

LYNX  
A Journal for Linking Poets

XXIII:1 February, 2008

Table of Contents

**SYMBIOTIC POETRY**

**A CUP OF COLD WATER**

Richard Straw

Curtis Dunlap

**WAITING FOR THE TOOTH FAIRIES**

Barbara A Taylor, Australia

Moira Richards, South Africa

**LUNCH IN THE PLAZA**

Frank Williams, England

Doreen King, England

**ANOTHER AUTUMN**

Pamela A. Babusci

Alexis Rotella

**INVISIBLE SHIELD**

Alexis Rotella

Pamela A. Babusci

**CURIOUS**

Dorothea Penn

William A. Poppen

**THE QUICK WAY**

Anne-Marie Culhane (master poet)

Paul Conneally (host poet)

Catherine Naysmith

Oonagh Desire

Jo Salter

Dave Jones

Jenny Stanton

Anita Joice

Joseph Conneally

Colin May

Becky Didlick

Gaby Hock

AUGUST ISLAND

Eric D. Lehman  
Amy Nawrocki

HAIGA

Alexis Rotella and Angelee Deodhar

TAN RENGGA

Raihana Dewji  
CW Hawes

**SOLO WORKS**

GHAZALS

SUMMER MORNING

Gene Doty

THE LOVER OF ALL LOVERS

CW Hawes

FAMOUS

Ruth Holzer

GHAZAL OF THE STARTLED SILENCE

Steffen Horstmann

ACROSS THE BAY

Steffen Horstmann

A DREAM OF PERSEPHONE

Steffen Horstmann

GUZZLE OR CHUG

Shelleen A. McQueen

HAIBUN

HOLIDAYS

CW Hawes

POLYNESIA

CW Hawes

SEAMING

Tracy Koretsky

UNTITLED  
John Martone

ARE YOU. . .  
Linda Papanicolaou

BMISERERE MEI  
Linda Papanicolaou

SACRAMENT  
Linda Papanicolaou

STRATEGIC MOMENTS  
Patricia Prime

PUBLICATION  
Patricia Prime

CATALOG  
Ray Rasmussen

PEEPHOLE  
Richard Straw

PLATO'S CAVE  
Richard Straw

DOLOR  
Richard Straw

HERE AND THERE  
Barbara A. Taylor

NEIGHBORS  
Jeffrey Woodward

GLASS LAKE  
Jeffrey Woodward

SOUVENIR  
Jeffrey Woodward

SEQUENCES

NEAR MISSES, SUNDAY MORNING  
James Roderick Burns

ALL THE MORNINGS OF THE WORLD  
Ruth Holzer

UNTITLED  
Elizabeth Howard

THEN BED  
Shelleen A. McQueen

WATERMAN'S SPRING  
M. Kei

UNTITLED SKY POEMS  
June Moreau

JUMP IN THE CALM SEA  
Tomislav Maretic

SNAKES  
R.K. Singh

UNTITLED  
A. Thiagarajan

37 EXTRA HAIKU, AS CHOCOLATE TRUFFLES...  
Geert Verbeke

REWORKING AN OLD POEM  
Ella Wagemakers

TOWARDS HEPTONSTALL  
Liam Wilkinson

SINGLE POEMS

PELT  
Christopher Barnes

1968  
Carl Brennan

KENSHI  
Carl Brennan

Sanford Goldstein

Martin Grenfell

CW Hawes

Artur Lewandowski

Barbara A. Taylor

SHROVE TUESDAY

Carl Brennan

## BOOK REVIEWS

Business in Eden by David Cobb. Equinox Press: Braintree, Essex, England, 2006. ISBN: 0-9517103-5-4. Perfect Bound, 5" x 6 1/2", 96 pp., £7.95 UK Available, also, through British Haiku Society Bookshop.

Water Shining Beyond the Fields: Haibun Travels Southeast Asia by John Brandi. Tres Chicas Books: El Rito, NM, 2006. ISBN: 1-893003-09-4. Perfect Bound, 5 1/2" x 7", 190 pp., \$14.00 US.

Table Turning: BHS Haibun Anthology 2005. Edited by David Cobb and Ken Jones. BHS Bookshop. ISSN: 0-952230-78. Saddle-stapled, 5 1/2" x 8", 40 pp., £5 UK.

Shorelines: Haiku, Haibun and Tanka by Kirsty Karkow. Black Cat Press: Eldersburg, MD, 2007. ISBN: 0-9766407-5-9. Perfect Bound, 5" x 6 1/2", 132 pp., \$15.95 US.

Gathering Peace by Carol Purington. Winfred Press: Colrain, MA, 2007. ISBN: 0-9766407-4-0. Perfect Bound, 5 1/2" x 8", 100 pp., \$15 postpaid within US – ordering details and prices outside USA.

Lip Prints: Tanka and Other Short Poems, 1979-2007 by Alexis Rotella. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN 978-0-6151-6501-1. Perfect Bound, 6 x 9 inches, 160 pp., \$21.95 US.

The Tao of Water, edited by Giselle Maya. Koyama Press, France, 2007. Limited Edition, hand-sewn, 8 x 11 inches, 52 pp. Send \$26 US plus \$9.60 US postage or 20E plus 7.20E postage to G. Maya, Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France.

A Piece of the Rainbow by Fujiko Sato. Nihon Bungakukan: Tokyo, Japan, 2007. ISBN: 978-4-7765-1448-0. Perfect Bound, 5" x 7 1/2", 118 pp., \$12 US or 1,200 yen.

Poets Behind Barbed Wire. Edited and translated by Jiro Nakano and Kay Nakano. Bamboo Ridge Press: Honolulu, HI, 1983. ISBN: 0-910043-05-1. Perfect Bound, 5 1/2" x 8", 88 pp., \$8 US.

Outcry from the Inferno: Atomic Bomb Tanka Anthology. Edited and translated by Jiro Nakano. Bamboo Ridge Press: Honolulu, HI, 1995. ISBN: 0-910043-38-8. Perfect Bound, 6" x 9", 128 pp., \$10 US.

Reeds: Contemporary Haiga 2007. Edited by Jeanne Emrich. Lone Egret Press, 6566 France Avenue South, Suite 1210, Edina, MN 55435. ISBN: None. Perfect Bound, 5 1/2" x 8", 102 pp., \$16 US.

Geert Verbeke: An enigma, a modern master and a spellbinder. Literary criticism of the poetry and prose of Geert Verbeke (Flanders-Belgium), based upon "Brother Buddha", 2007, Cyberwit (India), ISBN: 978-81-8253-094-2; "Frogs Croak", 2007, Cyberwit (India), ISBN: 978-81-8253-091-1; "Rain", 2005, Cyberwit (India), ISBN: 81-8253-021-0; "Jokerman", 2005, Cyberwit (India), ISBN: 81-8253-038-5; and "Sweeps of Rain", 2006, Cyberwit (India), ISBN: 81-8253-068-7.

Stepping Stones: a way into haiku, Martin Lucas

192 pp., ISBN 978-0-9522397-9-6, £12 + £1.50 p&p British Haiku Society. Order from: Stanley Pelter, Maple House, 5 School Lane, Claypole, Lincs. NG23 5BQ Overseas orders, enquire.

Wall Street Park, A Concrete Renku, by Raffael Gruttola and Carlos Colón, including text about Links & Linkages by the authors. PiXeLaRt Press, Upton, Massachusetts, U.S.A., 2007. \$ 8.00 pp. Order from: Carlos Colon, 185 Lynn Ave., Shreveport, LA 71105

## **ARTICLES**

Calling All Haiku Kate Marianchild

Natural Rhythm

Jim Wilson

## **LETTERS** from:

Tree Riesener, Sanford Goldstein, Gino Peregrini, Ed Baranosky, Dave Morice, Alexis Rotella, Robin G. Gill, Paul Conneally, Eric D. Lehman, Richard Kostelanetz, First Thought, Shelleen McQueen, M. Kei, 5th International Haiku Contest: 'Klostar Ivanic 2008', Croatia. Beverley George, Contemporary Haibun Online, Karina, Simply Haiku, Haiku heute

## SYMBIOTIC POETRY

### A CUP OF COLD WATER

Richard Straw

Curtis Dunlap

seeds sown  
in a backyard washout  
deaf to reason

a flooded cemetery  
raising the dead

pod for swine  
    a prodigal son  
eyes black clouds

thunder  
a hobo shouting  
"Repent! Repent!"

bread cast upon waters  
and boats swamped by waves

a rainbow spanning  
the hurricane's eye—  
sirens fill the streets

Began 10/29/2007 - Completed 11/08/2007

### WAITING FOR THE TOOTH FAIRIES

Barbara A Taylor, Australia

Moira Richards, South Africa

waltzing  
with my father  
on his toes

little sister  
once the nuisance  
now a best friend

tall in the saddle  
counting speckled eggs  
in a thrush's nest

nothing like mama's big bed  
for a sick-day treat

slippery  
footsteps  
close to the badger's lair

following our stick boats  
following the stream

under gray skies  
queues for donkey rides  
and pink candy floss

the story books  
I read and loved and read  
all over again

teddy and me  
waiting for the tooth fairies  
and mum's goodnight kiss

LUNCH IN THE PLAZA  
Frank Williams, England  
Doreen King, England

lunch in the plaza  
two butterflies zip by us  
in unison

July rainbow  
still there when I look again

on the wall  
a painting of the winning  
display of flowers

a rabbit nibbles  
under a roof of stars

just an inch above  
the mountain's peak  
a full paschal moon

a vaulting champion  
completes the round

news from home,  
reloading my brush  
with warm water

hooligans hurl trash  
into the castle's moat

by midweek  
your plastered leg becomes  
black with signatures

stoically looking forward  
the snowman named Bill

waiting for her  
the weather vane arrow  
pointing at him

hand in hand we watch  
an old weepy film

first cold day,  
the dew stays  
until our tea break

fallen leaves join  
the cenotaph's tributes

racing  
the flag to the moon  
in silk pajamas

behind the oak clock  
a new corn dolly

the startled mouse  
stares at me for a tick  
then strolls away

during the long night  
we run out of wine

at first light  
the rattle of a train  
on the railway lines

the Jersey potatoes  
thud on the floor

unnoticed,  
plum blossoms gust in  
through an open door

last peck at the eggshell  
and the chick is free

Composed: via snail mail & email  
15 July 2007 – 19 October 2007

ANOTHER AUTUMN  
Pamela A. Babusci  
Alexis Rotella

another autumn  
another picasso's  
blue period...  
putting on a scarlet blouse  
I go shopping

Last night  
I dreamed of a hairy snake  
who I followed  
up a hillside to the cabin  
of a man.

there he was  
wrapped  
in a reptile rug  
unable to touch me  
for fear of shedding

Wake up,  
he says raising his voice  
to his 90-year old mother  
who falls prey  
to those who prey on the old.

not wanting to be the  
victim anymore  
she musters guts  
& refuses to cook dinner  
for her son

Day of the Dead –  
he makes all  
her favorite foods  
and picnics  
on her grave.

Written October 26, 2007.

INVISIBLE SHIELD  
Alexis Rotella  
Pamela A. Babusci

Bumping up against  
the poet's invisible shield,  
she tells me not to be hurt  
if in the future she doesn't  
recall me, or my name.

how coolly  
we forgot  
each other  
like a one-night stand  
with a stranger

Last candy kiss  
left in the dish –  
do I pass his test  
leaving it  
for a hungry ghost?

what is this appetite  
that haunts me  
day & night?  
i long for the succulent taste  
of wild raspberries

Beaujolais Nouveau –  
three glasses  
and still no buzz.

October 25, 2007

CURIOUS  
Dorothea Penn  
William A. Poppen

Beneath the edge of time,  
soul-upon-soul,  
you have always clung  
to the wall of my heart like poison ivy with your breathless  
curiosity

Intense  
woody-stemmed love  
seeks only pure knowledge  
not containment of your spirit.  
Stay near.

My skin branded by the stirring of your passions drunk from your  
swallowing my shadow your lustful heart's dreams filters my  
emotionality and has always punctuated my language

Chase me  
for I will run.  
Hold me for I will fight  
against headlines or skywriting  
notice.

With cold understanding: allowing me  
to lie face up to the clouds  
and drink the torrent rain perfumed  
by your breathless curiosity

Capture  
with tender hands  
fleet footed fear of love.  
Anchor my heart beating with waves  
so high.

#### THE QUICK WAY

Anne-Marie Culhane (master poet)  
Paul Conneally (host poet)  
Catherine Naysmith  
Oonagh Desire  
Jo Salter  
Dave Jones  
Jenny Stanton  
Anita Joice  
Joseph Conneally  
Colin May  
Becky Didlick  
Gaby Hock

A black bucket  
filled with red currants  
making jelly the quick way

there are many reasons  
to celebrate

the magistrate offers  
a road safety course  
instead of a fine

rail track closed  
due to snow

my phone is full  
of your messages  
which one shall I erase?

on the horns of a dilemma  
finding it difficult to rest

bent double  
a pair of students seek mushrooms  
lit by sunset

we bring my geraniums indoors  
together

in the east end  
a line of bulldozers  
moves through an allotment

this is my home  
I lie flat beneath a vast sky

by the light of the moon  
a frog sings  
in a puddle

rain drenches  
buds and blossoms.

A twelve-verse Junicho renga  
in the season of Summer, 16 June 2007  
Barracks Lane Community Garden, Oxford

## AUGUST ISLAND

Eric D. Lehman  
Amy Nawrocki

Blueberry silence,  
moose-haunted lakes, and pine woods  
paddle us east down the stream.

Moose-haunted lakes, and pine woods  
paddle us east down the stream  
to a rocky coast  
clouds dapple the cobalt sky,  
trumpeting August journeys.

Clouds dapple the cobalt sky,  
trumpeting August journeys  
past flapping puffins,  
the rumor of whales and seals,  
and the heavy, brine-soaked air.

The rumor of whales and seals,  
and the heavy, brine-soaked air  
seduce our small eyes;  
the deep plum water expands

and seeks land where tame fires breathe.

The deep plum water expands  
and seeks land where tame fires breathe,  
far from foggy shores, where  
butterflies and lobsters glow in sunset red and gold.

Where butterflies and lobsters  
glow in sunset red and gold,  
the island breeze glints,  
cormorants scurry, gulls squeal,  
soft white surf kisses the cliffs.

Cormorants scurry, gulls squeal,  
soft white surf kisses the cliffs  
that we tramp along,  
finding flowers to follow  
and ledges that lead to love.

HAIGA

alexis haiga

Alexis Rotella and Angelee Deodhar

TAN RENGA

TAN-RENGA  
Raihana Dewji  
CW Hawes

this cold basement  
rows and rows of dusty books  
everywhere

a volume of Shelley  
puts your hands in mine

scraping frost  
off of the car windows  
this morning

tracing a smiley face  
on the shower door

## SOLO POETRY

### GHAZALS

#### SUMMER MORNING

Gene Doty

On the wooden board, I chop garlic, opening a garden with each strike  
Of the knife's sharp blade. The star of summer, Sirius, star of heat stroke,

Rises before my Darling unfolds her gleaming limbs to mimic  
A dog, a cobra, a bridge, a tree . . . while at her feet, I shape my slack

Chest into a pigeon's swelling pride. Later, I pour olive oil, a sleek  
Film shining in the cast-iron pan. In the yard, fearful of any trick,

Two rabbits pause from their meal, holding still in the morning's wake.  
Ingmar Bergman died today, his imagined funeral filmed stark

In his manner, shades of gray, its settings cool as milk.  
Gino, why do you thread words on these lines, never naming what you seek.

#### THE LOVER OF ALL LOVERS

CW Hawes

For the lover of all lovers, I quietly wait;  
for the one whose lips are wine unstinted, I wait.

Across Antarctic mountains I doggedly trek  
and through many an icy blizzard I had to pause and wait.

Through ancient Timbuktu's narrow streets I wander;  
search each caravan camp – eager for the next I wait.

Down the steps to unknown Kadath: my dream-gaze empty.  
Oh, this heaviness in my breast! Oh, this impossible wait!

Nowhere to go, nowhere to turn; my longing eats me up  
and my crazed brain screams – too impatient to wait.

Suleiman, Suleiman – get a grip!  
The ocean contains plenty of fish, why the hell do you wait?

FAMOUS  
Ruth Holzer

She fancied him rotten before he got famous.  
But who would have thought he'd ever be famous?

When he swam out of sight, she pictured sharks  
rending his body, making him famous.

Together they read the standing stones:  
names of the heroes, heartless and famous.

His hair tumbled auburn down to his waist.  
He cut it all off when he became famous.

A happy few understand his great works.  
Gladly has Ruth escaped being famous.

GHAZAL OF THE STARTLED SILENCE  
Steffen Horstmann

It is the crevice a shadow crawls inside,  
The cage of ribs the heart stalls inside.

It is the depths of an abyss  
A stone endlessly falls inside.

An absence evolved from dimensionless Time,  
The lost spaces all sound dissolves inside.

It is the maze of secret rooms  
Masons built moving walls inside.

The emptiness of a pitch-black tunnel  
The prisoner crawls inside.

It is the palpable void in abandoned cities,  
Bombed houses the rain falls inside.

The dusty journal in an attic,  
Notes the captive ghost scrawls inside.

It inhabits the abode of a sorceress,  
Housing only the darkest shawls inside.

## ACROSS THE BAY

Steffen Horstmann

A figure in black robes steers a ferry across the bay,  
Through shades of moonlight that vary across the bay.

Fish shine like knives in lucent shallows, a seagull's  
Shriek answers an echo's query across the bay.

Stone madonnas pray in a garden, rising at night  
To wander ruins of a monastery across the bay.

Blown leaves scurry in a ranting wind  
Laced with voices that carry across the bay.

Below an indigo ridge, fringed pines shade  
The hidden grave of a mercenary, across the bay.

The chanting echoes will cease only at dawn  
In the ghost-infested cemetery across the bay.

A white dove was released from its cage & sent  
Into the dark like an emissary, across the bay.

Pearls adorn the hair of a mermaid, emerging  
At twilight in the estuary across the bay.

It saw a comet's trail dissolve in sparkling water,  
The pelican whose flight is solitary across the bay.

## A DREAM OF PERSEPHONE

Steffen Horstmann

With the gleam of sunlit jades in her hair,  
Whose hands uncouple the braids of her hair?

With hands of water the rain caresses her head,  
Damp with the texture of a mermaid's hair.

In her presence breezes will pause,  
Brushing the dark cascades of her hair.

In the shadow of Hades she is pursued  
& the meadow's sheen fades from her hair.

I see her image in the midnight clouds,  
The moon's phosphorescent shades in her hair.

Shimmering in a ballroom, the gown she wears –  
Its glittering brocades & her shining hair.

Streaming silk whose texture is rare...  
Composed of dark light, the braids of her hair.

## GUZZLE OR CHUG

Shelleen A. McQueen

Boys behind shades in summer flutter by  
a tear-stained rose, a bittersweet butterfly.

