

LYNX  
A Journal for Linking Poets

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**SOLO POETRY** by Edward Baranosky, Tony Beyer, Debra Woolard Bender, Marjorie Buettner, David Livingstone Clink, Gerard J. Conforti, Melissa Dixon, Betty Kaplan, Hatsue Kawamura trans. by Amelia Fielden; Gary LeBel, Sheila E. Murphy, Hans Reddingius, Jane Reichhold, Richard Stevenson, Linda Jeannette Ward, Bill West and TANKA by John Barlow, Richard Cody, dennis dutton, Sanford Goldstein, Lorraine E. Harr, Momi Kam Holifield, Ruth Holzer, Elizabeth Howard, Jean Jorgensen, Kirsty Karkow, Christopher Patchel, Francine Porad, Alexis K. Rotella, Elizabeth St Jacques, R. K. Singh, Marc Thompson, Karen Weisman, Bill West, Jane E. Wilson

**Books Reviewed:**

Through a Dewdrop, a collection of haiku, senryu and tanka by Leonardo Alishan. Dimmed the Mystery by Janice M. Bostok. Homework by Tom Clausen. The Best of the Electronic Poetry Network, edited by Carlos Colón, Barbara Verrett Moore, Jeffrey L. Salter, and the staff of Shreve Memorial Library. In the Margins of the Sea by Christopher Herold. A Frayed Red Thread - tanka love poems by Linda Jeannette Ward. Love Haiku: Masajo Suzuki's Lifetime of Love, translated by Lee Gurga & Emiko Miyashita. The HAIKU Calendar 2001. Along the Way, by Garry Gay. Vershuivend Landschap by Silva Ley. water by Chris Mulhern. My Asakusa – Coming of Age in Pre-war Tokyo, a memoir by Sadako Sawamura translated by Norman E. Stafford and Yasuhiro Kawamura; acorn book of contemporary haiku, edited by Lucien Stryk and Kevin Bailey.

Letters by: John Barlow, Marc Thompson , Carol Purington, Richard Stevenson, Hans Reddingius, The Netherlands. Francine Porad

**Participation Renga** by AB - Alice Benedict; CC - Carlos Colón; CF - Vikki Maldonado; CG - Cindy Guntherman; CSK - Carol Stroh Kemp; dht - Doris H. Thurston; DR - David Rice; DWP - Darrel W. Parry; EF - Eric Folsom; ESJ - Elizabeth St Jacques; FA - Fay Aoyagi, FP - Francine Porad; FPA - Francis (Paul) Attard; GD - Gene Doty; GM - Giselle Maya; GR - George Ralph; JAJ - Jean Jorgensen; JC - Jeanne Cassler; JMB - John M. Bennett; JR - Jane Reichhold; JS - John Sheirer; JSJ - Joyce Sandeen Johnson; KCL - Kenneth C. Leibman; LCG - Larry Gross; LE - Lesley Einer; LJ - Lael Johnson; MHH - Madeline Hoffer; ML - Minna Lerman; MM - Marianne Marks; MWM - Mary Wittry-Mason; N - Nika; NA -Nasira Alma; PC - Penny Crosby; PGC - Pamela Connor; PJS - P.J. Sharpe; PS - Pat Shelley; R - Ronan; RF - Robert Flannery; SCH - Suzette Hains, SD - Simon Doubleday; SMC - Steve McComas; TLG - Terri Lee Grell; TV - Teresa Volz; TW - Tundra (Jim Wilson) Wind; WR - Werner Reichhold; YH - Yvonne Hardenbrook; ZP - Zane Parks

## SYMBIOTIC POETRY

### IS THIS THE END

Brendan Ryan (age 8, Charnwood, England)  
Debra Woolard Bender (Orlando, Florida, USA)

paper  
hand or machine made  
all the same

blizzard predicted  
one glove misplaced

trucks upturned  
sirens wail  
is this the end?

head over heels  
that dry tumbleweed

desert sun  
dry and harsh  
snakes slither

under closed curtains  
a black tail twitches

my watchdog  
barking a message  
to the postman

a hawk flies

through a shaft of light

dustnotes  
between shadows  
faint echoes

musical noises  
in the chamber

hurricane  
a myriad  
washed up shells

crowds  
block the High Street

broken  
a plane falls  
engines blown

pieces of moon  
trickle through raindrops

puddle  
dirty boots  
splashed clean

on grandma's laundry  
imprints of clothespins

woodpeckers  
said to be here  
but none to be seen

two mice peer  
from a hill of sawdust

completed 11-4-00

~\*~

Excerpts from a work-in-progress by Sir Sidney Weinstein and Hugh Bygott  
**LOST THOUGHTS OF WAR RETURN: A DIARY OF THE MIND**  
Sir Sidney Weinstein

San Francisco, January 1943, Journey of a Naive Warrior: Boxing Matches Aboard Troopship

Tanka 56

troopships five decks deep  
canvas cots stacked like cord wood  
hour long lines for food ~  
zigzag to escape the subs  
where to - Down Under to fight

#### Tanka 57

demonstrate manhood  
enter ship boxing matches  
and win several ~  
he hopes he will earn respect -  
but respect is not earned

#### Tanka 58

men do not follow -  
leaders are not created  
men identify ~  
men may follow whom they know,  
not who has ability

#### Tanka 59

where, when will we fight  
we are not told where - just wait  
Sydney - New Guinea ~  
island hopping, beach landing  
march, lock and load, aim, shoot, kill

#### Tanka 60

Townsville, Australia  
is this where the fight begins?  
ready to go North ~  
north is where Japanese are  
we will soon get to meet them

After a few months in the Army, I knew I had to bolster my reputation as being tough, which I had demonstrated by several successful fist fights with some rednecks who felt that a New York college boy was fair game for bullying. If I could prove that this was not so, I had a chance of being left alone; fortunately, it worked.

Several thousand men with nothing to do aboard a ship must have some diversion, and so the officers arranged some boxing matches to keep us occupied. I used the opportunity and volunteered to fight, listing my weight as welterweight. The results of the starvation rations aboard ship brought my weight down several pounds and so I was actually lighter than the 147 pounds that I weighed when I boxed in college; but since there was no scale aboard ship, I registered as a welterweight. I recall being stunned at the sight of my first opponent as he entered the ring. He clearly weighed considerably more than I

did, and the referee stopped him cold before we got to the center of the ring, and blasted him, "Hey, what the hell do you weigh?"

My prospective opponent, obviously a large heavyweight, muttered something about weighing about 200 or so. The referee, one of the divisional officers, who apparently had some experience, asked him, "What the hell are you doing in the ring against a welterweight? You weigh fifty pounds more than him." He looked sheepishly at the referee and answered that he was taking his buddy's place who had changed his mind and decided not to fight. The referee just shook his head in disbelief and announced that the fight was off. He waved his arms from side to side indicating that the fight was canceled and gestured for us to leave the ring, but the crowd, unaware of the reason for the cancellation, and sensing that they were going to be deprived of entertainment, started to boo loudly.

I felt pressured by the crowd so, foolishly, instead of allowing the ref to cancel the match, which would have given me a win because of default by my original opponent, I told the ref that I would fight him. He seemed shocked and asked whether I was sure, because the guy was indeed considerably larger. I assured him I could handle him, and so he permitted us to fight; that eliminated the pressure from the protesting crowd, and they cheered. The referee should never have allowed a welterweight to be in the same ring as a super heavyweight, but perhaps as the referee, he felt he could prevent mayhem if it appeared that I was likely to be badly hurt.

I decided not to adopt a "slugging" approach - this guy was too big, and had to be avoided. I couldn't risk being hit by him, so I boxed him skillfully and remained untouched by him, while I rhythmically worried his face with jabs. I won the fight easily, and, as my hand was raised in victory, I could peer about and see that the observers from my own company, all sitting at ring side, were cognizant of my easy win. I was pleased since they would realize I would not be easily bullied, since I did not retreat and beat a much larger opponent.

The next day, our first Sergeant encountered me on the deck and upbraided me for not shaving. He was always alert to find fault with me, but I countered that I had volunteered to box and represent our company, and fighters never shave before boxing since it leaves their skin vulnerable to cuts. He seemed surprised, but had no reply except to say I would have had to shave after my match. I argued, however, that if I won the next match, there would still be one more the next day and I wouldn't be able to shave for that one as well. I rubbed in my former victory and the possibility that I would win even another, and he walked off sullen.

The second fight was with a very fast opponent who was the same weight, but who had only a single form of defense: He only ducked to his left. After the first round, I decided I would feint broadly and swing a hard right in the direction where I predicted his head would be. I hit him hard, he staggered, and barely recovered, so I coasted to an easy win.

My third match was against one of the men in my own company, Larry Larragoite, a pleasant guy from the New Mexico, and neither of us felt much like fighting each other, but after the first very passive round, the referee sensed our reluctance and admonished us to engage. We picked up the pace although we didn't punch hard, and despite my loss in a close decision, the advantages of being seen entering the ring, and my willingness to fight enhanced my immunity from the bullies who were reluctant to engage men who did not retreat.

## **The Philosopher's Response to Sir Sidney Weinstein:**

Hugh Bygott

The question of military leadership has exercised the minds of strategists, historians, and philosophers for centuries. A man I respect for his quality as a field commander and as a professional soldier was Lieutenant-General Adachi Hatazo. He was born in Tokyo in 1890 into a family with samurai traditions. There was refinement about him as well as the ruggedness of a soldier. He wrote tanka and was skilled in calligraphy as well as being an expert in karate and kendo-. He graduated from the Tokyo Military Academy in 1910 and from the War College in 1922 becoming a member of the Japanese Army General Staff in 1925. He was made a lieutenant general in November 1942, and took command of the Japanese Eighteenth Army in New Guinea. He had to leave immediately for the war zone and could not attend his wife's funeral.

New Guinea was one of the major battle grounds of World War II with immense suffering on both sides. Adachi was a brave soldier, but the battles read as a litany of defeats: Buna, Gona, Salamaua, Wewak, Lae, Hansa Bay, Rabaul and Aitape. He surrendered at Cape Wom in August 1945, and was sentenced to life imprisonment. The incontestable facts of atrocities involving the Eighteenth Army are there, but he argued innocence for himself and for his senior commanders. However, there is an inexorable logic in all armies at war, whether at Agincourt or Aitape, shown beautifully in Shakespeare's Henry V. Silence of generals condones the crimes of the least soldier. This must not be allowed to impugn Adachi's skill, daring, compassion for his soldiers and his own willingness to lead from the front, and to endure hardship for the sake of his troops. He committed suicide in his prison cell at Manus Island on the 10th of September 1947.

