

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

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ARTICLE

A Poet's Profile of Lorraine Ellis Harr

BOOK REVIEWS:

Still Swimming by Amelia Fielden. Ginninderra Press: 2006. Perfect bound, color cover, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 84 pages, ISBN:1-74027-325-7, US\$20 (including airmail postage). Order from A. Fielden, 20A Elouera Ave., Buff Point NSW 2262, Australia.

Rustle of Bamboo Leaves: selected haiku and other poems by Victor P. Gendrano. Lulu Enterprises, Inc. Perfect bound, glossy trade cover, 6 x 9 inches, 228 pages, Tagalog and English.

PEACE: haiku, tanka, renga edited by Giselle Maya. Works by an'ya, Ion Codrescu, Christopher Harold, Kirsty Karkow, Mari Konno, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Angela Leuck, Giselle Maya, June Moreau, Pamela Miller Ness, and Jane Reichhold. Illustrated by Yasuo Mizui and Louis Fulconis. Heavy hand-made paper, hand-tied with linen thread, cover, 6.25 by 10 inches, 36 pages. \$18, plus \$5.20 airmail postage. Giselle Maya, Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France. Email.

& Y NOT: Haibun by Stanley Pelter. Perfect bound, full color cover, 6 x 9 inches, 146 pages, illustrated. Contact the author at Maple House, 5 School Lane, Claypole, Newark NG23 5BQ, United Kingdom

Encounters in This Penny World by Sanford Goldstein. Inkling Press:2005. Edited by E.D. Blodgett. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 88 pages, ISBN:0-9737674-0-5. Inkling Press, P.O. Box 52014, Edmonton, AB T6G 2T5, Canada

Haiku Guide to the Inside Passage by Sally Stiles. Peacoat Press:2006 . Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 114 pages, color cover and color photographs throughout, ISBN:1-59872-305-7, \$19.95.

Under the Roan Cliffs - A Collection of Renga, 1994 -2001 by Lorraine E. Harr and Brad Wolthers. Mountains and Rivers Press:2005. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5, 52 pages, with computer enhanced photographs by Brad Wolthers. Contact Mountains and Rivers Press, 815 E. 28th Ave., Eugene, OR 97405.

THE LIGHT INSIDE ME WILD - Marjorie Buettner

Paperweight for Nothing by vincent tripi, (Tribe press, 42 Franklin Street , Greenfield , MA 01312) 92 pgs., on Bembo type on Crushed leaf text, illustrated and hand sewn, \$20 postpaid

TO TASTE THE RAIN -An Examination of White Flower in the Sky
Marjorie Buettner

White Flower in the Sky by Anna Holley and Aya Yuhki, Published by Banraisya Inc. Japan . 2005. 164 pages. ISBN4-901221-15-9, 5"x6.5", softbound. Available from www.amazon.co.jp and Kinokuniya Bookstores of America Co. , Ltd. \$25.

PARTICIPATION RENGA

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This issue of **LYNX** is dedicated to:

Lorraine Ellis Harr - "Tombo"
October 31, 1912 - March 3, 2006

The woman, poet, publisher, and educator who most influenced early haiku writing in the English language. May her contributions to Japanese genre literature never be forgotten.

SOLO WORKS

GHAZALS

I ALWAYS HAVE THREE EYES

Dream Ghazal #4

Gene Doty

I run to the high school bare naked, cheered and jeered.
I hide in a closet stuffed full of coats and scarves.

There's a flier about a cockfight in the classroom.
A student is excited: the buy-in is only five dollars.

An art student has drawn my portrait, over and over:
I always have three eyes and wavy hair.

Mud. Ledges of Rock. Small green plants. People Milling about. Feeling
discomfort and unease for no reason.

Momma! Momma! Please bring me clothes, please talk to me.
The house is a pattern of sticks and twine like a new garden.

SHE IS WEEPING

Dream Ghazal #7

Gene Doty

I've checked out a leather coat from the library And lent it to a
friend— it's overdue and she's lost it.

Watching a videotape in a large, cluttered building, We sit close on a
baroque couch, becoming excited.

A large truck, built like a horse trailer, holds only a cow.
I can see her eyes through the slats: she is weeping.

In the tiny pantry, she flips her skirt up, pulls her panties down,
And bends over. I am ready, but someone knocks on the door.

Wade the river, Gino, to the performers' bunkhouse.
You can watch her swim and dive there, and count the tips.

TO LOVE YOUNGER
for my parents
Melanie Faith

When in 1968, Mom gave Dad the note,
a simple birthday sentiment she wrote.

Met him at his locker, smiling oh so subtly,
affection alight so easily from this note.

Eighteen, innocent age of just-met adulthood
from wary hope to India ink bespoke this note.

First kiss to first night, the altar so swiftly led
charm upon charm, inherent this knowing, take note.

Thirty-eight years later, two daughters grown and gone
yet these two still as one from this mystery note.

Was it naïveté, this connection secure,
passion unencumbered from the first to last note?

Solitary Faith, perhaps this beyond your ken,
better to love younger, else the song all self-notes.

THE COMING
C W Hawes

In the middle of the night I heard soft footfalls coming; In
midnight's sweet longing, the whisper of someone coming.

With the flight of the indigo sky at the cock's crowing, there is only
the empty warmth of ecstasy's coming.

Leaving behind the affairs of men and seeking solace in a wilderness
hut: the wisdom of silence coming.

Perfumed prayers, rising a fragrant incense, blot out the stars; on
the icy mountain wind, the Voice of God is coming.

In great cities and in humble hamlets, I searched for her; and
despaired through the long years of the precious one's coming.

Oh, Akikaze! Bow yourself and give thanks for His gift:
on the dhow docking at the quay, your princess is coming!

SIDEWALK

Royce Icon

My thoughts change rapidly as I run down the sidewalk
The flowers are blooming through cracks on the sidewalk

I find it beautiful and ironic this time of year
That there is so much trash strewn around the sidewalk

I must be agile and quick so I don't trip on a beer can
As I run down this broken true companion that is the sidewalk

Ever since I was young I have been walking these same roads
I walked here as a child years ago on this very same sidewalk

I think of how odd time is, how much people change
While I run down this old battered inner city sidewalk

UNOBTRUSIVE PERMISSIBLE

Werner Reichhold

Scene 3 (of 7 scenes):

On stage, the voices of two actors represent persons who, through a newly legalized medication, learned to keep in check the destructions specific terror-TV-shows are made for.

In a distance of 25 feet from one another, the female voice starts out reciting the first 2 lines, followed by a male voice repeating them. Each word seemingly spoken with some delay, comparable to the feeling when a passenger flight number and destination at an airport's screen flares up surprisingly late. Since the arrival at the target location is still not typed in, an unsecured situation is still mentally upheld throughout the multi-definable text

The lighting changes on a scale of blue to white during the recitation of the first 2 lines, then in a mix of violet and gray slowly remodels itself from a yellow shine to clear green at the very end.

On a ship's bow a nymph alone against the spray that matters
some sound sent as we obey not to speak arriving as migrating tongues

within a breeders' radiation the pregnant woman changes homes
fishes born without fins by the shark's pier wrecked submarines

above an Indian's tent a waiver of three times welling smoke
transmutable whispers insurgents separating glimmer from ashes

hands of a clock moving along the hostages' hood sign language
games given games taken cells inhabited to grow only inmates away.

HAIBUN

WAITING

Elizabeth Howard

We sit in the oncologist's office, waiting. We smile tentatively, look away.
We are together, but each on a lonely journey.

crowded elevator
stuck between floors
breathless passengers

HOLIDAY

Royce Icon

It's St. Patrick's Day. Is this a Holiday? I wake up and go to work like any other day. I pick up a gift for my wife while coming back home. Just incase it really is a holiday.

New guilt
An old best friend
Constant cold

MY FIRST EX-WIFE'S BEST FRIEND

Zane Parks

My wife's best friend is having trouble with her marriage. She's coming to stay with us a bit. Our student apartment has a single bed in the living room. That serves as a couch. She can sleep there.

Her nickname is "Pugi," pronounced "Puggy." She's not at all what that suggests. Petit, pretty, engaging. My wife goes to bed early. Pugi and I stay up talking, drinking beer.

pretending
innocence
undone buttons
(from Modern Haiku)

We play a board game. Sitting on the floor. Seeing a hint of her breasts I am drawn closer. We kiss.

scrabble tiles
sticking to her
bare skin
(from Cicada)

SEQUENCES

HAUNTING REFRAIN Robin M Buehler

I.
metronome keeps time
each pass slower
than the first

haunting refrains rise
from ebony hands plucking
away sun-kissed cords

II.
faceless divas caw
like vultures, they circle,
waiting, perched

limbs bow
gently swaying
in the wind

III
features hid
behind ivory
feathered boas

like cheerleaders
before the big game:
"Hum Pooh Bah!"
'til one last breath is drawn. . .

FOUR TANKA
Rod Burns

Mood, fluctuations.
Sometimes the stack of mailbags
by the post room door
seems like boiled sweets - other times
dogs in a Chinese market.

On a scratched zinc shelf
in the theater toilets
a red-eyed waiter
contemplates lines, finally
get the manequé off his back.

By the yellowed park
an idling dairy truck
defies convention -
proud line of creamery lorries
pouring across the road bridge.

Mild December wind
through an ornamental fence
stirs up sediment,
settles a scrap of paper -
etching of a beaver's dam

FOR TERESA JAMES
Gerard J. Conforti

Today, the sunlight is cold
blowing through the rays of sunlight
this winter day
How you suffer nothing
many people don't understand

This dream tonight
has a full moon
and glittering stars
show you the way
through the winter sky

The tree boughs

are beginning to sprout red buds
for the coming spring
and warm summer days
before the autumn puts us to rest

I wish
I could hold you in my arms
heart to heart
in the warmth of love
This winter night

If I could
show you the path
you will stroll
with peace among us
this coming spring

VISIONS
John Daleiden

January wind –
roses, iris, and carnations
at the florist

holiday garden
dried stalks of red sedum

eating alone –
seed catalogues
show new varieties

lily of the valley
scents the air –
memories of spring

melting snow
a few green shoots

winter bouquet
in a crystal vase –
the brisk wind howls

Janet Lynn Davis

traffic thick
two minutes late to class
the yogis
in their cross-legged worlds
my own breaths rapid

our teacher
asks if we enjoy
the sun salute. . .
rebellious today
in my mind, I say "no"

wishful yearning
to be a graceful tree. . .
we are told
all trees shake and sway
(some are even uprooted?)

fallen leaf
resting on the ground
~ breathe in, breathe out ~
for thirty seconds
I am a child again

I own no pets
yet a whole menagerie
here today:
happy bear, sailing swan
and briefly, a butterfly

ah, arching cat
and stretching its hind legs
the downward dog
my muscles challenged
as my identity wanes

peace found within
at the mountain lookout. . .
steady arms
outstretched against the wind,
I am a proud warrior

and now a corpse
with visions of light, until
the bell's cold peal –
signaling end of class
shocking me back to life!

Author's Note: Words in *italic* indicate specific yoga poses. Fallen Leaf is another name for the child pose.

SLOW SPRING WATER

Melissa Dixon

can I find it again
that small swamp in the forest
my childhood haven –
is it even wise to search?
old paths are thick with brambles

I step from dark woods
into a clearing, sunlight
in my eyes – there!
bleached-white trees clasped in ivy
still circle the pond

near water's edge
an old log long awaits me
cushions of moss
more lush than ever
lure me to sit in comfort

stones at ageless rest
their brows worn smooth as silver...
slow spring water
rises fresh from the depths...
my hand scoops enough to drink

haunting the treetops
a hermit thrush – his sweet notes
pierce my solitude –
friend, how clearly I recall
hearing your ancestor sing!

phosphorescent bubbles
pop to the pond's surface
a tiny green frog
pulses in my palm – does he
feel my heartbeat too?

late-afternoon sun
dropping gold in algae pools

odors old as earth
merge with gathering dusk
mist creeps toward my feet

thin whine
of a lone mosquito
entering my ear
...a hum of distant traffic
edges into my dream...