After fall football, spring baseball, and summer cycling,  
cheerleaders and lettermen elect me backseat butterfly.

Matt, the mad mathematician, insists I pay my own way;  
Unwilling equal partner, I'm his offbeat, dutch-treat butterfly.

Undercover lovers, Steve and I play ghosts between the sheets;  
he takes trillions of U-turns to catch me, his white-heat butterfly.

Small Paul, a bald billionaire, bejewels and beaver-coats me,

his quintessential queen of queens, his elite, easy-street butterfly.

Doug and I do daily doobies and drugs, in seconds belt back 16-ounce bottles of Bud.  
On weekends, Jack Daniels and Johnnie Walker come to greet me, whisky-neat butterfly.

Nat grabs a ream of stiff paper and a laminator; my wings between thumb and forefinger.  
Mountain Cat, scrunch his skull, skin him, and eat him alive; or I'm a dead-meat butterfly.

## HAIBUN

### HOLIDAYS

CW Hawes

The day after Thanksgiving. Nine in the morning and my car is heading for Iowa. In the back, turkey roasted the day before and all the fixings. For two and a half hours Minnesota farmland spreads out to the horizon in all directions. The only things green are the pines and spruce around the farmhouses. This is beautiful land. A hard, but simple way of life; pretty much cycling with nature. In a little while, I'll be back once again to the old farmhouse. I'll share a dinner with my daughter and ex-wife.

orange berries  
clustered on the vines  
bittersweet

### POLYNESIA

CW Hawes

Blowing out of the northwest, the strong winds whip the drizzle against the windshield and buffet the car. A half-hour into my trip and already my arms are tired. After the third bite of lukewarm convenience store pizza, I find myself wondering if the cardboard would taste better. The wipers clack back and forth. The strains of "Blue Hawaii" fill the car's interior.

to lie  
on the atoll's beach –  
March dream

### SEAMING

Tracy Koretsky

Pressing, pushing I cannot watch them. Pretty once, perhaps – maybe a hundred pounds ago (a hundred-and-fifty now?) – their nails neatly mooned, coral-lacquered. Except for the ones that aren't. I fear for them; she feeds fabric to the shuttle, eyeing already the next bright bit, everywhere rainbow promises, randomly heaped.

Pieced, they remind me of the Midwest from above: the emerald salts and golden fields, the diamond-dotted cities. I hope for her that she will see this, see what I am joined of, though I know that mostly, there will be clouds.

She will watch the dumb movie, eat every bit of the bad meal. "How can you do this without looking?" I say, my fingers traveling a green-ridged corduroy, skating a sunset silk. "How can you choose that over this?"

"It's all the same," she answers. "When you're asleep."

opaque fog  
across the bay  
the city, a memory

UNTITLED  
John Martone

Giselle wrote see the full moon on Christmas eve, & so stepped outside, an ocean away, back of my house, and stood with my two daughters, in moonlight more than making up for snowless earth.

full moon

he stands

w/ his daughters

A

R

o

u

n

d

full moon

my

ram

shackle

place

i

full moon

the gate

latch

i

full moon

all the snow's

gone

i

full moon

now no one

speaks

i

forgetting

how cold it is

full moon

i

full moon

weather vane's

stillness

full moon

one planet's

even brighter

Behold this world, which is like a decorated royal chariot. ...

ARE YOU. . .

Linda Papanicolaou

Mother is doing housework in the kitchen. Having finished an errand she told me to do, I am in her room, lingering before the small assortment of cosmetics that are neatly arranged on her vanity.

It's the 1950s and we live in a small town. I know about movie stars like Marilyn Monroe but I'm not old enough to go to her pictures. Most of what I've learned about makeup is through Mother.

Usually her lipstick is soft, shaded pink. This morning, though, I see a tube that I don't remember. It

has a sleek gilded case with a Revlon label. Gingerly I slip off its cover, twist, and gaze in fascination as a lustrous tip of concentrated scarlet emerges from its sheath.

the shape of a kiss  
on white facial tissue  
. . . fire and ice

MISERERE MEI  
Linda Papanicolaou

I'm at my friend's house for the afternoon. Scooping through her crayons, I dredge up a white bead in the shape of a skull.

Logically I know that it's a plastic trinket from a gumball machine or a Cracker Jacks box, but I can't resist. Over and over I turn it in my fingers. Would she miss it? If she cared about it, would it be in the crayon box? Maybe it's not even hers. . .

When her back is turned I take it, make my excuses and go home early. In my own room, I pull the little amulet from my pocket.

Its power is gone.

the faint scar  
of a childhood vaccination –  
raking Autumn light

SACRAMENT  
Linda Papanicolaou

A kestrel has caught a smaller bird, pinning it belly-up to the asphalt of the Hewlett Packard parking lot. Half a dozen crows surround the pair, protesting with guttural caws each time the captive screeches. Instinctively I turn my bike and advance, hoping to startle them just enough for the prey to escape.

"Let it go," I say softly, soothingly.

The kestrel is an exquisite creature. I'm close enough to admire its large dark eye, raptor's beak, and fawn-buff plumage patterned with bars and spots. The bird that's about to be a meal is gray, a juvenile grackle. It struggles, roiling the crows, then lapses silent. We're in a standoff, all of them watching me guardedly.

"Let the little bird go," I intone more insistently.

And at that moment, I know that I've transgressed. In choosing which of them shall live – for this is, in essence, what I've done – I've blundered into playing God. Whatever my human sympathies, I have no business in this drama.

What now? Step back? If I do, can I return things to their natural course? What would have happened had I not intervened? Might the grackle have escaped without me? Might it yet, if . . .

Too late. My presence has unnerved the crows. The kestrel sees, and bolts. Grip firm, shooting out its wings, it soars away with a loud black chorus in pursuit.

pyramid of the sun –  
the glint on a high priest's  
upraised knife

## STRATEGIC MOMENTS

Patricia Prime

. . . she said if you hear a screech in the middle of the night it's not someone getting his throat cut it's just the pukekos – doesn't she know we have pukekos in Auckland – families of them live along the wetlands of the North-Western Motorway and hundreds by the lake at Western Springs – but it wasn't the pukekos that kept me awake it was the lightning coming through a chink in the curtains – I could see two stars in direct alignment – the top one faintly blue and the bottom one throbbing red – the more I stared the more stars I could see between them but then they disappeared behind the clouds – the gap in the curtains took on the aura of the monolith from "2001: A Space Odyssey" – a film I went to the premiere of decades ago in London – a friend was an editor on the film and provided us with invitations – we met afterwards for a party at Kubrick's house - a strange man who ordered his shirts and shoes by the dozen (all the same colour and design) – one huge wall-to-wall cupboard in his kitchen contained every known liquor – and what did that monolith represent? – we came away from the film with different ideas: I thought it represented God appearing to mankind at certain strategic moments in humanity's ascent from ape to star-child – my editor friend was responsible for that sequence where the ape throws a bone up in the air in slow motion and it turns into a spacecraft – as a child I'd looked forward to the coming of the years 1984 (George Orwell) and 2001 – but now they're both past – I can honestly say 1984 was my annus horribilis and 2001 wasn't much better . . . the storm is over, the pukekos have gone down to the river and now I can sleep . . .

in a pile  
of old film magazines  
the director's face  
the quake of his crimped eyelids  
hint that an image has formed

## PUBLICATION

Patricia Prime

. . . on the road our 'dummy' book in a raffia bag we discuss the photos for our latest collaboration – by the steps of the printer's house swan plants covered with Monarch butterflies – a caterpillar crushed on the gravel path – between shifts of proof-reading a brief interlude for homemade shortbread and tea among the computers and discarded print-outs – the cardboard we'd bought from the Warehouse too thick to copy we return the ream with several sheets missing – still they change it – bird-like he waves a woman away from his door and returns to his screens – he's a middle-aged hippie with a scruffy beard and the tail of his checked shirt hanging out – on his hand basin one cake of cracked soap and a notice 'please after flushing the toilet turn the handle to six o'clock'

his notebook  
hard-bound leather cover  
slightly dog-eared  
hand-written on an inside page  
'love is unnecessary'

## CATALOG

Ray Rasmussen

Hammacher Schlemmer, self-billed as "America's longest running catalogue" arrived in my mailbox today. It claims to offer "the best, the only and the unexpected".

The 120 MPH Electric Car featured on the cover for \$108,000, is only 39-inches wide. I get out my tape measure and figure I can just squeeze inside, then refer to my college physics text and indeed it might reach 120 MPH were I to drive it off the top of a 15-story parkade.

The Applauding Automatic Return Putting Cup at \$39.95 makes the sound of polite applause'. I'm tempted, but I'll require one that makes a loud guffaw.

As a boy, I wanted to become a spy, so I seriously consider The G-Man's Convertible Travel Jacket at \$69.95 featuring 40 hidden pockets. An x-ray photo shows a number of interesting possibilities for the pockets including one for a small vial and one for a pen-weapon. My vial will hold knock out drops, and my pen will utilize poison ink. (Beware the editor who turns down this haibun!)

In the end, I settle for The Perpetual Motion Rotating Globe. Even if I tire of it, I can tell my friends that my hamster has circled the globe more than once.

warning bell—  
the neighbor's kid zips by  
on a new chrome bike

## PEEPHOLE

Richard Straw

On a bright summer morning, I'm bicycling alone over the railroad tracks on Prospect Street. The black wooden ties, smelling of fresh coal tar creosote, support two pairs of shiny steel rails that glint in both directions and divide the town. To the north is Saint Mary's Church with its tall steeple, the tallest in town, as well as the Short Ford Motor Co. where my aunt's lecherous boyfriend is a grease monkey. I stop near a two-story Victorian brick house, home to an Italian family. The house has dark shutters, a flat roof, and a black metal fence and gate. I rest in the shade of an oak across the street to gaze at the mother who brushes back her hair with one hand and laughs as she pushes herself with bare heels on a porch swing. She smiles at her children who are younger than I am. They're playing tag and run out of the front door, down the stone steps, along the slate sidewalk, and into the lush green lawn. To the south are the Protestant churches and Center Street, where my mom says she met my dad at the Henney & Cooper drug store while she served sodas during World War II. He was an usher at the Marion Theater and thought he was God's gift to women. Both are working this morning and will be working every morning of every summer it seems.

sailors at ease  
all round the mess hall  
sky full of clouds

## PLATO'S CAVE

Richard Straw

I meet by chance on the street someone who resembles one of my dead grandpas and who could be the twin brother of Carl Sandburg, who died even longer ago. We walk into his basement apartment, the entrance a trap door. It's either that or a farmhouse cellar—hard to tell in the dream. He tells me his problem—what to do with his many manuscripts, books, papers. I suggest hiring an assistant, someone who won't know or care that he's working for a well-known writer. We talk about Huckleberry Finn, why it's reread, despite its moral dilemmas, to re-create lost innocence. As I glance at his close-cropped hair, crow's feet, tired but still-bright eyes, the scene shifts to midwinter in Ohio, snow a foot deep, and me standing in the kitchen of my parents' house, my last boyhood home in their small town. Beyond the dinette curtains, five horses, their nostrils steaming, wait on the moonlit driveway, which is cleared of snow. I cry out for dad to see. When I wake, a headache I've had for days is gone.

standing still  
the longest time  
roller coaster

## DOLOR

Richard Straw

"I have known the inexorable sadness of pencils..." Theodore Roethke \*

I have a job, but am sometimes out of work. I try to sit patiently then in silence, without grimaces, expecting nothing. Work will eventually arrive to be edited, to dissolve the time away. Without it, I'm lost in broad daylight, prone to sort and re-sort my pens, pencils, and schedules. I'll even brush my teeth and straighten the telephone cord so its one loop turns toward the green banker's lamp, a gift from my parents. Or I'll stack my snack change by year near my coffee cup, arrange my reference books alphabetically by author, and clean the computer keyboard. Sometimes, I'll daydream of the drive home, with the radio tuned to jazz.

gone one evening  
the black, brown, and sorrel  
thick touselles of grass

\* From the poem of the same name in *The Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke* (New York: Anchor Books, 1975, p. 44).

## HERE AND THERE

Barbara A. Taylor

crossing the hilltop  
silhouetted antlers  
at fire lighting time

In silence, at one with Nature, she spies deer at sunrise. At sunset she watches them retreat over rocky-patched snow hills. Life is not complete without seeing the start and end of every glorious day. It would be sublime to share with her these precious steps in time. My fond memories are long, clear images of love and care. The same sleek moon shines on us. In silence, at one with Nature, each day of my life I spy wallabies at sunrise, and at sunset I watch them retreat over parched paddock'd hills. Wherever it is we wander, believe we will find each other there.

nothing  
on blank diary dates  
her fantasy time

## NEIGHBORS

Jeffrey Woodward

This north country is a relic of a glacial advance – countless lakes, and thicketed vales, everywhere a crystalline trickle with or without a name, an expansive past gouged by the cold that receded but never quite abandoned a claim to this land.

The early settlers raised the very stone from the fields for their first homes. Trade in timber let them barter for goods until the old growth was cleared out. Many left then but still a few held on, year after year, adopting the chiseled tenacity of the stones, adapting to the quiet and placid decorum of their resolute neighbors ...

an acre or two  
and little is sown  
in the poor soil  
but hill after hill  
stone on stone

GLASS LAKE  
Jeffrey Woodward

the water gin-clear  
and five fathoms deep  
light from a sunfish  
scales its way back up  
the azure heights

Here, on the wooden dock that sags and tilts in the end aside to a ripple, I watch the light now sailing back from below, now a spire or a spine, now a fan or a fin, now alight or adrift in the scintillating guise of a stickpin of a damselfly.

SOUVENIR  
Jeffrey Woodward

light falls from her hair  
onto a gold necklace  
and lapis lazuli  
a carafe's close shadow  
of cerulean hue

reminding me only in this popular pub in late autumn of you here in high summer at my side your eastern city left behind

I leave that shimmering aura where it lingers with an admirer about a corner table but nevertheless your

shadow follows me somehow into October into the sudden evening into the chill of a windy street

if I turn back now  
and look to the east  
the heavens blacken  
where tonight you lie at ease  
beside another

## SEQUENCES

NEAR MISSES, SUNDAY MORNING  
James Roderick Burns

This recollection –  
steel against concrete, tinfoil  
shrinking at the touch of flame.

You mouth choruses  
while I shiver in the sun  
and a plane drones over, stalls.

Across the black moor  
down a precipitous bank  
through two switchback passages

and tunnels of light  
into this limpid moment –  
animal, saloon, impact.

Behind the church hall  
Arthur's Seat rises beneath  
a blue and herringboned sky,

hymns swell and deflate  
as branches tap on the glass.  
Hikers jump the gap like fleas.

This morning – holy  
and clear with ringing of bells,  
the mountain's call and response –

this morning fear comes.  
The blackbird flies, loosening

a christening of raindrops.

My stomach tightens  
around a finger of tea.  
Twining rowan and holly,

wild rosemary spears  
rattle in the cooling wind.  
Where is the end of childhood?

Before the numbing  
bang, an explosion of time –  
some anonymous sliver

of evening spreading  
from colliding bumper, hip  
and bone into everything.

Why this reckoning  
when another moment's force  
will terminate the account?

Like register tabs  
those endless clappy Sundays –  
joyless, dread, freighted with dark.

Even this poor sack  
of mangy fur and sinew  
howls for its lost family –

in the damp burrow  
a bad dream circling the cubs,  
scratching at sleep like a nail.

Leaning on sandstone  
I imagine a Sabbath  
beyond the tabernacle –

liturgies winding  
up to heaven, calm and bright  
as my lost grandfather's face.

The last chorus dies.  
In the absence of voices  
a sudden dry settling,

cold wind amongst the branches.  
On both your faces, leaving,  
the returning light of love.

ALL THE MORNINGS OF THE WORLD

Ruth Holzer

waiting  
for the results  
in a curtained cell—  
through the wall I hear you sigh  
once, invisible sister

the farther away  
I get from the hospital  
the better I feel—  
until I remember  
you're still there

you ran off  
into the frozen woods  
and lay down—  
love could not find you  
even dogs could not find you

walking  
into the crimson promise  
of tomorrow—  
coming back  
everything gray

UNTITLED

Elizabeth Howard

in the garden  
wrested from wayward soil  
the mums frost-bitten  
yet the fountain gurgles  
and a wren sings joy

a rainy drive  
bent on timetables –  
I give way  
to a flight of ducks  
the low ceiling

strumming a guitar  
she and daughter sing  
son sits in silence  
face alight  
with kinship

the evening lake  
gloomy and still  
at dawn geese glide  
across the shimmer  
like ice skaters in Holland

THEN BED  
Shelleen A. McQueen

I sit still for six hours and write;  
it's slower than catching a bus.  
Give me a race car, a shuttle, or jet  
to propel me like lightning to the end.

It's slower than catching a bus.  
The computer coughs, sputters, and spits  
to propel me like lightning to the end.  
My back tries to tell me it's too long.

The computer coughs, sputters, and spits;  
its rhyme-finder floods me with blood.  
My back tries to tell me it's too long,  
I'll fix chicken for dinner when I'm done.

The rhyme-finder floods me with blood;  
my brain stutters and stumbles through slush.  
I'll fix chicken for dinner when I'm done,  
then bed with bad back and dull head.

My brain stutters and stumbles through slush.  
Give me a race car, shuttle, or jet,  
then bed with bad back and dull head.  
I sit still for six hours and write.