There are two swords in the magnificent War Memorial in Canberra. The first, Adachi's personal sword is a shin-gunto- of possible date 1511, although this date may be doubtful. The second is also a fine sword of 1596 forging style. It also is a shin-gunto- but is a sword from one of Adachi's senior officers.

\*\*\*\*\*

From Lieutenant-General Adachi's Last Will and Testament.

[Gavin Long, The Final Campaigns. Australian War Memorial; Canberra, 1963; p 342.]

"I have demanded perseverance far exceeding the limit of endurance of my officers and men, who when exhausted succumbed to death like flowers falling in the winds. Only the gods know how I felt when I saw them dying but at that time I made up my mind not to set foot on my country's soil again. I will remain a clod of earth in the Southern Seas with my 100,000 officers and men, even if a time should come when I would be able to return to my country in triumph."

One can only imagine this man's anguish. His wife and daughter had both died after long illnesses. He had failed the Emperor. After a lifetime of service all his world had come to nothing.

Kata-uta

In the cell's darkness,  
Bitter thoughts my companions:  
My death my only honour.

## **FAT TUESDAY**

Carlos Colón  
Nan Dozier

overnight crew  
a couple of pepperoni  
in the gold paint

last year's beads  
on the utility line

fairy-tale float  
pink taffeta trails  
silly string

doubloon  
beneath the hand  
under my foot

for midnight  
burning palms

a cross  
thumbed across  
my forehead

## **TANRENGA**

Ellen Compton  
Carol Purington

walking the dirt road  
house-builders hammer  
the quiet  
around the next bend  
violets wait

~\*~

shimmering  
through light and shadow  
wind chime song  
dissonance  
of sudden rain

~\*~

a scarlet leaf  
tangles in her tangled black hair . . .  
the Indian-old trail  
his footsteps startle  
the red-wing

~\*~

moon dark . . .  
in the driftwood ash  
a spark snaps  
afraid to turn away  
from the story-teller's face

~\*~

the first crocus -  
floating its whiteness  
in a jade ashtray  
windows open  
to the scent of April rain

~\*~

leafless, the curve  
of this walnut branch  
dusted with snow  
tracks circling my house  
bear-size . . . cub-size

### **PICTURES IN THE ALBUM**

betty kaplan (USA)  
max verhart (Netherlands)  
sue mill (Australia)

colors of summer  
the salamander  
jumping leaf to leaf

no sound louder than  
the beating of my heart

flag-stoned cloister  
sandaled feet  
shuffle past

children run about

sand castle knocked down!

the circle of tents  
lit by Chinese lanterns  
and the moon

in the pumpkin field  
a straggle of dried-up vines

Halloween eve  
on my porch I put  
a cut-out grin

and yet another nosegay  
anonymously left behind

her youngest son-  
she hopes this marriage  
will succeed

ripe fruit in the orchard  
the saplings they planted

with every step  
my backpack gets heavier  
- stolen apples

dangling from his wrist  
shiny handcuffs

shattered dreams  
smolder in the hearth  
cold moon

shadows move all over  
the snow covered garden

Indian burial ground  
artifacts  
lie forgotten

gift shop in the museum  
looking for remembrances

centuries old  
spring flowers on canvas  
as fresh as today

overslept-

another night on the town

from the roof tops  
morning mist  
rises slowly

on the slope of the mountain  
recovering my breath

sitting at his bedside-  
the soft hiss  
of the ventilator

he plays the shakuhachi  
enchanted, we listen

a silent waterfall  
in a soundless forest  
on her folding fan

a cool iron  
for my old Hawai'ian shirt

reliving  
pictures in the album  
their honeymoon

a nod here a smile there  
I keep my envy hidden

chiaroscuro-  
between the trunks  
shafts of sunlight

a reflection of my face  
upside down in the dark lake

caught  
behind black branches -  
the moon

tied to the car hood  
an eight point stag

on a hunt  
for mushrooms  
he finds the largest

star spangled sky

infinity everywhere

on my wall  
a faded poster  
of James Dean

she saves his valentine  
in her diary

on the pages  
cherry blossoms  
gently fall

fragrant breeze  
calling me home

## **FILM SCENARIOS 2**

by Richard Kostelanetz with

### **STAGE DIRECTIONS**

by Werner Reichhold

A lady novelist, expecting to get enough material for a book, when she visits distant royalty, finds herself imprisoned without paper or pen, let alone a writing machine, in a cold castle.

[3 five minutes scenes, each of them alternately produced by different filmmakers.]

A failed playwright, who is nonetheless successful at writing pornography, purchases a new grandiose apartment that he thinks will fulfill all of his fantasies.

[The colors change in response to the escalating plot or spectators can change colors by remote control.]

A theatrical agent, with more than uncommon success as a Casanova, gets his come-uppance when he lusts after a new client whom he discovers is his daughter from a long- forgotten marriage.

[The scenario is run also at the theater's ceiling on which a religious Renaissance painting and alternately, a painting by Francis Bacon, "The Pope", is projected.]

A female gas station attendant tries to help two out-of-state burglars on the lam, in exchange from promised cut of their loot and maybe some affection as well.

[Two almost similar scenes are run but with significant different cuts]

A doctor accused of murdering a colleague goes underground, where he accidentally comes across a gang of drug dealers whose arrest he initiates without jeopardizing his situation.

[Using a second projector and screen space on the left side, part of the private home live of all the

actors involved are screened in.]

A family engages in elaborate debates over whether to emigrate, which they eventually decide not to do.

[From time to time, with intervals of seven seconds a computer cuts out the persons. The screen is then blank, only the actors' voices go on recorded.]

At the door of a mansion arrives a handsome woman, surprising its elderly occupants, claiming that she is widow of their dead son.

[1) The dialogs are physically spoken, film running with almost no sound. 2) Dialogs spoken but the scenes are cut into stills. 3) Dialogs presented with sign-language, scenes partly with sound going on, partly not]

An American inheriting an African plantation trains chimpanzees to harvest his crops.

[On the screen's space, the dimensions of the stage or alternately, the dimensions of the acting persons or animals are altered (they appear much too small or much too big in relation to their surroundings.)]

The clients of a small boarding school discover that their headmaster is a sadist and his stuff is no more sympathetic.

[The actors are native white skins or alternately, the natives have dark skins.]

A horny young teacher rents one room of his apartment to a homely young woman from the provinces and another to an experienced male seducer.

[2 screens: on one of them the actors appear naked, on the other one the actors are dressed in Victorian style.]

A girl caught in a hurricane is rescued by a mysterious stranger who, his pet ocelot notwithstanding, turns out to be a champion fencer with whom she falls in love, the pet notwithstanding.

[The actions are repeated, but with different dialogs. The actors' gene analysis appears on a second small screen together with a diagnosis obtained from seventeen doctors.]

An American spy crashes his plane into a potentate's palace at the same time that his girl friend, working as a reporter, arrives to do an interview.

[In a close-up swing along the boss' dining room one almost certainly can identify detectors and video cameras.]

The governess' daughter supports the musical studies of his mistress's ungrateful son.

[During the performance different kinds of incense are fogging the theater.]

Academic archeologists, falling down a shaft, find themselves in a world unlike any described in the accepted professional literature.

[The scenes of the film are interrupted by the playwright herself, a former dancer, who shows her motives for the invention of this drama only by gestures and gesticulations.]

A gambler and his granddaughter admit into their lives a miserly dwarf whose machinations make them miserable.

[The scene is filmed in negative black and white film and alternately in positive film material, so all whites dark or visa versa.]

Two mannish lesbians living on an isolated farm are frightened by the arrival of a wandering seaman.

[The screen appears as a wave-like construction, moves slightly to both sides, always parts of the film out of focus. Then, the scenery changes inconspicuously and two homosexual men are frightened by the arrival of a wandering nymph.]

A lady detective ingeniously exposes a fake female spiritualist.

[The material is collaged in a way that every twenty seconds the scene is repeated in slow motion so one can check again on what has happened during this private investigation.]

Two gangsters out to kill each other are disarmed by a little girl and her winsome dog.

[The same scene is filmed three times: before a luxurious hotel in Los Angeles, in the heat of an oasis between pyramids in the desert, and in a Zoo.]

## **SCARECROWS**

Silva Ley

Jacques Verhoeven

Written 01-11- 2000, at the Museum of Arts 'De Beyerd', Breda, The Netherlands, while visiting an exhibition about the subject 'scarecrow'.

as human beings  
as many, in all sizes -  
scarecrows

the farmer goes home  
a shovel and a carcass left

the wind awakes it  
over a green haze of germs  
Priapus' protection

squalls tug at his sleeves  
he bends among the stalks

children pick up stones  
try to hit his bulbous head  
his defense is air

half hidden faded rags  
coincided nature

banners on tall poles  
welcome to feathered creatures  
fright and terror past

the sower is the ruler  
attack him in a swarm

after a sound sleep  
lazy escape in wooden shoes  
sad movements

a rambler under his coat  
black wings, the drunken fit

waylayers driven off  
the flight not understood  
food somewhere else

former mother of the corn  
an open paradise

procession of old trousers  
white mechanical pipings  
where is the air-gun?

the birds fly higher  
a cockpit, a deathblow

freaks in spotlight  
uneasiness as amusements  
a fair in town

witches foretell future  
noxious nutrition

sparrow, dog with walker  
skittish townsmen  
whirring scooters

forty sorts of deluxe rolls  
deep freeze pigeon breasts

defenseless symbol  
the war statues replaced  
a red heart in cloth

a murdering pursuit-race  
dreams of palls and coffins

never winter clothes  
blood circulation of rain  
rheuma by snow

water ripples in the furrows  
shivers in ploughed slopes

sun in his blind eye  
put upright in springtime  
a new flossy wig

a rest in the treetops  
haiku set to music

St. John's bonfires blaze  
brass bands, harvest festivals  
mating at full moon

droppings from the sky  
everywhere the blackthorn buds

false cottage-gardens  
wood worms fed scarecrow's soul  
now the practical plastic

a life-size imitation-heron  
child's question: what's that?

from cat-in-a-cage  
an electronic mewing  
ceramic gnomes

spilled oil drowns the seeds  
a tractor turns to the road

a flood of starlings  
their endless crying  
turbines clogged up

the cross-skeleton stripped  
complaint to the four winds

a glorious morning  
the devil's image fades away  
fresh fruit on the table

a kiss from the May-fairy  
a new fertility-prince

the first of November  
autumn flowers at the market  
mingled thoughts

exhibition of ourselves  
we are the magicians

### **SELECTIONS FROM OTHER RENS**

Books Two & Three in one volume.

