Haiku-Dichter eindeutig den Essayisten an Qualität davongelaufen. Ein vielversprechendes Zeichen, wenn man sagen darf, dass endlich jener Grad an Selbständigkeit der Haiku-Autoren erreicht ist, den die deutschsprachige Kurzlyrik braucht, um sich auch am Markt einführen zu lassen. Überdies sind wir alle mehr oder weniger diese ständig sich wiederholenden Rückkoppelungen zur japanischen Lyrik leid, und lechzen geradezu nach Kommentatoren, die sich eindeutig und unabhängig dem Werk lebender Schriftsteller zuwenden. Diesem Anliegen ist Volker Friebe gerecht geworden, indem er Kollegen Raum bietet, Wertungen vorzunehmen.

In der Prosa fehlt noch der neue Biß, den wir, wie gesagt, bei den Haiku-Dichtern so begrüßen. Es bleibt abzuwarten, ob sich die in der Haikuszene Arbeitenden auch als Prosaschriftsteller weiter zu Lernprozessen bereit erklären. Prosa zu schreiben ist eine Kunst, und um Prosa und Lyrik miteinander zu vereinen, braucht es weitere Einsichten in die gegensätzlichen Techniken. Wie es Horst Ludwig anbietet geht es nicht, lesen wir da doch unter NEUES als Dreizeiler verpackt: „Die dreijährige setzt sich ganz artig zu den etwas älteren.“ Ein durchgehender Satz. Das ist Fortsetzung der Prosa und kein Gedicht, erstens, und zweitens vermißt der in Prosa und Vers-Kombinationen bewanderte Leser eine starke Gegenkomponente, ein Ausgreifen des Dreizeilers in Richtung auf eine weitere Ebene, ein Paradox zur Erzählung, ansonsten die Kombination zweier Formen künstlerisch sinnlos erscheint.

Mit Blick auf die größere Literaturszene könnte es eines Tages für Haiku und Tanka den Durchbruch bedeuten, wenn eine neu strukturierte Erzählkunst wirklich vorankommt, und der unter poetischen Aspekten eingefügten Lyrik den ihr gemäßen Platz bietet. Bekanntlich verkaufen sich erotisch aufgeladene, den Geist erfrischende Geschichten neben solchen (z.B. hier Udo Wenzels MAUER), die die Tragik der Gegenwartereignisse herausstellen. Mit sozusagen eingeschmuggelten Drei- und Fünfzeilern wären vielleicht sowohl Verlage und Leser wie auch Kritiker aus der Reserve zu locken. Allerdings unter der Bedingung, dass nicht sofort wieder durch Oberschlauberger der auch in Japan aus der Mode gekommene Terminus Haibun hochgespielt wird, denn dadurch würde die Szene sich zum wiederholten Male Dilettantenschelte einhandeln, weil es nun so mal heißt, dass wer nicht aus eigener Poition zu arbeiten versteht unter die Nachahmer eingereicht wird.

Werner Reichhold

## THE REST OF THE BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

Zen Mercies Small Satoris by Marianne Bluger. Penumbra Press, Poetry Series 57: 2005. Soft cover, 8 x 5 inches, 64 pages, \$14.95, ISBN:18941375-4.

Where would Canadian poets be without Penumbra Press? What a legacy of excellence and exposure has this company brought to poets and their poetry. Again with this newest book from Marianne Bluger, they have taken her outstanding tanka, wrapped them in a beautiful cover with tastefully presented Japanese art. This is all so fitting as this is the ninth book by Bluger, and she deserves all the care and consideration that went into the making of this book.

Zen Mercies Small Satoris (forgive me for mentioning it, but the making of the Japanese word satori into a plural with an 's' hits me the way the use of the words haikus or tankas does) is composed of eleven series of tanka on such subjects as Bluger's everyday life, her illness and her undying hope and belief in love. Bluger's tanka are spare and unconcerned with form as one can see from page one:

## REAL AS A DREAM

Real  
as a dream  
the beetle  
shimmering – green  
on my upturned palm

With eyes  
shut tight I can see  
blood beat  
& feel  
how the living burn

Marianne Bluger's book, *Gusts* (1998), also by Penumbra Press, has been claimed as being the first book of tanka published in Canada and has garnered her many prizes and honor. The first publication of the newly organized Tanka Canada was named *Gusts*, by editors Angela Leuck and Kozue Usawa, as tribute to Bluger's contribution to Canadian tanka.

*May Dazed: A Cinquain Sequence* by the Cinquain Poets. Lulu Enterprises, Inc. 3131 RDU Center, Suite 210, Morrisville, NC 27560 Perfect bound, 74 pages, ISBN 1-4116-3399-7 \$9.95 USD.

In 2001, Deborah P. Kolodji started a Yahoo Group discussion e-mail list, called "Cinquain Poets." Over the years, this group, now numbering about 100, have concentrated their efforts on the study and writing of the poetry form called "cinquain" as devised by Adelaide Crapsey in the beginning of the 1900s. While following Crapsey's pattern of 2,4,6,8,2 syllable lines, the group has also experimented with changing the formula, reversing it, making it into sequences, and in this book, using the cinquain as the basis to write a linked collaborative poem. The participants were: Andrea Da Costa, Cindy Tebo, Cris Staubach, Denis M. Garrison, Deborah P. Kolodji, Gary Blankenship, Hortensia Anderson, John Daleiden, Karina Klesko, Kate Steere, Linda M. Papanicolaou, Michael L. Evans, Claire Chatelet, Toni J. Layton.

In addition to the 212 verses of "May Dazed" (written in May, 2005), the book contains brief biographies of the authors. You can find a selection of "May Dazed" in the symbiotic poetry section of this issue of *Lynx*, along with another linked cinquain poem submitted by Denis M. Garrison, with many of the same authors.

Rose Haiku for Flower Lovers and Gardeners, edited by Angela Leuck. Price-Patterson Ltd. Perfect bound, full-color cover, 6 x 6 inches, 108 pages, 2005, ISBN:1-896881-52-1.

Here, in the first of a planned series of haiku on various flowers, Angela Leuck has gathered a bouquet from around the world of 75 well-known haiku writers with their best works. The poems are presented sparingly with only one or two to a page, with generous division pages and small woodcuts that entertain but do not intrude on the poems. The book would make an ideal gift (hint, Christmas is only a couple of very short months away) for not only gardeners or haiku writers, but for any poet. Though the book's title says it contains haiku, there are tanka included and I found this old favorite from June Moreau:

gathering  
wild rosehips  
along Penzance Road  
there are whale songs  
in the wind

which fit very nicely on the same page with this haiku from H.F. Noyes:

a salt hay quilt  
tucking in the roses  
for the long sleep

Angela, also the co-editor of the new Canadian tanka magazine, Gusts, has done a beautiful job of creating a very special book and giving everyone's poems exquisite care. Her next project book is on tulips and you would be wise to get in touch with her to make sure you show her your own poems for the third in the series.

Ikebana: Haiku by Vasile Moldovan. Editura Orion, Bucharest, Romania: 2005. ISBN:973-8020-66-2. Flat-spined, full-color cover, 66 pages, Romanian and English, \$15. Contact Vasile Moldovan, str.Birnova,nr.8,bl.M.110,ap.9,cod-051164, Bucharest, Romania.

The haiku in Moldovan's fifth book, Ikebana, are arranged six to a page with the Romanian version on the left-hand page and English on the right – which feels as if the author is eager to have his book read by others beyond his borders. With a title like Ikebana, it seems only right that the majority of the poems have plants or flowers as their subjects. Logically enough then, the seasons should and do dictate the sections of the poems. The informative foreword by Florentin Popescu is, thankfully, translated into English. He, too, seems very well versed in both poetry and Japanese culture and propels the reader into Moldovan's book with vim and vigor.

In reading Moldovan's haiku, I felt he had an unusual, but very welcomed, view of the world and of haiku. It is hard enough to write original and new haiku, but his slant on life imbues his work with a freshness that was not only refreshing, but also brought modern insights. Here are three haiku taken

from page 37:

Love story –  
only a flower in the field,  
and so many butterflies

Dog days –  
the thirsty shadow of  
a white poplar

Neighborhood:  
the sun and a daisy  
face to face

Being There by Tom Clausen. Haiku Masters Mini Series No. 2 Edited by Vincent Tripi. Swamp Press, Greenfield, MA: 2005. Hand-tied spine, 4 x 4 inches, 48 unnumbered pages, edition of 350.

It was surely the title of Tom Clausen's series of haiku that inspired the cover of this, the second book in Vincent Tripi's Haiku Masters series. The square book has, squarely in the center of the black cover, a round hole that reveals a strong red paper beneath. The reader is instantly there. Inside the book, the haiku are printed (handset and printed in Swamp Press's legendary manner) on translucent pages so they "pile up" in shades of decreasing legibility so that only the poems on the page before one's eyes are clear enough to be easily read. Another take on "being there" that adds immeasurably to the pleasure of reading the book and to the meaning of the poems.

Now I am going to make some people angry with me, but I feel I must say something. I know Tom's work from reading and publishing it over many years, and I have greatly admired both his haiku and his tanka. I also know Vincent Tripi's haiku which I have also admired in his many, beautifully made books. I also know that Vincent edited the poems in Being There. What bothers me, and bothers me even more since the book is so beautifully made, is why Tom's poems here sound as if Tripi wrote them. I know that each of us who write, feel that the way we write is the very best way of expressing ourselves, but I also think editors have to be open enough to let the voice of another be another voice. It is too easy to like only the poems that seem to have come from our own hand.