WATERMAN'S SPRING  
M. Kei

my son and I  
crawl through the bilge  
of an old wooden boat,  
painting Copperkote  
for another fifty years

scooting in the sawdust  
beneath the boat,  
my son holds the flashlight  
while I tar the inside  
of the centerboard well

sitting on a stack of lumber,  
my daughter strips the paint  
from a piece of  
metal hardware  
to be restored

anointed  
with tar after working  
on the boat,  
I take a bath in WD-40  
and come out slick and clean

an old oyster boat  
launches from the  
shore once more;  
to witness this  
I wear caulk and tar

one spot of tar  
I didn't remove  
a tattoo of  
winter work  
on my skin

it's a place  
like no other,  
full of the ghosts  
of wooden boats  
and dying men

UNTITLED SKY POEMS  
June Moreau

What's on the other side

of the sky, Coyote?  
Open the white door  
of silence  
and take me there...

just letting things be –  
I rest the oars  
and drift  
wherever the breeze  
will take me

with the bliss  
of a butterfly  
and the waters  
of the lake brimming  
I launch my canoe

poet versus a fisherman  
both multiply  
occasions for hope  
but one has a lake  
in the sky

## JUMP IN THE CALM SEA

Tomislav Maretic

clear calm sea –  
you can see all details  
on the bottom

a shoal of little fishes flies  
over the swimmer's head

sunshine in the cutlery  
at the tablecloth – somebody  
pulls the curtain

actors come out on the side –  
the applause doesn't abate

\*\*\*

she throws the pebbles  
in the silent lake –  
the moon is swaying

crickets' song in the meadow  
mixes with the lover's whisper

boiled sea-bass  
and wine in the cellar –  
a table for two

lifting glasses at the bar –  
all sport results are here!

too strong shower –  
are we condemned  
to stay in tavern?

sound of the old drainpipe  
tapping on our nostalgia

\*\*\*

streetlamp shines  
in icicles hanging  
from the roof

winter moon on the path  
hides behind the trees

an old oak's stump –  
it's difficult to count off  
all the growth rings!

for painting circles around  
the lamp he uses only yellow

can you imagine  
fluttering of the long ear  
in the gloom?

tram drives for a long time  
to an unknown place

\*\*\*

the all shops are  
still open on the main  
city square

a passionate tomcat brings  
home scars in the morning

cherry-tree in bloom  
gives joy to the patient  
behind his window

the shining morning mist  
retreats very slowly

SNAKES  
R.K. Singh

Sunny morning:  
a snake slides through the fence  
looking for a prey

Full of silt  
the Ganga overflows:  
snakes under the waves

Raises its hood  
a cobra in water:  
algae criss-cross

Searching reason  
in the labyrinthine pattern:  
snakes in courtyard

Avoids searching  
mushroom in the crowded green –  
snake on the fence

Searches thorn apples  
to propitiate lingam:  
snake in sanctum

A snake's tail  
coils round a sweet  
in the box

Smells a snake  
in the wet grass –  
her smile

Rises with tickles  
between the thighs  
the dream-serpent

A yellow snake  
slithers on the grass –  
dewy trail of love

Climbing high through  
rough pathway and stony cold  
a green snake

A snake's dead skin  
near the fence:  
she stands unmoving

UNTITLED  
A. Thiagarajan

parent's day  
the toddler asks his mom  
to dye her hair

quibbling  
he picks up the cigarette  
half done from the road

peering down the balcony  
she sees a panty  
settled on a trouser

second-hand furniture mart –  
owner's wife locks something  
in a cupboards

early evening –  
mood being a bit loose  
he asks for a screwdriver

the tall man mumbles –  
in a crowded bus,  
I can buy her a shampoo

another mom biting her nails  
kids chat and laughing  
toddlers results today

37 EXTRA HAIKU, AS CHOCOLATE TRUFFLES...

Geert Verbeke

1.

the old monk  
is telling it like it is –  
shit is shit

2.

even the monk knows  
the depths of illusions –  
egotistical gain

3.

state governed  
terrorism and corruption –  
a row of body bags

4.

even his silences  
are dedicated to the sun –  
ready to wake up

5.

gazing the moon –  
the fragrance of flowers  
for a short moment

6.

so silent  
after the funeral –  
the cold rain

7.

Arno sings Ola la la –  
the radio is a good friend  
now she's gone

8.

the bamboo stems  
have new shoots

above her photo

9.  
by the roadside  
a few mountain roses –  
what a perfume

10.  
mountain roses  
growing on the hill tops –  
hear the alpine horn

11.  
summery rain  
falls so steadily –  
a jazz concert

12.  
damn blast of wind –  
the mitre of Santa Claus  
blows away

13.  
he has much to tell  
about marginalisation –  
staring at the snow

14.  
fading away  
the moon in the water –  
the evening gong

15.  
the pilgrim monk  
describes his travels –  
apple blossoms

16.  
beginning of spring  
in the old lunar calendar –  
songs of mourning

17.  
kindred spirits  
the abbot and the monk –  
both whore-hoppers

18.  
regardless  
of the dangers involved –  
his ignorance

19.  
in stretching gallop  
the clippers and pelters –  
the scent of mushrooms

20.  
with a minimum  
of restrained brush strokes –  
her drunken pimp

21.  
a discussion  
with violent arguments –  
both stark naked

22.  
the divine light  
of his paper lantern –  
her skirt rustles

23.  
he shoots  
and talks about the Almighty –  
God-fearing @sshole

24.  
ignoring  
corruption and greed –  
poppies grow awry

25.

in the shrine –  
a statue of the Buddha  
and bullet holes

26.  
the monks words  
are hard-hitting and vivid –  
his Lenten sermon

27.  
being the victim  
of Hurricane Katrina –  
longlasting fear

28.  
he cheers Buddha  
with his drunken comrades –  
modern times

29.  
fortune-tellers  
with oracle bones –  
the smell of myrrh

30.  
sitting silently  
he tends to fall asleep –  
the path is fussy

31.  
a rolled towel  
between his chin and chest –  
dead as a doornail

32.  
in meditation  
the whores in the temple –  
an old monk winks

33.  
behind the temple

a loud shower of bullets –  
do not abide

34.  
many land mines  
between the tombstones –  
a prolific death

35.  
the Congolese war  
illegal trade in Coltan  
and many prayers

36.  
wars go on killing  
long after they end –  
refugee camps

37.  
troops celebrate  
after battling rebels –  
Gott mit uns

#### REWORKING AN OLD POEM Ella Wagemakers

appearing  
larger than my birthmark  
a purple spot  
where the buckle hit  
my left temple

spattered  
on the coffee table  
my blood  
after the metal ruler  
cut through my scalp

halfway  
down to my knees  
my skirt

and the dark stripes  
from the leather strap

afterwards  
a cold shower and rub  
... the marks  
do not come off  
with the soap and towel

at school  
everyone asked how  
and I said  
I fell down the stairs  
and cut myself clumsily

TOWARDS HEPTONSTALL  
for A.W.  
Liam Wilkinson  
1. YORK

born too late,  
my mind paints steam  
into station arches

clatter of rolling stock –  
I guess where to stand  
and wait for a door

in the overhead,  
the jagged  
edges of poetry  
beneath the skin  
of my bag

church spires  
and office blocks –  
wherever and whatever  
we worship, we  
reach

after floods a field full of sky

in a notebook  
I write  
to the rhythm

of the wheels –  
slower now

## 2. HEBDEN BRIDGE

Hebden Bridge –  
stepping back in time,  
I mind the gap

the dead  
drenched  
in weeds –  
a dark mill stands  
empty

lumb  
long since fired  
still reaching

the sandblasted mill  
with a boutique  
in its belly –  
new devoured  
by old

old devoured by new –  
blue graffiti screams  
up a lumb

revolution's skeleton  
has become  
part of the furniture –  
a ruin  
in the rough

on wet cobbles  
I remain standing  
but let  
my shadow  
fall

deep into the Calder  
the longboat, the  
bridge, the  
day above,

me

sound of a town  
diminishing –  
I'm dragged,  
by ambition,  
towards Heptonstall

### 3. HEPTONSTALL

night falls  
into Heptonstall  
with a hush

quietly  
the moon rolls  
down the street  
leaving its trail  
on the cobbles

born too late  
my mind paints ghosts  
into church arches

a great bird  
landed here,  
evidently –  
words, like weeds,  
drip off the masonry

into the poet's cage  
of stone and branches  
I climb –  
new devoured  
by old

West Yorkshire wind,  
tired of brass, blows  
a silence  
into the churchyard –  
ripple on a crow's wing

where  
among these names  
is yours?  
    a stone sits up  
    in your memory

concealed moon -  
    only rustle and touch  
    of ground underfoot

on the poet's grave  
I leave nothing but  
the promise of a return

## SINGLE POEMS

PELT  
Christopher Barnes

In black prised night  
Eyes yellow like Egypt suns  
As a cat haunches.

1968  
Carl Brennan

Screaming,  
Barbarella  
is torn by flesh-eating  
dolls – censors for this planet's vile  
children

KENSHI

Carl Brennan

With sword I captured  
your precious blood – imprisoned  
your eternity  
of white dreams within myself  
The taste sickens, dear savior

for years  
I have tried to avoid  
angry outbursts;  
for years, I have said,  
the wimp in me never falters  
Sanford Goldstein

I sit in the back  
of the car, the silent  
grandpa,  
a ghost-like non-entity  
in the energetic talk  
Sanford Goldstein

how lyric are you,  
my spilled tanka world,  
in this wasteland?  
each is the cruelest month,  
and I am stumbling through  
Sanford Goldstein

miniature world  
etched into the earth below  
the mountain  
towers over everything  
but me

Martin Grenfell

on the bell's  
clapper a housefly  
rests in peace  
CW Hawes

in front of the house  
we stop and make yellow snow  
walking the dog  
CW Hawes

..

the battlefield  
grass taller and darker  
in some places  
Artur Lewandowski

a mountain hike  
the path less and less steep  
with each "Good Day"  
Artur Lewandowski

autumn eve  
the prayer for health  
longer and longer  
Artur Lewandowski

at self reflections  
I see her every day  
she says "I love you"  
with a knowing smile  
the way that mothers do

Barbara A. Taylor

without hearing

the kooka's cacophony  
on time every day  
I would be estranged  
in some other land

Barbara A. Taylor

## SHROVE TUESDAY

Carl Brennan

Unnoticed, a grave  
gaunt figure waltzes into  
the carnal parade.  
His greatcoat darkens the streets,  
he swings the moon's sickle down  
and young revelers fall  
for his heartfelt disgust.  
They build him pyres,  
they stink to high heaven, their  
festive masks shrivel away

## BOOK REVIEWS

Business in Eden by David Cobb. Equinox Press: Braintree, Essex, England, 2006. ISBN: 0-9517103-5-4. Perfect Bound, 5" x 6 1/2", 96 pp., £7.95 UK Available, also, through British Haiku Society Bookshop.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Positioned as if bookends at the front and back of this, David Cobb's newest book, are two long and ambitious haibun from previous collections. "The Spring Journey to the Saxon Shore" (1997) and "A Day in Twilight" (2002), approximately thirty and twenty text pages respectively, that share not only a certain measure of ambition but a compositional method as well. A dozen haibun of more common length – one or two pages – form the centerpiece of this triptych.

What is Cobb's method? He outlines it clearly, in the second paragraph of "The Spring Journey to the Saxon Shore":

"Early one morning in spring, towards the end of a millennium, I try to forget I own two cars, sling a leg over the crossbar of a bicycle, prepare to set out from the 'lower part' of Essex ... for a cottage on the Norfolk coast.... No companions along the way but the living I may chance to meet and the dead who haunt it." (1)

The poet's unabashedly Romantic project is to evade the present ("I try to forget...") and evoke the

past (“the dead who haunt it”). Even the “living” who are met “along the way” are invested with a symbolic significance and spectral air. While the ghost of Bashō and his travels may flutter dimly behind these pages, Cobb’s tone and atmosphere are distinctly contemporary.

The ‘poetic places’ (utamakura) -- the topos famous for having inspired ancient poems — formed an itinerary for Bashō’s journeys. Cobb seeks out or happens upon the same in his cycling tour, though the “the dead who haunt” his English countryside are often obscure writers or local historical personages of the 18th or 19th centuries. He brings these dead back; he revives them, with his vivid descriptions and lively detail:

“Outside Hedingham a crossroads. Here they drove rivets through the joints of Old Poll, the local witch.

blackthorn in bloom  
worming underground  
its seven-league roots

Out of the sloe bush the pewtery chinking of a wren. The panoply of spring praises this day. The lark ascends for the first time, glossy cuckoo-pint leaves and glistening celandines take the eye away from daffodils, wallflowers scent walls, violets bloom both mauve and white, cheery-eyed speedwells are there, primroses, poplars quick to follow weeping willows into tint.” (5-6)

The village of Honington houses the ghost of Robert Bloomfield, forgotten author of *The Farmer’s Boy*, whom Cobb promptly recognizes in the form of a “slip-smock style shirt” that “waves...from a washing line” (9), a discovery that leads to an interview of the dead by the living poet.

Attleborough brings Cobb, by chance, in touch with the living – a young schoolgirl with notebook in hand – and an opportunity for a rather witty metaphysical digression:

“Do you believe in heaven and hell, sir? It’s all part of our homework, see? We gotta find out what everyone thinks and put it in a bar chart for Mrs. Scattermole.’

‘Well, yes, I do believe in heaven and hell, but not as a place somewhere else, not as somewhere to go to.... Have you got space in your chart for someone who thinks heaven and hell are the same place?’

‘Don’t think Mrs. Scattermole will have that,’ the child answers mournfully, and then more hopefully, ‘What about the Devil? Do you believe in him?’

‘Or her. Yes, but not as someone else or the same individual all the time....’

My young interlocutor turns away and, pausing by the next street corner, I see her take out a rubber and erase the scribble she has taken down from me.” (17)

At journey’s end, under a vision of the Hale-Bopp Comet, Cobb reflects: “At bicycle speed, events from long ago come into sharper focus out of obscure memory, happenings of today drift away into the uncertainty of fable.... Never do we need words more than when we are alone, not for communication with others, but to talk to ourselves and define our own peace of mind” (32).

The twelve shorter haibun that follow “A Spring’s Journey” further display the breadth and originality

of Cobb's talent. The inevitable faux pas of a school nativity play, the black comedy of the burial of an emeritus professor of philosophy, the speculation on the poet's own grave-to-be, and the nightmarish fable of a society that sanctions and glorifies euthanasia – Cobb assays each motif with a confident hand.

“A Day in Twilight” – the latter third of this collection – revisits the mode of “A Spring Journey” as Cobb hints in his introduction:

“Mythical beings share intuitions with us and desire our company?

Taken with this idea and feeling sure their need would be greatest when days are short, I determined, as it was winter solstice, to seek some of those beings out....” (60)

Cobb's characteristic wry humor is amply evident:

“I dress before dawn, no very unlikely thing to do on December's twenty-second day, night making way slowly for the gloom which at this time of year we are pleased to call daylight.” (61)

As is his gift for the crisp and condensed turn of poetry:

“Even on a day of modest wind there is a chill in the air across the small-scale ridge land prairie where I now find myself. Set against a line of dark lime trees, like a lace jabot on a black collar, the eastern end of Little Sampford church. Mouldering. Its floor made of damp uncemented yellow bricks.

honey for sale –  
my loose change clinks  
on a silent hive” (71)

Unfortunately, Cobb's peregrinations in “A Day in Twilight,” with his seeking out of the likes of highwayman Dick Turpin and merry King Coel, rings in the end, despite many brilliant passages, as empty as Cobb's “loose change.” It lacks the inner coherence of “A Spring Journey to the Saxon Shore” and comes close to lowering itself to a parody of that earlier achievement.

Such misgivings are easy to put aside, however, in a book that is otherwise rich in achievement and confirms, yet again, Cobb's position in the front ranks of those poets who have mastered the difficult art of haibun. The detail from Hieronymus Bosch's Garden of Earthly Delights that adorns the cover seems particularly apropos and the price, modest. Business in Eden is that reviewer's cliché: a must for your bookshelf.

Water Shining Beyond the Fields: Haibun Travels Southeast Asia by John Brandi. Tres Chicas Books: El Rito, NM, 2006. ISBN: 1-893003-09-4. Perfect Bound, 5 ½” x 7”, 190 pp., \$14.00 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The book at hand, while covering separate journeys in Cambodia, China, and Thailand respectively, may startle many by its sheer bulk. “Haibun Travels,” John Brandi's sub-title proclaims, and common expectations of a Bashō-like travel journal are aroused. Bashō's most ambitious journal – the Narrow

Road to the Interior (Oku no Hosomichi) – ends after 40 or 50 modern text pages and Issa’s Spring of My Life (Ora ga Haru), while lengthier, doesn’t surpass twice that number. Meanwhile, book-length collections of modern haibun in English are relatively few in number and lean more closely toward the Bashō norm.

Certainly, no writer, however accomplished, might aspire to sustain over such breadth the verbal compression and emotive tension common to classical Japanese or modern English haibun. The prose in *Water Shining Beyond the Fields*, while rising on occasion to such heights by the common haikai methods of abbreviation and understatement, adopts no single style. Brandi echoes the breezy style of popular guide-books, imitates the excited breathlessness of the Kerouac of *On the Road* or *Dharma Bums*, reveals his social and political angst in passages of diatribe, and, occasionally, writes with the lucidity and pithiness more commonly associated with the haibun genre.

Brandi, at Angkor Wat, rises to the occasion of the scene before him:

“Narratives depicting Hindu myths adorn the inner galleries: architecture as storybook, the “pages” exquisitely carved on two meter-high walls, the detail minute.... “The Churning of the Milk Ocean” is our favorite. I’ve read translations of this story, seen episodes in New Delhi street plays.... Now the story leaps off the wall in front of us: gods and demons oppose each other, pulling on a great rope (the cosmic serpent) to churn amrita, the elixir of immortality into the world. Not only do they succeed, they froth into existence ... dozens of erotic apsaras, heavenly dancers whose fingers flutter with secret mudras.

The apsaras float across the wall in dreamy trance, with sumptuous breasts and diaphanous outfits, heads adorned with flame-like tiaras. Their rapturous eyes and smiles evoke a state of communing with the Other .... Finally, there are half-parted lips that convey transience, a whisper emerging from a celestial realm.” (23)

China, with its now pervasive and rapid modernization, calls forth one of Brandi’s finest passages:

“Awful town, torn up, getting ready – for what? Earthen walls, tiled roofs, cobbled alleys, sheltered markets, landscaped entrance ways, all that is (was) traditional, now in a heap. It’s challenging to walk; conduit and rebar pokes up everywhere, concrete tubes are rolled into open sewers. No one is working. Come next year, and the next, the town will likely still be under construction, the dream put off, everything sagging under abandoned scaffolding, money gone, the place bankrupt. The sweepers continue their task, though there aren’t really any streets to sweep. A warm breeze stirs yellow dust into whirlwinds; we mask our faces with kerchiefs, looking like bandits dragging suitcases of questionable weight:

in the wind  
a man without a hat  
holds his head.”(79)

The poet’s revulsion is palpable here in the rubble and dust of the past being swept away by the new. The wry portrait of Brandi and his wife with the burden of their dubious suitcases is set off nicely by the haikai humor of the closing verse.

Brandi, at times, reflects clearly upon his own absorption in a culture he often rails against and openly reviles:

“Cambodia, too, opens itself full-out to the world’s fastest growing industry: tourism. No matter the languages I speak, how cheaply I travel, how down-home I lodge, I’m part of it. Even if I go to Mongolia, stay for awhile, and shit in a hole, I’m hooked into the industry. Call myself traveler rather than tourist, seeker rather than traveler, so what? I’m the same old foreigner to the visa man, customs official, cyclo-driver, food vendor, red-light girl, monk, charity worker, guide, innkeeper, pancake lady, shoeshine kid – all who want my money, however much, whatever little. I’m a walking dollar sign.”  
(45)

This recitation of characters that are captive to a power greater than themselves (tourism!) is understood, at last, to include the poet.