Kris Kondo

Marlene Mountain

Francine Porad

confetti to sweep up

renSeurat  
f k m

Sunday afternoon I'd love to stroll on the Island of La Grande Jatte  
in a blossom swirl my world turns dotty  
'chicago chicago' art institute cezanne's 2-d table changed my eyes  
378 Paris art galleries/museums  
the universe expands endlessly from that single starting point  
up close hard to find a monkey in the grass

renacrobat  
f m k

twisting and flipping she's got the cheerleader tactics down pat  
ridge-runners born with a leg longer my missing link  
at barely a year old already at the top of the jungle gym  
a squirrel vaults from ground to bird feeder  
since i fall the goal is fall in the best way possible if possible  
words flipped, flipped & flipped again

rensplat  
k f m

sworn at over the phone after a tentative blossom-viewing invitation  
crushing camellia buds with each step  
after bar-hopping i crash at an artist's pad in my jacket and jeans

peddling into a rainstorm I become a Pollock  
a fly swatter finds its mark on the wall very unhaiku that splat  
sad for the 'possum unable to cross the road

renaristocrat  
m k f

richest nerd taken down a notch see my haiku help the world  
the gentility and hospitality of true gentlepeople  
manners expected 'when the idle poor become the idle rich'  
in the caring of the hayes family this odd artist  
comfortable with beggars or queens must be an Aquarius  
her pinkie always in the air

rendiplomat  
m k f

the diplomat gives over his home to part of the gonzalez family  
The Demings' long involvement with Japan  
what tact! what diplomacy! what charm! perfect for the post  
straight to the point a help to the frazzled and weary  
tell myself gently I've lost my touch with men after menopause  
courier with attaché case chained as expected

rentheocrat  
m k f

how handy for males when the god and the priests are male too  
philosophy of religion prof even sainted John Dewy  
Vatican courtyard crowd surges forward waiting for white smoke  
apotheosis atheism enthusiasm pantheon polytheism\*  
Dear Theo...great to have a sibling who really understands  
talent of Van Gogh guided by a higher source

\*from the Greek theos  
Written April 3-12, 2000

## **TREES**

June Moreau, New England  
Giselle Maya, Provence, France

Tangled in the branches  
of a black willow-

the wolf moon.  
Clumps of red osier  
against a drift of snow

along the cliff's edge  
over gnarled roots  
a worn mountain trail  
frost-covered cypress  
shaggy trunk rising

held aloft  
in sun-tipped branches  
of the winter linden -  
a tattered kite  
that was once a dragon

poplar leaves  
heart shaped  
float on water  
eroded by seasons  
into veined skeletons

the pieces of birch bark  
on my writing table  
have their own  
mysterious script -  
written without hands

across the moon's face  
cloud dragon tilting  
with glittering branches -  
a rabbit stops and stares  
into monstrous headlights

with fingers nimble  
as the spring wind  
in willow branches  
the year's first basket  
is finely woven

dreaming of a hut  
under the whispering oak  
Icarus cliffs where eagles nest  
impenetrable mists  
pierce and chill my heart

I am sitting here  
with my back  
against a young tree

feeling the wind  
in its branches

spring fever  
walk within the scent of plum  
sap rising  
a thousand bees and I  
elated by the mystery of things

write all your sorrows  
on rainbow streamers  
and tie them onto  
the slender branches  
of the weeping willow

patches of violets  
under the Kannon-armed quince  
strong winds sting my eyes  
a lizard rustles to hide  
in a bone-white stone wall

hazelnut blossoms  
along the trail  
to the old pond -  
the brown creeper's  
tiny song

clipping mistletoe  
from an aged pear tree  
March hare leaps  
not half as agile  
as this vixen of a cat

no blossoms this year  
on the old apple tree  
just a white butterfly  
flitting here and there  
in its branches

Kimamori  
left to protect the tree  
one last persimmon -  
a prayer for fruit  
from next year's harvest

a bevy of white pines  
holding hands  
with the ardent wind -  
they are dancing

they are dancing

taller each day  
iris beneath the walnut tree  
narcissus wait  
in their silver sheaths  
for April mildness

the longing  
to stay here  
spreads around me  
like the warm shadow  
of a great oak

found and treasured  
an old wooden ladder  
for June cherry picking  
a kitten's tentative paw  
touches the snail's antennae

I am always  
walking along the path  
that leads to the willow  
angel of the wind  
the honey-colored wind

oak leaf fragments  
wildly swaying  
moon in dark branches  
year of the Rabbit's end  
wind-tossed heart at peace

January 1999 to January 2000  
Written in the Year of the Rabbit

Selections from The Life Of Genji Poems  
translated by Jane Reichhold  
from The Tale Of Genji by Murasaki Shikibu  
available in autumn 2001 by Stone Bridge Press, Berkeley, California.

12 - 1

Due to changes in the palace politics, Genji abruptly decides to leave for exile to the remote coast of Suma. Before leaving he visits his deceased wife's residence, where his friend, the First Secretary's Captain lives. While there, Genji, visiting with the women who had served his wife, decides to stay the night with one of them. At dawn, the traditional time of parting was made even sadder by knowing Genji might never return here again. When the Great Princess sent him a note saying it was a pity he could not stay to see his son, Lord Evening Mist, Genji whispered as if to himself while he wept:

toribeyama

moe shi keburī mo  
magau ya to  
ama no shio yaku  
ura mi ni zo yuku

if going to  
shores where fisherfolk's  
salt fires burn  
there is smoke rising  
as from the cemetery

Poor people, usually women, living along the coast derived some income from boiling sea water down for its salt or burning gathered sea weeds for minerals contained in the ash to be used as fertilizer. Though the work was hard, wet and dirty, poets found a wealth of images in the process: dripping wet sleeves, briny tears, fires on lonely beaches, smoke like that of the crematoriums. Mount Toribe (toribeyama) was the customary place of cremation and burial for Kyoto.

12 - 3

At his own residence, the empty courtyard and the dust on the tables announces the waste and neglect that would come to the house in his absence. Genji goes to Lady Murasaki, who has been up all night waiting on him. First of all he must explain to her why he was away when the two of them had so little time yet together. It was rumored that many felt that now all of her favorable fates bringing her into Genji's household were also leaving her. As he combs his hair, and sees how he has already lost weight from the stress, he also sees in the mirror that Lady Murasaki sitting by a pillar behind him is crying.

mi wa kakute  
sasurāe nu tomo  
kimi ga atari  
sara nu kagami no  
kage wa hanare ii

in this way  
though I wander afar  
I'll be with you  
my image will stay  
here in your mirror

12 - 4

Turning her tearful face to the pillar, Lady Murasaki says, as if to herself.

wakare temo  
kage dani tomaru  
mono nara ba  
kagami wo mi temo  
nagusame te mashi

though we part  
may your image remain  
a clear fact

as it is seen in a mirror  
that would comfort me

12 - 7

Genji even sent a note to the Princess of the Misty Moon, with whom he had not dared to visit since her father had caught Genji in her bed. The scandal was made even greater as the Princess of the Misty Moon had been made a consort to the present Emperor. "Remembering the crime to which I cannot plead innocent. . ." He could write nothing more, out of fear his note could be intercepted but he wished he could wipe away her tears.

ause naki  
namida no kawa ni  
shizumi shi ya  
nagaruru mio no  
hajime nari ken

no chance to meet  
shall I again sink into  
a river of tears?  
that deep current entered  
when we began our affair

12 - 8

Deeply upset, The Princess of the Misty Moon replied with shaky handwriting. There is something very fine about the hand disordered by grief.

namidagawa  
ukabu minawa mo  
kie nu beshi  
wakare te nochi no  
se wo mo mata zu te

a bubble floating  
on the river of tears  
will vanish  
before having a chance to  
meet at the lower crossing

12 - 16

Genji did spend his very last day at home with Lady Murasaki. When the moon came up, he urged her to say good-bye to him by telling her with forced lightness:

ike ru yo no  
wakare wo shira de  
chigiri tsutsu  
inochi wo hito ni  
kagiri keru kana

living in the world

as if we knew nothing  
of separations  
my vows will last  
as long as you live

12 - 17

Lady Murasaki's farewell poem to Genji made him wish to linger but he did not want the city to see him leaving in broad daylight.

oshikara nu  
inochi ni kae te  
ne no mae no  
wakare wo shibashi  
todome teshigana

no longer precious  
I would wish to exchange  
this life  
if would delay our parting  
even for one minute

12 - 39

As winter came, and people in the city sent fewer letters, Genji began to miss Lady Murasaki even more. He thought of having her brought to Suma but decided that the punishment was for him alone so he should not subject her to these hardships. While observing someone unsuccessfully trying to light a fire with wet wood, Genji murmured.

yamagatsu no  
iori ni take ru  
shiba shiba mo  
kototoi ko nan  
kouru satobito

a mountain person  
in the cabin tried to light  
firewood many times  
just as often I have wished  
for the town folk I miss so

Shiba = 1) firewood; shiba shiba = often, many times.

12 - 41

Awake until dawn, while the others slept, Genji heard the cries of beach plovers. He repeated this poem several times to himself.

tomochidori  
morogoe ni naku  
akatsuki wa  
hitori nezame no

toko mo tanomoshi

a flock of plovers  
cry in a chorus of voices  
at the break of day  
bringing comfort to the bed  
of one who wakes alone

### **A SYMBIOTIC HOPE**

Shiki

Eiko Yachimoto

Yokosuka -  
winter forest  
only of masts

a dry dock from Meiji  
solid masonry

around landing place  
jazz of the new century  
swirls colorful people

and yet exists  
a language divide

warm rain's falling -  
the beige brown field  
of withered grass

Do you still hear "the jocund sound  
of scissors cutting May roses"?