Yes, Tripi made a lovely book for Tom, and crowned him with the appellation of being a "haiku master" – I heartily agree with this, but on what basis was all of this awarded? Would you recognize these as Tom Clausen's haiku?

mountaintop  
i am, so  
i am

log bridge –

going to the end  
then returning

A Moment is Forever by Stanley Pelter. Hub Editions, England: 2005. Perfect bound, 8 x 5 inches, full-color cover, 84 pages, ISBN:1-903746-48-5.

Logically, and temporally, A Moment is Forever, should directly follow Pelter's other book, Pensées, instead of coming after his most recent book, past imperfect. Especially the introduction, written by Pelter, connects the themes and thinking of the two books (as naturally should be the case). However the haiku in A Moment is Forever, which are arranged in either series or sequences under a title, have a maturity that was substituted for in Pensées as a rebellious edge. Don't worry, Pelter's work is still aggressive and "in your face" with ideas and thinking, thank goodness learning to write haiku better does not destroy that!, but one feels that the writer has made great strides in understanding of the form and practice in manipulating it. Books do measure our progress (if any is being made) and I am seeing as more of Pelter's books become available, that he is very dedicated and open to learning. Here is a sample of Pelter's work taken from page one of A Moment is Forever:

masks

in the corner  
a model based on me  
dressed in her clothes

he wears her mask  
white with painted lips  
no one notices

mask thrown aside  
he puts on another  
and another

The sequence "mask" continues for another ten stanzas. Buy the book to get the rest of the story. It is worth it. In fact the cover alone is worth it. Stanley Pelter is an accomplished artist in his own right and the color cover of A Moment is Forever is one of the best I have seen. Every time I look at it, I discover something new and interesting. Inside the book are several of Pelter's black and white collages and ink drawings – again worth the price. Contact Hub Editions, Longholm, East Bank, Wingland, Sutton Bridge, Spalding, Lincolnshire PE12 9YS England – it is worth writing a letter to them just to experience that address.

Buddha's Fingerprint by Stanford M. Forrester. Bottle Rockets Press pob 290691, Wethersfield, CT 06129-0691: 2005. Hand-tied, 4 x 5.75 inches, 32 unnumbered pages, USA - \$10. , Canada & Mexico - \$11.00, elsewhere - \$12.

Stanford M. Forrester, former president of the Haiku Society of America, continues his activities for and with haiku in the magazine Bottle Rockets, and now with his Lily Pool Press. In collaboration with Vincent Tripi and his connection to Swamp Press, these brothers in Buddhism have collaborated in this collection of Forrester's haiku with Tripi writing the introduction which is as succinct and spare as the haiku. Printed one to a page, the reader has only 20 haiku, but because they are set so perfectly in the soft cream pages, not only the eye lingers, but the mind delights in the gifts of observation with a pure heart. This sample, which gave the collection its title, is indicative of the quality of Forrester's haiku.

buddha's fingerprint  
in the sand . . .  
Zen garden

## ARTICLES

### INTRODUCING THE NEW AHAPOETRY FORUM

Jane Reichhold

Hey, Every One, I have something new for you! Thanks to the generosity and extreme kindness of Michael Rehling, there is, as part of AHApoeetry.com, a new online forum - AHAPOETRY FORUM. Here you can post your haiku, tanka, cinquain, ghazals, sijo, tan renga, rengay, kasen renga – each in its own forum with an expert moderator to guide the instantaneous discussions of your work. You can write collaborative poems in real-time (no more waiting for e-mails – how speedy is that?), do maekuzuki, vote for the maekuzuki you like while learning to know new people and brush up on the skills needed for new genres.

The forum requires registration, to keep out the spammers, so you are assured of a safe, well-lighted place to interact with people you have only read about in the magazines. With the accompanying pictures, you can even attach faces to names. Our staff of moderators, including Mike Rehling, as tech advisor and solver of problems, C W Hawes in tanka and cinquain, Laryalee Frazer in haiku, Zane Parks in the collaborative sections, and Gino Pelegrino in ghazals, and me catching up the loose ends, assure you that you are getting the kind of help you want and need for your poetry in a constructive way.

In contrast to some other poetry sites, at Ahapoetry Forum there is great care taken that there is no name-calling or put-downs of the person. Yes, we will critique the work, but we try to keep the focus on the poem and not on the person. So far, I have been overwhelmed with the kindness and goodness that has been generated by the exchanges between members around the world.

When I started the Ahapoetry Forum my goal was to phase out the Yahoo Tanka Group (started five years ago), and even perhaps the Ann Cantelow's Poetry Invention (nine years a part of

AHApoetry.com with over 22,000 posted poems), but I am finding that each venue has its own adherents, so for now, the new forum is simply another attempt to meet your needs.

## SURREALISM

Werner Reichhold

The Tanka Society of America journal Ribbons, volume 1, number 2, published an article by Marjorie Buettner, titled “The Sougning of Wings”, An Exploration of Surrealism in Tanka. She compared poems by Fumi Saito, Ishikawa Takuboku, Mori Ugai, Nakajo Fumiko with tanka written by Jane and Werner Reichhold. We are glad and thankful to see the theme introduced to a wider scene, and hope that her article adds another impulse and stirs some lively discussions between both, the poets and the visual artists.

I am trying to add some thoughts I feel are relevant to the theme, enlarge the perspectives, and maybe make it easier for some writers to better understand and further explore possible relations to the surrealistic idea as a whole.

First please let me say, that libraries and book stores offer valuable material to study the roots of surrealism, where and when it all started from, and who have been the poets and artists picking up on it. Sigmund Freud was on the horizon. His findings revolutionized our thinking reaching far into the different art scenes. We are in possession of early statements done in the nineteen hundred twenties by André Breton and by Salvador Dali, and of many other contemporaries active at that time. Dali himself, born 1905, wrote an autobiography, in which one can find explanations for some of the main principles of Surrealism. True, the pioneers have been experts in writing manifestos, have been clever building groups in France, Italy and Germany. They fought each other, they loved each other, but they certainly did have a common goal expressed in works that inflamed Central Europe’s artistic elites for quite a while. They developed an admirable talent propagating their ideas successfully as a new movement, but also didn’t miss to point far back to relatives at the Middle Ages, for example to Pieter Bruegel, 1520-69, and Hieronymus Bosch, 1450-1516, in The Netherlands. Leautréamont, 1846-1870, famous for “The Songs of Maldoror,” seen by some enthusiastic critics as the father of surrealism, was on everybody’s mind. Others disagreed, seeing Leautréamont simply as a volcano, a genius overwhelming us with his visions. (Later I will come back to the discrepancies evolving at that time in respect to what one can subsume to the name surrealism and what probably not. There are reasons for why the discussions about surrealism never stopped.)

In the early 1920s and 30s, Americans had a difficult time realizing the messages of surrealism. There was, and still is a resistance to surrealism. Many, but not all Americans feel - and they are not wrong - there are spooky caves and suddenly lit up resources, they don’t want to get in touch with. Sure, some well informed critics close to the European art scene didn’t deny what was happening in Continental Europe, and they tried hard to get it over to the art scene in the States. But as it leaked through already some thirty years ago, the CIA was involved and commissioned to protect the American poetry and art scene actively from foreign influences. Especially works of artists holding ideologically relevant concepts, here just to name one person between others, André Breton, himself closely related to surrealism at that time, was one of many whose ideas have been held back. Times changed, and in today’s netted media to stop someone’s influence is much more difficult if not impossible. Besides,

here in the States, in contrast to Europe was and is a trend to block promising foreign art because of commercially motivated reasons. Surrealists became very famous, and the price tags on their paintings started sky rocking during the 1930s. I am not kidding, in 1970 an exhibit of some four hundred works from Salvador Dali in Rotterdam, one million and two hundred thousand paying guests filled the museum's spaces, open for four months, twenty-four hours a day.

It took a very long time till surrealism arrived in Japan. In Europe, the movement was long over when surrealistic principles showed up and then became realized in the works of some Japanese poets. Interestingly enough, I myself always saw deeply bedded correlations between the Zen thinking of Oneness and the spiritual center of surrealistic substance. To me, there is no doubt that the artists and writers seen related to surrealism, evaluated areas of the subconscious, and realized them as part of an all and everything including nature. What indeed appears in their work is nothing else than the reality of the so far not yet known.

After mentioning very shortly what surrealism meant in the beginning of the 20th century, I return to the third paragraph of this article. I myself was born into the last period of Surrealism. In other words, I got it first hand, was ready to understand it, and I am very likely, in one way or the other, influenced by its messages. More than ever I see the so called surreal art as something that artists and writers pointed to, yes, in different ways, but always in an attempt to blow the borders of common sense.

Here I am referring to an ongoing squabble over what can we subsume under the term surrealism and what not. There is no clear solution to it because there is no line one can draw that points to a simple separation of our countless possible attempts to life and art. Basically I guess much depends on how far a writer or artist 'lets go', 'gives in', 'gives up' to underlying powers, which determine somehow in a self-organizing mix what one feels can be or should become subject to process and product. We may fall into worlds behind worlds as we think today, there are galaxies behind galaxies some try to get access to, some don't. Some of us are possessed by visions and do everything strange to get them realized; some are satisfied by occasionally having fun to get a glimpse of it.