In other times and other places, however, the author displays only perplexity as in this description of a bus trip in rural China:

“And the passengers? Each was a knobby backwater bumpkin right out of a fairy tale: dirty, coarsely shouting non-stop over the unmuffled engine, chain smoking (windows rolled up), heaving butts, sunflower shells, and wads of spit to the floor, dust slowly powdering their dark, threadbare attire. In 40 years of travels I can’t recall another journey (save for a Greyhound in West Virginia’s coal country) where I felt more unacknowledged, purposely ignored. Eerie, indeed, to realize how truly vague and dangerous it is to be among humans (wild animals are more predictable and lovelier to watch). . . .”  
(102-103)

Brandi is shocked by being shunned and “unacknowledged.” When these Chinese peasants fail to recognize exactly how interesting our poet is, he can only sulk and resort to insults – “backwater bumpkin,” “dirty,” “threadbare.” His underlying middle-class sensibility, suppressed elsewhere, is here allowed free rein to see in his fellow passengers something akin to those mean-spirited mountain folk in West Virginia’s poverty-stricken coalfields who likewise treated him as invisible some years ago. Brandi does not reflect that the peasant and coal-miner, while sharing his bus, do not share in his sightseeing trip but are engaged in the mean and difficult business of securing a meal.

Quite fortunately, such scenes are not common in this book and the poet more readily shows empathy with the displaced and poor met in his travels. Brandi, too, convincingly conveys a sincere longing for simplicity that will find its admirers:

“In America everything is big, except the computer chip. Big mugs, big cars, big schedules, big football games, big pills for big people, big flags over big malls, big talk from big sissies who run big business. Give me a twig fire. Cup of sake. Tea leaves unfurling in a clay pot. Narrow path through a parsley garden outside a willow shack. Chinese herb pills that slip easily down the throat. No smart bombs. No information bomb. No one going birth to death without chance revelation stirring the doldrums. I sometimes think America invented instant coffee, then sat down to avoid itself. Today, on a path to the beach:

sunburst  
In grains of quartz  
from the sweeper’s broom.” (179)

Water Shining Beyond the Fields, the first title from Tres Chicas Books that I have examined, is a sharply designed trade paperback with full-color cover and pleasingly legible typography. The price is

reasonable and John Brandi's prose, despite occasional lapses, is quite enjoyable on the whole. Along the way, the poet adds some sparkling haiku, also, which really leaves the reviewer little room to quibble.

Table Turning: BHS Haibun Anthology 2005. Edited by David Cobb and Ken Jones. BHS Bookshop. ISSN: 0-952230-78. Saddle-stapled, 5 ½" x 8", 40 pp., £5 UK.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The British Haiku Society sponsors this annual competition, formerly known as the Nobuyuki Yuasa International Award, in the interest of improving "the quality and range of the haibun genre." The aim, therefore, is educational with publication in the anthology as the only reward for the winning entrants.

The editors of this fourth anthology in the series – widely-known doyens of the haibun movement – inform the reader in their joint introduction that the winning haibun were chosen from over 90 submissions from 36 different poets. While the accounting data speaks well for the slow but steady growth of interest in haibun, even the 18 winning entries from 10 different authors vary widely in actual accomplishment. This fact lends credence to the BHS's implicit claim that instruction in the genre is wanted.

Graham High contributes a breezy but sophisticated work — the title piece of this collection — about a middle-aged group of friends who gather for a séance to relive an adolescence of 30 years ago. "I haven't spoken to the dead for decades," High wittily asserts in introducing his motif of reunion.

"Memories, long unvisited, filter back, of a time when kisses and gravestones seemed a perfect mix. A remembered sense of teenage immortality pervades the room, mixed with the distant scent of barely defined romantic longings. We were all such close friends at school. And for a while back then, Sue was more than just a friend —

talking of the dead  
my hand slips into  
her unbuttoned blouse

The wine glasses are cleared away and the circular walnut table, slippery with polish, spirited with lavender, shines like a sunflower. The perimeter petals of alphabet cards are played out around its circumference. I think of my long-dead grandmother playing clock patience in her declining years in a diminishing one-hander against time." (12)

The transition here is quiet but breathtaking. From adolescent innocence of mortality, with its union of "talking of the dead" and sexual exploration, to the narrator's sudden recollection of a game of solitaire that a loved one "long-dead" played "against time" – all of this is dismissed, by High, in little more than 100 words.

In "Silent Storm," Lynn Edge also bridges an extended period of time with her plain and laconic delivery. The opening paragraph immerses the reader immediately in the unadorned landscape of a road trip that conveys the narrator's barren marriage. The "ruby reds," the apples so desired by the woman, provide the only color in this brooding piece. The narrator introduces them as a sign of promise or

fulfillment but they afford, when the journey is resumed, only another excuse for marital discord.

“Two days later crossing the desert plains, our truck and trailer sway. A West Texas windstorm. He grips the wheel; I muffle my fear. Between Ozona and Sonora, we find a rundown RV park. I step from the truck and wind-driven sand stings my arms and face. The trailer door whips from my hand, slams against the side. From the doorway, the cloying scent of apples” (4)

The fruit is decayed but salvaged by the woman and cooked into applesauce.

“Gusts rock the aluminum trailer; sand peppers the walls. The wind howls, but we eat our applesauce in silence.

our anniversary  
only his voice  
on the phone” (4)

The notable leap in time from the West Texas scene to the telephone call is a striking effect by Edge but one in harmony with the economy of this haibun as a whole. The title and haiku unite in their uncompromising silence. The narrative is entrusted to the reader.

Competition judges David Cobb and Ken Jones append individual commentaries to each published haibun – interesting, in terms of the often differing perceptions and assessments of two masters of the form but, unfortunately, a distraction from the works proper. Some salient points are made, nevertheless, some points highly suggestive of our yet sketchy knowledge of the terrain that lies before the practitioner of this hybrid and relatively novel genre.

Jones, in discussing Jane Whittle’s “Fron Goch,” astutely remarks, “If, as here, the prose imagery is strong and attractive, then the haiku need to play a different role than just attempting more of the same. This is an interesting and challenging question which even the most accomplished haibun masters have sometimes had difficulty resolving (35).” The proper balance and relation between prose and verse elements is the problematic crux of haibun. That the writer who excels in this form must command the two modes of writing in tandem is chief among the reasons that this genre is so difficult.

Haibun that attain a proper equilibrium are quite rare. Mastery in any medium is exceptional by definition – more so, perhaps, in what is in many ways an exotic import not yet fully naturalized. Examples of exceptional prose overpowering the verse or brilliant verse embedded in desultory prose have wider currency.

Jamie Edgecombe, in “The Georgian Table,” writes colorfully and lyrically in the prose that prefaces his haiku:

“Corpse. Which rotting vegetation, pollen scented air did you breathe? Through which angle of sun did you feed and grow strong? What colour hands cut the water from your roots, dissected you flat and thick; skinned you smooth? Which spinal brethren of yours flailed masts to grab at the wind, while others suffocated in warm to frigid waters, loved and hated by those, who scurvy-gummed and tribal fearing, bore you away to pencil ear’d artisans? Still, fingers run along all eight solid feet of you, as the eggs begin to harden on the cooker

grain,

black mahogany measures  
our vague truths”(6)

The second-person address is dramatic and engaging. The prose is equal in exuberant violence to the colonial exploitation that is its motif. To carry this polished rhetoric into the haiku would be a mistake. Edgecombe, perhaps to skirt that difficulty, closes not only on a flat and undistinguished note but also without a haiku. His “vague truths” meet the criteria for a journalistic prose that favors abstract generalization over concrete specificity but fall short of any known criterion for verse.

The opposite shortcoming – that of luminous and deft haiku escorted by a poorly executed or conceived prose – finds an illustration in Dru Phillippou’s “... the soft watch is flesh; it is ‘cheese.’” Because the haiku display such a high level of accomplishment, the task of discussing them is pleasant:

Pleiades rising  
a sprinkle of feta  
over black olives

(23)

sunrise  
an old man lifting  
a fish gill

(24)

These haiku exhibit an acute and heightened sensory perception of the poet’s immediate environment on a tour of Mitilini on the island of Lesbos – the first in an evening café, the second in a morning fish market as the haibun edges toward closure.

The prose unfortunately offers little to commend, being void of the striking disclosures of the haiku while, simultaneously, rambling on in a pretentious and narcissistic show of learning. The haibun begins with a general précis of the tenets of Thales, Heracleitos, Democritus and others (21) but Phillippou can enlighten the reader only of what she canvassed in her undergraduate class in the Pre-Socratics. A recitation of various cheeses (22) allows the poet to shift from the melting dairy product to a pointless allusion to Salvador Dali’s watches – Art Appreciation 101. Questions about the primal elements of fire, water, and earth that the various Pre-Socratics entertained are now willfully reintroduced by Phillippou, a strategy that allows her to import quotations bodily from Paul Claudel, Herman Boerhaave and Gaston Bachelard while abandoning their foundational context (22). The educated tourist cannot walk Lesbos without some recollection of the poetess Sappho. Phillippou, no ordinary tourist, rifles her prosody manual to offer us not only a schematic of the scansion of the Sapphic stanza but an exercise in the stanza itself (not without echoes of Swinburne here). She would have been well-advised to stick to the haiku.

While this last may be an extreme example, two intelligent editors and excellent writers of haibun did see fit to include it in this anthology – one of the 18 best haibun of 90 plus entries. If this haibun represents the flowering of the green, what of the dry? Other interesting haibun by Jim Kacian, Marianne Kiauta and Laurie Stoetling, when joined to the previously discussed work of Graham High

and Lynn Edge, save the day, however, and make this modest educational project by the BHS worthy of our support.

Shorelines: Haiku, Haibun and Tanka by Kirsty Karkow. Black Cat Press: Eldersburg, MD, 2007. ISBN: 0-9766407-5-9. Perfect Bound, 5" x 6 ½", 132 pp., \$15.95 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Two years ago, Kirsty Karkow's first book, water poems, established her name in the minds of many as that of a compelling and original voice in the genres of tanka and haiku. Shorelines, which collects one hundred plus pages of her varied work – from individual haiku to tanka, from haibun to the poetic sequence – will likely further consolidate this favorable opinion.

Karkow's poetry is deeply tinged by the Maine coastal environment that she inhabits and loves but this regional flavor in no way lessens her broader appeal. While the range of subjects is narrow, restricted as it is to the local and bucolic, the depth and resonance achieved within the poet's self-imposed limits at times approaches the marvelous.

The following haiku is deceptively simple and appears, at first sight, mere description:

the wave recedes  
I take a handful of stones  
from the wintry sea

(83)

The falling back of the vast Atlantic is contrasted with what is left behind, "a handful of stones," and a solitary diminutive human figure that collects them. The sensation of numbing cold, never addressed, permeates this haiku nor is this chill merely physical but touches the very core of our being. This is a notable accomplishment for "17 syllables or less" and may be offered as an exemplar of why so many devote their energies to this bare form of poetry.

Karkow commands a whimsical and rustic humor, a quality very much in line with the traditions of haiku:

now and then  
when my neighbor is away  
blackberries

(111)

There are occasional lapses in taste:

between my going  
and my coming back  
yellow jonquils (34)

somewhere  
in these dappled leaves ...  
trout lilies! (46)

Both haiku, on a first glance, are smooth and seemingly accomplished but the verbal construction of the first, with the parallel between “going” and “coming back,” and the pretty “dappled” leaves of the second are little more than clichés often met in haiku periodicals.

The tanka in *Shorelines* supply a greater measure of Karkow’s skill; she appears more consistently at ease and in command of its form.

balanced  
on one hind leg  
a dancing bear  
snout raised to the sun  
and his Inuit sculptor (75)

The setting of this poem is ambiguous – natural scene or finished sculpture – but the tanka, nonetheless, contains a curiously quiet reserve of power in its finely chiseled description.

Another lively extract might be made of the poet’s sequence, “Stones”:

who could ignore  
the lichen-crusting lure  
of native granite  
a tall and well-balanced cairn  
is worth the broken nails

a rock wall  
runs between hayfields  
to the water  
I skip along the capstones  
for the sea calls me as well (95)

The reader is here allowed a glimpse of a private moment, the poet alone, but the poet alone in a landscape that she knows and loves intimately. If the sea beckons, Karkow must answer.

*Shorelines* – the first Black Cat Press edition I have examined – is a neatly produced paperback with a pretty watercolor by the poet adorning its front cover. The price is reasonable and the pocket-sized book might be exactly what is wanted for a companion on a spring or summer jaunt:

poetry  
its meaning carried  
on the breeze  
scents of fields in flower  
undone buttons on my blouse (72)

Gathering Peace by Carol Purington. Winfred Press: Colrain, MA, 2007. ISBN: 0-9766407-4-0.  
Perfect Bound, 5 ½" x 8", 100 pp., \$15 postpaid within US – ordering details and prices outside USA.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Carol Purington arranges the tanka in *Gathering Peace* into five decades, a design that proceeds logically from her description of the book, in her brief preface, as “a memoir of my inner life.” Each ‘decade,’ therefore, may be read as a retrospective act of composition and consecration of memory.

Every person possesses an interior being but this author, in particular, might lay claim to a greater stress upon its centrality. The disabling effects of polio have kept the poet largely bound to her childhood home from its onset at the age of six.

Given this autobiographical detail, and knowing as well that Purington resides in western Massachusetts, how tellingly she confides, in the prefatory note to her Third Decade: “But I also became more aware of the glass wall that disability placed between me and almost every path away from home. I dreamed of becoming the next Emily Dickinson and wrote poems no one read.” (31)

Might any poet be more apropos than Dickinson – Purington’s near-neighbor in place, if not in time? Dickinson, just down the way in Amherst, certainly faced her own “glass wall” and barrier to “every path away from home.” Dickinson, too, turned her limitation into the source of a rich inner life and fascinating power.

Left by my parents  
    in a hospital room  
        in isolation  
the dark of their going  
the dark of my staying           (7)

So Purington embarks upon her life of inner solitude. The plain style of direct address objectifies what must be a frightful experience for a small child and deepens the pathos of the scene by its understatement. That technique informs the following tanka as well

Between thunder  
and the world seen again  
    by lightning  
        the drag of my ventilator  
        losing power, losing breath           (25)

The poet shifts skillfully away from this plain and unadorned style quite often to engage the reader with a contrast of outer beauty and inner limitation:

This hepatica  
whose freshness lasts for an hour ...  
    if left in the woods  
    I wouldn’t have seen it,  
        wouldn’t have seen it wilt           (38)

Or again:

Eavesdropping  
on a song the robin  
gives to its mate

This book of love letters I hold  
also written to someone else (46)

where the poet quietly implies that her act of overhearing the robin – sign of the other and outer world – is an act of transgression or trespass.

The confessional mode and tone which dominates any “memoir” readily places an author at risk of the sentimental. Purington largely evades such faults but there is the occasional saccharine moment

Heidi in a black-and-white film —  
Shirley Temple with golden curls  
Clara dark, like me,  
only she left her wheelchair  
on a mountain

(13)

This might best have been left unsaid. Such weak tanka are surprisingly few in number for such a generous collection, however, and Purington, whenever confronted with the contradiction between the outer world and her introspective experience, discovers a way to appropriate some of the world’s beauty to enrich her own:

The days I did not sing  
the nights I did not dance  
their joy  
spiraling out of the throat  
of a hermit thrush

(83)

Gathering Peace is a gracefully constructed book with an attractive cover, pleasing typography, and a layout that employs much white space to allow the text to breathe. The tasteful design, quite reasonable price, and excellent tanka make it easy for this reviewer to recommend Purington’s latest.

Lip Prints: Tanka and Other Short Poems, 1979-2007 by Alexis Rotella. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN 978-0-6151-6501-1. Perfect Bound, 6 x 9 inches, 160 pp., \$21.95 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Alexis Rotella, a fixture for many years in tanka and haiku circles, needs little introduction to the readers of this journal. She has published often and widely, been the recipient of many awards and finds representation in most, if not all, of the better-known anthologies in the field.

A retrospective view of Rotella’s work – one that spans the period from 1979-2007 – must be appreciated, then, as a public event – or as close to ‘public’ as the relative obscurity of poetry will

admit.

Lip Prints offers 360 tanka, more or less, in a spacious layout of three poems per page. The qualification in the sub-title (“...and Other Short Poems”) is peculiar, for only free-form tanka appear herein.

Rotella’s range in subject and treatment is fairly broad. She writes well, complete with the seasonal topic, in the austere and classical manner of waka:

In the shortest  
and longest  
month of the year,  
the chocolate I crave  
is the dark bitter kind. (72)

Too much time  
has passed  
to offer  
an apology –  
autumn’s end. (107)

Watching  
it fall  
in pieces,  
the precious gold  
of autumn. (133)

She writes confidently in that mode of acute sensory perception that is a traditional haikai standard and a method popularized one century ago in the West by the Imagists:

The wind  
pushing me  
through the cemetery  
as if to say  
leave. (25)

Mountain road –  
pink plastic flowers  
nailed to a cliff  
and ribbons  
the color of wind. (62)

Boarded up factories –  
looking away  
from the rusted buildings,  
a family  
of sunflowers. (129)

Her ability to perceive and convey the ironies of the human condition and of the particular social

setting is frequently apparent:

An hour it took  
to drive here –  
my friend  
sits with her back  
to the sea. (22)

And this very social alertness and curiosity lends itself to such deadpan comedy as

He was either  
too short or too tall,  
or he smelled funny,  
our old maid aunt  
relates. (28)

or to

I like your new look,  
I tell my elderly mother  
and her sister chimes,  
that outfit  
is on loan. (47)

Alexis Rotella possesses an ease and facility in composition that allows her to publish prolifically. This same native talent and confidence leads the poet to over-reach, at times, and to fail embarrassingly. For example

After dark –  
are the male  
Greek statues  
in the museum  
ravishing one another? (76)

strains to win laughter where there is none, while

No, Officer,  
nothing is wrong;  
I was just  
practicing  
my primal scream. (37)

lacks not only the intended punch-line but any semblance of plausible motivation. Only a similar lapse or absence of critical judgment can account for this trivial tableau:

French class –  
the priest  
and a young nun  
titter softly

during break. (18)

Or pardon the flavorless narcissism and self-aggrandizement of

No use trying  
to figure me out;  
everything I write  
is fiction,  
all of it true. (64)

Rotella would have served her cause better, perhaps, by censoring such poems, instead of aiming for an exhaustive representation of her poetic career. Fortunately, such clearly flawed verses remain in the minority.

The poet occupies firmer ground when she lowers her sights somewhat and assays the intimate and near-at-hand:

House filled  
with moving boxes –  
I sit in the sun  
and for the last time,  
listen to the quail. (196)

That note is subdued and modest, poignant in its resignation to loss and, ultimately, universal.

Rotella's skill in organizing her tanka, too, is everywhere evident – from the initial page (17), where snow, lace and an elderly woman's white hair unite three tanka with the motif of color, to the penultimate page (136), where the Potomac, a lake and a pan of water draw together three tanka that brood, respectively, upon violent predation, loss in the passing of time and a personal world that is broken.