### **IN THE RIPPLE**

Allan Dystrup

Cindy Zackowitz

in the ripple,  
the first fallen leaves  
and a swan's feather

side by side  
the sinking stones

the morning sun,  
lightening up the falling  
birch seeds

late in the evening  
a sudden gust  
sweeps the porch

still in the treetop  
the kite from last year

spring -  
the nest appears  
in its usual place

in the morning fog,  
the alarm call of a blackbird  
far away

overnight snow  
slips from a leaf

the emptiness!  
last year's spruce cones,  
the fog signal

dusk -  
eyes shining  
in the hollow tree

the rainy summer -  
white sand on the path

poplar grove -  
a magpies feather  
in the bottom of a puddle

## SOLO POETRY

in the mirror  
faces behind faces  
of all the people I am  
and all the people  
I am yet to be

deer in the field  
I stop she stares  
only her ears move...  
then bounds into the aspens  
deep breaths resounding

field of tall grasses  
four swallows follow  
along the trail  
darting swooping  
within inches of my heart

company coming  
on our hands and knees  
scrubbing  
back-to-back  
the bowl the tub

sunk in the easy chair  
reading tanka  
on a cool damp night  
alive with a stiff breeze shaking  
petals from the mock orange

Stephen S. Engleman

only a small cat  
yet I envy the way  
he saunters past  
owning the grass  
beneath his feet

mannequins  
trapped in their poses  
in store display  
I am so much more  
than these roles I play

welcome mat  
askew at the door  
how I long  
to straighten  
our first impressions

only one  
enchanted evening  
to flit around  
these bugs know how  
to seize the moment

chilly day -  
sparrows in communal bath  
splash vigorously  
every feather counts  
in mating season

do they miss  
their fleeting beauty?  
pink blossoms  
from a crabapple tree  
beneath my feet

Thelma Mariano

So much depends on it -  
the neighbor's  
yellow wheelbarrow  
right on  
our property line.

Yanked out  
by the lawn guy  
in a minute -  
the creeping thyme  
I planted all week.

The mountains  
where I grew up -  
from here  
they are violet  
and shades of blue.

Again our neighbor  
dries his

Mercedes  
with a leaf blower -  
5:45 a.m.

First week  
in our new home -  
we see only  
the next door neighbor's  
scoliosis.

Behind the mirror  
the dog looks  
to see  
where his  
friend went.

The disappointed looks  
from neighbors  
when they find out  
we don't  
have kids.

Alexis K. Rotella

### **PRAIRIE RAMBLE**

Melissa Dixon

under wide skies  
the fenced woodlot  
endless fields  
flames of tiger lilies  
leap the roadside ditch

children's dreams  
surface from layered quilts  
to the car's back seat  
we peer through muddy windows  
for purple crocuses

shimmering shapes  
above the dark hills  
northern lights  
imagining I feel  
magnetic fingers

small daisies  
in the meadow where I walk  
cling in clusters  
in intimate empathy

I give them their space

violets hide  
in the ground cover  
first rendezvous  
my hand warms itself  
in your jacket pocket

prairie heat  
tart taste of chokecherries  
on our tongues  
long ago but still at times  
a tightness in my throat

### **TANKA FROM THE SPANISH**

by José Juan Tablada

José Juan Tablada was born in Mexico City, April 3, 1871 and died in New York, NY, August 2, 1945.

translated by Ty Hadman

Woodland to woodland  
passing over deep ravine  
and river below  
a ringdove loudly complains  
to another responding

Under the spell  
of celestial terror  
delirious from  
staring at a single star  
the nightingale sings and sings

Without bitterness  
this poet sings you a song  
as you lead me by the hand  
to my belt buckle bulging  
oh fruits of my diet!

Frog, you saw it too,  
the star that fell into your pool.  
To me, a wish, and you?  
The star we saw together  
a diamond on your forehead!

It gives you grief  
it brings back old memories  
it puts you to sleep  
a gentle balm of silver

the ivory cradle . . .

The New York express  
detained for a few minutes  
under a full moon . . .  
Is the train going to whistle  
at the lonely nightingales?

Oh gloomy critic,  
without a doubt you can fish  
but over there  
your nets miss both the poet  
and even the wide river!

The hummingbird  
flies from flower to flower  
buzzing and gleaming  
like a shiny green stone  
hurled from a slingshot!

## **DEMENTIA**

Doris Horton Thurston

halting speech  
a brother whose busy mind  
lives in a distant place  
book of his poetry in his hands  
his eyes say, "yes. . .yes".

seeking yesterday  
we drive to the sand spit  
where Dad dug clams  
parents' old house now a shed  
for new house - chimney still stands.

do you remember  
the kindling in the woodshed?  
. . .not all stovewood.  
flowers on their gravestones -  
wisdom blooms every day of my life.

throwing bread crumbs  
silver shadow dart  
circles in the water  
clouds sink low with the sun  
even the creek whispers goodbye.

\* \* \*

old man  
watching the cold rain  
remembers his aching back  
weight of newspapers  
smell of wet wool

I watch  
sparrows swimming  
in warm summer dust  
until it is time  
to deliver my lecture

Old  
I watched my son die  
can anyone  
tell me  
the meaning of life?

Dave Bachelor

face to the sun, eyes closed  
wind building ocean waves  
a whistle behind me  
then the train. I stand  
caught between the roars

waves pull the full moon  
to my feet, splash it  
on the shore, curl it into itself  
so broken  
I have to look away

Connie Meester

chill wind  
the delicate brown leaf  
breaking from the tree

an urge to see  
my old mother

winding trail . . .  
even the lowly snail  
leaves a little silver  
i turn to analyze  
my thin path

Elizabeth St Jacques

may  
turns to june ...  
we climb common fell  
and carve our names  
on the cairn stones

that pasture  
just there  
in the winter sun  
promises  
promises

John Barlow

I have forgotten  
the names of fallen blossoms,  
migrant songbirds  
Not every word you spoke to me  
lingers in my mind

From my hilltop to yours -  
a double arch  
of luminous words  
There was rain between us  
but it has passed

You said farewell to me  
with violets those years ago -

they withered  
I didn't keep them  
only their fragrance

I was angry with you  
- or you with me, I forget -  
and wouldn't share my tiger lilies  
You always had the last word  
stopped breathing

Swallows have swept  
this summer's sky for the final time,  
have left for their other lives  
in another world  
And I remember you

This summer gone  
when the wood thrush pointed  
its notes into dusk  
and let them swirl away -  
where was I that I did not hear?

Black-and-white cows  
process from morning barn  
to summer meadow  
A child sings them along  
- I the child mine the careless joy

Carol Purington

strong wind ~  
flowers and leaves turn  
inside out  
a door slams, and I welcome  
my mother for a visit

Kirsty Karkow

## **RAVEN**

David Clink

Your shadow touches  
me - an intimation  
as I watch you  
ride an avalanche of snow  
tumbling toward a cold lake.

Cold water accepts  
the company of lily-white  
snow, trees and skiers  
falling down a mountain  
into its ice-blue crypt.

A raven swiftly  
leaves the oncoming tumult -  
stark against the snow:  
wings lift up a fragile soul  
from under a wintry grave.

## **FIVE JAPANESE TANKA**

Inaba Kyoko

translation Kawamura Hatsue

ikubaku no  
saigetsu usete  
kanashiki toki mo  
honoka ni warau  
ware to shi omou

how much  
time has passed  
and sorrow too  
yet faintly smiling  
I think about that

hito de aru  
ki de aru koto no  
guuzen no  
kuukan ni furu  
hanabira no ame

to be a person  
or even a tree  
fortunately

falling through space  
a rain of petals

kanashimi te  
same iru yami wo  
karigane wa  
mi no yami wo mote  
wake te yuku ran

in sadness  
waking in the darkness  
a wild goose  
with a body of darkness  
probably pushes through

yagate shi ga  
seki hedate n ni  
booshitsu no  
toki ari hito wa  
ikite wakaruru

soon to die  
and to be separated  
in the forgetfulness  
of the moment there exists  
a living person alienated

mizu oke ni  
suberi ochi taru  
kan no ika  
inochi naki mono  
wa tada ni kakoo su

into a water pail  
the squid has slipped  
into mid-winter  
such a lifeless thing  
simply falls down

\* \* \*

yellow horizon  
catches the trees on fire -  
geese pass overhead  
to a nearby open field  
of cornstalks waiting unturned

Michael Blaine

with a swell  
the vent at the bottom  
bigger, then still bigger  
a quiet night at  
the city pool

standing in  
this slant of light  
the water coming out  
the shower head  
has a slope to it

all night long  
back and forth  
the bartender's cutoffs  
three pink pencils  
in a side pocket

going outside with  
tea in a paper cup  
at the end of the tea bag string  
a green paper square  
lifts in the breeze

weaving down  
the tree-lined street  
a bright yellow taxi  
its back seat crowded  
with balloons

Henry Bose

rain-streaked tombstones  
fill the crooked churchyard  
Monday morning  
the road to the village  
through mist-enshrouded trees

a mourning dove  
stands softly by the window  
an hour past sunrise

I breathe in the rhythm  
of your beating heart

a hundred miles south  
of the wildlife preserve  
wild turkeys  
gather at the lakeside  
in the heat of the summer

cranberry relish  
stains the linen tablecloth  
on Thanksgiving Day  
a man wearing garbage bags  
carries bundles through the rain

Marc Thompson

a gnat's smudge  
on my forearm -  
the smallest death  
i have known this year  
but typical

in bloody times  
this is the peaceful news:  
on a water pipe  
in a vacant basement  
dust built up

William M. Ramsey

The full moon  
spreads its whiteness  
over the prison walk -  
visitor and inmate  
share its light

Donatella Cardillo-Young

## **A HAMMER PRODUCTION**

Carl Brennan

The grave nightmare  
bending over her pillow  
withdraws, defeated  
Between her deep snow-white breasts  
a little gold cross gleaming\*

Dusk in her bedroom  
baring her throat  
at the Master's entrance  
she releases the small hand  
of her doll on the bedspread \*\*

Early summer's blood  
another century's pride  
Desire meets Death  
the light through her parasol  
irresistible: find her \*\*\*

\*Jenny Hanley in Scars of Dracula (1970)

\*\* Veronica Carlson in Dracula Has Risen from the Grave (1968)

\*\*\* Yutte Stensgaard in Lust for a Vampire (1970)

## **STANDING STILL, TRAVELING**

Doug Bolling

Water lilies sleep  
fat bass dreaming of supper  
old man whispering  
to the turtles of himself  
it is almost time to swim

Wild duck roasting now  
steam bargaining with the light  
no flies anywhere  
special friends arriving soon  
where did the sky go today?

May lie in her tomb  
beneath the November earth,  
words barely breathing  
in this stone-knocked lean valley  
mist, the mountain very big.

From this high mountain  
the words are flying away  
like birds of autumn  
at last my sore mouth can close,  
little value being lost.

Love thrives in moonlight,  
awkward sun hiding in shame  
our words dying  
our shadows sleeping now  
on the tall grass knowing.