Getting intensely closer to an examination of what I am talking about here in respect to composing tanka, I think everything boils down to the fact of what one sees as the main substance, the main components for creating poetry. In my eyes, or better after my experiences, this means linking, shifting, twisting and leaping. And with the word leap I point to all the possible leaps appearing not only inside a verse but outside, namely between several different verses. Yes, in between those seemingly separately appearing verses, there lies the secret. In this empty space where the readers move in to fill the gap with whatever his/her biological background might be, right there where one's fantasy, one's intellect is allowed to interbreed, to interlock, to intervene, to interrelate, intertwine with, there is the surprise, the true Aha. The writer may prepare the leap (break and landing), exemplifying multi-focal views of what he or she intends to offer, but then the reader is asked to complete it, making it into a much more valuable material adequate to the zones with which one wants to get better acquainted.

Here is the place to state, that Jane and I offer very seldom a single written tanka. Most of my poems mentioned in Marjorie Buettner's article suffer from the fact that they are taken out of my sequences, and for that reason they are supposed to show some adoptions to the bigger connections of a longer poem. I myself believe in the power of sequences. The single tanka- ticket - once working for lovers - was waiting to slip and disappear into the sleeves of a messenger to make a simple deal look more sophisticated. Sounds funny and to many at the same time very far away from the year 2005. The self-pity loaded or lullaby-tanka may soon belong to the past or in service of an outdated training camp. Only the sequence develops the synergy to propel a potential readership off into the vast areas so far

seen foreign to the intentions believed in, and exactly there lies the most wanted space readers are truly in search for. The literary, commercially orientated markets are not going to bother with anything less than that. Short poetry? Don't be afraid separating your self from a newly established genre- a 5-verse poem is still short poetry. The Odyssey of the Greeks contained fifty-two thousand stanzas; the Persian Sagas are holding seventy thousand verses.

There might be something very short and lovable in a single five-liner, I don't deny that, but I would like to add this: Try, like you always did before, to write 5-liners as rich as you wanted them to appear. Cut them out, single them out from other stuff on the paper, or put them on cards. Throw them carelessly over the table or on the floor, do not put any attention to them - let's say for weeks or months. One day you may think, oh, spring cleaning time lays ahead of me I better take care for all that scrap. Well, here starts the gambling, the game: since the verses have been all written by a single person, by you yourself, then there must be some inner relations between all of them. Right, there is a binding factor between what represents 'the you of you' throughout the months or years asking who indeed am I? Who wrote all of this and why? Which energies have been responsible and made me compose those verses? The answer is that the verses represent the singularity of the person you are at a certain life span of our existence. Let the parts, the single 5-liner invite you to a party, to a gathering. It is 'the surrealistic hour of real-time'. The poet's, the lunatic's hand may magically start arranging the cards, finding their place to frame, to constitute the 'leap and landing facilities'. Do not get surprised about the findings. It is you who now, a certain time later, elaborates the ability to bring some order to all of this chaotic looking stuff. It is fun making a collage out of one's writings.

I assure you, that there is more than one theme, more than one propagated technique others want you to work on producing single verses. Forget it. Just grow out of it and smile. There is the 'theme of your life', there is the technique only you alone can master. Get your cards, your charts in order, start the unbelievable adventure combining those single 'barometers of your inner heat', those single notes, the gifts you received at a short moment. You may enjoy becoming the spectator and secretary on high heels of the affairs between your day dreams and your night dreams; try realizing the potential effect of the leaps between those two time zones. It may get your visions blurred when the thought gets to you that for all you did spend once your very last resources will be an eagerly waiting guest, a voyeur, a participant.

Paradigm change is the password. The post-modern, the post-deconstruction, the post-haiku, the post-tanka period did what they have been supposed to do at a certain time. The word 'post' indicated a 'going after something', here in this case: to refurbish, reappraise older literary works. Now we move from the word 'post' and its additional components to 'pro', which is a step forward stirring the fire of optimism. Consequently we watch a tendency for the forward looking writers to outline new enterprises, facilitating what they imagine paves the support for everything that starts with a 'pro' or a 'proto': a promising new 5-liner, a prodigious 3-liner, progressing symbiotic poetry, process-orientated provoking lyrics. All at once one feels lured into a 'provocative state of mind'. I can see a pro blinking - imagining how 'the poetic protocol' of the new millennium may take shape.

FROM THE SYMBIOTIC IN SINGLE VERSE TO SYMBIOTIC POETRY  
by Werner Reichhold

While still in the swing of the enthusiastic practice of the discipline of learning during the past twenty

years, it is perhaps advisable to stop, to take a look at the materials in the genres of literature which have flowed to us from Japan, to see how we are working with that which has streamed toward us, mixing with the heritage of what we have, and allow ourselves to take into consideration the development that is taking place.

The managers of the haiku scene in Europe and the USA have for a long time failed look back, to draw in a glimpse of other literary developments, and to completely draw out the other possible parallels. This was not due to a shyness or lack of knowledge, but the pioneers' and translators' fear, that in a belief in an almost obsessive behavior, wished to set themselves and their work outside of the literature scene. The ability of the Internet to self-correct is finally rectifying this slanted situation.

Let us for a few seconds, allow ourselves to return to the idyllic early times of tanka in Japan, when between the palaces with paper windows, by blistering heat, or in the icy snow storms, messengers flitted back and forth with these short verses as a transportation vehicle for the pain of love and the search for a partner. The verses were juicy, without a doubt, and are a reflection of what was happening in society at the erotic level. (Minnesinger, in these same years in Europe, hurried to play their appreciated music from court to court, mostly for the upper classes, who had gifts for their journeys and whispered announcements to manipulate. The city persons tended to have a highly developed instinct for symbiosis, for example how one could make culture, plans for power politics, and personal interests of the family profitable.)

One cannot deny that the development of tanka in its recent years in the West is in danger of slipping into the zone of sentimentality. There are those who are, with great energy, trying to steer it in another direction.

The five-liners, that we are looking at here, have a marvelous elasticity. One can burden or provide them with playfulness or earnest in turn and never do they sigh and fear that they will break up with the resulting damage to their souls. No, they hold still, they seem even more full of secrets, than to be found anywhere else. Brought to the West as poetry, and not as a puzzling rule-laden work, which the haiku has threatened to suffocate us with, the form of tanka is inviting, laughs, and greets the guest, the writers as well as the readers, with five, relaxed, yet devoted bows. Its message is: "Come in here. I am waiting for you. I feel in my middle a joker, the center rudder, the pivot line. I want to play with you. In you, the writer, lies the power to overwhelm all the handicaps of poetry, and if the upper and lower parts shall disagree, I know how to play the judge." One who is inclined toward this fascinating form can get wet fingers, when one is able, under his formation the accompanying contrast, place- person-time- and atmosphere-change to so combine that, as if in a self-organizational of the total, emerges a short poem of first quality.

There is a riveting constellation: One hunts through the ring of the components of the five-liner verses with such mobility, that with the calculated crash over the pivot, the catalyst, occurs as it is released in its innermost substance. Whoever wants to bring himself higher in the training ground for the five-liner, makes these gestures of composition to be his own: one undresses the earlier conventionally handled combinations, unfolds them into a new, self-flirting logic, grounds them in the principle of simultaneity that opposes the seemingly combination, and then gives this mix in five lines a shot of energy, that the reader in himself wishes to bring to the spark. The new five-liner belongs to the fool-hardy. From him or her it depends, if the form in Western literature will refurbish itself under a new star sign. The baby teeth of the learning years shall fall out, be plucked out or swallowed. What is needed is a new set of teeth.

We have slipped into seeing the tanka as a single, alone standing verse. However, like every other verse form in the world literature, it is possible to put this verse form into greater compositions, where it first forms the opportunity the verse writers are used to having poetry. We are attempting to bring it out farther, to at least attempt a combination inside the relative literary disciplines.

It has not been long since the single haiku was put forth. That brought a misleading aspect with it that has its own problems. For example, Basho's fame is based on his work as renga poet, and the renga is a long, poetically tightly constructed sequence. Out of other reasons, but also for commercial considerations, were Basho's renga picked apart and finally as "Basho's haiku" served up to the international scene by the secretly clever. (Basho himself, and through the whole development this time in Japan, knew neither the word 'haiku' or the term 'renku'; these name changes are a ploy by those, who wish to bury the old terms and replace them with new terms associated with their names.)

The single verse and the hundred or more-footed tanka creatures from the brushes of Japan's ancestors are the manifestations of feelings, that one otherwise personally would not want to bring to expression. With a kiss from the passing seasons capped and interwoven, they snake themselves through the themes like small mini-odes of adventures through the upper classes, and play with the existing rivalries, dreams, desires and political plans. In a wide array they reflect the cultural and social historical situations of this epoch, that Japanese poets and writers believe that should be passed down in poetical form. The emperor's court had a visible power interest in supporting this poetry. We know the tanka anthologies, in the original or in English translation, were decorated with fantastic, often magical color illustrations. The hundred or thousand verses were arranged by the editor, and not by single authors, are evidence that the themes, in which tanka, from early times onward, were seen as part of larger compositions. At that time, the popularity of the choka (long-poem) should also be mentioned.

In the USA one spoke of the haiku series, and then the tanka series, often organized into groups by theme or season, but seldom by other means. This seems rather puzzling when one knows of other verse forms that rarely appear in series. The series, as its name implies, is missing something. The series lacks an over-riding system of order. It gives the impression that they are chosen for their harmlessness. In the series remains the suggestion, that it could, with such a simple principle, be put into a row as a longer poem.