Lip Prints lives up to advance billing as a major collection by a major tanka poet. Like every book from MET Press, the quality of production, design, and layout is of high professional standard but priced reasonably.

The Tao of Water, edited by Giselle Maya. Koyama Press, France, 2007. Limited Edition, hand-sewn, 8 x 11 inches, 52 pp. Send \$26 US plus \$9.60 US postage or 20E plus 7.20E postage to G. Maya, Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The Tao of Water collects under one cover the haiku and tanka of seven poets as well as the very bold calligraphy of Yasuo Mizui and the dazzling photographs of Martin Timm. Printed on fine speckled papers with a handmade paper-cover and bound with hand-sewn linen thread, this limited edition is available only directly from the studio of artist and bookmaker, Giselle Maya.

Water and meditations upon water, as one might surmise from the title, constitute the theme that holds

this collection together. Christopher Herold alludes to the I Ching's positing of water as a model of right conduct, a motif instituted earlier by the editor's quotation of Lao Tzu's famous dictum, from the Tao Te Ching, Chapter 8: "The highest good is like water. Water gives life to the ten thousand things and does not strive. It flows in places men reject and so is like the Tao." Herold's meditation takes the interesting form of contrasting a deadpan prose with haiku:

"The water cycle is seamless, having no definable beginning or ending. The processes of evaporation and condensation can occur in quick succession:

the kettle whistles  
a blur of garden color  
on the window

Or there may be so little water present that it forms a mere shimmer:

desert highway  
some buzzards settle  
into the mirage"

Exceptional haiku with sharply defined sensory perceptions are the rule here:

tidepooling  
with the poke of a finger  
the sea urchin's squirt

an' ya

again today  
the back of a rainbow trout  
in tea-brown water

Kirsty Karkow

a long letter ...  
honeysuckle in the window  
and the enormous sea

Michael McClintock

Occasionally, a metaphorical and mythical turn is taken:

the moon  
talks confidentially  
with  
the dark creative sea

about this planet's first life

Mari Konno

I loose my shadow  
to these waters and swim  
to the other shore

June Moreau

Some of the finest writing in this little anthology comes from the hand of artist and editor Giselle Maya:

“There is a spring on my land. It flows into a stone basin built with stones found in the cellar of my house. It is a snowmelt spring, a miracle in Provence where water is scarce.

Animals come to drink from it, I water my garden with its clear cool water; during droughts the spring continues to flow, thin as the span of a child's wrist. This is my daily link with water...”

Another episode offers a conversationally casual but telling anecdote concerning the fine calligrapher of this volume, more widely known as a sculptor:

“Some years ago Yasuo Mizui went to see Nachi Falls near the great Shinto temple of Ise. He was awed by the power of the falls. André Malraux has called Nachi Falls ‘the spinal column of Shinto.’ Mizui considered the force of the water and imagined the waterfall drilling through the mantle of the earth.

Later he took his friend Eitaro Hasegawa to visit Fontaine de Vaucluse, the source of the river Sorgue in Provence. Its spring is 315 m deep and often capricious. Spontaneously Mr. Hasegawa said: ‘Here is the source from which springs Nachi Falls!’

For Mizui who has sculpted and lived in both Japan and France this was a revelation – suddenly his two lives felt connected.”

The brushwork of Yasuo Mizui, here employed in the creation of characters related to water (e.g., mizu umi, “lake” or taki, “cascade”), is bold and expressive and, when joined with the excellent photography of Martin Timm, a graceful complement to the fine poetry of *The Tao of Water*.

*A Piece of the Rainbow* by Fujiko Sato. Nihon Bungakukan: Tokyo, Japan, 2007. ISBN: 978-4-7765-1448-0. Perfect Bound, 5” x 7 ½”, 118 pp., \$12 US or 1,200 yen.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Having pursued the demanding craft of poetry for many years, having acquired thereby an

understanding of how very slippery language can be when the aim is precision, I am always astonished to discover a writer who, as if such perplexities were insufficient, adds to this degree of difficulty that of composing poems in an adopted language. Fujiko Sato, a member of the Nihon Kajin Club or Japan Tanka Poet's Society, is such a person.

Insects called Yukimushi  
Gushed out of the air,  
Flew in flocks for a day  
And have disappeared  
Somewhere. (20)

This tanka illustrates clearly one barrier to understanding across a cultural divide: the specific local phenomenon. Sato carries over bodily the romaji word yukimushi for there is no English equivalent. This reviewer had to research independently, since the poet provides no notes, to learn that yukimushi, literally "snow insects," are ephemera that hatch and fly in late autumn with an appearance like that of fine snow. The reader who is privy to this information immediately comprehends the beauty and poignancy of these delicate creatures that "have disappeared somewhere." The reader not privy is perplexed.

Clumsy diction, perhaps a predictable by-product of composing in a second language, marks some of the tanka as well:

A baby girl next door  
Toddling in the garden  
Gives me  
A small happiness  
Over the fence. (7)

The English reader can anticipate only an object of anything given "over the fence" and not an emotive abstraction.

Fujiko Sato's tanka sequence, "A Coffee Shop Called NonNon," convincingly portrays a widow and parent of grown children intent upon maintaining a certain distance and independence:

Keeping a proper distance  
From my children,  
I've already lived  
By myself  
For ten years. (48)

My children call Umeboshi  
"Mother's taste."  
So I add  
My moderate love  
When I pickle them. (49)

Umeboshi, for the uninitiated English reader, is the pickled version of the native ume, an apricot or plum-like fruit. Sato's "moderate love" imbues this particular group of tanka with gentle irony and pathos.

A Piece of the Rainbow has five tanka “chapters” of 10 tanka each, the text offered in English and Japanese, while a group of ten essays follows the poems. The essays, unlike Western conceptions of the genre, adopt the *zuihitsu* style – literally, “following the brush” – of Sei Shonagon or Yoshida Kenkō and of their classical Chinese models. They are casual, anecdotal, brief, understated, and deceptively simple.

“My Dearest Partner” (62-64) may be the finest essay in the book with its humorous relation of the confusion the poet’s nickname Ukko-chan caused when first entering primary school – for she did not know her proper name, Fujiko-san. This led to teasing by her classmates and then to her own determination to “play the parts of Fujiko-san and Ukko-chan.”

“I made Fujiko-san a good girl because I didn’t know what kind of character she had. ‘A good girl is better.’ I thought. On the other hand, Ukko-chan was full of fun and mischief, which was my true color. I got right into the part of Fujiko-san for adults, but in front of my intimate friends, I turned into Ukko-chan. The two of them were good friends and talked to each other in joy and in sorrow.

However, as I grew, Ukko-chan’s chances to go on stage became fewer and fewer. By the time I became a high school student, no one had called me Ukko-chan for many years, though she was still within me like a guardian angel. Even now, she always helps me...

I don’t know who started to call me Ukko-chan or where the name came from. The two names have no relation to each other. Fujiko is a popular girl’s name connected with Mt. Fuji. But Ukko-chan is a very funny name with no particular meaning.

Anyway, it is true that the funny sound of Ukko-chan has given everyone around me and myself much fun for years. So as a token of my thanks, I offer this essay to my dearest partner, Ukko-chan.”

(64)

Such charming scenes, in essay and tanka, compensate for the occasional variance from normative English and for the obscurity of unexplained Japanese terms. What reader would not find delight in little Ukko-chan?

Poets Behind Barbed Wire. Edited and translated by Jiro Nakano and Kay Nakano. Bamboo Ridge Press: Honolulu, HI, 1983. ISBN: 0-910043-05-1. Perfect Bound, 5 ½” x 8”, 88 pp., \$8 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

This anthology, ably edited and translated by Jiro and Kay Nakano, presents the tanka of four Japanese-American internee poets of the Relocation Camps of WWII. The English translation is prefaced by a romaji transliteration of the original Japanese text and illustrated by the drawings of yet another internee of the camps.

The Nakanos, instead of organizing the tanka by author in the conventional Western manner, have arranged the poems into numerous small chapters that are linear and temporal: arrest, temporary internment in Hawaii, deportation to the mainland, transportation to a mainland camp, internment at that camp and, finally, homecoming. This rudimentary narrative structure serves the poetry well. The

strongest tanka still shine and stand out while the less accomplished pieces gain some luster from their better neighbors and from their contextual role in the overall story.

What does one do and what does one perceive when faced with imminent arrest?

The time has come  
For my arrest  
This dark rainy night.  
I calm myself and listen  
To the sound of the shoes.

Sojan Takei (13)

How does one face the immediacy of separation from all that one loves?

Gazing at the barracks  
Where my wife exists,  
Beyond the barbed wire fence,  
I pluck and chew  
The leaves of grass.

Taisanboku Mori (25)

What is forcible resettlement in an alien landscape, in a time of war, like? What of the death of one's comrade in that place, far from home?

When the war is over  
And after we are gone  
Who will visit  
This lonely grave in the wild  
Where my friend lies buried?

Keiho Soga (64)

What does it mean – going home? What do we see, what do we feel?

Stained in blue  
By the blue ocean,  
The flying fish  
Fly between waves,  
Shining blue.

Sojin Takei (71)

Perhaps no single tanka in this collection rises to the level of great art but the fifty-odd tanka of these four war-time internees, when read as a unit, provides an intimate portrait of an uprooted, vilified people and of their resilience in the face of persecution by their fellow citizens. *Poets Behind Barbed Wire* is a valuable testament of the spirit therefore and a deeply moving human document.

Outcry from the Inferno: Atomic Bomb Tanka Anthology. Edited and translated by Jiro Nakano. Bamboo Ridge Press: Honolulu, HI, 1995. ISBN: 0-910043-38-8. Perfect Bound, 6" x 9", 128 pp., \$10 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

One hundred poems by one hundred poets – a classical waka formula – but in this collection, unlike Teika's famous medieval anthology, editor and translator Jiri Nakano does not select poems with a view of presenting exemplars of poetic craft and aesthetic sensibility. His poets, in fact, were not chosen, by and large, from the ranks of Japan's modern tanka elites. Nakano's poets were less chosen by him than chosen by tragic fact. They step forward from the gray ranks of the hibakusha, the disfigured and debilitated survivors of the 1945 atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Most of these poems were composed, understandably, sometime after the horrors of August 6 and August 9, 1945, yet how vividly these everyday citizens, through deep psychological and physiological scars, recall, in the simplest language, these tragic events:

On newspapers  
spread on depot platforms,  
we sleep  
with those  
already dead.

Asao Izumi (28)

Into the desolate scene  
of burnt shops and buildings  
in Hiroshima,  
several shadows  
walk aimlessly.

Ayao Koyama (41)

These retrospective meditations upon a waking nightmare — commonplace because inescapable — often startle the reader with their cool distance and objectivity:

The large skull  
is the teacher's.  
Gathered  
around it,  
smaller skulls.

Shinoe Shōda (74)

Other voices, not flinching from the apocalypse, achieve a kind of ontological grandeur:

The constant search  
for a loved one  
in the city of Hiroshima  
seems eternal —  
looking for life among the dead.

Shizuko Ōta (69)

This anthology is not without fair representation of journalistic pieces that masquerade as poetry, purely topical verses that appeal for nuclear disarmament and peace or criticize the wartime policies of the American government or of the Japanese emperor. While the rage is justified, the didactic, soap-box poems have little appeal, despite their authors' sincerity and conviction:

Let the voice of a girl  
blind with keloids,  
resound  
over that country  
beyond the ocean.

Osamu Kimata (34)

Anti-nuclear movement  
lies in "Denial of Death."  
True words  
are simple,  
direct.

Osamu Hokino (12)

Simple slogans and direct action, even when we are in sympathy with the aim and intent, eschew aesthetic distance, make no claim upon a reader, and, inevitably, fail to win our hearts. Few will mistake the emotive power, however, of a man who may only address the futility of an action:

I know, as a man  
with good grace,  
I should be gone by now;  
yet, I keep working  
using my sick leave.

Yoshiko Kōmoto (38)

In such quiet and understated despair, the reader of today and of tomorrow may recognize something of his own condition and of his commonality with friend and foe. That is the blood and flesh and air of true poetry. Everything else is only cardboard and fit for a placard.

Reeds: Contemporary Haiga 2007. Edited by Jeanne Emrich. Lone Egret Press, 6566 France Avenue South, Suite 1210, Edina, MN 55435. ISBN: None. Perfect Bound, 5 ½” x 8”, 102 pp., \$16 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Reeds 2007 is the fifth and last in this series of anthologies devoted to haiga. Should this hybrid art, this admixture of painting, calligraphy and haiku, ever establish a permanent place for itself in the West, Reeds will have played an important role in its introduction, adaptation, and evolution.

The current issue, like its predecessors, honors the twenty-plus participating artists and poets with its excellent design, generous layout, fine quality papers, and full-color reproductions. Many of the contributors are well-known figures in the haikai community: Cor van den Heuval, Marlene Mountain, an’ya and Kuniharu Shimizu. The catholic policy of the editor, Jeanne Emrich, follows that of prior years with a liberal representation of various styles and techniques in watercolor, ink, mixed media, and digital art.

The compass of a review will not admit a comprehensive examination of the seventy-odd haiga that constitute this anthology’s *raison d’être*. A representative sampling of those artists who receive the fullest coverage, however, can accurately reveal the character of the current haiga scene as well as of this volume.

Susan Frame’s delicate graphic work adorns the pages of many haiku and tanka journals. She practices *sumi-e* and employs Chinese ink, watercolor and gouache on linen, mulberry, rice and other crafted papers. Her painting in Reeds 2007 consists of fourteen ink paintings in collaboration with two poets. A simple sketch of five cascading envelopes – black-bordered, blue-bodied – accompanies Andrew Riutta’s haiku

winter wind  
this stack of bills  
Its own paperweight (9)

Not every haiga is that spare or minimal, however, and to the unrehearsed irony of one haiku that plays such brilliant havoc with the conventions and antecedents of the genre

a shortcut  
to the sanitarium  
cherry blossoms (2)

Frame answers Riutta’s text with clusters of delicate and pinkish blossoms that are sharply criss-crossed by a vertical up-and-down black brushstroke that scribbles its way left-to-right: a painter’s

“shortcut.”

More color and modeling is allowed by Frame when working with the haiku of Pamela Miller Ness, perhaps because Ness veers away from the stark economy of Riutta and assays a richer vocabulary. The results, unfortunately, are not always favorable. For example

Easter Sunday  
in the cathedral garden  
an empty birdhouse (51)

attempts to bring far too much to the table for the restricted form of haiku. Ness juxtaposes the holy day, with its many complex and ancient connotations, to a birdhouse. This does not require the colorful detail of a “cathedral garden” but the poet insists on her enclosure and the point of the comparison, if it ever possessed a motif, is irretrievably lost. Frame, in response, can do little but fill her paper with a pretty watercolor of vernal purple, yellow, and green flowers. A less affected haiku by Ness

midday heat  
one petal of the red poppy  
sways (50)

receives a solitary red and wilting flower from Frame. The finished haiga finds text and graphics perfectly poised and balanced.

Ion Codrescu, the Romanian haikin and artist, teams up with Irish poet Gabriel Rosenstock for six interesting haiga. Codrescu uses color and line sparingly. His painting is barely representational but aspires to a graphic sketchiness and simplicity that is one with the techniques of haiku. Rosenstock’s very elementary

two seagulls  
up high  
vanish in brightness (44)

shares the page with a few interrupted blue brushstrokes (waves), two upturned black solids (prows) and Codrescu’s red calligrapher’s seal which floats high above the waterline with the first half of the text, “two seagulls / up high.” It is unclear whether the script is that of Codrescu or Rosenstock but the “tails” of the consonants /g/ and /p/ are hyper-extended and become, at once, watery mist or the masts of the ships below. The haiku-text, so interwoven with the graphics in this haiga, conceals its very lineation and various alternate line-breaks are possible. These two collaborators achieve something quite similar on the facing page where

reflecting nothing  
dark leaves  
darkening the garden pond (45)

acquires, by way of illustration, only areas of gray and black, with a hint of mauve and rolling lines to suggest, perhaps the disturbed surface of a pond. Again, script itself is intermingled with the pictorial element and lineation is deliberately ambiguous.

Finally, eighteen haiga come from Gary LeBel – nine in collaboration with Michael Dylan Welch, nine

others wherein LeBel is sole artist and poet. These works contrast sharply with the bright colors and light touch of Susan Frame as well as with the subdued and minimalist coloring and brushwork of Ion Codrescu.

Collage is LeBel's *métier*. He does not shy away from color, from line, from the appropriated object. The tone and style are unabashedly modern and Western. His own haiku

road closed  
except  
to tiger lilies (84)

employs an upper and lower horizontal and textured border, perhaps fabric, for a blue sheet. This paper (or sky), slightly off-center, reveals a black background along its top and right edge and is interrupted, midway, by the horizontal placement of a weathered board. Placed upon the wooden barrier is a torn photographic image of a road sign, folded so that the words are partially concealed (the first line of the haiku), while the remainder of the text, to the right, is written in cursive with a black marker. The various elements of this composition are made to cohere not with paper and paste but through digital scanning, appropriation and manipulation. Only the proto-narrative quality of the haiku separates this from the strictly chance or formal operations of a Kurt Schwitters; only technique and the haiku, again, from the acerbic photomontage of a Hannah Hoch or the Edenic paper cut-outs of a Henri Matisse.

Another text

the crickets gone,  
November moonlight  
fills her slippers (83)

assumes similar poetic liberties with its material and pictorial construction, the cropped edges of various images – night stars, bare tree, woman's eye, and illegible text – left undisguised as if to remind the reader and viewer that this is, in the end, nothing that mimics nature but rather the objectification of a reverie, the making exterior of what lies within.

While art is the focus of this anthology, two valuable documents accompany the haiga. Stephen Addiss, in an interesting article entitled "Where Do the Words Go? Text-Image Placement in Haiga," closely studies the principles that guide integration and determine relations of calligraphy, painting, and text within one space (19-27). Addiss enlists a painting by Yosa Buson and two haiga by Inoue Shirō that illustrate well his chief points of discussion.

An interview of graphic designer and sumi-e artist Lidia Rozmus by Jeanne Emrich (57-67) centers upon Rozmus' portfolio of sumi-e paintings for the haiku of Taneda Santōka. The conversation is a lively and intelligent dialogue rather equally divided between the concerns of bookmaking as a craft or art and haikai aesthetics and Santōka's poetry in particular. The flavor of the interview might be conveyed by Rozmus' rejoinder to the assertion that her haiga style is abstract: "Santōka writes about abstract concepts such as emptiness, freedom, love and loneliness.... In art generally, negative space is space around and between the subject or subjects of an image. Balance of void and object is a key element of artistic composition.... In a good haiku, there is also plenty of negative space left for a reader to enliven it with his/her imagination (60-61)." Granted, such aesthetic propositions are really old hat and perhaps lost their novelty in the West fifty or more years ago. A reader, nevertheless, will forgive an occasional reminder when it is accompanied by the good writing and pleasing art of a book

like that of Reeds 2007.