\* \* \*

on the table  
between us  
two empty cups  
shreds of paper  
irregular shadows

my dreams  
cold as ice cubes  
lose their hard edges  
as they dissolve  
in this tumbler of bourbon

in the silence  
of a damp forest  
there is nothing  
I want to add  
so I stop still

scores of goldfinches  
dart about the meadow  
in a spring madrigal  
and all the nearby graves  
sprout tall flowers

Giovanni Malito

outdoor restaurant  
in an Andean cloud forest  
only flashes  
of iridescent birds  
in the treetops

balance of light -  
through the west window  
a carmine sun;  
through the east window  
a pearl moon

Elizabeth Howard

Water spills down  
The shell of the horseshoe crab  
As the tide goes out;  
In the seaweed and the sand  
There's a ring that couldn't be found

Jack Galmitz

### **SPINDRIFT**

Edward Baranosky

Power failure -  
The gentle flow of candles  
Invokes fireflies  
Dancing with memories  
Inside a mushroom circle.

Thunder collapses  
Tunnels of luminous steam.  
Flowering lightning  
Crackles deep in mute wood;  
Torrents stream out of the darkness.

My short breath pipes  
To the rising of the moon -  
Water over ice,  
Bobbing beyond the meadow,  
The blank face of a mime.

Casting my shadow  
Into the surf-driven spindrift,  
I reel in the dawn.  
An early morning breeze stirs  
Shimmering tidal pool

A drifter pauses,  
Whistling an old love song  
From forgotten wars,  
When lovers separated  
memories from anticipation.

### **BY A BLUE TRAIN**

Yuhki Aya

leaving the home  
which sheltered me  
I go by blue train  
a sleeping-car  
into dark night

overcast sky  
gray shadowy ship  
disappeared  
around the dark cape  
was it a dream?

afraid  
in the folklore museum  
fearful  
the dead rise  
with essence of reality

four wall clocks  
reminiscent of people  
long ago  
each showing  
a different time

returning from a trip  
as if crossing the line  
between two ocean currents  
I pushed the door,  
my ordinary life

## **AEGAEIA**

Gary LeBel

kneeling in an emerald sea,  
I taste in the water  
the spice of my origin  
but the tongue has no voice  
the soul can hear

gulls far from sight  
blow a sadness  
in my ears  
as the echoes of their cries  
become the colors in the pale shells

in the white sea-foam  
is the fragrance  
of Gaea's first breath  
and all I will ever know  
of endlessness

with an eyeless clock  
the ocean's measure  
a great whale's undulation,  
in timeless days that fall  
within an eon's hollow reckoning

spirals and curves -  
its burnished rings  
are the whelk's temple  
where being's geometry  
makes no straight lines

## **SOMEONE ELSE'S RELIGION**

Laura Maffei

Having missed the train  
this bitterly cold day  
I rip off  
layers of outerwear  
in a childish tantrum.

Flipping the pages  
of a swimsuit catalogue  
these women's bodies  
so drastically unlike mine  
they could be aliens.

Word  
by unnecessary word  
helping  
my coworker  
pare down her resume.

Glued  
to our favorite foreign show  
on TV  
our steady attention  
demanded by subtitles.

Lifting my spirits  
in the supermarket -  
treating myself  
to the seasonal pastries  
of someone else's religion.

\* \* \*

i place  
a blossoming basil sprig  
in her folded hands  
as she lies  
in the viewing room

Kam Holifield

## **OBELISK**

Larry Kimmel

I could not believe death's estate so virginal, here in the heart of town. Not a track, not a trace – whiter than marble, this snow-sheet covering the dearly departed, and in one corner of the churchyard, an obelisk. And there, too (white within white), your name. Though I stood transfixed, my wild heart banged in its cage, sending the hot blood screaming cold through its corridors, for I was momentarily alive in a dead universe.

in snow  
and stony silence  
her name  
but not her name  
graven in granite

## **SIJO**

Debi Bender

old fields' beds, russet, cream and maize, cover them gently, white fog dreams,

lift slowly, sun, your misty head,  
hold low your gold over distant trees,

mute morning spirits, drifting, leave  
my hilltop house in shadowed sleep.

brightLy SHARP! miD-DayLight souNDS t h i n cLarity Eternal bLue

kiDs' voices riSE s.t.a.c.a.t.t.o. tO uns-yn-copa-teD city noise,

yeLLow baLL oF c h A n c e iS toSSed, good forTune? ? unDetermined.

Royal azaleas, orchid-pink,  
nod softly, silk of babies' skin;

Vulnerable, so helpless  
rude hands hold you, crushed and broken.

Korea's child, before they bloom,  
your northern buds fall dying.

when evening skies streak with gray, sweet-grass air falls still and cool

daydreams with cicada trills rise and peak then quickly fade

your voice returns again, for a moment, your face, too

## **FIREFLY LANTERN**

Dan Stryk

My boy's cruel joy, the flicker of  
their fear & pain. Yet memory  
of my own youth - Japan, Midwest -  
steeped in flickering summer nights,

their smell like grassy wine ...

### **THE SMELL OF MOWN GRASS**

Dan Stryk

Life/Death. The ebbing swell & pall of  
joy & sorrow. I sit in it with coffee  
after mowing, in the ruby glow of dogwood  
richly fading, on the stoop of our  
still house on a warm evening.

### **BIKE ACCIDENT**

Dan Stryk

I listened, disembodied,  
to the cry, midair,  
that came out of myself,  
& knew - beneath it  
all - I was a beast.

### **EUGENICS**

Dan Stryk

However splint-skulled, pea-  
brained & absurd the skittish  
collie may be, it excites  
man, infinitely, to know  
he's planned its breed.

### **ACHING TIBIA**

Dan Stryk

after 37 years . . .

Cockney London, '61 -- "darin'-leap-do'n-stairs" game  
with my flame-haired rascal friend ...  
Shock of shinbone shattering! His blurry father pressing fingers into numbness, whispering "brav' lad"  
in faint tones.  
Alive again, this damp October night: Virginia, '98.

## **SIJO**

Elizabeth St Jacques

Snowbirds land with a soft whir  
and melt into the white landscape;  
snow trembles now like merriment  
when suddenly a flash of flight.  
How like men, these small snowbirds,  
that touch briefly, fly off too soon.

- (SIJO WEST, Winter 1997 - with a slight revision)

in my mind my paintbrush works to capture nature perfectly  
the twilight mountain tinted mauve brilliant light through maple leaves  
but darn - the paintbrush in my hand works best displacing daily dust

After her loud frantic cries, Mama squirrel's long silence,  
then off she goes to face the sun when ravens leave with their small meals.  
Could I be just half as strong when a loved one of mine is lost?

## **Thrive**

Sheila Murphy

Who wants to own an old Corvair? Rust unlearns beauty of ruse. It's my show, learn to go with it on time to match the spark in Reverend Sequel's eye. Each champion I know plows minefields in the charter yard. The more I represent you, the less I have resembled anyone on purpose. To have tried means to have parked in someone else's zone. Someone anonymous is tracking prints throughout interior of hopeless house. One churlish husband says a prayer. That holds us quiet for the nonce. Whatever supposition has been posed, it crosses boundaries that were black and white in time to have these separated colors put back in.

Marmalade on toast points, chevrons right and left, capacity of signaling to capture our detention

## **Narration**

Sheila Murphy

The freshest faced oblique new reverie went south. She took a pill, earth took to crumbling. Nearby parents felt the invocation of her promised empathy. Perhaps once favorite fractions would be realized before the fragrance dawned. All language moves like a gazelle. As trembling hastens our devised consent, the raptures of a white sky drape those fears to which we frequently succumb. At the school called "La Lumiere," the boy wore dark blue. She watched the freshness leave him. Leave her frequently alone.

Antiquity, a frame for it, new thoughts of recommended flowers

### **Repertoire**

Sheila Murphy

Sunglasses make fine sequel music when a glass half seen is called just full. I tap. I pray for light. I single out a person to have loved. Then shine elapses after thought has frayed some of the shadows from these barely moving branches. Sight unseen, the few sections of art impact the natural color of the eye. Remembered as discrete small swatches from a cloth I used to pride myself on smoothing from the line. New work is clean. Elections offer faltering at half-mast. Maybe soon some filter will be free again, exact.

Birthday of the father, a monsoon, surprising interruptive sunlight

### **Prayer For, Therefore**

Sheila Murphy

Sharp sills on windows leave a little shape free to have varied. My textbook clasp of elements leads random neighbors to drift past and be remembered. One is next to blond. One alleviates presumed pain felt by another. I am singing while I single out an arbitrary past for her, for him, for me. Which one of us in circularity gives drams of fever back to the collective caritas? I'm guessing white becomes a slip that simulates a color to have painted. When am I not braced for this freedom drawn within strict confines of a failed repast. She shepherds me along my Saturn foil. Watch any number of presumptive versions of a private moonlight hasten the demise of something heretofore unnoticed. This is why I take the clock out of a baby's hands and put the thing away. If justice is command, then I move usually free form in my merchant levying for the good of order.

Saturation point of fact, in glacier follicles, one more reason not to trade our forecast

### **An Excuse for Milk**

Sheila Murphy

In all of this economy, there are no glands. Desire for tea is really something other than the lecherous draw, caffeine . . . that grows into a need for bed rest strapped to slavery. Once removed from alter ego, one became polite. That is to say heroic from the look of arch replies to long, drawn questions mounted on a field. What have you been noticing from where you say you are? Rotational montage is all the rage. Whoever told her so was rapt with creased long laproscopic torque. A virtue equal to any old used dart board recently consigned to a meticulous biographer. Why was the famous man so friendly? His very mood bore the stench of primacy recency. Making its way through crowds, one lemon at a time. How is it to be loved while having no intention of reciprocating?

Vanity that travels at the speed these migratory birds in mind decay

## **THERE WOULD BE RAPT ATTENTION GIVEN OUR DISPUTE**

Sheila Murphy

That said, I have diversified my love into a garden that replies. My energetic vision sacrifices other chemistry. Watch how stones grow large when felt in mind. If any integer is holy, let us find and polish it. Let us warm our hands again. The drift of what was given back in conversation widened temple after temperate induction of the verb. And so a shell left plain and tangible voracion where the stalling roamed. If any indication lingers, it is more than I have asked. As every activation signals, I am wrongfully discharged liked red flares changing how the traffic lights go fairly and entreatingly into the horsehair colored night. My very blinders let me view the weeds, and they are beautiful again as three-part vaticans. Erase what I have said until I get there to behold your hands.