A FADING SHADOW Gene Doty

to relinquish what
I never had
yet still cherish
an echo a flicker
a fading shadow

desire contracts –
does not expand –
tightens the heart
with steel screws

no achievement remains
rain & wind grind
the letters out of stone
leaving granite
empty

fire consumes
all

ashes remain until
the wind gathers
them into itself

until entropy unwinds
the bowels of the last
transistor
until the atoms
of ambition have all
run down

ONE-LINE HAIKU

tombo (Lorraine Ellis Harr)
mother rabbit had a bad hair day
rain robin calling the clouds by name
girl with green eyes orders pistachio
triple-dipper goes to the double chin
sparks from the chimney's fireflies
after the cricket's call pregnant silence
museum piece key to a chastity belt
hedge hog all prickly about something
honey bee gathering the flower's heart
bird twit alerting the pine forest
face of the moon face up in the pond
deaf mute fingers shouting with love
tearless at a 4 kleenex movie
the mute speechless before the Sphinx
her eardrops jiggling the street lights

This set of haiku was sent in by Martha Haldeman, the daughter-in-law of Lorraine Ellis Harr. The sheet of paper had a note at the top: "May use any - all - or none. . . LEH"

ACROSS AZURE SEAS
Elizabeth Howard

across azure seas
and snow-covered mountains,
conversing in
sign language and babel,
I come to this strange city

arriving at night I see
pink lights climbing the mountains
like Christmas trees –
yet daylight reveals
squashed stacks of board houses

country tour, city tour –
cowboys rounding up herds,
volcanoes wearing haloes,
homeless children
asleep in flower beds

home across azure seas
smug in our opulence
I see in the lovely park
a haunted violinist
with a dented cup

ONE-SIDED LOVE

Mrinalini Gadkari

i looked in her eyes
i saw love, yes it was there
she looked back at me
i know she did, but she said
she looked over my shoulder.

one day, in bed I
opened my heart, I love you,
she just threw a smile.
i looked deeper in her eyes
i saw cruel darkness.

no its not hatred
its not indifference either
it is more hurtful
that look just pierced my heart
no blood, only pain.

we still talk a lot,
words sound like musical notes
in air, no echo,
no composition, no song
only empty words.

my heart strums the strings
even now, hoping, wishing,
that a chord will strike
one day, and reverberate
love in paradise.

HOW STONE IS MADE
Denis M. Garrison

in the city sky
riding the thermals—
vultures rise

a still body
on the shattered highway
shadows of crows

startled doves
filling the air above his grave
21 gun salute

blue spruce forest
the mountain's still scarred
where wildfire raged—
a man should not
outlive his son

in the emptiness
you faded away, pale moon—
merciless white sky

attending at deathbeds,
watching their dimming,
dying eyes—
you can see it when they leave:
we are light

wind rising—
kite on a string
longs to fly

comforting the kids,

keeping a stiff upper lip
and a gentle eye,
letting those, who want to, weep;
holding my tears for later

above the dam
cracked dry mud for miles—
dust brown willows

old stand
of paper birch
shading the south side
of a paint-peeling barn
fluttering in the wind

brushing snow from her headstone—
a bitter wind rattles
in the trees

knees dusted with snow
the mangroves are still
waiting for you
house in the clearing. . .
the bed we once shared

grave-silent
these long nights—
mute swan in winter

another new year
and I'm still here waiting
aching for your voice
tattered curtains writhe
as the wind claims this ruin

great oaks creak
in the wind
no birdsong

a chill wind passes
through windows, doors and halls
the taint of our pain
echoes of old sorrows
the fireplace moans in the cold

last year's
new rail fence—
grey in a still dawn

her grave all grassed over—
missing the touch of her hand,
the brush of her lips;
this phantom pain. . .
it is killing me

silent bird
flies south in summer—
shadow of one swan

on my reed-thatched roof,
the weight of noon sunlight
presses out the nightmares—
mouse bones whiten
on the whispering roof

space for a boulder
just filled by this boulder—
trailing orchids

CALLIOPE HUMMINGBIRD Ruth Holzer

two young plants
you left me last winter
identical –
one bore white flowers
the other withered away

the letter carrier
passes empty-handed
day after day –
you must have been right
you said it meant nothing

now I know
what the bluesman felt
when he sang his song –
woke up this morning
and all I had was gone

twenty times
have I lit
this beeswax candle
to celebrate the arrival
of your vanishing body

signing the wills
we're sealed and delivered
to our span –
the calliope hummingbird
lives three years

WOODPECKER
H. Gene Murtha

conversation
between two top biologists;
shouting: stop!
the farmer pries from hardpan
a pristine archaic spearhead

disappointed that
arrowheads weren't invented
this early –
I pull up my hip boots
and venture into the pond

crouched on
the edge of a vernal pond
I lift my optics;
murmur: an Ivory-billed!
only one person pauses

walking the grade
one biologist asks me:
who are you?
the steady drum
of a woodpecker

SPRING HAIKU
Ashley Rodman

red roses
twine a cross of sticks
spring sermon

grape vines

edge the window light
hushed pilgrims

green smoke
the scent of licorice
fresh fennel

yellow caterpillars
dangle among new leaves
willow catkins

COOLING THE OX
Anna Rugis

pine currents
float my linen robe
frost

mahogany flanks
spread the breath
from hair to hair

two hours to the pass
we are prepared
for all questions

BLOOD HYMNODY
John W. Sexton

blood hymnody seven women with pearls sewn into their skin
reeds whisper ashkelon owls exchange their eyes for stars
old woman behind the counter darkness for sale in packets of ten
releasing smoke beings couple fog with a cigar
a suicide descends layers of blue cloth think of the ocean
a piece of string joining two hemispheres of ice

eternal energies behind a bronze door narrow as a pin

the queen drapes her hair over the city

silence the dandelion clock strikes a different hour

jackdaws gather black text in the sky

pope chaos the sixth a wasp's nest for a hat

SINGLE POEMS

A WISTFUL EYE

Christopher Barnes

I'll act the chatterbasket, improvise
your rapport on foot,
to hitch your 'so long' . . . to my eyes.

Hang upon my lips. . .
the gambit of a fairy story.

Reading
on the rock wall
moss and lichen

Gerd Börner
Kilmeny Niland trans.

her eyes
the color of Hokkaido
before daylight

Gerd Börner
Kilmeny Niland trans.

winter morning
her blown kiss freezes
in mid-air

Gerd Börner
Kilmeny Niland trans.

a sudden stop
on the forest path
the rustling of ants

Gerd Börner
Kilmeny Niland trans.

on the long carpet
to the altar
pale cleaning marks

Gerd Börner
Kilmeny Niland trans.

Encapsulate me
in the hairbrush, pen, and page.
Stroke after stroke, watch
wispy strands swirl straight and then
images in ink abound.

Melanie Faith

Dust on the chalkboard
wispy white and rainbow, real.
Watch wet sponge ruin
curlicues of the mind's smoke,
vanishing as unwritten.

Melanie Faith

Blanket, so warm, soft,
pale pink and knit by Auntie
many moons ago.
When in pajamas, still calms
a tiny cry in the night.

Melanie Faith

on TV
murder and mayhem
I watch
Christmas movies
with a happy ending

Melanie Faith

a snoopy crow
shooed from the window
alights nearby on a wire
confirmed in its suspicion
we're up to something

William Hart

the feint with pawns
a knight's ambush
a rook's quick havoc
move by counter move
the dinner date is set

William Hart

standing there dressed
in varying shades of dark green

I wonder
is the world for her
just shades of dark green

CW Hawes

words! words! words!
they mesmerize my mind
and in their grasp
the kingdom grows quite faint
that little children know

Kirsty Karkow

yikes!
a strange faltering

...then silence...

your mind went on
leaving words behind

Kirsty Karkow

angrily
you spit out f- words...
language
you would have hated
before dementia

Kirsty Karkow

your last words
ringing in my ears
I was away
when you decided
not to live your life

Kirsty Karkow

I vote for the red apple
with the winter sun
shining on it
for it has the taste
of a spring morning

June Moreau

the autumn wind
conspires to bring
them to me –
The sound of leaves rustling
and the scent of rain

June Moreau

all day no trace
of the mountain lion
but at night
the wind snarls
around my tent

June Moreau

clouds moving
across the sky
as though someone
were singing
them along . . .

June Moreau

just what I want to hear
more and more people

choose cremation
the word should be creation
"Come on baby light my fire."

Francine Porad

AT SEA
R.K.Singh

Awaiting the wave
that'll wash away empty hours
and endless longing
in this dead silence at sea
I pull down chunks of sky

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

E[N]TYMOLOGIES
Sprite
Linda Papanicolaou

how long it took
to disbelieve my teachers
drawing new maps

comme il a fallu longtemps
pour ne plus croire mes profs
dessins de cartes nouvelles

une libellule aux ailes
de cellophane s'élève

a dragonfly rising
on cellophane wings

her wedding veil
tears in the fickle wind

pan flutes

son voile de mariée
s'effiloche dans le vent volage
une flûte de pan

l'imitateur d'Elvis
ce qui se passe à Vegas
reste à Vegas

Elvis's impersonator
what happens in Vegas
stays in Vegas

what else to rekindle
dreams of elsewhere

quoi d'autre pour renouer
avec ces rêves d'autre part

des cigales dans la nuit
je veille aux aguets pour
le retour de mon fils

cicadas in the night
I wait up listening
for my son's return

ELECTION DAY
Carlos Colón
Alexis K. Rotella

Election Day
exit pollsters counting
raindrops.

A one-way ticket
to the Amazon.

Ellis Island
the torch

in the orphan's eye. *

A splinter of light
in the gathering clouds.

Pharmacy counter –
lady with a Santa hat
coughs in my direction.

M&M's in a pill bottle –
my first doctor's kit.

Dropped Tootsie Pop
picture of me licking
off the leaves.

Tsunami Restaurant –
no one goes there anymore.

Puerto Rican beach
I hold my breath
in the undertow.

Dysentery among
my souvenirs.

Tucked
or untucked?
my t-shirt.

A Michael Jackson
look alike –
girl.

Moonwalking
the golfer
in a space suit.

Hawk outside the window –
NASA offering my husband a job.

Illegal alien
the tip of his
X-Acto knife.

Cerulean blue-
the skyjacker's shirt.

Spring evening

one side of my briefcase
covered with pollen.**

First dandelion
down the rabbit.

Paid poetry gigs –
they multiply like
dead batteries.

Curry spills
on my blue suede shoes.

Mudwrestling
the Elvis
impersonators.

Clay riverbed –
brownies.

Florida coast
the weathered boards
on the windows.

Panic attack at a red light –
I tell myself this too shall pass.

roadblockroadblock
roadblock everywhere i look roadblock
roadblockroadblock

A swallowtail
way above it all.

On the look out
for the year's first
spider lily.

Fiesta at the end
of a dead end street.

Furrowed brows
two teenagers play chicken
on skateboards.

Cowry shell necklace
picked up on the trail.

Windy Sunday

a pair of underwear
in my neighbor's yard.

House guest insisting
he join me on my walk.

Found art
a pattern of half-
eaten pine cones.

Medical intuitive
having an off day.

Bad acid trip
he wakes up with
his ex-.

Wedding night
he tells her he goes on binges.

* for Fred Mormino

**Neil Armstrong; published in Frogpond XXVIII:3 (2005)

COMING HOME
Laryalee Fraser (CA)
Linda Papanicolaou (US)

morning paper a gulp of fresh squeezed orange juice

the clang of a garbage can lid summer's end

homecoming game sun flashes on the sousaphones

giggles from the garden bench woolly caterpillar

Antiques Roadshow a first edition of "Lassie Come Home"

power outage grandma's bud vase now a candle holder

crayon on a newly painted wall her child psych book

shoveling the driveway a snowman's tilted smile

funiculi funicula the mountain in its cloudcap

the soft press of woodland moss morel mushrooms

bag of marbles among the aggies a latticino

picnic under a day moon the scent of honeysuckle

HELLO?

Denis M. Garrison

Carol Raisfeld

John Daleiden

Come home.

I want you here—

if you can love again.

Whenever that may be, you'll find

I'm here.

Please call.

I miss you so

and I need love again.

This time I know I'll find you there

for me.

Hello?
Yes, this is me.
I know it's been too long . . .
for me as well. Where should I start?
Come home!