The situation of the matter, and over its wider view, of what in today's feeling truly invites it to be poetry and gives it a shining quality, has in the beginning of the last century in western orientated cultures set up the idea of the sequence. This is a very demanding form, one must seriously study to comprehend its full complicated being. It will be clear that there are foundation elements, that are recognized in the renga, namely the principle of linking, the twists and the leaps, or shall we say jumps. In the modern sequence of the 20th century is the technique to develop leaps, loved anew and full-filled and developed in multi-dimensional thinking.

So how are these leaps in texts and poems to be understood out of what they are inside, on what are they based, and what indicates their creation? Werner Hofmann, a sovereign in the art of the strategy of making art exhibits, a magician, always unexpectedly when he pulls a rabbit out of his hat or sleeve, has in his writings about art, repeatedly pointed out that the modern artist works from a poly-focal belief. That is exactly what needs to be understood, when we are working with a keystone function. What is meant, that is the view from different directions, that mix up of perspectives, that in consequence has the potential for multi-level works. In actuality this leads to a thoroughly different usage of different collage techniques, in complete unfolding of Surrealism, and then to installations. We are reminded of the concept of the polyphony in music. Many other comparisons come to mind, and

here once again we are reminded of the Japanese renga, in which a multi-focus view is the over-riding compositional principle.

The haiku as well as the five-liner sequences have the possibility, alone or in combination with each other to be effectively assembled in this advanced process. They can, and I have already demonstrated twelve different genre combinations in the end be that, what is completely normal in free verse, namely to eliminate artificially built boundaries in order to explore a new mix of far Eastern and Western genres.

We seem to be finding ourselves in the middle of an inviting circle of verse forms that are imbedded with bi-polar, multi-focal aspects. Here is the place that is reserved for the new teeth, that we have spoken of before, for the other bite. If one may paraphrase it, the tanka pulls the reader into a fight between two foxy wordy opposites, whose energy under the cooperation of the pivot, the middle line, can be effectively composed in a revolutionary way.

The poetry, that here before our eyes, relaxes and stretches out its five legs, suns itself right in the area of unrhymed leaps, where the measuring of the logical thinking of quantum physicists fails. With an equally very old and at the same time child-like laughing it brings to swaying Albert Einstein's theory, "Nothing is faster than light." There, namely, is something organic placed, and then also bound as a material that is, in actuality, faster than light: the thought. Yes, thought and its poetic formulation leaps freely in a combined symbioses also into dimension, where scientist roam, when they feel they cannot integrate the exactitude and "Verschraenkung" of material in a given space as in the old concept. Thinking speculatively, there is perhaps something like the "mathematics of the extremeness" in which the poet feels at home and therefore creative.

At this point we bring into play another for us relevant circle of culture, whose poetic creations alarmed and influenced the European folk, and this is the ghazal. Shall we keep the present cultural bridges in view, than is the ghazal the child of the Arabic-Persian language space. It was and still is written, and deeply loved from India over Pakistan and Afghanistan, to Persia and even into Turkey. It has influenced all those cultures and has touched even Germany. Johan Wolfgang Goethe loved the ghazal. There is evidence that the Sufis, also known as the wandering dervishes, had pressed into the old Germanic territory of southern Germany. We can imagine them, transporting their poetic messages deeply rooted in the Islamic method of oral tradition. How much fantasy does it need to imagine that a Sufi and a minnesinger find themselves in an "Inn of gentle ways" where they shared a bottle of wine?

We let the many aspects of the rhythm, rhyme and refrain of the ghazal go undiscussed, and instead point to two-liners of the eight or more verses of the ghazal was turned into the tanka. It encompasses contrasts and multi-poled characteristics that can be read for themselves. The solution to the ghazal is called "parallelism." The connections of the two-liners in a greater, non-narrative composition, suggests with its twists and leaps, an amazing connection to the concept of the renga, and especially when written by one person and called in the West a "solo renga." (In connection with such influences we can mention that the cultures of China and Korea were not far from one another. They have, through the reports of travelers, or better said, through the help from spies who kept their ears open, exported the ideas back to Japan. The Far East cultural circles have greatly traded among themselves. From the two-liner, vertically written tanka to the horizontally set ghazal written picture the way leads around the corner from the teahouse to the creative seeking neighbor.)

True, the ghazal is a work written by one person. A comparison to the composition by a group, as with the renga, is not taken far. Here, as well as there, the community plays an important role, then also the

ghazal has, spookily, with the appearance of the poet in trance a party character. One recites, while singing and dancing, in the excitement of musical accompaniment under the influence of drugs. The ecstatic condition of the audience in Persia was normal. (In Japan, sake was in play, also when a small group composing renga, influenced one another in the finding of verses.)

When there is enough patience for the next step in our trip, then we must book a ticket for the flight along the southern edge of the Himalayas, over the Iran plains back to Europe, or take off, after a short refueling, change course and head for the USA. Then there grows the possibility for the communal writing of five-liners into sequences.

That which in renga appears as two-and three-liners combined, has its history in the tan-renga. We proceed then, that because here through the engagement of two persons it comes to the exact situation, that we expect from the conceptual situation of tensions within modern short poetry. From here on it is not much of a step to a sequence, and, if we have enough breath, we can peacefully steer toward the goal of five-liner sequences composed by the cooperation of two or more persons. The compass needle swings toward a new goal; the passengers on this boat are prepared to have all the earthly freedom, a fresh breeze fills the sails, and after a sharp turn, by a tailwind, we set the spinnaker on the rules.

How does one go into this adventure? May I suggest that it is very simple? We agree in the beginning that there is a circle of persons who have already tried to write tanka. Each of them has a supply of verses, either completed or not, that are fluttering nearby. One of them, that is deemed to be worthy, will be sent to a partner with the trusting offer: do what you want to do with this verse. Carte blanche, blind date, free hand to bind to the following link, twist or somersault, in one or another prepared relevant territory. One cannot expect anything, one can only see what one gets.

The beginning has been made, the back and forth sending of verses, establishes itself, while the learning process, and the growing thrill lays in, the not offering of a fully planned situation. As with all other surprising and criss-crossing situations in life, one is called to do what one can. Therein lies the pleasure, trussed in paradox. Yes, it is a challenge like no other: Operate from the maxim, that E. Kant would note with a snicker, as if the verse presented by the partner is tossed back, so that every exchange makes a valid answer. So can one write for awhile, to agree or not, wait, until something opens, without a pre-set solution or end, say for eight or ten verses, until the partners either poetically or organically feel they reached a point of satisfaction.

In the known bindings from verse to verse, the link or the twist, many methods have been practiced. Here we leave them undiscussed. However, it is worth the effort to our attention, what we can best call the "leap" between verses, either figured out by one person or designed by both. One can call this "the technique of calculated jumps and designated landings". There it lies, namely the place, if not THE secret of modern poetry. The visual offer of free space, sways there with every unknown, toward which the poet tries, and causes the reader to switch on his or her fantasy, than can believe to be a part of the poem. In this pulsates an "I" and the "I" that is not yet become, equal to an excited swaying that, if one lets it willingly, leads into a zone, where the readable text is not only not completely written but also incomplete. The jumps in thinking range, when they are good, may guide us to the edge of scandal, and when they are very good, we find ourselves in a room of collisions, of spiritual catastrophes, that, if correctly understood, refresh us to be led to new principles of poetry.

This verse to verse inviting empty space, playfully organized out of the operating organ in the night of disappointment had the tendency to emancipate itself from the plan of the poet. It has two or more overlapping existences. One based on the poet's concept and a second, that the reader establishes over

the bridging function of his own fantasy. The completely aware person follows the chain of wordy statements with the concentration similar to the one used to follow the tracks of leaps. In the end the readable text and the empty-space constellation comes together forming the final poetic picture.

Every kind of situation in the coming task here noticed and practiced between the partners is necessary to a symbiotic type of poetry. In its embedded fusion are signs of all the contacts between persons, and even all the secrets, that we as single persons find hard, or even cannot acknowledge. For the last ten years we are already speaking of this kind of creativity as "Symbiotic Poetry", "Symbiotic lyric".

In one way or another, something is in the air, that we should not allow the lights of Hollywood to steal. The multi-media scene does not know us well enough, and thinks that theater, opera and film covers it all. We should permit ourselves to appear different from other media, expand to farther ideas, alone or in discussion with others of like minds.

It is not accidental that this article appears in the magazine, Lynx. Here can those who are interested in a rich offering on relevant material look backwards and forwards in abundance. The web magazine LYNX is an example of the manifestation of the ideas expressed in this article. In the one dozen published issues of Lynx on the web, under AHApoeetry.com, one can find tan-renga, tanka and haiku, tanka and haiku sequences, sijo and sedoka, haibun and haiga, renga and other symbiotic poetry, ghazals and other developing experiments, in bringing together the Western and Far Eastern forms. We do not limit ourselves, but wait for every kind of spiritual provocation, and with tolerance, let every opportunity for the yet-unwritten to appear.