Venture capital, pure fingers without jewelry, a leaf about to fall

## **EAVESDROPPING**

Connie Meester

You found my journal, the discarded one. I see you have it there. Does that mean you read it? All of it? Well, if you did that, you must believe that you know me now. What I think. . . feel. . . caught in time, anchored to a flat bound page. So you found the poetry I did not give to you. Did you know that memory sleeps in a still pen? Well, then. . . you found the words. . . lying there. . . split one from the other.

propping my pen  
behind my ear to hear  
all she says  
and all  
she does not say

(My Love - listen. Did you hear what she said to him? Did you once write poetry for me? Then discard it? What did the lost lines say? When your back was against the wall, did your silent words dream a new story? Maybe a bridge between us? When did you ever write wickedly? You know: put wick to fire, paper to pen, ignite memory. Listen now. . . do you hear?)

after her wake  
he places her journal  
in the embers  
waiting now for sparks  
to die between them

## **Homeless**

Debra Woolard Bender

Going to church, I follow the usual streets. I have missed the first day of a class I'd planned to attend before the worship celebration. Up in plenty of time, I've frittered away too much of the morning

before realizing it. On the way I watch the world around me, looking for something to speak to my heart, asking a revelation to ponder.

sunday morning  
two pigeons flutter upward  
and two beggars chat  
in this open shelter  
i first see pairs of wings

Cars slow for the traffic light ahead. Mine stops in the underpass where a flash of white feathers catches my attention. The light is bright outside, but not in here. Wondering, I turn my head to observe more closely two people on the inside walkway.

unkempt, homeless  
both in wheelchairs  
morning shadows  
rumbles shake the air  
around their hidden words

Sitting behind the cement pilings, the women are deep in conversation. They seem oblivious to the stream of cars, which has started to move again, slowly. Glancing up at the pair of birds, I notice that they have found a niche in the supports, opposite and high above the women. The beams vibrate with the weight and movement overhead, but the birds remain, unruffled.

little sparrow  
flitting from place to place  
why don't you rest?  
this hunger in my heart!  
i'm yearning to fly

## **WATCHING**

David Clink

I draw the curtain and kill the glare of the full moon -  
Wiping it from your mind like the memory of an assault.

It is always the same for you each time it happens.  
The Princess kissing the toad. The Prince kissing the Princess.

Hollywood heroes are always sprouting fully grown  
From the mouth of your projector.

It is dark and it is time to escape  
As swallowed stories of time hold back the darkness

And I was glad when I broke through the walls of your castle  
When I said, "Kiss me. Take me. So I may wake everlasting."

But that was a warm yesterday swept beneath a rising mat.  
It is autumn now, and we sit with idle hands on crooked furniture -

And I have thought of pulling you from the big screen  
By leading an army to reclaim you.

The cold light in your house reveals secrets  
As we watch the sweat of a generation come alive, engulfing us.

## **INTROSPECTION**

William Houston

I have felt the instant fear before the earth quakes  
but never heard the cracking of pavement, rubble falling, cries

All those heroes of the Trojan War that weren't killed  
had some interesting problems getting home.

We had dinner in front of the window; mother cried  
and I comforted her with more strength than I owned

This afternoon I found my mind entirely clear.  
I lay down on the red sofa and soon felt like a puddle.

There are two short, fat rubber bands lying on the table  
just waiting to get their hands on some free spirit.

Will you be willing, Willy, to paint your body blue  
and stand on the edge of the moor in the moonlight?

Clay Pots  
by Ferris Gilli

hillside meadow  
a backpacker lingers  
with the day

the mare's soft whinny  
leading a foal

Mayday parade  
all the little girls  
in patent leather

company coming  
rag rugs on polished floors

masquerade ball  
peg-legged pirates  
dance in moonlight

buried in clay pots  
this year's acorn stash

navy beans simmering  
through the long night  
a shutter bangs

port of call  
a doxy shares the bed

the bride blushes  
revealing her body  
swirls of steam

forgotten anniversary  
doors barred from the inside

dusting souvenirs  
with a far-away look  
that Sixties photo

backyard fireworks  
smoke hangs in a tree

bats prowling  
beneath a pale moon  
glint of barbed wire

trout on a string  
so soon the rainbow fades

noon hangover  
shriveled olives  
in the soap dish

X-rated comic  
every other word bleeped

vows of friendship

cheating on tax returns  
the coffee's bitter taste

sudden gale  
striped butterflies  
cling to the vine

ebb tide  
slow erosion takes the dunes

going steady  
again Dad forks over  
gas money

green bower's shade  
a hunt for erogenous zones on the cherry-blossom path  
distant laughter

snow-bound honeymoon  
she hides the Kamasutra  
in a coal bucket

a cough that's faked  
to avoid math homework

rock-climbing practice  
decorator Band-Aids  
on skinned knuckles

saloon brawl  
tattooed barmaid kicks butt

gum wrappers  
filling each ashtray  
toothpicks chewed to pulp

tucked in her cleavage  
a scarf she folds just so

cracked car mirror  
two harvest moons  
follow the road

he shades his eyes  
to watch departing swallows

postman delivers  
in time for state fair

the boar's satin bow

long sweet breaths  
of fresh cedar sawdust

all these craft books  
that were never used  
faded print

grandpa's rusty plow  
good for another season

the tiny snaps  
of a mole breaking roots  
first pear blossoms

hometown weekend  
dibs on the porch swing

Started March 30, 1999 - Finished June 2, 1999

## BOOK REVIEWS

Jane & Werner Reichhold

**Through a Dewdrop, a collection of haiku, senryu and tanka by Leonardo Alishan.** Published by Open Letter, 1208A East Lexington Drive, Glendale, CA 91206, ISBN: 0-9672751-3-X. Perfect bound, Smythe-sewn, 5.5 " x 4", 102 pages, \$5.00.

Leonardo Alishan, born of Armenian parents in Tehran, Iran (in 1951) and who, until recently, taught Persian literature and comparative literature at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, brings a very special perspective to the Japanese genres in which he is now writing. Readers of ghazals will recognize that whiff of the exotic in Alishan's perfectly executed haiku. A subtle blending of cultures occurs which makes his work even more valued and special and therefore – authentic. In adopting new forms, he remains true to his heritage and background by bending the spirit of the form to fit him instead of folding himself and his impressions into Japanese poetry. There is a very fine line there that is too often ignored by non-Japanese who become enamored with this new, to them, poetry. Some persons can write, in English, a fine imitation of what the Japanese have done. Too often prizes are given for this level of work. Much harder to accomplish and even more difficult to have accepted is the poetry that works with Japanese genre techniques but shows that the author was true to herself or himself for inspiration and understanding of the relationships of phenomena.

with the sonic boom  
of jet aircraft you explode  
in my mind  
ten thousand birds scatter in flight  
abandoning their nests for life

every day  
under the weight of snow and ice  
another of her branches break  
soon  
my mother alone will be left

Even the layout of this gentle book, shows an old-world courtliness and respect for the poetry by enclosing each poem, printed one to a page, in a fine, lined representation of a photo in an album. It is as if the editor understood that each poem is a picture, not only of the author and his life, but also of a reality. More than the blank space of the ivory pages, this detail raises each vision slightly above the previous one.

Leonardo Alishan's previous book was *Dancing Barefoot on Broken Glass*, which appeared in New York in 1991.

**Dimmed the Mystery by Janice M. Bostok.** Saddle-stitched, full color cover, 4" x 6", 36 pages. \$10., ppd. ISBN: 1-9526773-2-6.. Order from Snapshots Press, 132 Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS, England.

The work of Janice Bostok is no mystery to the readers of Lynx. Well, it might seem a mystery how she can continue to amaze us with her ability to make the most of any of the genre to which she sets her mind. Having been writing haiku since 1971, and yet equally talented in her use of renga and tanka, her numerous books (I have no idea how many she has had published) continue to illuminate new facets of her life experiences.

Dimmed the Mystery, said to be written about the lane pictured on the cover of the book, the same gravel road - Campbell's Lane, where she and her husband, Sylvester, traveled as newly-weds almost thirty years ago when they bought a banana farm outside of the town of Dungay, Australia. Yet this collection of tanka is dedicated to Sylvester and the date of his stroke on May 29th, 1998. While the poems suggest that her feelings revolve around her sadness of other aspects of his ill health and the fond memories of how their life once was seem to predominate. This all may sound rather sad, but there is a core of strength and talent in Bostok that gives a sense of up-rightness and deliciousness to her poetry. The reader gets the impression that no matter what happens to her, she will be able to hold on to her poetry through the darkest of nights or days.

mourning you  
so many times in life  
i try to imagine  
what it will really be like  
when you are gone in death

white heron  
returned from feeding grounds  
at dusk  
lightens the darkening sky  
of my homeward journey

As you can see in the last tanka, though Janice Bostok is going through some difficult times, she is guided by the light of nature, and her ability to translate this into poetry that she gladly shares. Her honesty sometimes has threatened to overwhelm the prudish or those with Victorian hang-ups. For example:

you cling to me  
as i imagine a woman  
might do  
yet your body feels  
more manly in its yielding

watching tv  
your hand on my thigh  
pulls me warmly  
back into past moments  
that we have shared

I would like to quote many more of the admirable tanka in this collection, but I prefer that you get a copy of all of these poems for yourself. See what tanka writing is all about. See what living a life open to pain and pleasure can do to one. See the places where poetry sprouts and grows – in a woman.

**Homework by Tom Clausen.** Saddle-stitched, full color cover, 4" x 6", 36 pages. \$10., ppd. ISBN: 1-903543-00-2. Order from Snapshots Press, 132 Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS, England.

To quote the jacket notes: "Focusing squarely on domestic life, this collection of haiku, senryu, and tanka is often funny, often sad and always paradoxically both familiar and eye-opening." It cannot be

said better nor more succinctly what this newest book by Tom Clausen contains. I can only add my continuing praise for Tom's work. It is always a revelation and delight how he seizes on the tiniest experience, and through his examination of it and the cool observation his own feelings, carries it over into a major event. This leaves the reader wondering, "Now, why did I not notice that?" and "Why did I not think of that as material for a poem?". It seems that tanka is especially designed for the methods of Tom Clausen. Even when aware of the smallest thing, he is also aware of how that thing or event is affecting him. This occurs even in his haiku.

While some purists might fault his haiku for not being closely enough aligned with the nature-nature viewpoint, his sensibilities are absolutely accurate for tanka. This collection gains, I think, by the inclusion of his haiku (which often portray the lighter moments of family living). They seem to play off and actually highlight the attributes of his tanka. Altogether, the editing and arrangement of the poems seems especially fine and relevant. For anyone who has grown up in a family or is living in a family now, this book will take away those terrible moments of aloneness when one felt that no one else in the world ever had such moments of doubt, despair and pure undiluted joy. Tom has been there, and he has the courage to face them directly and honestly, and to continue to hang with the feelings until he has created pure poetry out of them.

no longer me  
it proves a mystery who it is  
I've become  
walking around this house  
with my family there inside

I sort of knew  
my coffee cup  
was empty -  
so much I look in it  
just to see

The sensitivity of the editor, John Barlow, is shown in the choice of a drawing done by Tom's young daughter, Emma Clausen, as cover along with the insider joke of the title of the book - Homework. Delight piles on delight with this one.