Your voice!
Like yesterday.
The magic still so strong. . .
Tell me, how you've been. I'm so far
from home.

Try to
see tomorrow;
the past cannot hurt us now.
But I can't start to live 'til you
return.

outside
Looking through glass
like Alice I blunder
into your private world of love –
voyeur

The past
has haunted me.
Tell me how we begin
to live . . . before our tomorrow
is gone?

We have
today – that's all.
Tomorrow never comes.
Trust me today; please, give us both
a chance.

This is
a beginning. . .
If we can love again
I'll trust you today and give us
that chance.

A knock
at my front door;
my heart swells in my throat.
My lips trembling, I open with . . .

Oh, yes!
Just as before

when you held me so close
and took my breath away, oh yes. . .
Hello!

BLUE SMOKE

excerpts from an ongoing collaborative work between

Larry Kimmel

Sheila Windsor

art work by Sheila Windsor

in the market place

dung and dust
a fly riding the piper's finger

threading the crowd
a woman in white
magical as a unicorn

festival lights

holding hands with a stranger
along the red-ribboned river

somewhere the faint bells
of a sunken city
under sea-green waves



'one-eyed undertaker' 2

in this neighbourless place
we whistle and sing

and the old guitar
on the wall, without strings,
accuses me

spider's thread

lines a witch's hollow face
glints her wicked eye

where Banquo's laugh
reverberates down every
pavement crack of time



wavering embers

the clock's bird
cuckoos thirteen times

as the forgotten dadaist rocks
in his sleep, dreaming

impossible colors

the 10,000 things

a hidden path
leads into the mountains

in a hut
the old poet lives
alone alone



gathering firewood

from the rot and snap
i look up

just in time, again,
to catch the wild-geese
~ ~ ~ leaving*

solstice

a worm frozen fast
to the sundial

my prints, the bird's
as the last few leaves
take flight

* from Bob Dylan

OFF AND ON
Zane Parks
Gino Peregrini

telling the catholic
my favorite position
she kneels

fitness center: her spandex
stretches my attention

honeymoon
off and on
on and off

before a date
the avid gardener
perfumes her bush

looking down she spies
a curl in my smile

through the knothole
in the dressing-room wall –
only shadows

A FALLING STAR
Alison Williams

Andrew Shimield
Frank Williams
Dick Pettit
Vanessa Proctor

cabbage stalks
push up little bumps
in the garden snow

dumplings steam
in a bowl of stew

technical hitch
the speaker suggests
we talk among ourselves

the concert crowd sings
"why are we waiting"

new moon
silvering
the backs of sheep

another falling star
the same old wish

washed up on the beach
a broken crate
from Brazil

happy enough
on what he finds in the bins

early morning call
the dustman smashes shut
the iron back gate

plumes of smoke
from the mountain
railway

on a hilltop picnic
a child pulled back from the edge
skips away

her hand shakes as she signs
the marriage certificate

at the pier's end

an old couple in wheelchairs
talk of their big day

alone now the gold ring
also worn thin with age

a spider's web
only visible
in the morning dew

our long-haired dog
bounces from marram grass

for turning
Queen's evidence
a reduced sentence

soap bubbles
across the bright blue sky

first light
noisy mynahs
in the quince blossom

over guano covered rocks
a scramble to the summit

GRAVITY

John W. Sexton - jws

Carmen Sterba - cs

Thomas Fortenberry - tf

Nancy Stewart Smith - nss

Gary Blankenship - gb

Moira Richards - mr

Jennie Townsend - jt

her first menses moon mama vodun collects her tax of blood jws

all night prayer meeting's conga line my bones melt cs

dark exalted terror discovers uncovered dreams undreamt tf

demiurge tornado at the navel a golden leaf nss

planet earth crumbled he feeds chunks into the garbage disposal mr

tangerines ride the sewer to liberty gb
fat cats taking sides slip and knock heads in the juice war cs
the lucky ones could use gravity as a tool jt
his serpent cloned eve devours every last morsel mr
bites of judgment first tasty step on the road to babel nss
existential noise palimpsest ghosts of the blackboard jws

TEEN STORY
Catherine Mair
Patricia Prime

cold river
the dog
plunges in

after the storm
the pontoon
under water

chasing us away
from the seat –
wasps

steep steps
the smell of wet trees

and leaves

teen's story
carved into
the table

curving uphill
a walking track
cut through bush

hanging above

the new houses –
rain clouds

behind the fenceline
the sound
of Neil Diamond

tantalizing
that red rose
just out of reach

CARTWHEELS
twilight concert at the haiku pathway
Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

Against
the open-sided truck
musical instruments

a tag
on the fold-up chair –
washing instructions

free-loaders –
two men listen
from the ute's tray

westerly
poking through
her lace top

learning a kid's song
the crowd chant
the chorus

interval
a stream towards
the portaloos

sobering the audience

guest singer's
melancholy song

hidden
by the sound system
celebrity fiddle player

livening up
the people
the bass

through
shafts of sunshine
a girl cartwheels

"the restless wind"
a child piggy-backs
her brother

on the skyline
teenagers
bopping

PROPERTY LIST
Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

Silence
digger&dozer
on Sunday

low tide
the swampy smell
of mud flats

river bank
holding down black matting
boulders

parked above
the sub-division
a land agent

across the water
the national flag

flutters on its pole

old pine tree
only the roots –
the path disappears

around
the boundary marker
white daisies

she rolls
onto the short grass –
a distant siren

a breeze
rustles among bulrushes –
the chirp of crickets

dandelions
flowering
all about me

imagining
houses
on these empty sections

walking into the tide
pukeko –
a weed in its beak

dribbling down
the stone sea-lion
guano

EDDY

Patricia Prime and Catherine Mair

on the road
our 'dummy' book
in a raffia
we discuss the photos
for the latest collaboration

sparrow-like
he waves away another
bag woman
& returns to his
numerous screens

by the steps
of the printer's house
swan plants
crushed on the garden path

in a pile
of photographic magazines
the black woman's eyes
embrace

a monarch butterfly caterpillar her world

brief interval
between proof-reading
shortbread and tea
among the computers
and discarded print-outs

middle-aged urchin
the tail of his faded
cotton shirt hangs out:
by his back door
those swollen pods

cardboard cover his
too thick to copy
we return the ream &
2 sheets less, but still
they change it

hand basin
one cake of cracked soap
please after flushing the
toilet turn the handle
to six o'clock

CROSSROADS

Moira Richards - mr

John W Sexton - jws

Jennie Townsend - jt

Gary Blankenship - gb

Nancy Stewart Smith - nss

Carmen Sterba - cs

Thomas Fortenberry - tf

from golden claws rolls a diamond solitaire /nss

street kids begging at a crossroads i glare the other way /mr

scarecrow entrails of straw drift on the wind /jws

starlings take what they can and sing too /jt

thieves booted from the nest they stole move on and on . /gb

from the lovers downstairs sound of sobbing /cs

as the ghosts of whale breath float above the waves /tf

lightning without thunder frosts the new-leafed birch /nss

a widow's lines poems filled with empty /mr

fruit bowl neglected apples rot under their own weight /jws

looking blue american refugees /jt

without a draft who cares enough to run the border /gb

empty boots of the fallen soldier /cs

amber echo of crying eagles in empty shining seas /tf

by a small still hand the lapis orb pulses azure /nss

ZELKOVA WOOD

Carmen Sterba - cs

Jennie Townsend - jt

Nancy Stuart Smith - nss

Thomas Fortenberry - tf

John W Sexton - jws

Gary Blankenship - gb

Moira Richards - mr

zelkova wood frames the geisha's vanity a moment /cs

alone yoni what's a parochial girl know /jt

x-ray eagle eyes heart stills beneath the mask /nss

white collar ghost-rose of her kiss /tf

vener peeling from the edge of the table Alzheimer sits /jws

until zine done, no time to remember /gb

the lump in her breast in her stomach in her throat /mr

stricken with fear in every thought /cs

reflected light bounces off a fuel truck stuck in the snow /gb

quelled in the tin her gingerbread men /jws

phosphorous stinks the inner city a school for the blind /jt

on the tip of an iceberg poised /mr

noisy son cheetah-climbs the tree a bird flies free /tf

melody in rain the wind chime /nss

love like music flows across us dancing at sunset /tf

katy steps through grass doors to katydids /jws

jello in every color her throat hurts a little less /jt
in the kitchen lemon pie /gb

haloed summer moon the view from the balcony /cs
good night wished in early morning /gb

funandgamesengas phrases flung among a planet's poets /mr
elements of the leaf the colors /jt

descending the well meadow she carries a bucket of sky /jws
colt's hidalgo dreams jump thump buck /tf

blossom in the bluebird nest mandala of gaia /nss
adorned by light in the shelter of wings /cs

ONE POEM FOR SISTER SARAH

Pamela Raintree - pr

W. Macaulay Johnson - wmj

Laura Flett - lf

Carlos Colón - cc

Jane Curry - jc

Jim McLain - jm

Jennifer Jackson - jj

touch my esteem with words pr

dark and gloomy, it needs uplifting wmj

a touch of pixie dust from Tinkerbell lf

old graybeard panning for pyrite cc

Titanic optimism floods our hearts jc

making happy waves jm

our bottles filled with messages of love, hope and peaceful vibes jj

a beautiful woman languishes under a solemn oak wmj

looking from loneliness pr

she dances like a demon jm

life is a perpetual audition jc

bloated moon the pumpkin turns into a cabbage cc
and her sequined shoes will never be the same If

THE MATH BETWEEN
John W. Sexton
Moiria Richards

light intersects the pines einstein perceives the math between spheres
day one her recreation to stop with the beasts
inspired to exploit gravity monkey develops the shit missile
ostrich returned to the workshop for re-engineering
thirty years accumulated swarf tin men form in his fingers

azimov's first 'tis not them needs be bade
those lizard kids keep human foetuses in a jar until they term
vampire101 t-rex after life eternal

nanobot malaria self-aware mainframe designs mosquitoes
danged tinnitus grumpy quits the osmium mine
platinum bombshell a fallen woman descends the kong shaft
jilted she sends him the rib back
barefoot in the god-head i am my mother and father

A CHARITAS

valentine's day Zane Parks

he writes the poem
in big block letters CW Hawes

on a far beach
the bottle full
of faded paper Moira Richards

UPRIGHT STONES

Jane Reichhold - jr
Zane Parks - zp
Norman Darlington - nd
Moira Richards - mr
CW Hawes - cwh
H. Gene Murtha - hgm
Lorin Ford - lf
Kathy Earsman - ke

upright stones
under sad faces
the bone grin jr

a haze of smoke
cut with moonshine zp

sticking with decaf
till after the morning
interview nd

his new silver Porsche
the ponytail too mr

out all night
the mare's thick mane
frosted with rime jr

the snowman looks on
without a care in the world cwh

the cardsharp
quickly packs his bags
sunrise cwh

her lipstick presses
against the napkin hgm

come dawn
she slips into
a pair of jeans hgm

discovering back at work
she is wearing his pants jr

the esperantist couple
come to blows
counting syllables nd

from that old pond
la plaũdo! mr

bright moon
tracks of a green turtle
on the beach lf

watching the Pleiades
rise from the water cwh

A-bomb day
reading the stories of
Saddam's war crimes zp

with muted mouth I tear
the paper cut the cable nd

twilight
a purple thumbprint marks
the poppy petal lf

April shower memories
of last year's get-rich-quick scheme cwh

on the tramp steamer
we search breaks in the clouds
for Libra cwh

justice - was it even
just a passing thought? nd

a mother waits
to take her son home
...Singapore dawn lf

alone with the cat
nursing a broken toe hgm

in the hammock
sipping mint juleps
smoking cigars cwh

fluttering in the breeze
a heart-shaped red bud leaf hgm

her fan a beacon
above the Bridge of Sighs
willow pattern lf

the colors of her desire
paint the sky a rosy hue jr

he polishes his verse
Saint Valentine proposes
just the right words mr

the paper yellowed with age
she recalls his trembling hand cwh

sky-gazing I beg
a little moon to grate
over my pizza nd

the tower lists a little more
with each glass of chianti mr

perforating
our speech bubbles
babelfish mr

Ava kisses Greg goodbye
for the forty-second time lf

zoetrope girl
her spin on
exposed legs ke

surrounded by
swirls of soap bubbles cwh

for now I'm headed north
to keep up with
the blossom front nd

the chasing of dreams
how different now I'm old cwh

Done in the Basho-style Kasen Renga Forum.
Started – November 1, 2005
Finished: April 15, 2006