## VON DER SYMBIOSE IM EINZELVERS ZU SYMBIOTISCHER POESIE Werner Reichhold

Noch im Schwung enthusiastisch eingeübter Lerndisziplin während der vergangenen zwanzig Jahre, ist es vielleicht ratsam innezuhalten, um sich zu vergegenwärtigen, was an Material aus den literarischen Genres Japans zu uns eingeflossen ist, wie wir es zu verarbeiten suchten, in welcher Weise sich unser vorhandenes eigenes Kapital mit den Zuflüssen befreundet hat, und was mit Blick auf Weiterentwicklungen in Erwägung gezogen werden darf.

Die Manager der Haikuszenen in Europa und in den U.S.A. haben sehr lange versäumt zurückzublenden, den Blick auf andere literarische Entwicklungen einzubeziehen, und die sich dabei anbietenden Parallelen aufzuzeigen. Da war nicht nur Scheu oder Unwissen beteiligt, sondern Furcht der Pioniere und Übersetzer, die in nahezu obsessiv ausgerichteter Manier glaubten, sich von der größeren Literaturszene ihrer Länder absetzen und isolieren zu dürfen. Die von innen heraus wirksamen Korrekturkräfte des Internet endlich halfen diese Schiefelage zu korrigieren.

Lassen wir uns für einen Augenblick glücklich einlullen in die frühe Tanka-Atmosphäre Japans, als zwischen Palästen mit Papierfenstern bei brütender Hitze oder in eisigem Schneetreiben Boten herumgeisterten, die diesen kurzen Vers als transportables Medium für Liebesschmerz und Partnersuche zirkulieren ließen. Die Verse hatten Saft, kein Zweifel, sie waren gelegentlich, vorwiegend von den Noblen, formvollendet gebaut, und sind ein Spiegel dessen, was sich damals auf sozial-erotischer Ebene abspielte. (Minnesänger in Europa dieser Jahre, musizierend von Hof zu Hof

eilend und gut entgolten, in ihrer Funktion vorwiegend in der Oberschicht wirksam, hatten auf ihren Reisen Geschenke und eingeflüsterte Botschaften zu manipulieren. Die Burgherren pflegten hochentwickelte Instinkte für Symbiosen, zum Beispiel wie man Kultur, machtpolitische Pläne und persönliche Familieninteressen miteinander profitable verschränken kann.)

Nicht zu vermeiden schien, dass das Tanka in seiner Entwicklung der letzten Jahre im Westen leicht in die Zone reiner Sentimentalität abzurutschen drohte. Dem gilt es jetzt energisch gegenzusteuern. Ansonsten wären die mit gefühlentledigten Haiku aufgewachsenen Personen hier im Tanka verführt alles das abzuladen, was sie lange wie ein Abgewürgtsein von ihrem Lieblichshema empfunden haben.

Die 5 Zeilen, die wir hier beleuchten, verfügen über eine sagenhafte Elastizität. Man kann sie wirklich in Spiel und Ernst wechselweise belasten und austarieren, und nie stöhnen sie auf und fürchten sich vor einem inneren Zusammenbruch mit darauf zu erwartenden Seelenschäden. Nein, sie halten still, sie lechzen vielmehr nach Geheimnissen, die anderswo noch kein Zuhause gefunden haben. Als reine Poesie und nicht als verzwicktes Regelwerk in den Westen importiert, womit wir vergleichsweise die Möglichkeiten des Haiku bis zum drohenden Erstickungstod gefoltert haben, verhält sich die Form des Tanka einladend, lächelt, begrüßt den Gast, den Schreibenden wie den Lesenden, mit fünf lässigen, nie devoten Verbeugungen. Seine Botschaft: „Komm herein, ich warte schon. Ich führe in meiner Mitte einen Joker, die zentrale Steuerfunktion, die pivot line. Ich werde sie ausspielen. In ihr liegt alle Kraft der Überzeugung, alle Entfesselung von Poesie, und falls sich die zwei oberen mit den zwei unteren Zeilen in Gegensätzen zertstreiten sollten, weiß ich die Richterin zu spielen.“ Der dieser faszinierenden Form Zugeneigte kann feuchte Finger bekommen, wenn es ihm gelingt, die unter seiner Gestaltung sich biegender Kontraste, Orts-Personen-Zeiten-und Stimmungswechsel so zu verschränken, dass, wie in anscheinender Selbstorganisation des Ganzen, sich ein Kurzgedicht erster Qualität entpuppt.

Es ist eine bestechende Konstellation: man jage die Komponenten eines 5-zeiligen Verses mit solcher Mobilität durch den Ring, daß sie beim kalkulierten Zusammenprall über das Pivot, den Katalysator, die ihr innewohnende Substanz erkennbar freisetzen. Wer sich im Trainingslager für Fünfzeiler schnell nach oben bringen möchte, der mache sich diese Manier des Komponierens zu eigen: man entkleide ehemals konventionell behandelte Zusammenhänge, entfalte eine neue, mit ich selbst flirtende Logik, unterstelle sie dem Prinzip der Simultaneität widersprüchlich erscheinender Zusammenhänge, und gebe diesem Mix in fünf Zeilen jene Aufstauung von Energie, die der Leser in sich selbst zur Zündung zu bringen wünscht. Der neue Fünfzeiler gehört den Waghalsigen. Von ihnen hängt es ab, ob sich die Form in der westlichen Literaturszene unter neuen Sternzeichen einzurichten vermag. Die Milchzähne der Probejahre sollten ausgefallen, ausgespuckt oder verschluckt sein. Gefragt ist der neue Biß.

Es hat sich eingeschlichen, das Tanka so zu sehen als sei es ein einzeln für sich stehender Vers. Aber wie jeder andere Vers in der weltweiten Literatur, ist diese Versform für größere Kompositionen wie geschaffen, und erfüllt erst durch Verskollagen die Forderungen, die wir an ein Gedicht zu stellen gewohnt sind. Wir versuchen hier, etwas weiter auszuholen, um Zusammenhänge innerhalb der verwandten literarischen Disziplinen wenigstens zu streifen.

Seit nicht sehr langer Zeit wird das Enzel-Haiku postuliert. Das hat irreführende Aspekte mit sich gebracht, hat in sich selber seine Tücken. Zum Beispiel basierte Basho's Bekanntheit einst auf seiner Tätigkeit als Renga-Dichter, und das Renga ist eine lange, poetisch durchgestaltete Sequenz. Aus verschiedenen anderen Gründen, aber eben auch aus kommerziellen Erwägungen heraus, sind Bashow's Renga auseinander gepflückt und schließlich als 'Bashow's Haiku' international von Schlaubergern serviert worden. (Basho selber, und damit die ganze Entwicklung dieser Zeit in Japan, kannte weder das Wort Haiku noch den Terminus Renku; die heute vorgenommene Rückkoppelung

dieser Termini ist ein Spielchen derer, die sich mit einem großen Namen verquickt sehen möchten).

Der Einzelvers und die hundert oder mehrfüßigen Tanka-Wesen aus den Pinseln von Japan's Altvorderen sind der Niederschlag von Gefühlen, die man ansonsten persönlich nicht zum Ausdruck zu bringen wußte. Mit einem Kuß aus passender Jahreszeit bedacht und verwoben, schlängelten sie sich thematisch wie kleine Mini-Oden durch die Abenteuer der gehobenen Klassen, und spielten mit den dort vorherrschenden Rivalitäten, Träumen, Sehnsüchten und politischen Absichten. In reicher Vielfalt spiegelten sie die kultur-und-sozialgeschichtliche Situation dieser Epochen, von denen japanische Dichter und Chronisten glaubten, sie in poetisch verdichteter Form weiterreichen zu sollen. Die Kaiserhäuser hatten beträchtliche Machtinteressen diese Dichtungen zu unterstützen. Wir kennen die Tanka-Sammlungen im Original oder in englischer Übertragung, versehen mit zauberhaften, oft magisch wirkenden farbigen Illustrationen. Die zu hundert oder tausend Versen von Lektoren, und nicht vom einzelnen Dichter arrangierten Tanka sind ein Beweis für die These, dass das Tanka schon sehr früh als Vers innerhalb größerer dichterischer Formationen weitergedacht worden ist. Die zeitweise große Beliebtheit des Choka (langes Gedicht) gehört ebenfalls hier erwähnt.

Im den U.S.A. kam die Haiku-Serie, dann die Tanka-Serie ins Gespräch, in thematischer Anordnung oder jahreszeitlich eingebunden, selten andersartig organisiert. In sich selbst sieht das ziemlich zweifelhaft aus, kennt man doch in anderen Versformen die reine Serie kaum. Der Serie, ihrem Namen getreu, fehlt etwas. Die Serie entbehrt eines übergeordneten Gestaltungssystems. Sie macht den Eindruck als wehre sie sich verbissen gegen ihre eigne Harmlosigkeit. In der Serie schlummert die Ahnung, sie könne nach einem so simplen Prinzip wie der Reihung als längeres Gedicht nie Bedeutung ersheischen.

Der Stand der Dinge und die sich verbreitenden Ansichten darüber, was denn ein Gedicht im heutigen Sinne wirklich poetisch auflädt und bleibende Qualität verleiht, hat Anfang des letzten Jahrhunderts in westlich orientierten Kulturen den Begriff der Sequenz geprägt. Das ist eine sehr anspruchsvolle Form, ihre ganze Kompliziertheit sollte man eindringlich studieren. In ihr werden Gestaltungselemente deutlich, die seltsamerweise auch im Renga erkenntlich sind, nämlich die Prinzipien des linking, des twists und des leaps, sagen wir des Sprungs. In der modernen Sequenz des 20. Jahrhunderts ist die Technik, Sprünge zu erzeugen, neu belebt und in multi-dimensionaler Denkweise sehr ausgefeilt worden.