**The Best of the Electronic Poetry Network**, edited by Carlos Colón, Barbara Verrett Moore, Jeffrey L. Salter, and the staff of Shreve Memorial Library. Published by the Shreveport Regional Arts Council Literary Panel, Shreveport, Louisiana, 2000. Saddle-stapled, 8.5" x 5.5", 44 pages.

To quote from Carlos Colón's Introduction to *The Best of the Electronic Poetry Network*: "In April 1995, The Friends of Shreve Memorial Library purchased an electronic message board for \$200. This message board was installed on the first floor of the Main Library and was used to display library hours and information on new books." After a few years, the staff member who regularly programmed the bulletin board took a different position and the lights dimmed. Only in November 1997, did Carlos Colón decide to use the unused space for poetry. He had previously worked with the Shreveport Regional Arts Council Literary Panel to get poetry to the people through radio and television, on the inside and outside of buses, the mall, and in public art murals. Now he had access to a new method to give his fellow citizens "a daily dose of poetry".

The success of this endeavor meant that in the summer of 2000, the Electronic Poetry Network

appeared on the web for a much wider audience. Through a system of voting for the poems that had been displayed, the group was able to choose an array of poets whose work appears in this, the first printed edition of the Electronic Poetry Network. Long may it serve!

Though the majority of poems in this book are haiku, there are also tanka, ghazals and short poems included. A very strong plus for this project is the ability to combine the work of local poets with a wide assortment of haiku writers around the world.

Moonlight  
June Moreau

The moonlight  
along the path  
through the forest  
flickers in the wind  
but I find my way  
quite well, after all  
I learned to read  
by candlelight. . .

**In the Margins of the Sea** by Christopher Herold. Saddle-stitched, full color cover, 4" x 6", 36 pages. \$10., ppd. ISBN:1-9526773-9-3. Order from Snapshots Press, 132 Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS, England.

Christopher Herold's collection, beginning with haiku and ending with a selection of tanka, seems to mirror the path of so many English writers. First captivated by Japanese poetry in the haiku form, they later proceed into the larger, more complicated vision of tanka. Few do it as abruptly as Herold seems to do in this book, but it happens – eventually. When this change is shown by pressing both genres side by side into one small book, there is a danger of splitting the material into two books within one cover. There are many authors, who write haiku as Herold does, from the purists' view that haiku should show what is happening in the world of nature with as little interference as possible from the author and his feelings. These persons excel in portraying those small moments of nature standing still in nature's being. It is as if they have trained themselves to erase their own humanity and its (valued, in my opinion) connection to what they find in the natural world. The product of this endeavor is to create a vision of haiku that is Zen-cool, detached, pristine (because all the messy human factors have been eliminated) and idyllic.

The attraction of tanka is that it mixes this classical haiku attitude with the chaotic and ephemeral feelings of the author and reader. Yet when one publishes poems in one style, especially when they are such excellent examples, then twist to change attitudes mid-stream, as it were, this makes one better understand why the Japanese themselves have insisted for the past 400 years that haiku and tanka should be kept separate. I would not go as far as the Japanese do in claiming that persons writing haiku are writers and persons writing tanka are the poets, but there is some small element of rightness in what they do.

untouched by the tide  
this sandcastle far from the waves -

little by little  
my hopes of seeing you slip,  
with the sun, into the sea

**A Frayed Red Thread - tanka love poems by Linda Jeannette Ward.** Illustrated by Jeanne Emrich. Introduction by Laura Maffei. Clinging Vine Press, 2000. Perfect bound, a generous 9" x 6", 64 pages, \$12.00 ppd. for USA. Add \$3.00 for overseas orders. ISBN: 0-9702457-0-X. Order from Clinging Vine Press, pob 231, Coinjock, NC 27923.

I thought I knew Linda Jeannette Ward's tanka poems from the work she had published in *Lynx* and *American Tanka*, yet I was completely overwhelmed by the tour de force of her collection of poems in this book. I had no idea that she had advanced so far in her understanding of the Japanese tanka and in the accomplishment of her own English tanka. I knew from experience that tanka seemed to work the best when they had as their subject a thing or person that one loved, but the idea of putting together a large series of poems on the subject of love has never seemed to have worked as well as it does here. Reading the book, I felt a great talent had sideswiped me. Here was someone in our midst, whom I thought I knew, and whose work was familiar to me, and yet I had failed to comprehend how very good her ability to write was. As I turned the pages my amazement simply piled up around me into great shining drifts of admiration. So much talent saying so many beautiful words put together so marvelously barely left me breathing space to focus on the artwork of Jeanne Emrich which was equally rich and evocative. Here, again, I thought I knew Jeanne's artwork, especially since I had been all over her web site on haiga, but the power of her brushstroke sumi-e work was beyond my expectations. It seems that these two women have combined to draw out the very best in each other. And what a fantastic book they have made.

Laura Maffei's introduction provides a brief, but accurate portrayal of tanka and its history as she explains how women, a thousand years ago, and even now, are drawn to the tanka form for expressing their feelings about love, about the sensual aspects of love as well as those of longing and of abandonment. Thus, it seems the natural outgrowth of this history for these women to combine for this exceptional book.

The title, *A Frayed Red Thread*, which in Japanese culture denotes the tie of intimacy between two people, comes from the poem:

lining the inner spine  
of love poems you left  
a frayed red thread  
adhering as stubbornly  
as your memory

This poem exemplifies the classic, traditional tanka devices and handling, perfectly executed and deeply enriched with overtones of meaning. By using the expression 'the inner spine' which can refer to the back of a book or to the backbone of a human, the frayed red thread moves from being evidence of there being a wearing away, to the image of the very veins which carry the blood heated once by love, and then as the tie of one to one's lover and then, finally the life-line that attaches one to one's memories. This use then ties the last line to the first words: "lining the inner spine". Do you feel how those four words spin music across the tongue? Only under the thrall of inspiration can one come up

with that many connections in one very short poem and say it so beautifully.

And how is this for under-statement that at once reveals the depths of truth, knowing and sensuality?

how long, you ask  
for another world to appear . . .  
for the length of one kiss  
the time a raindrop travels  
to pine needle's tip

That tanka begins the series of poems of *A Frayed Red Thread*. It completely fulfills the promises of the work with the excellence of the intervening poems. And on this first page do spend a few more moments with the excellence of Jeanne's black ink pine tree and the way the written text fits the illustration. I think this book will become a classic to which new and older writers will go for inspiration, instruction and simple erotic pleasure.

**Love Haiku: Masajo Suzuki's Lifetime of Love**, translated by Lee Gurga & Emiko Miyashita. Brooks Books, August 2000. Perfect bound, 5.5 x 8.5, 128 pages, USA \$15.00; Japan \$16.00. ISBN: 1-929829-003-3. Order from Brooks Books, 4634 Hale Drive, Decatur, IL 62526.

How good it is that Masajo Suzuki's love life, which in her lifetime has become so famous, is now the vehicle for her haiku in English. It will surely broaden the scope of foreign language haiku to have as example her fine work on the feelings of, for and about love from a passionate woman's perspective. The translations by Lee Gurga & Emiko Miyashita are as competent and contemporary as Suzuki's life and work are.

**The HAIKU Calendar 2001**. Snapshots Press, 2000. Fifteen cards, 52 haiku, in a 5 x 5 ½ inch plastic case, with full color covers. ISBN: 1-903543 02-9. \$13., ppd. Order from Snapshots Press, 132 Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS, England.

Don't think that calendars are just for keeping the dates straight. John Barlow has given the world a new way of appreciating haiku in its own time. Oh, we have had haiku calendars before, because it is a great idea, but this is the first time I have seen the 'jewel' cases for CDs used, and used so effectively. If you were only interested in excellent haiku from this choice of international authors, this would be an exotic addition to your bookshelves, even when the years have passed beyond this one.

**Along the Way, by Garry Gay**. Snapshots Press, 2000. Saddle-stitched, full color cover, 36 pages, 4" x 6", \$10. ppd. ISBN: 0-9526773-0-X. Order from Snapshots Press, 132 Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS, England.

This is another contribution by Snapshot Press to publishing pocket-sized books, beautifully made and edited just as well. Garry Gay's haiku are well known through the awards that he has won. How good it is to have the best of his work gathered together and so ably presented. The full-color photograph, which is marvelously composed, on the cover gives you a taste of Gay's other life as a photographer.

*Vershuivend Landschap* by Silva Ley. Published by Het Brabants Landschap (Foundation for Nature Protection) in Haaren, Netherlands, September 2000. Saddle-stapled, 6" x 4", 33 haiku in Dutch. Contact Brabants Landschap, Postbus 80, 5076 ZH Haaren, Netherlands or Johanna van Aelst-Versteden, Cimburgain 40, 4819 BC Breda, Netherlands. E-mail for information on cost and shipping.

Silva Ley, who is best known to Lynx readers for her extensive collaboration in renga with Jacques Verhoeven, has had 33 of her haiku picked for this collection from the many haiku she has had published in *Branbants Landschap* magazine since 1970. The editor, Victor Bakker, solemnly handed over the book to the author, on November 10th to honor her contribution to this most important regional nature preserve.

**water by Chris Mulhern.** Acorn Book Company. [www.acornbook.co.uk](http://www.acornbook.co.uk) Perfect bound, 5 ½" x 4", 90 pages, full color cover, £4.99. ISBN:0-9534205-0-7.

What a lovely, sensitively designed book! Every element is perfectly coordinated to fit the theme Chris Mulhern has chosen for his second book of poetry - water. It is even dedicated to a pisces woman! The poems, mostly haiku, are presented one to a page with soft gray ink. There is such an attitude of stillness about the looks of the book, and yet the haiku are able to rock the reader with the aim of their aptness.

**My Asakusa – Coming of Age in Pre-war Tokyo**, a memoir by Sadako Sawamura translated by Norman E. Stafford and Yasuhiro Kawamura. Tuttle: 2000. Trade paperback, 8" x 5", 270 pages with glossary of Japanese terms. ISBN: 0-8048-2135-6. US\$16.95.