TAN RENGA
CW Hawes
Lorin Ford

the rattle
of the air conditioner
at midnight

holding my breath
to hear the baby's

the pattern
of spilt tea leaves
this chipped saucer

the last of her willow
dinner service

LETTERS

Dear Jane and Werner, I've just been through the new Lynx - really enjoyed it. I hope that this year sees the world recognising that collaborative poetry/art is of the utmost worth and is an area that all artists should consider taking part in. At the moment for some, like myself and others that I hold dear, like my good friend Alec Finlay, working collaboratively and participatory are central to our work and I despair of those that call it disparagingly 'community art' not 'real art' - yes we work in and with communities - sometimes small sometimes wider local communities sometimes world communities and what we make together connects and binds those that take part and the world when it links and responds to the work - it is of course real art and fun - an even better word is perhaps joyous - to be involved with the making of. Our works are often (usually) brought together or conceived by a lead artist but the ownership is always by all those that take part in the making from tea-maker to verse writers sandwich maker to image maker. With this in mind I make a strong plea to renga writers to consider moving to not giving ownership to individual verses but to listing all that took part in the making that helped the piece come in to existence. This is the way that after working and talking with Alec Finlay and others here in the UK I feel reflects best the making and spirit of collaborative works including renga. I have after initial worries now no problem with the initiator and leader of works made in this way being referred to as 'master' for the particular making of a piece - not indicating a superiority but more an indication that they are doing an important job on the day of pulling a piece together and guiding participants through the experience - and recognised as such by those taking part. In long renga the role of 'master' might move through the group - in fact over a 24 hour renga this has to happen. With this in mind I'd like to thank you Jane and Werner too for acting as true and open guides, 'masters' if you will accept this term, over the years, to all who have embarked on the renga the collaborative the participatory trail. All that's best and with love, Paul Conneally

Dear Werner, Lovely to receive your e-mail! I value and appreciate your insights into my writing. As a writer, it is always a joy to know that one's work has reached out and spoken to the imagination and intellect of another. I was delighted that you likened my work to the ocean, as the ocean has long been an influence and inspiration to me. Although I live in a small, landlocked town with no water in sight, I have recently been missing the sea and remembering fondly the times I spent in the Caribbean Islands and along the East Coast's Atlantic. There definitely is a fluidity theme in my work. I have also been thinking of motherhood recently (probably given to the fact that five of my friends have had babies in the past year or so), and I can see the oceanic theme at work and interplaying with the idea of nurturing one's child in utero as well as one's own body as well. It is charming as well as fascinating to speak to another writer who has keen insight into the writing process. What would you say is your main theme or thread of continuity (symbolically or otherwise) in your work? Tanka sequences: what a fantastic idea! I would enjoy that challenge quite a bit, and I think I will give it a try. I like the idea of finding one large, overarching theme and then either writing many interconnected tanka from different perspectives of the same image OR interconnected tanka that leads through a narrative arc. I would love to know if you have any favorite tanka sequences that I might read/study for perspective into this writing adventure. Thanks again for your kind message. It was a real encouragement for me in this writing journey. :-) I have enjoyed writing these tanka so much that I think I will surely continue. I appreciate your idea for a series-- now my mind is intrigued and thinking about that aspect of creation! Sincerely, Melanie Faith

Hi, Werner, Thank you for your patience in explaining your suggestion more fully to me. I have thought about this and realized how these verses can, with reordering and with a few additional

bridging verses, compose an integrated sequence. I should not have been so hasty to dismiss the idea. I have revised the original submission, deleting a few verses which were too widely variant and adding a few more, to compose a sequence beginning with 3 haiku and then alternating tanka and haiku to the end. Entitled, "How Stone Is Made," it comprehends the death of the son, then of the wife, with a conclusion. I hope that this sequence, as loosely connected as it is, without structural linkages, pleases you. Denis M. Garrison

Dear Werner & Jane, Below is a collaborative/linked poem between myself and Sheila Windsor with illustrations. I don't know if you can use the illustrations or not, but I thought I'd like to give you a look at them. This is a short reconstructed poem from the longer work, Blue Smoke, and probably the last of any fragments we will make from this project. (You kindly published a segment in the last issue of Lynx, another segment has been sent to Dorothy Howard of RNH, which is still pending). I'm also not sure if you can pick up the illus. from within the body of an email and I know you don't like to use attachments, and for good reason. If you think the pictures can be used on Lynx I could supply them on a disc. Anyway, enough about the excerpts from Blue Smoke. How are you and Jane doing? Spring has been a kind of off and on again thing here, but over the past weekend I did see something quite amazing. Two American bald eagles flying in unison over a field, circling and swooping together. We stopped the car to watch until they flew out of range. Never before, probably never again. As far as writing goes, I seem to be working mainly on haibun at the moment. Nothing very experimental, mostly anecdotal material, things I recall from over the years that want telling. All my best, Larry Kimmel

Scifabulenga: A Scifabulenga is a linked poem expressing science fictional and fabulistic elements, each separate link being a one-line scifaiku (here termed scifabulaiku). The themes and subject matter being all those elements common to the literature of science fantasy, from alternate history to alternate worlds to future visions to sociological satire, encompassing the general impingement of the fantastic into the logical universe. A scifabulenga is composed of 13 one-line links, with two paragraph breaks, forming two quintets divided by a central tercet. It can be composed solo or with two writing partners. The Scifabulenga was created by John W. Sexton in March 2006.

Dear Jane & Werner, Greetings after so long, and best wishes for health, wholesomeness and happiness in the present year. I submit a nijuin renku. 'A Falling Star', written e-mail by the five of us mentioned below. We had our own seasonal template, altered a little en route; and used the democratic or revolving sabaki method for choosing verses: the writer of one verse could make suggestions, edit, and choose the next from two or more verses offered by some (1 - 5) of the others. I've put the renku on both this e-mail and an attachment, whichever is more convenient. I've been writing seasonal renga for some time now - it gives a structure, makes for variety, brakes the tempo and so on. However, one day I'll review, and think about the next step. There are times when the seasons, especially the third verse of spring & autumn sequences (a 5th, God forbid!), are more trouble than they're worth. Not only is it a strain, and artificial, but having to be seasonal prohibits the verse one would like. Solution: only two seasonal verses at a time. But then some players don't like to be obvious, and it may be hard to see which season, if any, their 'spring' verse belongs to. More democratic discussion. My opinion on the renga / renku issue is as follows. 'Renga' is the generic name, used for 2 - 10,000 verses, written at any time from the year dot to now. The medievals said 'renga', and the 16th-18th century 'haikai no renga'. 'Renku'* came in somewhere at the end of the 19th century, was used by Shiki for what he wrote but didn't approve of, and has been adopted, and is now used by modern Japanese neo-Basho groups and the Haiku Society of America, at least for the shorter (<37verses) forms. But no retrospective legislation! It cannot be used for earlier writers. The renku has a sabaki, who may direct and correct en train, polish and edit for publication. Whether the older renga masters did all this, I don't know. At

least, probably, the last, where there was publication. But there's much to be said for not interfering: the verse offered, however lacking in juice, has come out of the flow of the renga, it may have something concealed, which the writer couldn't express; also, if cliché, banality, or some other kind of dullness (e.g., a 'flyer'- with no link) this is an opportunity for the next player - these are your cards, what can you make of them? Certainly, most of the Basho renga, made with experienced players, flow naturally, and it would be in keeping with his laid-back style to refrain from alteration. Finally, something I've for a long time wanted to say about Jane's famous dinner-party analogy for renga. There are different kinds of dinner-party conversation. For a start, short answers and long. Then, the links between what one person says and the next are a politeness, recognition of interest, or maybe a taking up of a serious topic. Some are barely polite: there's the guy who's been waiting impatiently to get his story out, and jumps in almost before the last speaker has finished. Some are perfunctory: "How interesting - that reminds me of when we were in Wogga Wogga. . ." Or a respectful pause before a clearly related story. But sometimes the listener will have followed both the anecdote and, maybe, the anxiety which prompted it, and return something to assuage the bewilderment. This is kokoro-zuke, the heart link, only one of many kinds of renga link, but without which the renga becomes trivial - though it's equally true that wit also makes the verses flow; and above all, if they don't link, they can't flow- everyone talks, nobody listens. Best wishes, then, Dick Pettit

*To set the record straight, the term "renku" was first published in 1744, just fifty years after Basho's death in an attempt to discredit his legacy and the popularity he had brought to the form by reducing the number of links from one hundred to thirty-six (just what a group of guys could write in one night). Renga = linked elegance (ren=linked; ga=elegance or even music) and renku = linked verses (ren=linked; ku=verse) jr

** The kasen renga that Basho developed had, and has 36, not 37 stanzas, jr

HAIKU AND PLACE

Don Ammons

Haiku lends itself to place, but not as a vehicle of description. Haiku is not wordy raptures over a view. Haiku is the view. There are no similes, no metaphors.

I live on the west coast of Denmark, less than two miles inland from the North Sea and the window of my work room frames a view.

Cows graze Field stretches
Meadow and trees and sky
By a window – Wild roses

Cows graze I have not described the cow, have not compared them to anything else. The cows are not symbols. There is no higher meaning here. I have stated a fact. It has no pretensions to be anything else. And what do I think of cows grazing in a field? What I think does not matter. It has no place in the haiku.

Field stretches The key word here is stretches. I did not write flows, or runs, and certainly not runs

away to. I toyed with undulates, but dismissed it as being too "fancy." I went with the simplicity of stretches.

And I wrote Field stretches, not The field stretches. The definite article would have made the field too personal, would have put the haiku too close to me. Keeping field singular is enough to let the reader know this field is not just any field, but a particular field. The definite article would have been superfluous.

The second line Meadows and trees and sky is the simple fact of the horizon. I did not write To meadows and trees and sky. The second line is not a destination. It is not a goal to be reached. The horizon is far away, has uninterrupted length. Nothing breaks it. That is why I used the conjunction and twice. I wanted to suggest length, even monotony.

By a window is a abrupt retreat from this distance and monotony, a sudden focusing on what is near, in this case, what is directly in front of the eyes. My eyes, of course, but again I kept myself out the haiku by writing By a window and not By my window. By my window would have made the haiku too much an observation instead of a simple statement.

Now I have a dash. This is the equivalent of an intake of breath. The best haiku have this to some degree; not necessarily a dash, but an intake of breath, an abrupt change of direction, the sudden shift in mood.

And Wild roses, not just Roses. Making the roses wild (And they are wild!) give balance to the haiku. Wild plays off against Field, with its suggestion of order and cultivation, and contrast the running on and on tamedness of the horizon.

So one haiku, one place, one instant. If one wants to do full justice to a particular place a sequence of haiku is needed. As I said earlier, I live on the Danish west coast of Jutland. I will close with that as title – and hope to do justice to a special place

WEST JUTLAND

Don Ammons

Snow fences piles beside
puddle roads Black fields
Furrows of dirty ice

Sea and sky fuse off
Wind stung dunes Heather purples
Burns Runs to rust

Rain Wind Colors flash Fall
Dead leaves Brown and twisted
Against terrace walls

Tree branches Leafless
Web a moon Suspended full
Range of silent snow

ARTICLE



Lorraine Ellis Harr was one of the important figures in the history of American haiku. She lived in Portland, Oregon, where for almost four decades she worked tirelessly to promote the understanding of the haiku form and to encourage the reading and writing of haiku in English through the publication of a quarterly journal, *Dragonfly*, the organization, Western World Haiku Society and the fifteen books of her own poems in all the Japanese genres. Internationally known poet and editor, Kazuo Sato once commented that if Lorraine Ellis Harr lived in Japan, she would be a national treasure.