Wie aber sind diese Sprünge in Texten und Gedichten von innen heraus zu verstehen, was hat sie begünstigt etabliert zu werden, was weist zurück auf ihre Entstehung? Werner Hofmann, ein Souverän innerhalb der Kunstaustellungs-Strategen, ein Magier, wenn er aus Ärmel oder Hut immer wieder unerwartet Kaninchen hervorzaubert, hat in seinen Schriften zur Kunst immer wieder darauf hingedeutet, dass moderne Künstler aus einer polyfokalen Einstellung heraus arbeiten. Das ist sehr genau erkannt, denn hier haben wir es mit einer wahren Schlüsselfunktion zu tun. Damit ist gemeint, der Blick aus unterschiedlichen Winkeln, sich vermischenden Perspektiven, die in Konsequenz sich zu mehrschichtigen Werken potenzieren. In Quintessenz führte es zur weidlichen Ausbeutung verschiedenster Kollagetechniken, in voller Entfaltung zum Surrealismus, dann zur Installation. Wir sind erinnert an den Begriff der Polyphonie in der Musik, an polyphones Hören und Gestalten. Mancher anderer Vergleich liegt auf der Hand, und da erneut vor allem der Blick auf das japanische Renga, das die multifokale Sicht als ein beherrschendes Prinzip in ihr Kompositionsprinzip vor langer Zeit schon vorbildlich einschloß.

Sowohl Haiku als auch Fünfzeiler-Sequenzen haben die Möglichkeit, sich allein oder in Kombination miteinander in diesen fortschreitenden Prozeß wirkungsvoll einzugliedern, oder sich dort gleichrangig

zu installieren. Sie können und ich habe das in zwölf verschiedenen Genre-Kombinationen schon vorgeführt - Anschluß herstellen an das, was in free verse voll im gange ist, nämlich künstlich aufgebaute Schranken um eine Versform abzubauen, um sogar mit einem Mix aus fernöstlichen und westlichen Genres Neuland zu abzuschreiten.

Augenscheinlich befinden wir uns mitten in einladenden Zirkeln einer Versform, die den bipolaren, multifokalen Aspekt tief in sich eingebettet trägt. Hier ist der Platz reserviert für die neuen Zähne, von denen wir zuvor sprachen, für den anderen Biß. Paraphrasiert darf man sagen, das Tanka zieht seine Leser in den Kampf zweier sprachlich ausgefuchster Gegenüberstellungen, deren Energie unter Mitwirkung des Pivot, der zentralen Zeile, revolutionär vielschichtig wirksam werden kann. Wer dann aus dem Kreis des Publikums seine eigene komplizierte Welt, die Diskontinuität der Ereignisse, eine Mischung aus Trivialem und Feierlichen darin gespiegelt wiederfindet, der wird Liebhaber und Käufer dieser Dichtung zugleich.

Die Poesie, die hier vor unseren Augen im Tanka alle fünf ihrer Glieder gelassen von sich streckt, sonnt sich in ihren sprunghaft erscheinenden Ungereimtheiten gerade in den Bereichen, wo den Quantenphysikern mit ihrem auf Messbarkeit ausgerichteten Denken die Sprache den Dienst versagt. Mit einem vergleichsweise uralten und zugleich kindlichem Lächeln auf den Lippen läßt sich Albert Einsteins These „nichts sei schneller als das Licht“ ins Schwanken bringen. Da nämlich ist etwas organisch angelegt, und demzufolge also an Material gebunden das in der Tat schneller ist als Licht: der Gedanke. Ja, der Gedanke, und seine poetische Ausformulierung entspringen einer alles miteinander verschmelzenden Symbiose auch in den Dimensionen, wo Forscher straucheln, wenn sie Gleichzeitigkeit und Verschränkungen von Materie auch über große Distanzen in alte Konzepte nicht einordnen können. Spekulativ gedacht gibt es vielleicht so etwas wie `die Mathematik des Maßlosen` in deren Gleichungen der Poet, der Künstler den symbiotisch wirksamen Mechanismen innerhalb der Natur auf die Schliche zu kommen bemüht ist.

Um an dieser Stelle einen weiteren für uns relevanten Kulturkreis ins Spiel zu bringen, dessen poetische Kreationen die europäischen Völker alarmiert und beeinflußt hat, darf man das Ghazal nicht übersehen. Wollen wir die bestehenden kulturellen Brücken ins Auge fassen, dann ist das Ghazal ein Kind des arabisch persischen Sprachraums. Es wurde und wird noch heute von Indien über Pakistan und Afghanistan, im weitverzweigten zentral asiatischen Raum, bis zu Persien und zur Türkei hin geschrieben und heiß geliebt. Es hat die anliegenden Kulturen bis nach Deutschland hinauf berührt. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe liebte das Ghasal. Belegt ist, dass Sufis, auch bekannt als wandernde Dervische, bis in den alemannischen Raum in Süddeutschland vorgedrungen sind. Wir dürfen uns vorstellen, dass sie in bauschiger Pluderhose versteckt poetische Botschaften kolportierten, geheimnisreich verwoben mit mit den im Islam gepflegten Methoden zur Erzielung eines zwischen Diesseits und Jenseits wabernden Spannungsraums. Wie viel Phantasie braucht es sich vorzustellen, dass ein Sufi und ein Minnesänger ermüdet im `Gasthof zum sanften Beschlag` zusammenfanden, um sich bei einem Humpen Wein auszutauschen?

Sehr vereinfacht, Rhythmus, Reim und Refrain des Ghazal hier undiskutiert belassen, ist der zweizeilige Einzelvers im sonst oft acht oder mehrversig komponierten Ghazal dem Tanka verwandt. Er beherrscht ebenfalls kontrastierende, multipolare Merkmale, könnte für sich allein gelesen werden. Das Schlüsselwort des Ghazal heißt Parallellismus. Die Einbindung der 2-Zeiler in größere, nicht narrative Kompositionen, entspricht mit seinen Twists und Sprüngen frappierend der japanischen Renga Konzeption, komponiert von nur einer Person, sozusagen ein Solo-Renga. (In Bezug auf Einflußnahme fügen wir ein, dass China und Korea kulturell nie weit von einander entfernt waren. Sie haben durch Entsendung von Reisenden, oder besser gesagt, mit Hilfe von Spionen die Ohren offen

gehalten und, wie man weiß, fleissig nach Japan exportiert. Die fernöstlichen Kulturkreise haben sich stets beneidenswert flink ausgetauscht. Vom zweizeiligen, vertikal geschriebenen Tanka zum horizontal gesetzten Ghazal-Schriftbild führt der Weg nur um die Ecke vom Teehaus zum kreativ auf der Lauer liegenden Nachbarn.)

Richtig, das Ghazal gilt als Werk eines einzelnen Verfassers. Ein Vergleich zu Gestaltungen in Gruppe, wie beim Renga, ist aber nicht weit hergeholt. Hier wie dort spielt die Gemeinschaft eine tragende Rolle, denn auch das Ghazal hat, zumindest früher man verfolge die Kommentatoren um Rumi`s Teilnahme heischenden, ihn selbst in Trance versetzenden Auftritte Partycharakter. Man rezitierte singend, tanzend, im Rausch sich steigernder instrumentaler Begleitung, unter Drogeneinfluß. Ekstatische Zustände unter den Beteiligten in Persien waren die Regel. (Sake war im Spiel, wenn eine kleine Gruppe bei der Komposition von Renga sich gegenseitig im Erfinden von Versen voll in Schwung zu bringen ansetzte).

Wenn noch Geduld für die Fortsetzung unserer Reise vorhanden ist, dann müssen wir ein Ticket buchen für den Flug entlang südlich der Himalayas, über das iranische Plateau hinweg zurück nach Europa, oder nach Auftanken und mit Kurswechsel hinüber in Richtung auf die U.S.A. Da nämlich schwelt die Möglichkeit des gemeinsamen Schreibens von 5-Zeiler-Sequenzen.

Was im Renga als 2 und 3-Zeiler voneinander getrennt zur Wirkung gelangte, das hat im Tan-Renga seine Vorgeschichte. Wir gehen darauf ein, weil hier durch das Engagement zweier Personen genau das zustande kam, was wir an konzeptionell angelegten Spannungen innerhalb von Kurzpoesie heute erwarten. Von hier aus ist es dann ein weiterer Schritt zur Sequenz, und, wenn uns der Atem nicht ausgeht, steuern wir gelassen auf das Ziel zu, Fünfzeiler-Sequenzen in Zusammenarbeit von zwei oder mehr Personen zu verfassen. Die Kompaßnadel pendelt sich auf Neuland ein, den Passagieren im Boot dieses Unterfangens sind alle erdenklichen Freiheiten anheim gestellt, eine frische Brise bläht die Segel, und nach abrupter Wende bei Rückenwind den Spinnaker zu setzen sollte die Regel werden.