GEERT VERBEKE: An enigma, a modern master and a spellbinder.  
Adam Powell

Literary criticism of the poetry and prose of Geert Verbeke (Flanders-Belgium), based upon “Brother Buddha”, 2007, Cyberwit (India), ISBN: 978-81-8253-094-2; “Frogs Croak”, 2007, Cyberwit (India), ISBN: 978-81-8253-091-1; “Rain”, 2005, Cyberwit (India), ISBN: 81-8253-021-0; “Jokerman”, 2005, Cyberwit (India), ISBN: 81-8253-038-5; and “Sweeps of Rain”, 2006, Cyberwit (India), ISBN: 81-8253-068-7.

The poetic artistry of Geert Verbeke.

It is not an easy process to become reviewed by “yours truly”. I do make several demands that have to do with professionalism and publishing achievements, as well as my commitment to raise awareness regarding small press published books written by international, bilingual/multilingual, and/or trans-cultural authors of poetry, prose and photography. I aim to re-enact a “renaissance” of literary criticism especially, which is critical, analytical and a subjective (yet professional) assessment of literary achievement and room for further development/improvement.

I write this review of the works of Geert Verbeke both in homage .. and in protest. It is simply “unfair” to challenge a reviewer with five books of such literary and philosophical quality and professional craftsmanship as is here the case. To be blunt, it is maddening .. to be sucked into the world and thinking of Geert Verbeke so easily – even though I consider myself to be a good critic in my area(s) of specialization – and to suddenly take on the role of ‘The Fool’ (in the Tarot) .. spellbound by the ‘magic’ of a master, who is both adept in his craftsmanship with regard to tradition and the expert ‘blasting’ of ever-developing contemporary expressions of haiku, tanka, senryu and haibun. He managed to “rope me in” .. despite several readings to double-check .. and I must simply declare Verbeke as a contemporary master. Damn!

Did I find no faults in these five books? Certainly, there are small issues that have to do with the occasional caesura placement or alternative suggestions in regard to how bilingual and multilingual versions of his haiku are presented on each page (sometimes I would prefer to have more space – i.e. to have each poem and its bilingual or multilingual versions on a page by itself), and the occasional typographical error. . . but these things are trivialities. The man is a genius. . . or/and ‘mad’ (in terms of artistic genius the two often go together).

Firstly, his understanding of the history and traditions of the art forms he employs is quite evident; and this understanding affords him the ability and the ‘right’ to experiment and further develop the literary forms he specializes in (including further development of the English haiku derivatives).

Secondly, he masters not just the haiku, but in addition tanka, senryu, and haibun. And as if that is not provocative enough for a literary critic, he dares to go so far as to combine several literary styles in several of his books. Most dramatically in “Sweeps of Rain,” where he combines haibun in a way that reads as a complete novel.

And finally, Verbeke is so cheeky and daring that he takes his readers and himself to the absolute maximal limit: he writes his masterpieces in several languages, including Flemish, English, French, German etc.

Already, as you can well understand, I am livid as a literary critic. . . With some extremely-talented authors I sometimes secretly wish that I had written this or that particular work of literature instead of him/her. However, in the case of this man Geert Verbeke I feel that he is so completely ‘superior’ – not only in regards to his understanding and craftsmanship, but also because he manages to access the inner reaches of philosophy, spirituality, humanity, social consciousness and frivolity. . . all at once. AND he pumps these works out effortlessly; as if he is practicing zazen. Effortlessness is – of course – the mark of an ‘artistic master’ – the point where “simplicity” and “difficulty” become indistinguishable because the level of mastery makes the distance between point zero and the ‘unreachable dream’ as short as possible. And that is the essence of Geert Verbeke’s literary genius: not only to achieve the impossible but also to transform literary dexterity into a literary and visual masterpiece at its lowest common denominator.

Geert Verbeke is impressive .. and he is scary. He can take any topic (for example: frogs or playing cards .. nature .. or political/social issues) and ‘spin his magic’.

Okay. You have understood that the man is now highly-regarded by me. Let me illustrate just a few of the many fine examples of his craftsmanship and genius:

memorial day –  
a lot of grasshoppers  
on the stupa

between  
gravel and dune land –  
an oasis

along the river  
a row of singing monks –  
dew on their hats

(from “Brother Buddha”)

terraced rice fields –  
the annual frog concert  
and her hangover

in the evening  
croaks are getting louder –  
a downpour

(from “Frogs Croak”)

half-naked sadhus  
at the ritual cremation  
click-clack Kodak

sweet-and-sour  
the taste of mango  
on her lips

anti-terror  
a flow of body bags  
back to the USA

rising tide  
the sky is the sea  
outgoing tide

lasting for days  
the singing of the rain  
composing sad songs

(from "Rain")

I am afraid that I must stop here ... most publishers have a maximum word limit, and I have already surpassed the standard commercial literary review limitations. But this is also relevant to my experience of the literature of Geert Verbeke: he knows the traditions, he knows the standards. . . and he possesses the genius and the integrity to know when to use the traditional. . . and when (and how) to surpass it. And I have a strong intuition that it is "art" which guides him, rather than "commercialism".

GEERT VERBEKE: Born in Kortrijk, Flanders (Europe). Geert began writing haiku in 1968. The decisive factor to study haiku was the discovery of the Himalayan singing bowls and the travels to Kathmandu, the Sinai-desert, Istanbul, Tunisia, Djerba, France, Tanzania, Zanzibar and the Grand Canyon in Arizona, USA. Geert has also written a few books about singing bowls. He has, in addition to have published several books on haiku, haibun, senryu and tanka and singing bowls, recorded 11 cd's with singing bowls, gongs and percussion.

ADAM DONALDSON POWELL (Norway) is a literary critic and a multilingual author, writing in English, Spanish, French and Norwegian; and a professional visual artist. He has published five books (including collections of poetry, short stories and literary criticism) in the USA, Norway and India, as well as several short and longer works in international literary publications on several continents. He has previously authored theatrical works performed onstage, and he has (to-date) read his poetry at venues in New York City, Oslo (Norway), Buenos Aires and Kathmandu (Nepal).

Stepping Stones: a way into haiku, Martin Lucas  
192 pp., ISBN 978-0-9522397-9-6, £12 + £1.50 p&p British Haiku Society. Order from: Stanley

Pelter, Maple House, 5 School Lane, Claypole, Lincs. NG23 5BQ Overseas orders, enquire.

This is an anthology of 366 haiku, each with a paragraph of commentary. There is a short introduction and afterword. It is intentionally in the mode of R.H.Blyth but applied to British haiku of the past 20 years. It helps to fill a gap that commentators such as Haruo Shirane have noted – commentary on English-language haiku, to emulate the work of Blyth and others in their studies of the Japanese tradition. For anyone who has enjoyed my haiku journal Presence, the chances are you'll like Stepping Stones very much. All proceeds return to the British Haiku Society for further publishing projects. Copies are in limited supply – order early to avoid disappointment.\*

Wall Street Park, A Concrete Renku, by Raffael Gruttola and Carlos Colón, including text about Links & Linkages by the authors. PiXeLaRt Press, Upton, Massachusetts, U.S.A., 2007. \$ 8.00 pp. Order from: Carlos Colon, 185 Lynn Ave., Shreveport, LA 71105

Reviewed by Werner Reichhold

What a world of wonders! Give up and let yourself be pulled into the visual renku Raffael de Gruttola and Carlos Colón created:

Here, with Wall Street Park, you are invited to stroll into the world of two artists / writers who developed their outstanding talents for linking word and picture up to a symbiotic masterpiece. No bitching, no whining, no self-petty, no cynicism, no sarcasm; indeed, Carlos and Raffael share a complete intolerance for sentimentality and kitsch. Wall Street Park is English language poetry at its best - an eye opener for mainstream poets.

If fantasizing is bound to a specific state of mind, then certainly it needs special skills to make it visible. Seldom, very seldom one has a chance to meet such artistically trained experts exploring their most secret territories for us. Once pulled into Wall Street Park, and patiently staying there for a while, you may reach out even more confidently for the hidden worlds inside of you waiting to be freed.

In addition to the concrete renku itself, we can read about “Links & Linkages,” two and a half pages text added to explain the process of creating this collaboration on one hand, yes, probably helpful for many readers. On the other hand it brings up the idea if there is a way to eliminate the sheer character of an “explanation.” Depersonalizing the text, or better: rewriting and transforming such a text into prose, into “the prose part” of the whole adventure, this could become another special gift for the viewers / readers. The prose would appear as a totally integrated part of the work, enriching it significantly.

## **ARTICLES**

## ARTICLES

Calling All Haiku!

Sixth annual ukiaHaiku festival invites submissions

by Kate Marianchild

Once upon a time there was a lovely little town known as Ukiah. The town's name came from the Pomo word "Yokayo," meaning "deep valley." The small town dozed and twitched for one hundred years in its valley beside the Russian River, sprouting pears and walnuts, grapes and babies. Artists and poets trickled into the community, attracted by the green-gold hills, the big sky, and the friendly people.

In time a town government came into being, complete with city council. The good officers of the city council performed the usual tasks, including sponsoring community fairs, fireworks, and concerts. The citizens were mostly happy and didn't expect much more of their elected officials.

Then one day a new idea popped up – an idea that had never before been proposed to any town government anywhere in North America...or even the western hemisphere, for that matter. The city mothers and fathers murmured among themselves, scratched their collective head, and finally, being a daring bunch, agreed to the idea. They decided to sponsor a...guess what? Astrology Fair? (Nope)... UFO Expo? (Noooo)... Give up?...A Haiku Festival! Why? Because "Ukiah" backward spells "Haiku," silly!

"Haiku?" you might ask. "What's that?"

Ahhh, haiku...I'm glad you asked. Haiku is a wondrous creation of the Japanese – a form of poetry that, when you try to write it, infuses everything in your life, including you, with an inner glow. Dew will glisten more brilliantly, bees will hum more meaningfully, and routine chores will be more fun. Sound like new love? Well, it is, kind of. When you look at the world with "haiku eyes" you fall in love with it all over again, just like when you were a child. It doesn't matter how your poems turn out – the magic is in the way you see things.

So, again, what is, or are, haiku? (The word can be singular or plural). Haiku are simple, 3-line poems. They don't use rhyme, alliteration, or punctuation, and they don't philosophize or "psychologize." They offer a poetic glimpse of a scene or a situation – a snapshot created with words.

hovering above  
silver but always changing  
snow piles in the sky

by Vincent K. Brock of Ukiah

sitting all alone  
on a sidewalk full of sun  
a small grey pebble

by Brianna Mack of Ukiah

Haiku can use a "traditional" 5-7-5 pattern of syllables, such as the haiku above, in which the first line has 5 syllables, the second 7, and the third 5; or they can be written in the "contemporary" form, with fewer syllables. Here are some contemporary haiku:

late fall fig tree

naked except for  
one big leaf

by Kayla Wildman of Potter Valley

just past mauve –  
paddling hard  
for a dark shore

by Jim Kacian of Virginia

Either way works, and both forms will be accepted in most categories of the ukiaHaiku festival's poetry contest this year, except in those categories that specify "contemporary" or "traditional." (For more information on traditional vs. contemporary haiku, go to [www.ukiahaiku.org](http://www.ukiahaiku.org) and click on "Submission Guidelines" at the bottom of the home page).

The ukiaHaiku festival was born in the year 2003, and like all infants, it has grown. Now in its sixth year, the festival is thriving. Local poets go to classrooms and instruct students in writing haiku. More than one thousand poems pour in each year from children and adults living in Ukiah and distant places like South Dakota and Romania. Poetry submissions are judged by the Ukiah Poet Laureate Committee and well-known haiku poet Jane Reichhold, who judges the Adult Contemporary Haiku category. An awards ceremony is held at which the winning poets read their poems, and a book of the winning poems is published. Best of all? People who never wrote poems before are turning their observations of the world into poetry.

You are invited, encouraged, and cajoled to submit entries to the ukiaHaiku festival. All categories are free of charge except "Adult Contemporary Haiku," which costs \$5 for up to three poems. Modest prizes are offered, along with publication in the book and the opportunity to read your winning haiku at the festival. The submission deadline for the 2008 ukiaHaiku festival contest is March 15, 2008.

Submission forms can be downloaded from [www.ukiahaiku.org](http://www.ukiahaiku.org) or picked up at libraries around the county, as well as the Mendocino County Bookmobile and Grace Hudson Museum. Submissions can also be emailed to [ukiahaiku08@yahoo.com](mailto:ukiahaiku08@yahoo.com). (For the Adult Contemporary category a check for \$5 will have to be mailed – see website). This year's awards ceremony, complete with music and award-winning poetry, will be held on Sunday, April 27 from 2-4 p.m. at the Ukiah Conference Center.

## NATURAL RHYTHM

Jim Wilson

There is an idea about Japanese poetry in English that has been persistent for at least a century and is fairly widespread. It is the idea that lines of five and seven syllables, though standard in Japanese, are in some sense "unnatural" for the English language. Conclusions are drawn from this view, usually along the lines that English language poets should not attempt to mimic the 5-7-5-7-7 structure of Tanka, or the 5-7-5 structure of Haiku, because to do so would be, again, "unnatural" for the English language.

The earliest expression of this view that I have found is by William Porter in his translation of the Hyaku-nin-issui, which he titled *A Hundred Verses from Old Japan*. It dates from 1909. In the Introduction, Porter writes, "The verses in this Collection are all what are called Tanka, . . . A tanka verse has five lines and thirty-one syllables, arranged thus: 5-7-5-7-7; as this is an unusual meter in our

ears, I have adopted for the translation a five-lined verse of 8-6-8-6-6 meter, with the second, fourth, and fifth lines rhyming, in the hope of retaining at least some resemblance to the original form, while making the sound more familiar to English readers.”<sup>1</sup>

A contemporary example of this view is found in *The Haiku Apprentice* by Abigail Friedman. She writes, “When I left Japan, my desire to write haiku followed me. The problem I faced back in America, however, was that I had no idea which of the haiku rules I had learned in Japan applied to English-language haiku. Should I be writing seventeen-syllable, ‘five-seven-five’ haiku, as is common in Japan? I knew that this rhythm was natural in Japanese, but that it was much less natural in English.”<sup>2</sup>

I have also read a review at amazon.com of a translation of the *Kokinshu*, the one by Laurel Rasplica Rodd, where the reviewer criticizes the translators for sticking with a 5-7-5-7-7 format because such syllabification isn’t natural to English. One C. H. Haywood, a student of Japanese literature studying in Japan, writes, “The 5-7-5-7-7 waka format is a poor choice for the English poet; . . . and the English language is not meant, as the Japanese language is, to be able to fit into 5-7-5 diction.”

So this view has a long history, going back to at least 1909, and seems to have become a kind of understood wisdom among English speakers interested in Japanese poetic forms. Nevertheless, I would like to suggest that lines of 5 and 7 syllables are common in English and that the use of a 5 and/or 7 syllable line(s) is not an obstacle to poetic expression or understanding in English.

Consider the following well known children’s song:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are.

Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

All four lines are seven syllables (I read “diamond” as “dy-mond”).  
Consider this second well known children’s song:

Row, row, row your boat  
Gently down the stream  
Merrily, merrily,  
Merrily, merrily,  
Life is but a dream.

Lines 1, 2 and 5 are each five syllables.

Consider the following commonly heard sentences:

Johnny, come in now.  
It’s vacation time.  
Thank God it’s Friday.  
What grade did you get?  
Stop bothering me.

All of these are five syllables.

Now consider the next group of sentences:

What have you got to offer?  
I've got to go to the store.  
My car is a gas guzzler.  
How about some more coffee?  
Did you see it on the news?

All of these are seven syllables.

What I am pointing to in all of these examples, the children's songs and the everyday utterances, is that verbal expression of five and seven syllables in English is widespread, common, and a rich resource for poetic expression. In other words, five and seven syllables verbal expression is not unnatural in English, and it is not stressful. It is part of the complex fabric of the English language; as much so as 10 syllables per line found in so much of our poetry.

Moving to a more formal poetic context, consider Robert Frost's *Neither Out Far Nor In Deep*:

The people along the sand  
All turn and look one way.  
They turn their back on the land.  
They look at the sea all day.

As long as it takes to pass  
A ship keeps raising its hull;  
The wetter ground like glass  
Reflects a standing gull.

The land may vary more;  
But wherever the truth may be –  
The water comes ashore,  
And the people look at the sea.

They cannot look out far.  
They cannot look in deep.  
But when was that ever a bar  
To any watch they keep?<sup>3</sup>

Lines 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6 are in seven syllables. Timothy Steele refers to this poem as written in "loose iambic," in this case iambic trimeter.<sup>4</sup> One of the reasons I chose this poem is that Frost alternates line lengths; some are 6 syllables, some 7, and some 8. This kind of vacillation in line length is one of the characteristics of Japanese poetry, including Tanka and Haiku. We tend to think that English language poetry consists of structures of equal line lengths, such as the well-known sonnet. Yet here is an example of skillfully shifting syllabic count as the poem unfolds.

Loose iambic turns out to be a rich source of five and seven syllable poetic lines. Frost's poem shows how natural seven syllable lines can be. A poem by Hardy, called *The Wound*, is written in loose iambic dimeter. Steele quotes it as follows:

I climbed to the crest,  
And, fog-festooned,  
The sun lay west

Like a crimson wound:  
Like that wound of mine  
Of which none knew,  
For I'd given no sign  
That it pierced me through.<sup>5</sup>

Lines 1, 4, 5 and 8 are in five syllables. As in the previous Frost example, Hardy alternates syllable line length in a manner reminiscent of Japanese poetics, where syllable counts shift from line to line.

I think in this context it's also worth pointing out that translators of Japanese poetry have, to a significant degree, mimicked the syllabification of traditional Japanese poetry. Examples include Steven Carter and Edwin Cranston. Here's an example from Carter's *Traditional Japanese Poetry*:

In a swift current  
a boulder may block the rush  
of falling water  
and split streams that in the end  
will join together again.<sup>6</sup>

And here's an example from Cranston's *A Waka Anthology*:

On the northern hills  
Now there trails a band of cloud,  
A blue cloud drifting,  
Drawing away from the star,  
Drawing away from the moon.<sup>7</sup>

Not all translators of Japanese poetry mimic Japanese syllabification. But those who have chosen to do so demonstrate how easily the English language can conform to traditional syllabic rules. There is no sense in these translations of awkwardness or stress. The opposite is the case; the translations are lyrical and flow easily in English.

Finally, I'd like to point out that many English-language poets have, in fact, used the traditional syllabic format effectively. Richard Wright is an example of a poet who chose to write haiku in the traditional 5-7-5 format. His haiku demonstrate that English is amenable to this formal structure. In Tanka, there are numerous poets who have, and who currently, work within the traditional syllabic structure of 31 syllables in 5-7-5-7-7. Father Neal Henry Lawrence, one of the first to write Tanka in English, wrote exclusively in that format. And the poet Laureate, Richard Wilbur, writes Tanka in this way as well.