Opal Lorraine Ellis Harr was born on Halloween, October 31, 1912, in Sullivan, Illinois. Her father left the family when she was three years old. The mother and three girls (Lorraine is the youngest) moved to Cooperstown, North Dakota to live for several years before moving to Portland. Her mother had a sister who lived there. The sister's husband promised Lorraine's mother a job if they moved to Portland. When they arrived they discovered there was no job. Her mother had \$20 to her name. She had tailoring experience and found work at a cleaners. After high school Lorraine also worked for the cleaners before getting married. She had two sons, Lynn (1935) and Gary (1939). After several years of being a widow she married again. This she declared later was a drastic mistake. That marriage ended in divorce. In the 50s she was diagnosed with melanoma on one leg and was told she had 3-6 months to live. Around this time she met Carl Harr through a mutual interest in Scientology. Carl was about 25 years younger than Lorraine, but he continued to ask for her hand in marriage until she said, "Yes." They were married in 1958, and had a happy marriage until Carl's death in 1994.

Lorraine Ellis Harr was already writing children's stories, inspired by stories she told to her two sons, when in 1964 she heard about a haiku contest sponsored by Japan Airlines. She studied up on the form and sent them one of her early efforts. Her poem was picked as one of the Honorable Mention winners and that encouragement set her on her path. Lorraine once revealed in an interview that she often wrote over one hundred haiku in a day.

In 1972, she founded the Western World Haiku Society. Though not the first English-language haiku society in America (that honor would go to the Writers Roundtable of Los Altos, under the direction of Helen Stiles Chenoweth in 1956), the Western World Haiku Society and the San Jose Yuki Teikei Haiku

Society were the first ones to become international in membership and outreach. Lorraine worked closely with many influential Japanese poets and formed lasting friendships with a wide circle of poets. Many haiku writers answered in a poll done in 1985 that either their first haiku was published by Lorraine, or that it was from her influence and instruction that they had learned about haiku.

Harr organized its contests and edited both its newsletter and six anthologies of Western World Haiku Society Annual Contest Award Winners. She led haiku workshops and lectured on haiku at venues throughout the Portland area, working closely with such organizations as the Japan America Society of Oregon and the Portland Japanese Garden.

Harr also published articles about haiku in newspapers, literary and educational journals, and other haiku magazines. Always interested in developing the best ways to teach English-language haiku, Harr focused many of her educational articles on the pedagogical issues of teaching haiku in American classrooms. In 1972, she took over the editorship of *Haiku Highlights* from Jean Calkins and renamed the journal *Dragonfly: A Quarterly of Haiku* and published it from 1972 to 1984. (Jean Calkins, however, never stopped publishing her magazine *Haiku Highlights* and has continued publishing on a limited basis until just this year.)

As an early and well-respected American haiku journal, *Dragonfly* established Harr's reputation as an editor with her sincere interest in circulating only the best examples of English-language haiku. Due to her identification with the magazine *Dragonfly*, some Japanese poets began to call her "Tombo" – Japanese for dragonfly. Later, then she adopted the name for herself and for the Tombo Haiku Group which Lorraine founded in Portland as a way to mentor new haiku poets and to support poets who had been studying with her for many years.

Through her writing, editing, lecturing, and teaching, as well as through her voluminous correspondence with poets around the world, Harr encouraged a traditional approach to haiku. Clearly seen in her critical writings such as "The Isn'ts of Haiku," "Haiku: The Playful Phrase," and "Guidelines to Haiku Writing," Harr emphasized an approach that is grounded in the Japanese history of the genre so that her readers would not perpetuate the "misconception that haiku is a little poem of 5-7-5 syllables all about nature that has caused our textbooks to be riddled with much misinformation."

In her own poetry, Lorraine used a wide range of season words (*kigo*, in Japanese) and often wrote seventeen-syllable haiku that break evenly in lines of 5-7-5 respectively. Nevertheless, Harr was also interested in a certain degree of experimentation achieved by testing the limits of traditional haiku. In some instances she experimented with the formal qualities of the poems. For example, she was one of the first poets to work with one-line haiku, publishing a collection of them in her book, *Sundowners*. In other instances, she experimented with arrangements and themes. In *Pathways of the Dragonfly: Seventy/Sevens*, she published seventy haiku sequences, each containing seven haiku. In the book *Tombo* she presented a collection of 226 haiku about dragonflies. In fact, most of Harr's book-length haiku collections tended to work with a single theme or group of themes.

Harr published fifteen books of poetry, most of which are collections of haiku; however, in addition to writing haiku, Harr also wrote senryu, linked verse, tanka, haibun, free-verse poetry, cinquains, and children's literature. Her second-last book, *Walls of Silence*, was a collection of tanka written in memory of her husband, Carl Harr. And her most recent book, *Under the Roan Cliffs* (2005), co-written with Brad Wolthers, presents *renga* focusing mostly on nature and cowboy-related themes.

Lorraine Ellis Harr died at 9:45 p.m. on Friday, March 3, 2006 in Portland, Oregon. She was 93 years old.

Books by Lorraine Ellis Harr

Cats, Crows, Frogs, and Scarecrows
China Sojourn
A Flight of Herons
Modern Narrow Roads to Matsushima
Pathways of the Dragonfly: Seventy/Sevens
Poems for Peter K.
Poems for Sarah J.
The Red Barn
Ripe Papaya and Orange Slices
Selected Senryu of LEH
Snowflakes in the Wind
Sundowners
Tombo
Under the Roan Cliffs
Walls of Silence

Selected Haiku by Lorraine Ellis Harr/Tombo

No other sound--
just Spring rain dripping
through wisteria

Spring moon;
ferns uncurling between
the river rocks.

Under the window
all night long, lovesick cat's
amorous yowling.

Tide pools;
Under this rock too is something
that crawls away.

Running from the sun
shadows of the shore bird's legs

. . . lengthening

This midday heat!
The dry nets hang stiff
smelling of fish.

how to explain
the ways it looks--dragonfly
on Queen Anne's Lace

Redwing blackbird--
one short shrill cry of alarm
rattles the cattails

Autumn sunrise;
At the edge of the birch woods
clumps of goldenrod

Here in the garden
mending the patched old scarecrow
. . . another season

In a note from Tom Noyes he identified this haiku as his favorite.

The sparkler goes out
and with it - the face
of the child.

Thanks to Martha Haldeman (Lorraine's daughter-in-law), Ellen Olinger, and Ce Rosenow for help with this information.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

Still Swimming by Amelia Fielden. Ginninderra Press: 2006. Perfect bound, color cover, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 84 pages, ISBN:1-74027-325-7, US\$20 (including airmail postage). Order from A. Fielden, 20A Elouera Ave., Buff Point NSW 2262, Australia.

Amelia Fielden, is a professional Japanese translator who also writes original English poetry in the tradition of tanka. She has published five books of Japanese tanka in translation: On Tsukuba Peak by Kawamura Hatsue (2002); Time Passes (2002), Vital Forces (2004) and As Things Are (2005) by Kawano Yuki; and Behind Summer (2005) by Kuriki Kyoko. The three previous collections of Amelia Fielden's own poetry are: Eucalypts and Iris Streams (2002), Fountains Play (2002) and Short Songs (2003).

The tanka dedication that opens Still Swimming is a poem for her husband:

stop trying
to remember me
slender-fit –
in lumpy old age
we'll still swim along

The cover has an impressive photo of two concrete swimming pools set out in the sea. Amelia wrote that this is where she learned to swim. It is a perfect introduction to the collection and seems to encompass many of the feelings that the images of the tanka incite. There is usually a calmness of a nature image to back, to interface with the wild rushing of the human emotions in the rest of the tanka. This aspect of tanka is so firmly ingrained in her thinking (surely the result of her exposure to Japanese tanka in her translation work) that the two parts of the poem flow together effortlessly. She never has to force the images to obey her desires. The poems have arisen in her as pure as they are. I can think of no higher praise for her work.

In her collection the poems are arranged according to the place or the experience where they occurred. To avoid having to title either the individual poems or the sequences, Fielden has chosen to place small place names on the far left of the page. However, when she sees a series of the poems as a sequence, she indicates this with a bold-faced title in the middle of page. She seems to have found an interesting way of guiding the reader and for breaking up the mass of poems into digestible sections. The two years that are recollected in Still Swimming follow Fielden through her retirement, then a move from Canberra to Newcastle, and then to a small coastal town closer to her birthplace, Sydney, Australia. In this time she also got a Master of Arts degree, traveled twice to Seattle, three times to Japan, once staying for three months for a fellowship at Ube University. Not only has Amelia Fielden lived a busy life, she has documented her days with tanka, and now they are available for you to read, enjoy and understand the tanka form even better.

I like her poems least when she is using tanka to make known her feelings on social conditions:

purchasing
bananas to feed
wild possums,
a woman claims a discount

with her pension card

and much prefer her work when she is acutely accurate in her observation and ability to combine this with deeply felt emotions:

the years pass
yearning to fly free
love holds me still –
yachts moored near the pier
move just a little

This poem is a perfect example of how the succinct tanka, by juxtaposing an image and an emotion, can release in the reader a flood of ideas, thoughts and insight. Excellent work abides here in Still Swimming.

Rustle of Bamboo Leaves: selected haiku and other poems by Victor P. Gendrano. Lulu Enterprises, Inc. Perfect bound, glossy trade cover, 6 x 9 inches, 228 pages, Tagalog and English.

Victor Gendrano, a retired librarian, edited and published Heritage magazine, an English-language quarterly dealing with Filipino culture, arts and letters, and the Filipino-American experience from 1987 – 1999. In addition to his longer, free-verse poetry, Gendrano also writes senryu, sijo (you have surely seen his work here in Lynx), tanka, and haibun as well as haiga containing his own haiku.

Rustle of Bamboo Leaves is interesting in a variety of ways, but one of the most unusual is this is the first book I have seen where the poems are published along with the comments of his readers. Thanks to wonder of online forums, where he has posted and published much of the work, he has carefully collected and saved the responses various participants in the forum. Gendrano has found a method of breaking up the monotony of poem upon poem by including the interaction around the poem. This seems an excellent idea!

The other breaks between poems are accomplished by reproductions, in varying degrees of fidelity, of his haiga which were also published in the World Haiku Forum. In addition, the book is filled with snippets of history of the Philippines, introductions of the various poetry forms by Susumu Takiguchi, Ferris Gilli, Larry Gross, James Hackett, Angelee Deodhar, Debbie Bender, Denis Garrison, Luis Cabalquinto, and Michael McClintock.

The haiku encompass the complete range of subject matter from death and disease (his wife Lucy died in 2003 and the book is dedicated to her and their children, Victor Jr., Lorna, Emmanuel, Marissa, Romeo and Juliet) to subtle jokes of male voyeurism. The haiga, several the artwork of Ashe Wood of England, enlarge the meaning of the haiku. For example, the haiku:

nude sunbather
her lotion attracts
A honeybee

Yet the illustration focuses on the perfect jutting bare breasts.

Gendrano's sharp eye for detail and for association results in such poems as:

a cat blends
with its shadow
mail order bride

PEACE: haiku, tanka, renga edited by Giselle Maya. Works by an'ya, Ion Codrescu, Christopher Harold, Kirsty Karkow, Mari Konno, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Angela Leuck, Giselle Maya, June Moreau, Pamela Miller Ness, and Jane Reichhold. Illustrated by Yasuo Mizui and Louis Fulconis. Heavy hand-made paper, hand-tied with linen thread, cover, 6.25 by 10 inches, 36 pages. \$18, plus \$5.20 airmail postage. Giselle Maya, Koyama Press, 84750 Saint Martin de Castillon, France. Email.

PEACE is the fifteenth book edited by Giselle Maya at Koyama Press and I must admit that I am still very astounded at her energy and expertise, and the contribution she is making to the literature of Japanese genres. Due to her years spent living in Japan, Maya brings not only her knowledge of the origins of these poetry, but her books reflect Japanese designs and sensibilities. Due to her own years of writing in all these forms, and being in contact with other authors around the world, her books have a sophistication and status all their own.

I remember Giselle writing to me in the winter of 2002 of her distress about the impending Iraq War. We discussed our shared pacifism, and our feelings of helplessness against decisions made by government leaders, and the question of was there anything that we could do. After several e-mails of discussion, she asked me to do a renga with her about peace without mentioning the word. We wanted to avoid recounting the horrors of war and yet portray the fears, sadness, and unrest that war brings in a peaceful, accepting way.