Wie geht man das an? Darf ich sagen, das sei ganz einfach? Wir setzen voraus, dass wir es hier mit einem Personenkreis zu tun haben, der sich im Schreiben von Tanka erprobt hat. Jeder wird einen Vorrat an Versen in Arbeit oder vollendet um sich herumflattern sehen. Einer davon, den man als gelungen einschätzt, wird per Nachrichtensystem welcher Art auch immer einem Partner eigener Wahl zugeschickt mit der vertrauensvollen Aufforderung: mach damit was du willst. Carte blanche, blind date, freie Hand zum Anschluß, zum nächsten Link, Twist oder Kopfsprung in ein so oder so als relevant ausgemachtes Terrain. Etwas nicht Erwartetes ergibt sich, man wird sehen, was. Der Anfang ist gemacht, das Hin-und-Zurückreichen von Versen verselbständigt sich, wächst sich zum Lernprozeß aus, und der wachsende Reiz liegt darin, dem nicht vorausgesehenen Text Pari zu bieten. Wie bei allen anderen überraschend aufkreuzenden Situationen im Leben ist man auch in dieser Lage zur adaptierenden Handlungen aufgerufen. Darin liegt das Vegnügen, so verzwickte paradoxe Inhalte sich auch gebärden mögen. Ja, es ist eine Herausforderung ohnegleichen: Handle nach der Maxime, würde Kant schmunzelnd bemerken, als habe der vom Partner präsentierte Vers dich so auf dich selbst zurück geworfen, dass jedes Parieren darauf eine dir gemäße, gültige Antwort darstellen muß. So kann man eine zeitlang weiter schreiben, sich abstimmen oder auch nicht, warten, bis gegen ein offenes, nicht auf Abschluß versessenes Ende, sagen wir nach acht oder zehn Versen, die Partner poetisch/organisch an einen Punkt kommen, den sie für befriedigend halten. Dabei bietet sich die Möglichkeit mit einem gemeinsam geschriebenen 5-Zeiler oder mit Hilfe jeder anderen formalen Idee, die sich erst aus der abenteuerlich herausfordernden, aufreizenden Spielform dieses Schreibens entwickelt hat, erfinderisch neuen Atem einzublasen.

In den bekannten Verbindungen von Vers zu Vers, dem Linking oder dem Twist, haben sich seit langem verschiedenste Methoden bewährt. Hier lassen wir sie undiskutiert, weil gut bekannt und erprobt. Hingegen ist es der Mühe wert, das Ohr und dann den Finger ganz nah an etwas zu legen, das wir am besten als einen ``Sprung`` umschreiben, als den Sprung zwischen Versen, entweder von einer Person konzipiert oder gemeinsam erarbeitet. Sozusagen eine Technik von kalkulierte[m] Absprung und parziell disponierter Landung. Da nämlich liegt ein, wenn nicht DAS Geheimnis der modernen Poesie. Visuell angeboten als freier Raum, schwebt dort noch jenes Unbekannte, auf das der Dichter zustrebt und in das sich der Leser mit Phantasie so einschalten, einnisten darf, dass er zu glauben berechtigt ist, an Gestaltung und Wirkungsweise des Gedichts im wahrsten Sinne beteiligt zu sein. Eine Verschränkung von Motiven, Orten, Zeiten und Befindlichkeiten und alles dessen, was wir uns als kollagefähig, aber noch unerforscht denken dürfen, ist des Schreibers wie des Lesers eigentliche Lust. In ihr pulsiert ein Ich und ein noch nicht zum Ich gewordener, vergleichsweise erregender Schwebezustand, der, überläßt man sich ihm willentlich, entführt er in Zonen, die der lesbare Text nur vorbereiten nicht aber vollenden kann. Die Sprünge im Gedanklichen rangieren, wenn sie nur gut sind, wie von allein an den Rändern von Skandalen; sind sie sogar sehr gut, befinden wir uns im Raum von Kollisionen, von geistigen Katastrophen, die, recht verstanden, Erneuerung als Prinzip in sich führen.

Dieser von Vers zu Vers sich anbietende Leerraum Spielwiese der aus sich selbst operierenden Organe in der Nacht der Täuschungen - hat eine Tendenz sich vom Plan des Dichters zu emanzipieren; er überläßt sich dem Leser wenn nicht ausschließlich so doch teilweise zu persönlicher Identifikation. Er hat vergleichsweise zwei oder mehr sich überlappende Existenzen, eine vom Schriftsteller konzipierte und jene andere, die vom Lesenden über die Brückenfunktion seiner eigenen Phantasie herzustellende Verbindung. Die wirklich aufmerksame Person verfolgt die Kette des wörtlich Ausgesprochenen mit ähnlicher Konzentration, die sie den Folgen von Sprüngen zumißt. Schließlich wachsen lesbarer Text und die Leerraum-Konstellationen der Leser zu einem einzigen poetischen Gebilde zusammen.

Ein jedes derart zustande kommendes Unterfangen - hier gedacht und geübt zwischen Partnern - wird notwendig zu einer Symbiose gearten. In ihr eingebettet fusionieren die Merkmale aller unserer sonstigen zwischenmenschlichen Beziehungen, und eben all der Geheimnisse, die wir als Einzelperson schwerer oder gar nicht erkunden können. Schon seit zehn Jahren spreche ich von dieser Art der Kreativität als Symbiotic Poetry, Symbiotische Poesie. Die Felder, in denen sich partnerschaftliche Bemühungen bewähren können, erweitern sich nach Maßgabe derer, die sich im gegenseitigen Vertrauen darauf einlassen, oder besser, sich darauf eingeschworen haben.

So oder so liegt hier etwas in der Luft, das wir uns nicht von dem Gelichter in Hollywood stehlen lassen sollten. Wenn wir einschließen, dass wir uns über email flink austauschen, und wenn wir Tonträger und graphische Techniken als Ergänzung aktivieren, wird unsere Gesellschaft sich interessiert zeigen, und sich schließlich am Netz, oder am Fernseher unterhalten sehen. Die Multimedia-Szene kennt uns nur noch nicht hinreichend, und denkt, Theater, Oper und Film deckten schon alles ab. Ob sich das ändern läßt, ob da in Differenz zu anderen Versuchen auf neuer poetischer Ebene nicht Möglichkeiten warten, wenn nicht sogar lauern, darüber sollten kluge Köpfe schon bald, ergänzt um manche erweiternde Idee, allein oder im Diskurs mit ähnlich Gesinnten nachdenken.

Dieser Artikel steht nicht zufällig im Magazin LYNX. Nur dort können interessierte in einem reichen Angebot an relevantem Material vor und zurückklicken, ist an Beispielen zur Erläuterung des oben Gesagten kein Mangel. In den meisten der zwölf bis heute erschienenen LYNX-Magazinen am Netz unter Ahapoetry.com, finden sich Tan-Renga, Tanka und Haiku, Tanka und Haiku-Sequenzen, Sijo und Sedoka, Haibun und Haiga, Renga und andere symbiotische Poesie, Ghazal und weiterführende Versuche, die östliche, fernöstliche und westliche Formen vergleichend zusammenbringen. Wir grenzen

uns nicht ein, warten auf jede Art geistiger Provokation, animieren zu Arbeiten, die sich mit Toleranz in die umschriebenen Spielräumen einordnen lassen.

## LETTERS

I have been writing since I was around twelve years old. Some of my poetic influences are Ogden Nash, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Teasdale, Dickinson, Billy Collins and Dorothy Parker to name a few. Some of my published credits include "The Library of Congress 9/11 Documentary Project", North Carolina University's Presses "Free-Verse Magazine, " Poems Niederngasse, Albany University's "Offcourse Literary Journal", Temple University's "Schuylkill Creative and Critical Review", Duke University's "Voices" Journal, San Gabriel Valley Poetry Quarterly, Muse Apprentice Guild Literary Magazine, York University's School of Women's Studies Journal, "The Permanente Journal of the Arts and Medicine", "Ars Medica, A Journal of Medicine, The Arts, and Humanities-Mount Sinai Hospital, Toronto Canada" and The Pittsburgh Quarterly. Kelly Ann Malone

My name is Michael Williams, and I recently began writing what is - as far as I know - a new form. It is composed of two tanka side-by-side, with the idea that the work can be read as a unified whole, or as two individual tanka. I have written four of those since the end of June, and enjoy the process as well as the result. On the Short Form Poetry forum of The Critical Poet, I've been referring to these as SuperTanka (a pun on supertanker). Jane wondered what the result would be if two people wrote a SuperTanka - an oil spill? I answered that if two SuperTanka collided, the result might be a word spill, or a TrebleTanka - and I offered the following as an example: "LIGHTHOUSE GUARDIAN COMPANION" in Solo Poetry.