Given the above, and I'm convinced one could find many more common expressions, children's songs, and poems in "loose iambic", I conclude that lines of five and seven syllables are natural in English, appear frequently in ordinary speech, and have been used often in actual poetry. The difficulty is not with using lines of five and seven syllables, but learning to turn a poet's ear to the rhythmic presence of five and seven syllable usages in English. Once one recognizes the presence of such rhythms in English, one begins to hear them everywhere; in ordinary speech, in children's rhymes, and even in a surprisingly large number of formal poems.

I think that people have tended to overestimate the strictness with which poets have adhered to iambics in English; that is to say, I think that because of the dominance of iambic rhythm in English poetry, and because iambics consist of two syllables, there has been a conclusion drawn that even syllable lines are "natural" and that lines in five and seven syllables are stressful and awkward. But as

Steele, and others, point out, iambic is more like a pulse than a strict count. To draw an analogy, a piece of music in 3-4 time does not always have three notes in each measure of the music; some measures will have one note, some two, some three, some six, and some eight or more. But the underlying pulse remains the same and steadily sustains the music. One can feel the count even if the music isn't methodically announcing it. Similarly, iambic is a kind of pulse underlying much English language poetry; but such a pulse does not establish the specific number of syllables that will appear in a line of poetry. Hence, even very strongly iambic poems, as in the Frost and Hardy examples, can, and often do, deviate from an even number of syllables.

This makes sense if one refers back to the ordinary usage examples I gave above. Poetry never strays too far from ordinary usage if it wants to be comprehensible. And since ordinary English language usage contains expressions in five and seven syllables, it is natural that poets would take advantage of that and use them in their formal poetry.

On another level, there is confusion, I think, about the naturalness of the standard poetic line in English. If the sonnet is considered to be the pre-eminent English language poetic form, then the standard line of poetry is 10 syllables. But how many ordinary language interactions are in 10 syllables? How often does your own speech come out in 10 syllable lines? The point I am making is that poetic lines engage in a kind of dance with ordinary speech. Poetry approaches ordinary speech, but then recasts ordinary speech into particular forms. No one claims that the 10 syllable line in English is stressful or unnatural because it has been around so long. But a 10 syllable poetic line is no more natural, or inherent in English, than a 5 or 7 syllable line. It is relevant to note that the 10 syllable line was not an English language invention; its source is Italian, where the sonnet originally came from. So the 10 syllable poetic line is as much an import into English as the 5 and 7 syllable line; it's just that the 10 syllable line comes from Italy and the 5 and 7 syllable lines come from Japan.

What does this mean for an English language poet of tanka or haiku? I think it implies that mimicking the syllabic structure of Japanese poetry is probably easier than has been assumed. I think it implies that the chief obstacle to adopting the traditional syllabic structure is probably psychological; the feeling that it is unnatural engenders a shyness about using the traditional syllabic count, which becomes a self-fulfilling habit. And having established that habit in one's own writing, one passes it along to others. Thus it comes as a surprise to many that five and seven syllable lines are common both in ordinary English and in English formal poetry.

In closing, I'd like to say that for me it was a wonderful discovery that the English language could smoothly and eloquently speak in formal structures that mimicked the traditional structure of Japanese poetry. It was kind of liberating; I no longer had to shy away from this traditional approach. So go ahead; try a haiku of 17 syllables (5-7-5) and a tanka of 31 syllables (5-7-5-7-7). You'll be in good international company, joining with poets from Japan and from the English-speaking world as well.

1 A Hundred Verses from Old Japan, a translation of the *hyku-nin-isshiu*, William Porter, originally published 1909 by Clarendon Press, London; 1979 by Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc., Vermont, page iii.

2 The Haiku Apprentice, Abigail Friedman, Stone Bridge Press, 2006, Berkeley, California, page 216.

3 The Poetry of Robert Frost, edited by Edward Connery Latham, Henry Holt & Co., 1969, New York, page 301.

4 All the Fun's in How You Say a Thing, Timothy Steele, Ohio University Press, Athens, 1999, page

82.

5 Ibid, page 80.

6 Traditional Japanese Poetry, Steven D. Carter, Stanford University Press, Stanford, 1991, page 230.

7 A Waka Anthology: Volume 1: The Gem-Glistening Cup, Edwin A. Cranston, Stanford University Press, Stanford, 1993, page 188.

Copyright © Designated Authors 2008.

## LETTERS

dream of dreams  
slightly trapped words  
made paper

Happy New Year, Werner and Jane! - Tree Riesener

November 30

Dear Jane and Werner:

Someone in the kyoka group just pointed out your Poet's Profile on me –it came out in July 2001, if I remember after reading it for the first time this morning. It really surprised me, and you were quite fair with me. I'll be 82 tomorrow, so my memory may be doing tricks, but did I ever write to thank you? As I said, it seems I was reading it for the first time. Did I ever send any poems for your consideration for LYNX? I have been so busy this past year. IF I have or haven't, Werner, please let me know. I hope you are both well. With affection, Sanford Goldstei

Friends, The February issue of The Ghazal Page is now available. I hope you enjoy it. Here's a last reminder of the radif challenge; the due date is in two weeks. Finally, if you don't wish to receive these notices, just let me know and I won't send them to you. All the best, Gino Peregrini The Ghazal Page

Jane;  
Stayed up all night painting.  
Finished #15, since last week;  
probably more today if I stay awake.

Finally starting to look mature.  
Whatever that means.

Middle age is ten years past  
whatever your age is.

I made it to 61 today.  
Still not dead, yet.  
Or still alive, as far as I can tell.

The usual complaints don't need rehearsal.  
I'm always between here and haunted.  
There and daunted. Now I don't know.

Everywhere, the past needs ed-iting.  
Shoveled the snow at midnight,  
and three, and seven.  
Too bad it's meaningless.

Two feet deep.  
Snow job.

Life.  
Ed Baranosky

Dear Jane,

I really enjoy your work on haiku, and I thought you might be interested in knowing about a project I've been working on for the past three years. I originally put up an auction on eBay looking for a patron to pay me \$1500 to do Dante's Inferno in limerick form, and a Dante enthusiast made the winning bid. I did my version using John Ciardi's translation, by rewriting each tercet (three lines) into a limerick (five lines). For a sample of the results, check out [limerickinferno.com](http://limerickinferno.com). Next I put up an auction for changing Purgatory into haiku, and the same person won this auction. The strategy here was different. I decided to pare down the tercets, which average 30 syllables, to 5-7-5 haiku. I know that many people don't go for the 5-7-5 definition of haiku, but it was a practical way of defining it. None of the seasonal rules were applied either. Now I'm concluding the project by converting the stanzas of Paradiso to clerihews, for which the same person made the bid. You're probably familiar with the clerihew form, but if not, you can find the definition on Wikipedia.

In doing the tercet-to-haiku version I followed a different set of rules. I rewrote by selecting words that totaled 17 syllables and that divided into 5-7-5 lines without having to hyphenate. I used no extra words and no different words. Dante's Purgatory has almost 500 tercets. I plan on desk-top publishing all three of the Dante rewrites on [lulu.com](http://lulu.com) within the next few months. Sincerely, Dave Morice

Dear Jane: Wrote these for you this morning, as promised. Took a while for the poems to come together, but these are to commemorate your trip to Japan:

Even though  
she's afraid to fly  
she's flying high  
on her way to dine  
with royalty.

Her husband

holds her hand,  
the mountain goat  
pinching herself  
30,000 feet up in the air.

With love, Alexis Rotella

Dear Jane, whose "grinding" printer and enthusiasm more than anything else got me to do this book before *The Dolphin in the Woods*, in the floods a boar and Dear Liza whose advice i followed to take the quotes off "dirty" (i was pretty much on the way to doing it myself, but you made it much easier) and check the index for your name and the quotes from two of your books and Dear Laura for suggesting the *Screech* book that cost me two weeks (it proved my help was needed with senryu and reading dirty pictures) and improved the value of the book and Dear Peter for being the only person to have read a majority of the draft and helping in more ways than i will write here And Lewis for your doubts about the value of senryu made me work so much the harder to prove that this was not a prime example of materium superabat opus, which is to say, that I outdid myself in the dressing up of doggerel And MMcM for sending me Solt's *Willow Leaf* tips And Adam Kern for the copy of the review And Masako-sama, who was not part of this book but always an inspiration And Bill who is the only person in Usania who knows the surprise and that is enough for one letter. The proofs for the dirty senryu are UPSing to me as of 2 hours ago only three days after i uploaded them to lightning source and 4 days after i finished pdfing. And if all is in order -- which it usually is -- they will be on sale at Amazon by early November. I had intended to surprise you later with the weirdest thing i have ever done, something i tried to do once in Japan with someone else's book but could not because i was not the publisher. But, my mailing now is slow for i never know when i can get to the PO (my sister is being yoyoed back and forth to the NIH and i have no car and her insurance wouldn't cover me using her car and the PO does not pick up media mail) and i just cannot wait to let you know about it. So please pour a glass of wine or beer or whatever, then go to the new books page at [paraverse.org](http://www.paraverse.org) and see what i have done. <http://www.paraverse.org/newbooks.htm> And if it is something someone else has already tried, tell me. But not immediately! keigu! Robin G. Gill

Dear Jane and Werner,

I do hope that you are well. If you think the renga below is suitable for Lynx i'll send you the text when its settled. On Saturday 13th Oct 2007 we took renga out on the streets. As part of Sheffield's festival of reading and writing 'Off the Shelf' with Grow Sheffield, Anne-Marie Culhane and I led a 'renga ramble'. We took the Junicho form as our guide with a twist in that there would be an undercurrent of a theme which was 'growth and growing'. This was a first experiment to see what happens or could happen when the live renga group process is taken from its usual 'one space' performance to that of physically moving through a space. This process is different from the 'haiku hikes' that I have run/performed where essentially hikers work as individuals writing poems as they walk - here we work as a group writing to a schema set by the master poet with readings and selection of stanzas taking place live on the street throughout the walk. Here's where you can see a first draft with pictures and detail.

All that's best, Paul Conneally

I am a Professor of English at the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut and have previously published fiction, essays, and poetry in various journals, such as *Hackwriters*, *Switchback*, *Nature's Wisdom*, *Identity Theory*, *The Shantytown Anomaly*, *Entelechy*, *Niederngasse*, *Simply Haiku*, *Artistry*

of Life and forthcoming in *The New Formalist*. Eric D. Lehman

Amy Nawrocki is a poet and teacher living in Hamden, CT. She teaches Writing and English at the University of Bridgeport. Her poems have recently appeared in *Amaze Cinquain Journal*, *Modern English Tanka*, *Lily*, *White Leaf Press*, *Simply Haiku*, *SNReview*, and the *Loch Raven Review*. She recently won an Honorable Mention in the Brodine Brodinsky Contest, and was a semi-finalist for the 2006 Paumanok Poetry Award Visiting Writers Program. Amy Nawrocki

## YEAR-END REPORT 2007

Before you ask (yet again), yes, the Rockaway house is still in progress. A lawyer was hired on contingency well over a year ago to sue for damages, but because of delay that seems intrinsic in gaining justice he hasn't yet gotten to the first base of taking depositions. These are scheduled for early January.

Meanwhile, another architect is working on rebuilding, but this hasn't yet begun either. I might get into my larger space this coming year, some seven years after the property was purchased, five years after the bum building was nearly complete; but don't bet on it. As most of my library has been stored in unmarked boxes for years now, while my physical situation is limiting, dispirited I remain. Much of the summer was spent at NYC beaches, which are preferable for various reasons to those out of town. (Consider that the gradual slope at both the Rockaways and Brighton-Coney Island permits extended bodysurfing for me and splashing for kids, both of which are impossible at beaches with a sharper slope, such as those at Jones Beach, on Fire Island, and further out on Long Island.) When I was bodysurfing with the lifeguards at Beach 60th St. in the Rockaways, one of them told me, "We watch you. We know you can do everything we can do, but you're sort of slow." I reminded him that I obtained my Red Cross Senior Life Saving certificate fifty-one years ago. Though I can swim a mile in less than one hour, I doubt if I can do 440 yards in less than seven minutes required to be a NYC lifeguard. I continue to take the coach's class in springboard diving at the NYU pool, no doubt the oldest (and, alas, heaviest) diver in the class, and continue to learn new dives and get better at old ones. I expect to do both bodysurfing and diving until something unfortunate lays me low.

My major publishing project for the past year has been putting into print several languishing literary texts, some in progress for decades, that have proven too problematic for established publishers. Among those appearing perfect bound from *Archae Editions* are: *Autobiographies at Fifty*, the third volume of a continuing monumental project, 8" x 8", 160 pages; *Kaddish and Other Audio Texts*, 50 pp., with 2 cds (with selected audioart unavailable elsewhere). My most radical uncollected stories, both verbal and visual, appear as *Furtherest Fictions* continuously on recto pages whose verso have my colleague John M. Bennett's poems continuously, each for 289 pages. Surely the most monumental, this last avant-garde classic (from birth) is available on demand @ \$28.34 not from *Archae* but from *bluelionbooks*.

Though I generally resist offers to publish anything of mine initially on the Internet (because I find it isn't read, in contrast to previously printed texts subsequently available on the Internet), I found that *Vugg Press* was the most appropriate medium for all 820 pages of my *Vertical Single-Sentence Stories*, appropriated dedicated to William Faulkner.

I also produced in three copies handwritten editions of both *Yet More Portraits from Memory* and *Split/tings* on gold-surfaced cards and both *Reversals* and *Identicals* on semi-transparent paper. I made variously limited *LaserJet Editions* on cardstock 8 1/2 x 11" of varying thickness: *Universe of Sentences*, 244 cards; *A Condensed Novel*, 15 cards; *Sixteen Single-Sentence Stories*, from 28 to 62 cards; *Metafictions*, 48 cards; *Ephemerization*, 6 cards; *More Or Less*, 127 cards; *Minimal Erotic*

Fictions, 123 cards.; and Sinfinite, 75 or so cards, written on both sides. Of 1000 Epiphanies, one copy appears on both sides of 500 sheets and another copy on only one side of 1000 heavier semi-gloss sheets. For various kinds of clear containers I also produced laser-printed editions of other long-languishing texts of mine: Micro Fictions, Minimal Aphorisms (thus alluding to fortune-cookie slips), English English, Short Novels, 3-Letter Texts, and 2-Letter Texts.

Among my titles appearing under other imprints are Seven Jewish Short Fictions, 7 pp. (Marymark); ulcrapoems, 36 pp. (Red Fox); Bilingual Poems: 28 pp. (Cerena Barva); Foul Stories and Minimal Aphorisms, both of which were mimeographed on card stock at the downtown book-art store Dexter Sinister (respectively 13 pp. & 11pp). Other smallpresses have asked to publish other texts of mine, the most important being Toward Secession: More Political Essays (Autonomea); but I typically don't announce new titles until they are safely in hand. For the annual Lower East Side Howl Festival, Shalom (Neuman) and Deborah Freies of Fusion Arts, just two blocks west of the booming Bowery, mounted my Epiphanies, in progress for nearly three decades by now, with the single-sentence stories printed on 1000 sheets distributed within a basement space. Continuous on a monitor were my 1985 video realizations of some of these texts; in a boombox was my audiotape of many people speaking these stories. On a screen were selected scenes from the film (1982-1994) that was also shown continuously for half of its four hours on the concluding Sunday. Seeing my film Epiphanies with others for the first time in years, first at Two Boots-Pioneer and then at Fusion Arts, I was reminded how successful it is at prompting various responses from an audience (as few films do) - some people laughing or gasping at certain places, other people audible at other places. Different in its beginnings, as perhaps the only fiction film compiled entirely from found footage, it is also experienced differently. I hope to see it again sometime, not only continuously but perhaps in an installation with four monitors perhaps on four sides of a space, each showing one of the four sixty-minute DVDs continuously, while a single soundtrack is heard, with or without the rest of the Fusion Arts installation. That setup would intensify the work's cohering theme of the exhaustive experience of the experience of fictions. Much as I'm willing to share DVD copies of this film Epiphanies with colleagues, viewing it alone cannot begin to rival the experience of seeing it with others.

When I set out to become a writer over forty years ago, I didn't plan to do electro-acoustic music and visual art along with prose. Works in these domains arose mostly as a reflection of what I read and saw and then my residing in lower Manhattan, which has inspired the creation of alternative work in many more people than me. ("Downtown" remains an appropriate discrimination.) The person most surprised not just by the artistic work but the recognitions has been me. Over the years I've been able to make many things happen for many colleagues, sometimes by mentioning them favorably in a critical context, more often by including them in my taste-making anthologies. Among the most surprising results of the latter move benefited Sheldon Frank, who first introduced himself to me with a critical fan letter in 1967. When he came to NYC in the late 1970s, I got to work with him and so included his text "As I Was Saying" in my anthology Text-Sound Texts (1980), though I was not aware of him publishing anything other than literary criticism and fiction before. One reason to make books is that they have a way of reaching people whom you never met and do not even know about. It seems that two European singer son a Dutchman most adept at alternative vocalizing (Jaap Blonk), the other an Englishman renowned for performing early music (Paul Hillier) discovered Sheldon's text in my anthology and decided to perform it apparently with their own pitching(s). That accounts for how Hillier's Oct. 2007 program at Zankel (within Carnegie Hall) promised Sheldon Frank, Luciano Berio, and David Lang (co-founder of Bang on a Can). In short, thanks to my publishing him, Sheldon not only became a composer performed in major-league company but he got to Carnegie Hall, so to speak, all without practicing. From the start, I thought it important to do work that would survive classics, if you will and so have come to treasure recognitions that indicate this ambition had succeeded, particularly individual entries in Wikipedia, NNDB.com, Postmodern Fiction, Contemporary Poets, Contemporary Novelists, Encyclopedia Britannica, Who's Who in American Art, Advocates for Self-

Government, The Chronology of American Literature, Webster's Dictionary of American Writers, Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, A Readers Guide to Twentieth-Century Writers, The Merriam-Webster Encyclopedia of Literature, The Facts on File Companion to 20th Century Poetry, Contemporary Jewish-American Dramatists and Poets, The HarperCollins Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature, and The Greenwood Encyclopedia of Multiethnic American Literature, among others. I've not met most of the people choosing to recognize my work in these books; for though I have made many friends professionally, my work has more fans. (This distinction between fans and friends will separate those whose work will survive from the cultural operators.) No matter what the name of the edifice I've built for myself might be, there is no doubt that I'm its king (no, King). Since my work should survive me, I've established an RK Trust that will inherit all my properties. Expecting to run it into the foreseeable future, I've nonetheless chosen three executors to succeed me.