I wanted to comfort Giselle in far-off freezing France, so I began "Light in the Shadows" with:

slow winter river
with lights in the shadows
glints of ice

And she responded with:

from the pond's center
a silent ripple

In light of the later disagreements between our respective heads of state, it is marvelous to think that while, on one level, they were in such opposition; here in the background two women were exchanging images to express their unease in a practice of peace.

For this reason I was touched to see Giselle had prefaced this book with Thich Nhat Hanh's quote:

"Peace is all around us
it is not a matter of faith
it is a matter of practice"

This book PEACE is the result of her practicing peace with an'ya, Ion Codrescu, Christopher Herold, Kirsty Karkow, Mari Konno, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Angela Leuck, June Moreau, and Pamela Miller Ness as she collected their haiku and tanka. Each of these authors are outstanding and well-known in the international scene, so it is an honor to have their best works compiled and arranged on these silver sifted papers.

The artwork, by two artists from the Provence, reflects the fine taste of Giselle, herself a regularly exhibiting artist. The other collaborative poem in the book was written with Ion Codrescu on the occasion of his coming to Martin de Castillon to hang a show with Giselle.

To Giselle's verse:

hairpin curve
hanging our paintings
in an ancient chapel

Ion Codrescu responded with:

the first visitor
a motionless lizard

It seems that collecting, sifting through, and absorbing the words of her friends gave Giselle the peace that she sought. In doing this, It seems each verse is instilled with Giselle's own spirit of peace The book is not about peace, it is peace – on every page.

& Y NOT: Haibun by Stanley Pelter. Perfect bound, full color cover, 6 x 9 inches, 146 pages, illustrated. Contact the author at Maple House, 5 School Lane, Claypole, Newark NG23 5BQ, United Kingdom

& Y NOT, the second of Pelter's books of haibun, is to my joy, even more experimental visually and linguistically than his first book, "past imperfect." From the marvelous cover, a collage of images that accurately portray the techniques and subject matter of the enclosed poetry, to the concrete poetry that close the book, I found so much inspiration and excitement in seeing someone do something expertly.

The spirit and excitement of using words well sets Pelter's work above most of the other haibun currently being written in English. Here is no imitation, or hesitation. He has taken on the Japanese form and made it his own. The amount of growth from his book last year is astounding. Perhaps being freed somewhat from his need to tell his life story, as in "past imperfect," has allowed Pelter to expand and accept the truly individual twists of his thinking processes. It takes careful reading and there are times one can get lost, but his professionalism and generosity hold the reader in his grasp.

Peltier has written, "The inexpressible is my cloak" but I find his spirit shines out with humor and poignancy in each jumble of images and concepts. He brings James Joyce to a new destination.

Pelter's prose surely has Basho, the exponent of simple language about simple images, rolling over in his grave but by following Joyce with his prose and Basho with his haiku, he has made an important

contribution in English-language haibun.

Not only does & Y NOT explore graphics and language, but also typography and formatting. A sample paragraph from "Camera Obscura" shows how Pelter's mind works to touch the reader with the spinning around of his truths and how he uses our old conventions to show his newest understanding.

"Crevices still fill. Holes still squeeze shut. But One. center of the black The Shutter. Small hand. feels. So i do. scenes trap. outsidespaceinside. insidespaceoutsidein. upsidedownside. i am Fed. i am led. turned inside out."

When you combine that paragraph, with the title, and its Latin meaning, you can see the genius of his reasoning.

it begins
an open dictionary
falls to the ground

Ironically, Pelter's tanka are the most Japaneseque in form and subject matter. A sample tanka from the closing of "pre postmodernist baby" is:

as white eyes blink
they lie on the single bed
oil patches spread out
and began to flow over
fragments of a shared shadow

and yet, and yet, this could only have been written by an Englishman willing to risk all in his dance with the language and his life.

Encounters in This Penny World by Sanford Goldstein. Inkling Press:2005. Edited by E.D. Blodgett. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 88 pages, ISBN:0-9737674-0-5. Inkling Press, P.O. Box 52014, Edmonton, AB T6G 2T5, Canada

For over forty years Sanford Goldstein has been involved with either translating the tanka of famous Japanese poets (Akiko Yosano, Mokishi Saito, Takuboku Ishikawa, Masaoka Shiki, Ryokan and Yaichi Aizu) and the writing of his own tanka poems. He was writing and trying to publish tanka when all the literary journals wanted only haiku. He is rightly called the Father of English Tanka for not only his work, but for his being there in the beginning. This, the seventh publication of anthologies of his tanka, contains sequences of tanka collected from various periods of his life. Beginning with "Childhood," through "Adolescence" and "Education," "Marriage," "Zen" and "Euphoria," into "Retirement" and "Old Age" and even advancing into "Illness/death." The book ends with "A Summing up," a sequence that provides an even clear view of how Goldstein sees himself.

his brief poems
never caught on over the years

to make a stir;
again he reads them aloud
and finds them still okay

Somehow this verse makes me feel profoundly sad. Sad that he cannot see the influence and interest he has raised in the genre of tanka. Perhaps no one hails him as an Allen Ginsberg, yet in this sphere that he kindly calls *The Tanka World* or *This Tanka Whirl* (both titles of his books) or depreciatingly, in this volume, calls a "Penny World" he has been given honors, tribute and publication.

His style of writing has varied over his long career, as one would expect of any innovator, and his poems have drastically changed in tone as he has worked through his early fascination with *Takuboku*. I would even underline the suggestion that his work has been influenced, as he admits in the "Afterword" of *Encounters in This Penny World*, by that of the influx of writers who have taken up tanka study and writing since he began, and has had a positive influence on his own work. Yet, as one who has read all his books, what one ends up on the last page, is a very clear feeling for the emotional life of this poet. He is who he is, and this over-rides any small changes in style, or word-count as he had kept true to himself and the five lines.

Haiku Guide to the Inside Passage by Sally Stiles. Peacoat Press:2006 . Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 114 pages, color cover and color photographs throughout, ISBN:1-59872-305-7, \$19.95.

This book takes you from Puget Sound to Skagway, Alaska on a 31-foot trawler via forty stunning photographs and marvelously evocative haiku. You will feel as you have anchored in deep fjords, watched wildlife graze, whales feed, dodge icebergs, and visit First Nation villages. As one reviewer wrote, and I agree, "It's a travelogue, love story and fine poetry collection wrapped in one lovely package."

Sally Stiles is an experienced journalist, fiction writer, and photographer with an MFA in writing from Vermont College. She is now teaching in the continuing education program at the College of William and Mary.

How great it is when a writer of such stature discovers haiku, takes the time to really study and learn the form, and then is able to produce such a haiku-true collection of poetry. Sally Stiles is definitely committed to haiku, she and her husband David even named their boat that made this trip – Haiku. I like to think of the good ship Haiku and all the adventures this still new-to-us form takes us. Just reading Stiles haiku gives the reader the feeling that anyone can be a poet. She makes it look so easy.

As the book sits propped up here on my desk I have looked at the cover for long, enjoyable moments wondering if that illustration is a photo (as it must be) or is it a painting, or should it be a painting? I do not know when a picture has brought me such far away pleasure and engaged me so much. I have also found the haiku to be equally evocative. I love flipping open the book to any page, reading the three haiku and letting their images merge with the photo to the left, and then going back into my day, richer and deeply influenced with dreams and journeys. Whether you are a sailor or not, here is book for your summer trip.

ancestor voices
louder with each beat

Chilkat drums

written by ice
line after slanted line
earth's history

Under the Roan Cliffs - A Collection of Renga, 1994 -2001 by Lorraine E. Harr and Brad Wolthers. Mountains and Rivers Press:2005. Saddle-stapled, 8.5 x 5.5, 52 pages, with computer enhanced photographs by Brad Wolthers. Contact Mountains and Rivers Press, 815 E. 28th Ave., Eugene, OR 97405.

Calmly and serenely these fourteen renga are presented to the reader without an education on renga or Japanese culture. The warm brown cover and cream text pages hint at times past, and the Old West. And indeed, the poems are those of two people who have grown up in the western United States, in small cow towns. There is a treasure of cowboy lore, atmospheres of hot dusty landscapes, and universal feelings.

Part of the old-fashioned feeling of the poems comes from the fact that each of the 36 links of these fourteen renga are written in the strict 5,7,5 and 7,7 syllable count. What a joy to read so many, many excellent haiku and links! What a proof this book is that great writers can follow the syllable count and write excellent links.

I know everyone (almost - it seems) discredits this method of haiku writing by claiming that the verse comes out with too much padding or at least, too much information, but as someone who occasionally gets weary of typesetting a renga link with only two or three words, it is a real joy to let one's mind relax into following links as Harr and Wolthers write them.

Even though Lorraine wrote these renga in her late eighties, and she was the one who stressed the rule that haiku never mentioned sex, notice the sizzle in this exchange from "Drumbeat Moon." Wolther's links are in italic, Harr's in roman.

tales around the campfire
of Crazy Horse and his tribe

along this small creek
a trail that leads to the site
of Little Big Horn

deep in the pine woods searching
for the herb that brings true love

over a cold beer
watching the ladies pass by
in afternoon heat

And notice how they shift and link in this sample, also from "Drumbeat Moon."

the Moon of Green Leaves
thin coyote lays panting
in pecan tree shade

he dreams of prey escaping
recalls prey that he's gotten

and dreams of chickens
some that he's caught and some not -
dog on the farm porch

The subtle shift from coyote in the wild to a dog on the porch is achieved through the images of their shared prey. Because Harr used "prey" twice in her link, Wolthers uses a repeat in his link with "some that he's caught and some not" to support and verify Harr's repeat. No greater kindness can one renga partner do for another. This kind of interaction between the writers quickly approaches a kind of love.

I cannot tell you when I have enjoyed reading renga as much as I enjoy the ones in Under the Roan Cliffs. Today I am firmly convinced we should return to writing 5,7,5 and 7,7 syllable count. The scope and depth these longer verses give a renga are such a welcomed respite from the current methods and styles. Here is another sample, although it is almost criminal to chop up the whole poem by only giving you a taste.

once the team is out of sight
the "sick" mule kicks up its heels

darkened Music Hall
faint country western music
or just ghosts dancing

it's only when the wind blows
the pine trees find their voices

falling from bare boughs
hanging above the grave stones
dewdrops now and then

a cow looks up from grazing
slobber dripping from its lips

Lorraine E. Harr is the founder of the Western World Haiku Society and the author of fifteen books of poetry. Her haiku, senryu, renga, tanka, haibun, free-verse poetry, and children's stories have been widely published in journals, magazines, and newspapers around the world. She died in Portland, Oregon on March 3, 2006.

Brad Wolthers is a poet and photographer living in Hillsboro, Oregon. His work has appeared in numerous publications in the U.S. and abroad. He is the co-author of *Nine Steps: A Japanese Garden in the Fog*, a collection of haiku written with Wilma Erwin. You can find out more about Lorraine Ellis Harr.

THE LIGHT INSIDE ME WILD - Two Book Reviews
Marjorie Buettner

Paperweight for Nothing
by vincent tripi, (Tribe press, 42 Franklin Street , Greenfield , MA 01312)
92 pgs., on Bembo type on Crushed leaf text, illustrated and hand sewn,
\$20 postpaid

I was first attracted to vincent tripi's minimal and mysterious poetry through the journal Hummingbird. His poetry had that magical quality of a Janus: looking ahead and behind at the same time then complimenting the readers by initiating them into his personal vision and wisdom. After reading Paperweight for Nothing, I see once again that same quality in his poetry; it is a poetry--like Janus itself--of transformation, of metamorphosis, and the reader, too, changes at each given phrase, each breath-filled poem. Since Janus symbolizes change and the transition of time past to time future, Paperweight for Nothing epitomizes such transitions. As Emerson says: "listen to the under song the ever old, ever young." tripi's poetry as under song circles around us like a chant, guiding us in the right direction toward new beginnings, toward change.

tripi tells us that "change is your mirror." We cross the intersection of time and transformation and are swept along without recognition, not until, that is, we are forced by some certain circumstance to rest, slow down and then stop, do we then realize the full force and magnitude of this constant motion of time and transformation:

Deathbed . . .
an old friend's imitation
of a firefly

A friend has died . . .
migrating geese
still migrating

(--for Sue Stapleton-Tkach)

We look at our children who wake with a different face everyday; we grow up and old with our parents who precede us in this transformation until they become as diaphanous and translucent as a butterfly on the wing, leading the way. At times we take our own initiative and force a transformation which creates invisibility, force our bodies to accept that change by which it was engendered. We are all transformation's children and we sleep on the bed of those who have died before us.