Enclosed in a submission for Lynx is a collaborative sequence, the first such sequence of cinqku. Cinqku is a cinquain form of haiku, one that is a closer analogue to haiku than is the American Cinquain (Crapseian) and that maximizes the utility of the line break technique. A cinqku is a cinquain-formatted haiku with a strict syllable count (2,3,4,6,2) making 17 syllables on 5 lines. Single cinqku generally are not titled, and have haiku style free diction and syntax, no metrical requirement, and a turn that may be similar to kireji or a cinquain turn. Since I began writing cinqku (my own design) last month, poets on several lists have begun writing them (one has been written in Romanian). Broken Hearts is a linked sequence (L5-L1 links) written during May-June 2005 on an elist, "HaikuUnchained," by DMG - Denis M. Garrison; DPK - Deborah P. Kolodji; GDB - Gary Blankenship; MLE - Michael L. Evans; TJJ - Toni J. Layton. Haiku Unchained [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/haiku\\_unchained/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/haiku_unchained/). Denis M. Garrison

Just a quick note to ask if Lynx would be interested in reviewing, "May-Dazed", a long collaborative cinquain sequence written by fourteen poets in several languages which is published as a book on Lulu.com? The sequence was written in May 2005 and consists of 212 cinquains which are linked together by the 5th/1st lines, i.e. the 1st line of cinquain 2 is the same as the 5th line of cinquain 1. The idea was to have a connection, however tentative with the previous cinquain, but to depart from the point of the previous cinquain, freely moving off on a tangent. Deborah P. Kolodji

Jen and I have completed the introductions to the Senku, plus three levels of proofing/editing. All we have left to do is an appendix and it's ready. In the meantime Jen's finished her first novel manuscript,

and is well into the second. I'm just completing my first "real" collection of poetry. Changed the title for a third time. This one feels right: "Smuggler's Moon." I have a studio now so I've taken on a few "students", apprentices really, of painting. Getting set to start another painting series. Looking for a second-hand drafting table for the watercolours. As usual I support all that by fulltime framing. It's my thirty-first year, since I started in 1975. Before that I painted murals (which is what my brother's second daughter, Stephanie, is doing.). Edward Baranosky

The issue of Contemporary Ghazals came today. It's an odd case, it seems to me. I'll look forward to Jane's review in Lynx. I don't know that I want to review it; I may post an announcement about it on The Ghazal Page. I don't think TGP and the mag are in competition, being in very different media and with (apparently) different goals. I've never liked partisanship in poetry, although I know some excellent poets also have very strong opinions and party-spirit. Think of all the manifestos from the early 20th century and what still appears to be arguments between proponents of free verse and advocates of formal verse. From 2005, that seems like an especially silly argument to me, but there's some suggestion of it in Watkins' piece Agha Shahid Ali. It makes it sound like Shahid invented the formalist revival, which is far from the case. Oh well. I don't want to instigate a quarrel with him. Thank you for the magazine. I'm glad to know about it and have an idea of what he's doing with it at this stage. We had two tornadoes spotted this evening coming towards Rolla but they didn't touch down. There's a thunderstorm on its way now. We have uninterruptible power supplies on our computers, fortunately, so we're not bothered by a power outage unless it's extended. The power blipped on and off earlier while I was online. It's noticeable but doesn't cause a problem. I want to express again my gratitude and appreciation for what you and Jane have done with Lynx for years now. You're making a genuine contribution. All the best to you, Gene Doty aka Gino Pelegrini

#### LETTERS WITH LARYALEE

Date: Mon, 13 Jun 2005 12:04:20 -0700

To: "laryalee@yahoo.com" <laryalee@yahoo.com

From: Werner Reichhold <wreichol@mcn.org

Subject: Re: Haiga

Dear Lary,

thank you for sharing another image of yours. I can see you going ahead with new ideas. Well you know that you are in creating haiga, don't you? But do you know that there is a haiga movement in the USA? It started some six or seven years ago. Jeanne Emrich founded a web site, then four years later she had the idea to publish a kind of a yearly book series, all in color, titled REEDS. No. 3 is just to come out in these days. Jane and I participated in No. 2. Here I let you have Jeanne Emrich's publishing address: LONE EGRET PRESS, P.O.Box 390545, Edina, Minnesota 55435, USA. In case you feel you want to get in touch with her, she will certainly respond. Best wishes, Werner.

At 02:26 PM 6/9/05 -0700, Laryalee wrote:

Thank you, Werner! It will be a thrill to have our collaboration published in Lynx...I feel honored. And I enjoyed hearing about your background... it started me thinking how back in the seventies, the idea of working with folks all around the world via the internet would have seemed such a far-out concept! I'll share one more with you -- I made the image yesterday, and the haiku I had written in remembrance for my husband who died five years ago this June.... It has been a delight to work with you! warmly, Lary

--- Werner Reichhold <wreichol@mcn.org wrote:

Dear Lary, Thank you so much for your letter. Interesting how you put my indented lines together and how they then work. So, your feeling was that the title 'Exposed' works best? Fine with me. I suppose you wanted your 3-liners see as they appeared on the page titled 'Exposed'. Now we seem to be all set, and I offer you and us to publish our collaboration with the October issue of LYNX, 2005. Yes, I looked at your photograph. You are on a new path, Lary. We are indeed sharing experiences from our times in darkrooms. When Jane and I lived and worked in Europe, 1970-86, we installed quite a large darkroom. We both had studios, I worked mostly in metal, Jane with textiles and wood. My studio was painted totally white, so we have been able to photograph our stuff in a way it looks separated from the environment. Equipped with a Linhof 8 by 10 inch for the studio work, a 4 by 5 cm. and a single-lens Rolleiflex, we traveled, brought home what we thought is best to combine with our sculptures and installations. Home, we rushed up to the darkroom, and worked and worked all night long on the three parallel installed enlargers producing what you saw in my catalogues. In the seventies I could not afford to have a color lab, but later, when museums and Galleries paid for my books, our work was published in color. Thank you so much making agreeing with you so easy. Warm regards, Werner

At 07:19 PM 6/6/05 -0700, you wrote:

Hi Werner, back again, after a busy weekend... I love your photography, and it's so inspiring -- I often find it hard to visualize things in black and white, although in the old days I worked in a newspaper darkroom, when black and white was all we had. I would love to be able to play in the darkroom again -- Photoshop isn't quite the same! Three of my favorite photos in Landzeichen is the very last one, the 3rd from last (the cliff and driftwood) and the 5th from last (the tree on the cliff with the cloud). In Bridge of Voices, the swan is awesome! So is the baby and the bat...and of course your poetry is amazing. I am thrilled to have these books to read at leisure. About our collaboration, I see what you mean about the lines...I find the spacing on the "two profiles" page very interesting. And yet on the other page, to me the indents seem more effective simply because there only a few. Also, it struck me how they work together:

moon by moon  
without sandals

Venetian red  
eyes of a wolf  
at early dawn

I feel exposed

With titles, I would vote for "Exposed" -- it seems to add more depth -- a bit more haunting? So those are my somewhat hesitant thoughts... I think you've influenced me -- I usually work with straight-forward photo haiku, but I began experimenting: I don't think it's very good, but it just evolved! Once again, thank you for sharing your time and expertise with me...and for the books...I appreciate everything very much! warmly, Lary

## MY HAIKU MAXIMS ON THE WALL:

Geert Verbeke

On must assiduously study the rules of haiku and then swap them for a few marbles.

The best things come in small packages: yes for haiku, but no for pubic louses.

If a haiku is a temple, do you go inside to burn incense or to count syllables?

Haiku should be read in one breath but some people have rather small lungs.

Writing haiku is learning how to fly in the landscapes of your mind.

A haiku must be a thimble filled to overflow with emotion.

Haiku are related to pebbles, not to armchair scholars.

Haiku must smell of strawberries and not patronize.

5-7-5 syllables? I try to be a haikuist, not an abacus!

A haiku is a miniature jewel case for daydreamers.

A haiku is a four-star means against acidification.

Lay down rules are lethal poison for your haiku.

Haiku without diversity are a petrifying well.

Haiku & whales, two mirrors for mankind.

Haiku and ignorance are not compatible.

Haiku have the colours of butterflies.

A haiku is only a useless knickknack.

A haiku is a nutshell full of dreams.

A haiku is a cherry stone.

The second volume of haibun from the print journal American Haiga and Haibun is now online at the contemporary haibun online [cho] website: In addition, contemporary haibun online is accepting submissions for the third issue. The submission guidelines are here: Ray Rasmussen, Managing Editor

Contemporary Haibun Online, Writers featured in the AHH archives are: Yu Chang, refrigerator; Yu Chang, rain; Margaret Chula, At Year's End; Ion Codrescu, Towards the Mountain Temple; John Crook, Hospice; Cherie Hunter Day, The Cabinetmaker's Wish; John J. Dunphy, Facing the Wall; John J. Dunphy, A Captured Memorial; Jeanne Emrich, Weaver Bottoms; Judson Evans, Vigil; Liz Fenn, All Systems, Go! Stanford M. Forrester, New Year's Eve; Alice Frampton, Black and White; Alice Frampton, Cheeky; Gerald George, Arizona; Robert Gibson, Moon Rise; Jesse Glass, Unsen's Stone gop, The Monk's Bowl; Carolyn Hall, Protective Coloration; Carolyn Hall, A Crow Not Settled Elizabeth Hazen, Here's Looking at You; Anne M. Homan, Black and White; Ken Hurm, Mother's Day; Jim Kacian, Grace; Jim Kacian, Home; Michael Ketchek, Lunar Eclipse; Jerry Kilbride, Once the Traveler; Larry Kimmel, The Latch; Kenneth C. Leibman, Okonomiyaki Kenneth C. Leibman, The Path of Philosophy; Tom Lynch, White Sands Dunes; Kate MacQueen, The Catbird's Tongue; John Martone, Bién Xú; Brent Partridge, The Dawn Road; Francine Porad, PS full of energy; William Ramsey, Buying a Soul; Carolyne Rohrig, Christmas Decor; Carolyne Rohrig, Springtime; Emily Romano, Enlightened by Light; Bruce Ross, Life is a Dream; Bruce Ross, Shad Island; Carla Sari, Venice; Laurie W. Stoelting, California; Diane Tomczak, Best Friends; Zinovy Vayman, Haibun for John Ashbery; Zinovy Vayman, Haibun for Vadim; Linda Jeannette Ward, small time; Gene Williamson, Home Again; Billie Wilson, Indiana Springtime; Zolo, Rant

**FINIS**