The greatest disappointment was that the NYU athletic czars, whose pool I patronize for both swimming and diving, rejected my application to sing The Star Spangled before a basketball game. I practiced enough to know that if I begin with D in the key of G, I could hit all the notes firmly and, further, give distinction to my performance by following the pacing of the great spiritual "There Is a Balm in Gilead." (Can't you also hear the applause?) Though the posted solicitation seemed open to everyone, only students, I was told, could perform it. Dammit. Not having sung publicly in decades, I was looking forward to this.

Those recipients treasuring these year-end missives might like to know that previous recent ones are now treasured, so to speak, on my website which also has lots of other charming stuff. To all recipients, best wishes for the coming year, Richard Kostelanetz

"First Thought" is a new online publication that features short verse, prose poems, and haibun, two-three times monthly. Please visit my website or send any questions you may have to First Thought.

Shelleen McQueen moved to Vermont from Worcester, Massachusetts in 2003, leaving behind the "dog-eat-dog treadmillism" of her marketing consulting business. A goldsmith and "wearable wildlife" bead designer, McQueen views Vermont as the perfect place "to overcome life's undertow, commune with spirit, and create beauty." For McQueen, writing is a means of meditation, "a road map to inner wisdom;" and she titled a collection of short stories Kittywhiskers, because her totem, the mountain lion, "relies on its whiskers to navigate through life's process." Her poetry has been published in Poetry Northwest (University of Washington, Seattle, Washington), the chapbook Four Star Poets (Pentacle Press, Bellows Falls, Vermont), and the anthology The Other Side of Sorrow (Poetry Society of New Hampshire).

Dear Friends,

As most of you probably already know, I compile the Bibliography of Tanka in English. There are close to 700 titles in the Bibliography now, including over 100 anthologies containing tanka in English (not translations from Japan). I have over 70% of them, but there are a number of titles I am still trying to find. If anyone is willing to donate, sell, trade, send me a photocopy or scan, or otherwise get any of these titles to me, it would be greatly appreciated. M. Kei

bef. 2004 Editor Unknown. Tsuburami.

2006 Kimmel, Larry, & Linda Jeannette Ward, eds. Tanka Calendar

2006. [TCAL] Colrain, MA: Winfred Press

2006 Carter, Terry Ann , Claudia Radmore, & Grant D. Savage, eds.  
Invisible Tea : haiku and tanka. In honor of Marianne Bluger.  
Ottawa, ONT: Kado Ottawa

2005 Miyazaki, Hisashi, ed. Enhaiklopedia. (Haiku and haiku-like  
poems, with a few brief haibun, senryu, tanka, all composed in  
English by this largely Japanese haiku group.) Osaka, JP:  
Hailstones Haiku Circle

2005 Kimmel, Larry, & Linda Jeannette Ward, eds. 2005 Tanka  
Calendar. [TCAL] Colrain, MA: Winfred Press

2004 Leuck, Angela, ed. Tulip Haiku. Ste-Anne-de-Bellevue, QC  
Shoreline Press

c 2004 Editor Unknown Tsuburami II : collection of tanka, Japanese  
poems by 32 poets Sainte Martine, Québec: Nicom Books

2004 Alcock, John; Don Barnard; Martin Underwood, eds. Cannon Poets  
21st Year Tanka Competition : Broadside X. Harborne, Birmingham, UK:  
Cannon Poets 953890007

2003 Travisano, Thomas J.; Steven Gould Axelrod; Camille Roman, eds.  
The New Anthology of American Poetry : Vol. 1 Traditions and  
Revolutions. New Brunswick, NJ & London, UK: Rutgers University  
Press 0-8135-3161

2003 Howard, Dorothy, ed. RAW NerVZ Essentials. Gatineau, QC:  
proof press

2001 Editor Unknown. English Tanka & Haiku on Water, River, Lake and  
Sea. Gifu, JP: Japan Society on Water Environment

2001 Cathcart, Guillermo Compte, ed. and woodworker. Tanka of the  
Local Village : Wooden Book. (Spanish-English) Longchamps, Argentina:

2000 Hutchison, Connie & Christopher Herold & Mary Fran Meer, eds.  
To find the words: Haiku Society of America Northwest Region  
members' anthology 2000. US: Haiku Society of America Northwest  
Region

1995 Haiku Poets of Northern California San Francisco International  
Haiku Senryu and Tanka. [SFIT] San Francisco, CA: Haiku Poets of  
Northern California

1993 Gatten, Aileen & Anthony Hood Chambers, eds. New Leaves :  
Studies and Translations of Japanese Literature in Honor of Edward

Seidensticker. Michigan Monographs in Japanese, 11. Ann Arbor, MI:  
Center for Japanese Studies, University of Michigan, 978-0939512560

1989 Sakura, Samuel Toyozo, & Howard Shigeru Sakura. Early  
immigrant poems : waka tanka haiku. Seattle, WA: Howard Sakura

1990 American Haiku Archives. Ship of the moon : an anthology of  
haiku. Jackson, TN: The Red Pagoda

1981 Kisaragi Poem Study Group Kaede / Maple. Toronto, ONT:  
Kisaragi Poem Study Group

1981 Shikatani, Gerry, & David Aylward, eds. Paper Doors : An  
Anthology of Japanese Canadian Poetry David Aylward, Translator.  
Toronto, ONT: Coach House

1971 Wyatt, Bill, ed. Starving sparrow temple anthology : haiku,  
tanka, linked verse and other pieces dedicated with gassho to Rev  
Jixu Kennett Roshi. Purley, Surrey, UK: Sarum House Buddhist  
Community

1972 Kisaragi Poem Study Group Kaede / Maple. Toronto, ONT:  
Kisaragi Poem Study Group

1963 Klein, Harry T., ed. Haiku and Tanka. Illustrations by Don  
Blanding and Edythe Hope Genee. Los Angeles, CA: Swordsman  
Publishing Co. Don Blanding's web site says poetry by Edythe Hope  
Genee. 62 pages, spiral bound.

1958 Tomari, Yoshihiko, ed. Ishokurin (Transplanted Forest). Lucille  
Nixon et al, trans. San Francisco, CA: Totsukuni Tankakai

1948 D'Arpajon, Noel, ed. Tankas (Contemporary poets of Dorrance).  
Dorrance

1931 Mirick, Edith Brown, ed. Tanka and hokku; a collection of  
poems done by American poets in Japanese forms. Norfolk, VA:  
Delaney Press

Any help appreciated. M Kei.

Modern English Tanka Press Announces Take Five : The Best Contemporary Tanka of 2008 February  
12, 2008 - Baltimore, MD .This anthology, headed up by editor-in-chief, M. Kei, will review all tanka  
published in English during 2008 and make selections to showcase the breadth and quality of English-  
language tanka poetry. The anthology will be published early in 2009 in both trade paperback and  
hardcover editions.

The anthology is the brainchild of M. Kei, well-known tanka poet and editor of Atlas Poetica : A

Journal of Poetry of Place in Modern English Tanka. No stranger to anthology editing, M. Kei previously edited the ground-breaking and critically acclaimed anthology *Fire Pearls : Short Masterpieces of the Human Heart* in 2006. M. Kei heads up a team of editors, including Prof. Sanford Goldstein, tanka poet and co-translator of Japanese tanka poets for more than forty years Pamela A. Babusci an award-winning poet/artist, whose awards include the Museum of Haiku Literature, Yellow Moo, and Kokako competitions; Liam Wilkinson, curator of the 3LIGHTS Online Gallery of Haiku and Tanka and co-editor of *Modern Haig*; Patricia Prime, co-editor of *Kokako* and reviews editor of *Stylus* (AUS) and *Takahe* (NZ); and Bob Lucky, poet, writer, and teacher.

Kei explained that the project would be different from existing tanka competitions because it is an anthology with editors, not a contest with judges. "Our goal is to showcase not only the best tanka being written and published in English today, but also to present excellence in anthology-making. We will not be voting on which tanka to include, but nominating tanka which we will discuss and debate amongst ourselves. We will select work that exemplifies both the best individual tanka and the best anthology we can produce, with due respect to the diversity of tanka in English around the world.

Editors and authors who wish to assure that their works published in 2008 are reviewed by the editorial team may submit two copies of the work to:

Attn: Take Five  
M. Kei, Editor-in-chief  
P O Box 111  
Elkton, MD 21922-111  
Email: take5tanka [at] modernenglishtankapress [dot] com

Readers who wish to draw the board's attention to works they admire are also welcome to submit copies. All copies become the property of the Take Five editorial board and cannot be returned. Please note, parcels which require a signature cannot be received. If you wish to receive an acknowledgment of your submission, please include a self-addressed, stamped postcard with the package. International correspondents should send an IRC in lieu of stamps. Please inquire before making electronic submissions: unexpected attachments will be deleted. M. Kei

Dear friends and colleagues,  
I have begun work on a site designed to facilitate renku composition. I hope it may be of interest to you, or to persons known to you. The site is under development. I would therefore cordially invite everyone to consider links to the url, so wishing, rather than encourage other forms of retrieval. I'm also always happy to consider fresh renku submissions for the print journal *Moonset* from those of you who are actively involved in composition. Please do forward any of this information to parties interested in poetry should you see fit - including my email address. Many thanks, John Carley

5th International Haiku Contest:  
'Klostar Ivanic 2008', Croatia  
Organized by 'Three Rivers',  
Haiku Association, Ivanic Grad, Croatia  
Haiku in English only.  
Deadline: In hand May 31, 2008

Free of charge.  
Open to all. Contestants must be 12 years or older.  
Send only unpublished haiku.  
Theme: Any theme is welcome,  
but remember Nature and man as a part of it.  
Haiku may be send by post or by e-mail.  
Results will be on the Internet no later than  
October 1, 2008.  
The haiku meeting will be held during  
September or October in Klostar Ivanic, Croatia.

Prizes:

First Prize: USD 50,00

Second Prize: USD 30,00

Third prize: USD 20,00

Commandments

Postal address:

Tri rijeke, Kolodvorska 44, 10310 Ivanic Grad

E-mail: [dvrozic@optinet.hr](mailto:dvrozic@optinet.hr)

Eucalypt, the print Australian tanka journal now publishes the poems and appraisals of two selected poems from each issue on its web-site. These are known as the Distinctive Scribblings Awards.  
Beverley George, P O Box 37, Pearl Beach 2256, Australia

Season Greetings, The December issue of Contemporary Haibun Online is now available: Ray Rasmussen, Managing Editor, Contemporary Haibun Online.

Haibun Selections:

Anderson, Hortensia, Chrysalis

Anderson, Hortensia, Syrinx

Barber, Collin, Window

Beary, Roberta, Mother's Rainbow

Buettner, Marjorie, Burden of the Dream

Davis, Tish, Still a Tree

Dean, Sharon, His Brilliant Career

Edge, Lynn, Contemporaries

Edge, Lynn, Late Snow

Friedman, Audrey, Sifting

George, Beverley, Botswana Gold

Harpeng, Jeffrey, The Anatomy Lesson of Dr Tulp

Loetscher, Cheryl, As the Mind Clears

Masat, Francis, Distance

Masat, Francis, Silence at Rest

Montreuil, Mike, September

Nelson, Stephen, Coastal Town

Nelson, Stephen, The Orchard

Rasmussen, Ray, Fathers and Sons

Rees, Lynne, Blow

Rees, Lynne, What's Unsaid

Shaw, Adelaide, The Breakup  
Straw, Richard, Desert Places  
Straw, Richard, Katallagete  
Straw, Richard, Signs  
Tantillo, Jim, Jingle Bells  
Vayman, Zinovy, Haibun for Jeffrey Winke  
Webb, Diana, Appointment with Time  
Woodward, Jeffrey, Goat's Beard  
Woodward, Jeffrey, In Arcadia  
Woodward, Jeffrey, With a Sash Untied  
Zoller, Leah, Snow

Haibun by the Editors

Ken Jones: End of the Affair  
Jim Kacian: Watching the Playoffs  
Bruce Ross: The Voladores

THE DECEMBER SKETCHBOOK  
for the Solstice is Marlene\_Mountain.  
Karina

Simply Haiku  
"The Showcase for  
Japanese Short Form poetry"  
Spring Issue  
FEATURING:

An Interview with Graham Nunn  
By Patricia Prime

Plausible deniability: Nature as hypothesis in English-language haiku By Richard Gilbert

Tanka by Kisaburo Konoshima  
Newly translated by David Callner

Contemplative Haiku

Francis W. Alexander  
Owen Bullock  
Ellen Compton  
Richard Krawiec  
Hiroko Morita Malatesta  
Adelaide B. Shaw  
Diana Webb

## Tantalizing Tanka

Aurora Antonovic  
Dave Bacharach  
Collin Barber  
Janet Lynn Davis  
Jim Doss  
M. Kei  
Bob Lucky  
Giselle Maya  
Maria Steyn

## Captivating Haibun:

Francis W. Alexander  
hortensia anderson  
Anthony Bowman  
Yvonne Cabalona  
Tish Davis  
Garry Eaton  
Robert Hecht  
Margaret Hehman-Smith  
Joyce Hildebrand  
Bob Lucky  
Patricia Prime  
Ray Rasmussen  
Lynne Rees  
Richard Straw

## An Illuminating Column

Tracks in the Sand  
By George Swede

## Hot Senryu:

Sports:  
Barry George, Bill Kenney, Ed Markowski,  
Bob Brill, Bob Lucky, Jesse McGowan,  
Alexis Rotella, Alan Pizzarelli, Jörgen Johansson,  
Matthew Paul, Efren Estevez, Mathew Spano,  
Ed Markowski, Kala Ramesh, Brenda Gannam,  
Arizona Zipper, David Kelly-Hedrick, Carol Raisfeld,  
Barry George

## Family Affairs:

John Stevenson, Carol Raisfeld, Gautam Nadkarni,  
Alexis Rotella, Kala Ramesh, Gautam Nadkarni,  
Alan Pizzarelli, Jim Doss, Mykel Board, A. Thiagarajan,

Tom Clausen, Bob Lucky, Bob Brill, Ed Markowski,  
W.F. Owen, Roberta Beary, D. Claire Gallagher

Sizzling and Innovative Renku:

Junicho:

Withering Wind

~ Frank Williams and Diana Webb

Shisan:

A row of flip-flops

~ Diana Webb

Kasen:

Morning Breeze

Briza diminetti (Romanian version)

~ Vasile Moldovan and Magdalena Dale

Nijuin:

A Jump in the Calm Sea

Skok u bonacu (Croatian version)

~Tomislav Maretic

Mitsumono:

Two mitsumono

~ CW Hawes and Raihana Dewji

Correspondence:

My struggles with renku

~ Frank Williams

Innovative Modern Haiga:

Collin Barber

Pris Campbell

Yu Chang

Matt Morden

Carol Raisfeld and Ashe

Max Verhart and Marlène Buitelaar

Robert Wilson

Aesthetic Traditional Haiga:

Suezan Aikins and Johnye Strickland

Bachmann-Eckenstein Arts and Antiques

Ion Codrescu

BOOK REVIEWS

Robert D. Wilson:

Four Decades of My Tanka Road:  
The Tanka Collections of Sanford Goldstein,  
by Sanford Goldstein

Johnye Strickland:

Dust of Summers: The Red Moon Anthology of  
English-Language Haiku 2007, edited by  
Jim Kacian and the Red Moon Editorial Staff

And, of course, lots of CONTEST NEWS!  
ALL ISSUES ARE ARCHIVED for 24/7 access

SIMPLY HAIKU

"The online showcase for  
Japanese short form poetry"

Liebe Haiku-Freunde, die Winterausgabe 2007/2008 von Haiku heute steht im Netz. Hier die Beiträge  
Auswahl der Herbst-Haiku

Essay

Das neue Haiku. Die Entwicklung des modernen japanischen Haiku und das Phänomen der Haiku-  
Verfolgungen: Itô Yûki (pdf-Datei, Größe 0,7 MB)

Im Gespräch

Vergeben, nicht vergessen: Modernes Haiku und Totalitarismus: Itô Yûki im Gespräch mit Udo Wenzel  
Wo Fäden sich kreuzen: Haiku zwischen Ost und West. Annika Reich im Gespräch mit Udo Wenzel

Haiku-Prosa

Rue Sedaine, 11 pm: Michael Denhoff

Gras: Ruth Franke

Zu Gast: Claudia Melchior

Tropfen zählen: Angelika Wienert

Bodendecker: Hans Lesener

Sequenz

Am Uferhang: Helga Stania und Ramona Linke

Neujahrsspaziergang: Cornelia Nicolay-Danisch

Kein Haiku über Nanjing: Udo Wenzel

Nachnautik: Dietmar Tauchner

Besprechung

Im Schelmengraben. Udo Wenzel rezensiert Mario Fitterers „EOS ES IST ROT ÜBERHOLT“

## Haiku-Jahrbuch 2007

Für das Haiku-Jahrbuch 2007 werden die besten Haiku gesucht, die 2007 entweder geschrieben oder erstmals veröffentlicht wurden. Ausdrücklich sind Verse mit und ohne Einhaltung der bekannten 17 Silben, mit und ohne Jahreszeitenwort gleichermaßen erwünscht, gerne auch in Mundart (zur leichteren Beurteilung bitte mit Übersetzung). Senden Sie bitte Ihre besten Haiku des Jahres ein (maximal 50), diese müssen keineswegs unveröffentlicht sein.

Jeder ins Jahrbuch aufgenommene Autor erhält ein Freiexemplar, alle Rechte an den Haiku bleiben bei den Autoren. Die Einsendefrist für das Jahrbuch endet am 31. Januar 2008. Jeder Autor, der Texte einsendet, gibt damit unwiderruflich die Erlaubnis zu ihrer Veröffentlichung im Jahrbuch.

Einsendungen bitte an: Volker Friebel, Denzenbergstraße 29, 72074 Tübingen (Deutschland), vorzugsweise aber durch Versand an:

### Neues aus der Haiku-Welt

\* Werner Reichhold hat eine englische und eine deutsche Seite mit Gedichten veröffentlicht, die auch aus Haiku-Sicht sehr interessant sind.

\* Chrysanthemum: Die zweite Ausgabe des 2x im Jahr erscheinenden internationalen online Haiku-Magazins Chrysanthemum ist am 15. Oktober erschienen. Der Einsendeschluss für die Frühjahrsausgabe ist der 29. Februar 2008.

\* Sommergras: Die Winterausgabe des Haiku-Magazins Sommergras, herausgegeben von der Deutschen Haiku-Gesellschaft, ist vor wenigen Tagen online erschienen:  
(Die pdf-Datei erscheint bei Klick auf das Titelblatt.)

\* WHCgerman: Vor zwei Monaten ist die Herbstausgabe des Online-Magazins des Word Haiku Clubs german erschienen:

Angelika Wienert bereitet derzeit eine neue Ausgabe vor. Bis 31. Dezember 2007 können an Haiku eingeschickt werden, bitte in deutscher und englischer Fassung.