The evening star . . .

our flower-viewing faces
begin to change

(for Peggy Lyles)

tripi says "all change is wild" while Henry David Thoreau states "all change is a miracle to contemplate." (The Bean Field). Here is a miracle image:

Pine woods . . .
i look for the perfect place
to be a Christmas tree

tripi admits that "We all pass never having spoken enough about death or about poetry." His eulogy for Robert Spiess is the most powerful haiku I have ever read:

Unafraid
of dying
extraordinary sparrow

(In memory of Robert Spiess)

Sometimes it is a matter of knowing intuitively the essence of time, the ripeness of it all; then we need to learn--like the hermit thrush--how to let go:

Hermit thrush . . .
knowing when it's time
for me to go

But time forever is a jealous mistress; wanting us all to herself, she takes away what once belonged to us--leaving a crystallized memory:

Where'd it go?
the young boy's imitation
of a butterfly

(for Nick Baronas)

But tripi gives us a hint of joy when he says 'I hope someday to catch the crystal-bluebird flying. i hope someday to find the light inside me wild.'

Summer sky . . .
the paperweight for nothing
crystal bluebird*

(*a gift from haiku master Charles B. Dickson)

Does not tripi know that these poems verify the fact that he has already captured that "light inside me wild"? This wonderful, necessary gift of a book is illuminating; may it lead you to a deeper, more thoughtful place.

TO TASTE THE RAIN -An Examination of White Flower in the Sky
Marjorie Buettner

White Flower in the Sky by Anna Holley and Aya Yuhki, Published by Banraisya Inc. Japan . 2005. 164 pages. ISBN4-901221-15-9, 5"x6.5", softbound. Available from www.amazon.co.jp and Kinokuniya Bookstores of America Co. , Ltd. \$25.

The essence of collaboration occurs when the boundaries distinguishing the differences between the participants become blurred and ultimately vanish. You see this in old, married couples who have lived together longer than they have lived apart. There is a powerful solidarity which configures an alignment of stars. In White Flower in the Sky, the collaborative correspondence between Anna Holley and Aya Yuhki has engendered a beautiful, creative constellation.

There are ten thematic sections in this collection which dates from July 2000 to December 2004. Not only is this collection founded upon their shared love of tanka, but it is also inspired by their shared ability to see and feel the external world as if it were an extension of themselves, reflecting it back as if they were a still pond mirroring the night sky. Phenomenologically speaking, (as referring to the characterization of sensory experiences of the world and of ourselves) these poets have attuned themselves so deeply with the world that the world becomes alive through their bodies and their bodies are enlivened by the world. They see the world through their bodies, they feel the world through their bodies, they commune with the world through their bodies; it is a phenomenological approach to creativity which does not divide the body from the mind nor the body from the world. In the beginning Anna Holley was inspired by a tanka by Priest Jyakuren. The answer/response from Aya soon followed and the journey began.

what is the color
of loneliness?
pine mountain
in gathering dusk
as rain starts to fall
Anna

a lonely color is
rain on roofs reflecting

evening twilight
this train
has a destination
Aya

Here the sense impressions of the world are mixed and merged; seeing loneliness as a color is a synesthetic experience which unites the poet in a deeper way with intuition. This phenomenological perspective, which to Anna and Aya seems rooted in the way they perceive the world as nondualistic, also becomes, I believe, their inspiring muse. Here Anna's heart is a summer cicada and Aya's becomes the glow of fireflies:

quite unable
to suppress its cry
for lost love
this summer cicada
heart of mine
Anna

silver drops on twigs
the glow of fireflies--
the short summer night
I slept with you
dawns
Aya

Love, too, becomes a palpable growing thing which connects the poets to nature through "scented rain", the "color of butterfly", "wings of a paper crane" and the "brightness of a shooting star":

I let it
soak into me
like love
the scented rain
falling from pines
Anna

I wish
I could dye myself in the color
you like
what color of butterfly
should I become
Aya

one touch
and my heart began
to live
wings of a paper crane
stir in breeze
Anna

in the wake
of a shooting star
a brightness
resembling love
shines in me awhile
Anna

Like love, the absence of love stirs the heart and mind to feel and know. Again, the poem rests on an imaginative, phenomenological perspective of consciousness:

still lonely
as evening comes on
my heart assumes
the shape of a cloud
unmoving over the island
Anna

from my body
on the verge of awakening
a jade-green
higurashi* cicada
seems to have slipped out
Aya

(*clear-toned cicada)

This awareness of the ebb and flow of love and time creates a heart verging on collapse; again the world becomes an extension of the poet's emotional vulnerability:

at dawn

a robust cicada
aftermath of chirping
in the silence
I am manic-depressive
Aya

verging on
a nervous collapse,
inside of me
I hear repeated
a cicada's scream
Anna

It is poetry which ultimately heals the open wound and sets the broken heart. Read these poems as if they were your private, healing balm, then go out and taste the rain.

your raindrop
and my raindrop
become one
to rest on the soft green grass;
honey drops of dew
Aya

HELP! ANYONE DESIRING TO WRITE A BOOK REVIEW?

The month of May is ending and I have still not written reviews for all the books piled by my desk. If anyone out there would be interested in helping me out by reviewing these, please let me know. I would gladly mail you a copy in exchange for a review. Jane

Following the Stonewall by Carol Purington. No. 11 from the Pinch Book Series by vincent tripi with artwork by Merrill A. Gonzales.

but then you danced - tanka by Jeanne Lupton.

Frogments from the Frog Pool by Gary Barwin & Derek Beaulieu. The Mercury Press. \$14.95.

Blonde red Mustang. . . by Art Stein. Slate Roof Publishing. \$11.00.

Amber - dementia haiku by Geert Verebeke. Haiku in Dutch and English.

The Solitude of Cities by Ruth Holzer. Finishing Line Press. \$12.00

Things Just Come Through by Ed Baker. Haiku written in one vertical line with kanji translations.

If Someone Asks. . . Masako Shiki's Life and Haiku. Translations by The Shiki-Kinen Museum English Volunteers with Hindi Translation by Dr. Angelee Deodhar.

Haiku - Anthologie du poème court japonais. Translations of the poems of Japanese Masters into French.

Haiku-heute: Worte fuer die Wolken. Haiku-Jahrbuch 2005. Herausgegeben von Volker Friebel. Wolkenpfad, Tuebingen, 2006, 128 Seiten, 11,00 Euro, ISBN" 3-936487-08-1

PARTICIPATION Renga

BLACKOUT

Rule: 3 / 2lines alternating

ending with 12 links

Theme: loss, frustration, deprivation

after the blackout

eating all the ice cream quickly

before the power returns Gene Doty

no light plenty quiet JMB

loud mouthed the talking scales CC

automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD

condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR

discarded in the fallen leaves - a moment of passion GD

the budding tree reminds him of her JR

dropping puzzle pieces in her lap a picture forms GD

in swaddling clothes the calendar girl FPA

low-cut jeans

reveal the dragon –

faded tattoo GD

~&~

after the blackout

eating all the ice cream quickly

before the power returns Gene Doty

no light plenty quiet JMB

loud mouthed the talking scales CC

hear the wasps walking on your hat JMB

she says I am glad your eyes don't sting WR

Back for the Louvre - I'm asked if I've met the Mona Lisa FPA
the mile spread behind her hips JMB
in the meadow we can build a snowman FPA

harbored
perhaps the chord of a scheme
in cat eyes WR

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
sensory deprivation chamber unplugged CC
black air feeding from the dark an owl WR
waterfront beacon Maigret's pipe FPA
the glow that doesn't warm a ho's smile JR
at the distance it seems two who won't come closer WR

sea slug
wedge of
waning moon FPA

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
a magnet breaks into two equal magnets CF
one blitz only then no more light after radiation WR
trying to understand nations why anyone would drop a bomb JR
allergic skin flushes under the mistletoe FPA

"Kiss me, I'm Irish"
-her surprised blush GD

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
a magnet breaks into two equal magnets CF
one blitz only then no more light after radiation WR
trying to understand nations why anyone would drop a bomb JR
even blasted we smile back at you TSP

time giving in with
the pull of a kite WR

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
hear the wasps walking on your hat JMB
she says I am glad your eyes don't sting WR
Back for the Louvre - I'm asked if I've met the Mona Lisa FPA
in my pocket, a snapshot as a warm day's reminder CM
digital image crumbling by pixels – memory crash GD
sand changes its structure I feel the vibrations WR

tornado warning:
siren's looping wails
frighten the dog GD

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR
discarded in the fallen leaves - a moment of passion GD
washed into dawn I am holding on to half a moon WR
that's Jupiter dancing in and out; the moon's horns GD
she says my call is offered under siege WR

hostage negotiator
the coil of the phone
cord tightens CC

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
sensory deprivation chamber unplugged CC
black air feeding from the dark an owl WR
Luggage steaming in the bush JMB
home to mother warm iron in her travel bag CC
in a cold bed a hot brick slowly cools GD

darkness invisible
my foot in
the chamber pot CC

"lest we forget. . ."
purple poppies
plastic FPA

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV
the term "mother" names cover them JR
faces out of the pages of history – carved out of a mountain face FPA
lost in the voice mail tree surrounded by questions GD

glove teal
ventriloquist tells
a tall story FPA

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
stuck in traffic again dancing alone CF
land locked the wave I hear on cliffs WR
finding a key made of sand JR
we furnish the room in the kelp castle a sunbeam the bed WR
in the darkness between covers, we dream GD

in the white of beaches
night-black steps WR

~&~

after the blackout
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before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR
discarded in the fallen leaves - a moment of passion GD
washed into dawn I am holding on to half a moon WR
pale sky waits for a cloud to paint its silver lining FPA
dawn comes to a world of rain dropPING jr

osprey lifts with prey
dripping their reflections FPA

~&~

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no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV
the term "mother" names cover them JR
attached she sends me a koan plus a virus WR
opening the attachment – nothing displays but the code GD

fogging the empty screen
no sound of drumming fingers WR

~&~

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before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
a magnet breaks into two equal magnets CF
one blitz only then no more light after radiation WR
trying to understand nations why anyone would drop a bomb JR
spirit so simple only the mind gets confused CF

snake house
speaking in whispers FPA

~&~

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before the power returns Gene Doty
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dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV
the term "mother" names cover them JR
attached she sends me a koan plus a virus WR
"The moon sets at midnight I walk alone" Shoushan meta

the wealth sack
shadows carved in stone
light to carry FPA

~&~

after the blackout
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no light plenty quiet JMB

dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV
the term "mother" names cover them JR
attached she sends me a koan plus a virus WR
decades old now? computer message haiku CC

food bowl
cat's date of birth added
in calligraphy FPA

~&~

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before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR
sticky shoulders beneath the shirt JMB
rest of an evening I hear the late hours' call from other faces WR
jovial voice & frank talk at the fire-eater's table FPA
the prayer shirt I wear tonight lights up WR

road through curfew covered
in fallen leaves FPA

~&~

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unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD
the ocean and the suburban both homeless GV
the term "mother" names cover them JR
attached she sends me a koan plus a virus WR
two turtle doves & a partridge in a pear tree FPA

opened Christmas card
the squeaky music of my past
from a tiny computer JR

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
sensory deprivation chamber unplugged CC
black air feeding from the dark an owl WR
Luggage steaming in the bush JMB
home to mother warm iron in her travel bag CC
naked on the window the face of younger dreams WR

speechless before him
my voice recedes
to a point of light JR

GENTLY WIPING DUST

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 100 lines

Theme: impermanence, transitoriness

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game RF
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC

richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
neither shrinking nor growing my 8-track collection CC
returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA
the sandstone nose washing away JMB
on a postscript warned of insomnia waves pound a hunter's moon FPA
my old manual the barely legible letters CC
h lf wh t e s id w as it ching JMB
literacy job applicant the misspelled words CC

seasonal sign
along the interstate:
"grape's for sell" GD

~*~

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father and son pause for a long moment RF
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ

SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting down the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
was never very good at math MHH
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking out GD
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH
even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth! dht
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA
mackerel clouds reach every horizon piling the sea JR
broken thermometer poisonous mercury scatters everywhere JAJ
driving through a school zone spray of sparrows RF
waiting at the end of the block police speed trap JAJ
another hole in the cheese CC
small tear in the yellowed love letter folded, refolded cg
anthrax scare the office smart-aleck CC
we go to bed goose pimples appear wanted WR
bare feet find the linoleum CC
grano coffee ground heel thought JMB
sijo* jogging his memory in Central Park CC
as night falls still the fires of the two towers WR
unfiltered dust the masks of the rescue workers CC
disaster on TV close the windows GD
leaping the fence every pocket filled with apples CC
inclined to follow paw prints of a cat WR
excited the dog sniffs the grass in a widening circle GD
that voice is time unraveling CF

pink azaleas
a "sweater girl"
pops a button CC

fastidious
clowns as they dine
on lobster FPA

~*~

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grano coffee ground heel thought JMB
sijo* jogging his memory in Central Park CC
as night falls still the fires of the two towers WR
unfiltered dust the masks of the rescue workers CC
disaster on TV close the windows GD
leaping the fence every pocket filled with apples CC
inclined to follow paw prints of a cat WR
beckoning me the curl of a tale CC
sleep images lead around a story GD

Restless Leg Syndrome
Twitchy

Ricardo CC

~*~

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battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game RF
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
patchouli reek his receding ponytail GD
rainbowed the new bag of rubber bands CC
round and round the vase roses CF
steps I make moon by moon without sandals WR
in the direction of a skein of geese FPA

morning meadow a herd of sheep making an ewe turn CC
rockin' merrily around the Christmas tree FPA

linoleum
worn through by the wheels
of a tricycle GD

neither egret
nor heron
the paper bag CC

~*~

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fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg

watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
it's Sunday morning dear stop – I am praying WR
lectionary's faded pages, cross references GD
trivia in the junk shop letters in medieval script FPA
under the bunk a trunkful of playbills CC
spiders and a french-fry sticky dust JMB
one of those guys who needs to have a snack afterwards JR
it was all so clear when a cardboard box was a spaceship CF

36-hole golf course
in my back yard CC

~*~

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mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
bubblegum smack across her face JAJ
wiping her feet at heaven's gate Pat Shelley CC
"wind do not muss my hair" calm skies on the day of her death JR
the dropped marble rolls out of sight GD
Lew Marie: "Give me Marvin Gardens, or give me death!" CC
eminent domain: dog cringing from master's foot GD
bouncing off the rim clipped toenail CC
says she hates cobwebs the cleaning lady FPA
guests leaving she stays with pearls WR
idling engine I restart it CC
hybrids have it up the hill a standstill WR
ooo's and ahhh's my new rhyming dictionary CC

looking through
my slang dictionary
for the right word GD

~*~

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old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
neither shrinking nor growing my 8-track collection CC
returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA
the sandstone nose washing away JMB
on a postscript warned of insomnia waves pound a hunter's moon FPA
my old manual the barely legible letters CC
tombstone script mostly turned to dust only vowels remain GD
a mountain quail leaves with its call its shadow WR

movement
in the yard at midnight:
shadows of shadows GD

without a real spring
summer, then
autumn, returns CC

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG

breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game RF
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
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dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
neither shrinking nor growing my 8-track collection CC
returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA
the sandstone nose washing away JMB
oh-oh-oh snuff-snuff-snuffle caShoo GD
the red moon pales as it rises above the pollution GD
brownout at the chocolate factory CC

girls giggling
fingers between each other's
hairy shoulder blades WR

~*~

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watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
it's Sunday morning dear stop – I am praying WR
lectionary's faded pages, cross references GD
trivia in the junk shop letters in medieval script FPA
Friar Tuck's lost shopping list a new habit GD
from rich to poor the feathered arrow CC
cutting in halves the flesh of cherry trees WR
autopsy table body of the coroner CC

buying a dish
automatically erasing
the News WR

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ

last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
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smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
egg cases the spiders left under the dresser drawers GD
a card a match tooth a whisker french fry JMB
borrowed words we never return JR
a call to silence - the sound of a hammer on the anvil FPA
whispered prayers the death of a Pope CC
taken from me by a soap bubble the face of water WR
the reality mirror we know better than to accept as reality jr

one with
a hairpin along
the pale new moon WR

evening chill
reflections settle themselves
on the water FPA

SWARMING

6-word links on the Theme: swarming
18 links

storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
that I couldn't count to six JMB
a handful of ideas to touch JR
cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR
fire extinguished but seldom blown out WR
the poem submitted to another contest JR
the words reversed the title air JMB
ignores DOG Santa enters the garden FPA

earthly god giving until it hurts JR

~&~

storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
that I couldn't count to six JMB
a handful of ideas to touch JR
cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR
fire extinguished but seldom blown out WR
the poem submitted to another contest JR
"Hm," she says, "another honorable mention." CC
a "horrible mention" he corrects her JR

teacher runs out of red ink CC

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
the hokku with one thousand links GD
fantasies given hydraulic help by pills JR
the brain curves vertical landing fields WR
past the headache's light the wall JMB
the witty wife's world wide witchery WR
Scrabble game I shuffle seven consonants CC
tarot dealer cheating again hides Death GD
we dress to gamble in Vegas WR

that special ensemble for the dance GD

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
the hokku with one thousand links GD
fantasies given hydraulic help by pills JR
the brain curves vertical landing fields WR
sci-fic novels pile by my bed JR
chewing then choking yellow sea slugs WR
face in plate a dripping spiral JMB
cool moon wears a bright halo FPA
plastic sun-burst clock clicking dark minutes GD
the automobile license plate: "BUS STOP " CC

photos of poets crazed by light GD

~&~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
deafening the music of your eyes CC
we'll swim until death parts us WR
center of the storm – paradise island JR
cosmic beach Milky Way all lit FPA
flaring match lights the electric bill CC
no moon standing between wind chimes CF
a sound in the dark – bright JR
clouds seeing us as curious animals CF

Reincarnation – the trip around the block JR

~&~

storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
that I couldn't count to six JMB
a handful of ideas to touch JR
cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR
fire extinguished but seldom blown out WR
the poem submitted to another contest JR
county fair winners and losers cry GD
halls decked with bows of holly FPA

or Holly Hall decked by beaus JR

~&~

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

water the window dry the face JMB
deafening the music of your eyes CC
we'll swim until death parts us WR
center of the storm – paradise island JR
cosmic beach Milky Way all lit FPA
flaring match lights the electric bill CC
no moon standing between wind chimes CF
pretend the wind and power vanished CC
trees trash leaves into the street GD

in a dirt hole – clean gophers JR

VANILLA RENGA

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

~&~

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

the chocolate and strawberry
carefully removed CC

on her back
running down the spine
whipped cream WR

Reddi or not
here I come! CC

sundae or son day
a confusion of words
is my delight JR

the players argue:
who cut the cheese? GD

barking spiders
the raspberry sound
joins laughter JR

~&~

smoothing the sea

sunset's metallic gold
hammered flat Jane Reichhold

the chocolate and strawberry
carefully removed CC

on her back
running down the spine
whipped cream WR

Reddi or not
here I come! CC

sundae or son day
a confusion of words
is my delight JR

country store checkerboard
between two barrels CC

old men's lies
about fish never caught
women not kissed JR

~&~

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

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling
junk mail
a new poem JR

plagiarized
punch line CC

copycats
serving the drink designed
by Martha Stewart JR

"The quality of mercy
is not strained, -"etc., etc. FPA

furrin accent
my kingdom
for a hearse CC

mid-summer breeze
Snowman's sneeze FPA

it'snot rain
the clatter of hailstones
on the window JR

John Stewart
practicing
his "spit take" CC

~&~

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

Firestone shredding
its tread CC

grating cheese
on the chopped vegetables
April lunchtime GD

Hellman's left
in the fridge CC

squeeze-bottle
collapsed on its
sticky innards GD

smell circles outward
from the skunk roadkill JR

the perimeter
if where I boxed
myself in CC

the bright light of opportunity
comes in the shine of gold JR

still at the death bed
eyebrows

waving from a surfer WR

~&~

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

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

garden's old pond
goldfish round a blue moon FPA

where Basho
once walked all night
tourists JR

a monarch
on the golf course FPA

still in awe
even when it is only
a butterfly JR

Christmas fires
long fickle drought CF

fruitwood
ablaze with blossoms
even when cut JR

~&~

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

coin awakes

pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

garden's old pond
goldfish round a blue moon FPA

where Basho
once walked all night
tourists JR

a monarch
on the golf course FPA

still in awe
even when it is only
a butterfly JR

tv buffet
everything so tempting CC

black out
I fantasize about white men's
hungry dreams WR

~&~

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

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

catch –
the door bell
and hers mingling WR

soles of sleep
pooled beneath JMB

the knitted sleeve
mended with knurled fingers

the same old dream JR

on my winter window
breath becomes frozen thistles WR

the flower
you bring me only
at night JR

on her back tattooed
fruits I dare to touch WR

smiling
she offers a taste
of her peach GD

~&~

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

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

once before when two
alone felt united WR

he said
"your enemy is my friend"
and smiled JR

swabbed off its flank
lion's anesthetic pinch FPA

best part of the show
the film begins with the roar
of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer JR

better haiku if . . .
I only had a brain CC

scarecrow and the tin man
between them the wisdom

of the natural world JR

~&~

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

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling
junk mail
a new poem JR

plagiarized
punch line CC

copycats
serving the drink designed
by Martha Stewart JR

a chip in
the china plate CC

the sake cup
made valuable by the crack
gold-filled JR

out of organic tea
we watch the neighbor sniffle WR

her woes
from kids to money
all gone bad JR

~&~

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

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling
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a new poem JR

plagiarized
punch line CC

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serving the drink designed
by Martha Stewart JR

a chip in
the china plate CC

the sake cup
made valuable by the crack
gold-filled JR

Rudolph the red nosed-reindeer
one foggy Christmas Eve guides FPA

the idea of gift-giving
learned from the three wise men
paid for with plastic JR

~&~

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

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

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junk mail
a new poem JR

plagiarized
punch line CC

copycats
serving the drink designed
by Martha Stewart JR

a chip in
the china plate CC

the sake cup
made valuable by the crack
gold-filled JR

four lanes of interstate
heading north CC

roads
leading us along as if
they knew something JR

WHEELING ALONG
5-liners, verse or prose
ends with 12 links

&

a wheel keeps spinning
the hamster long dead
on its path
on my path
an inaudible breeze WR

closing eyes
against the sea that
swallows the sun
the ache of being diminished
by a most marvelous day JR

following
dotted lines
another mile closer
to my daughter's
final flight CC

I wanted to enter light
so I am planting a wildfire
and everywhere mad
there's hardly anything left
a sudden rain sweeps up petals JR

rifled pages
of our open books
all the places
we continue to go
in our memories

(for Nancy Pearl and Theodor Geisel) CC

I see the color questions
unfurling in fern tops
pearl drops
the moon face
giving in WR

~&~

a wheel keeps spinning
the hamster long dead
on its path
on my path
an inaudible breeze WR

bands spiral by
the bright round moon
languid luminosities
whisper of
the coming storm EL

opens our eyes
with a wake of destruction
flooding
left by the hurricane
seems to be endless tears JR

Astrodome
a sea of cots
but back in Louisiana
the slow-moving tsunami
of budget cuts CC

just talk-words
seeping into the evening
childhood again
that man's hands on me
unable to speak still JR

~&~

a wheel keeps spinning
the hamster long dead
on its path

on my path
an inaudible breeze WR

April 15
hardly any time
left to meet
the deadline
for links CC

with poems
paying my taxes
the IRS
has nothing to do with
a goddess named Iris JR

flying
on wings of five lines
I expect landing
on noh grounds
the verse without me WR

see how she flies
and bestrides the dogmatic realm
of suffering
in infinite space where rays diverge
I'll move like cautious sunlight – open JR

FINIS