This book, *My Asakusa*, has only one haiku in its 270 pages, and no tanka at all, yet I was utterly fascinated, not only by the information about customs in Old Japan, and the history of a place, Asakusa, but also by the attitude of the writer. Sakako Sawamura was the daughter of a small-time manager of a troupe of actors that performed at the Miyato Theater, nationally famous for its style and quality of the art of Kabuki (which in comparison might be termed operetta). The father's greatest efforts seemed to be given to fathering sons (he had two), nourishing his sons (he gave Sakako's sister up for adoption to a childless relative) and preparing his boys for the roles he himself never obtained. To accomplish this, the meager resources of the family were taken from Sakako and her mother without question. How just it seems then, when the two sons were passed over for major roles, that Teiko Kato who then becomes Sakako Sawamura, the famous character actress who obtains the riches from films that always eluded her father. In 1956, she won a distinguishing award for her supporting roles in several films. By 1969 she was a writing book and her *Song of a Shell* was picked to be produced as a television play for NHK, Japanese Public Television. In 1977, this book, *My Asakusa* (Ah sock sah) was awarded the Essayist's Club Prize.

Finally, this gem has been translated into English by two very competent translators, Norman Stanford and Yasuhiro Kawamura, who have worked together before translating tanka from Japanese into English. (Now you see the connection between this book review and Lynx?) Even if I did not have the connection to Yasuhiro Kawamura (yes, he is the husband of Hatsue Kawamura, Editor of *The Tanka Journal* in Tokyo) I would want to recommend this book to you because it brought me so much pleasure and so very much information in such an easy enjoyable way.

Wisely, Sakako has broken her memoirs down into little stories about the famous temple area in Tokyo. Each memory contains descriptions of places, many of which are still to be seen today, customs and practices, which one often only encounters now in literature, and amazing people one wishes one could still meet personally. The telling is done so adroitly that I found myself, at once hating her father, loving her sensible mother, cheering for her aunt, booing the nasty shopkeeper. So many of the superstitions and cultural aspects that have almost completely faded away are given such a life and reality with her stories, the thought comes that maybe we are missing something with their passing.

Added all up, the little episodes and incidences create the story of Sakako's childhood surrounded by fame and history. For anyone interested in Japanese culture, the theater world of Japan, Old Tokyo or the changing situation of women, I can recommend the pleasure in the readability of My Asakusa.

**acorn book of contemporary haiku**, acorn book company, England, 2000, edited by Lucien Stryk and Kevin Bailey. 173 pp, 5 x 7 inches, perfect bound, £ 6.99,-. Order from acorn book company, P.O. Box 191, Tadworth, Surrey, KT20 SYQ, England.

“Travel,” says the book to the reader, “travel your mind with me. I’ll be your companion finding a new way to appreciate the reading of short poetry adequate to the spiritual challenges of our time.” From the early western translations of what was once imported from China and Japan, to the attempt of blending it with our own poetry

traditions, this anthology is a step one likes to give a lot of attention. And, with the intense help of introductions by co-authors Lucien Stryk and Kevin Bailey, the acorn book of contemporary haiku seems to ask the reader some pressing questions. After telling us the historical developments of the Asian influences in Europe since the 1880s, Kevin Bailey goes on to point to Art Nouveau and Jugendstil art styles, to explain how the messages worked their roads deep into the different arts of Europe and later over to North America. It was long over-due to see a British and an American editor together to take their chance to enlarge the picture and influence of contemporary haiku. Kevin Bailey wrote, chapter 4:

“ A Strange and Happy Meeting

There will always be the haiku purists. The haiku is a traditional poetic form native to Japan, and there it should and will be preserved. But when haiku and other Japanese verse forms have been mauled, digested, and regurgitated by their own poets, and cast out of polite and innocent national isolation to be preyed upon by Imagism, Symbolism, Minimalism, and hundred and one other cultural influences, the beast we’re left with has had to adapt to survive. It is notable that many non-Japanese haiku magazines try to protect the haiku like some endangered animal, by giving it only a little literary space in which to roam free of the predatory attentions of mainstream poetry. This is done quite appropriately in its native land, fused as it is with Zen philosophy and culture, but it is an insult to the nature of literary evolution not to allow the form to mutate and hybridize within whatever cultural habitat it has become established.”

As one strolls slowly along with all of the hundred and forty poets from twenty-five countries presented here, aren’t there many of the short lines in this anthology clearly pointing in a new direction, leaving much of the dependency to the former term haiku behind them? Why don’t we consider joining the bigger literary scene, which for long has integrated the form without using a Japanese term for it? This new anthology shows that western writers know how to blend the old haiku techniques with the poetical spirits of our short and longer western poetry forms. Our language, and here English language poetry, is by no means a toy in the hands of foreign rulers. In fact, it is one of our cultural forms of survival. The authors and the publishers of the acorn book of contemporary haiku paved the way and moved the poetry of this short form closer to mainstream poetry.

With a twinkle in one eye I would like to add one more thought. Today, physicists, chemists, biologists and other scientists discover structure-building processes of self-organizing biological principles. DNS seems especially well working for the development of nano structures. One would like to state, that in poetry the writers are also “engineering down” the structures of language. Then, similarly with what we learned from mother nature and of what the scientists with their findings

are reminding us, we're "engineering up" letters, syllables, and words building an artistically formed new whole, the poem. There is a bell ringing: Are the energies created by poets are soon going to get company by scientifically developed processes? If the processes themselves will at least partly become compatible, in which way will the results differ? Are you, the reader of the acorn book of contemporary haiku tempted to find new criteria for reading and writing short poetry?

With a beautiful cover design, layout and typesetting, the publishers of the acorn book company produced a book that is a joy to look at, and they offered it for a price that is very reasonable. The over four hundred poems are neither organized alphabetically nor seasonal. But thanks to Lucien Stryk and Kevin Bailey, there is indeed a spiritual concept for the book that feels very adequate to old and new western thinking. To go ahead with a poetical principle, here are some examples taken from the book, necessarily a selection by the limitations of a reviewer, blended together. Can you imagine what kind of surprises you yourself will find holding the anthology in your hands?

### **A SYMBIOTIC POEM**

Werner Reichhold

the word  
but so many varieties  
of rain

David Finlay

summer breeze  
leaves of my book turning  
before they're read

David Cobb

threading our way  
through a dappled forest  
birdsong; thin as lace

Fred Schofield

Seeking good news  
I watch the lines on my palm  
taking new turns

R.K. Singh

In the corpse's  
half-closed eyes  
the flame of a candle

Vasile Spinei

Corona Boreales  
you might

say the night  
was made of this

George Messo

Like a neutral card from Smiths  
Detail: Waterlilies (Monet)  
I leave this poem  
blank for your own message

Andrew Nightingale

Flowers  
to bring butterflies  
to mother's grave

John Gonzales

Snake gourd  
on the gateway  
to a deserted shrine

Keiko Kakami

Fingers beat on wet  
strings. There cries a single note  
I can hear silence

Phyllis Walsh

Tentatively, you  
open the door. The room breathes  
a sigh of relief.

John Barlow

The crescent  
and her shadow  
complete

Chris Mulhern

She says that she dreams  
of another man, she says  
nightmares are nothing

S.J. Davies

Today I give you  
a blue wood egg-cup  
for your yolk to run  
its yellow down

Fiona Owen

Here is part of you  
while you sleep  
The small shine  
of silver earrings

John Arnold

She calls  
at the end of a working Sunday  
to have me watch the snow

Andrew Grossman

The old barn  
looks more like a tree  
each year

Hannah Mitte

Strange  
this house  
not one nail mine

Nika

Outside the hospital  
headlights on a locked car  
growing dim

Vincent Tripi

The poetry of deprivation,  
the bare page  
marking  
your absence.

Michael Kelly

2 15 a.m.  
your footsteps in the street below  
I begin to practice the sound of sleep

M.J. Malone

Longer, to allow  
The thought of you at the door  
Fumbling for the key.

Tom Vaughan

Birth -  
lips parted  
in surprise

Sara Baig

Miner's wife  
first labor pain  
the pit siren

Doreen Robles

I am  
not old  
my tears  
are snowflakes  
melting on a lash

Gary Bills

the small gasp  
in the throat of the lover.  
No going back

Giles Goodland

Beignets, Socca, Bagne Cauda:  
tastes bright as bougainvillaea,  
the night smell of datura.

Adrian Henri

A moon to read by.  
Gulls trail in  
A line of broken shadows.  
Every tide a text.

Peter Dent

Imprinted  
on each new aspen leaf

the tree

Jean Jorgensen

I told the shop-owner  
give me a mask  
since this one I have  
does not please me

Leslie Vassalo

My hair still falling  
by the way, a confusion  
of drying grasses

Prospero

A cracked soap  
preserves the last dirt  
from your hands

Nick Pearson

shivers  
what's your nail writing  
on my sunburned neck

André Duhaime

she told me at night, the time of living breath;  
we took a shower in perfect darkness

Peter Redgrove

Why long for a storm?  
This rose breathes its best self  
in a quiet air.

Harold Morland

the intelligence  
of such beauty informing  
what lust may be love

Philip McCall

full moon  
death row inmate  
hangs his shadow

Sheldon Young

This pillar has a hole  
it's a secret worth seeing  
Persephone

George Seferis

The sun is a beehive  
rocked in the forest-bear-paws  
drunk, the final honeyed ray

Arseni Konetzky

Bucket down a stone well -  
Hear the morning  
splinter into water

Alexis Lykiaro

First letter of the year  
the stamp  
an extinct bird

Ikuyu Yoshimura

This summer night  
she lets the firefly glow  
through the cage of her fingers

Gary Hotham

Shifting winds  
the gull  
resumes its path

Francine Porad

Sky. A cloud looks through  
Lace drapes; lift-bottoms bleached and  
Hollowed by fingers

Alan Brownjohn

Nightwater passes the mill-  
the land follows slowly.  
Upstream and still, a liquid star.

Sabine Müller

In the lampshade  
the soft detonation  
of moths

John Capp

leaving, you forgot  
to take the warmth  
out of your handshake

Gabriel Griffin

So lonely today.  
Goldfish  
gets an extra feed

Terry Cuthbert

## LETTERS

Thank you for also including details of Snapshots and Tangled Hair in your magazine listings, and for the kind comments on Tangled Hair. After a rocky two years the production is set to stabilize in 2001, with both journals becoming semiannual. Both subscriptions are the same price: Semiannual. Subscription: \$20 US check/banknotes. Single issue: \$10 US check/banknotes. Checks payable to Snapshot Press. The address has also changed The new address is: Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS, England. John Barlow.

Seems like somewhere along the line I missed the deadline for the June issue. I'll have to admit, I was reluctant to send anything to an on-line journal. I really like having hard copy to hold in my hand, and printouts just aren't the same. On the other hand, the June issue is nicely laid out and easy to read, and (best of all) it's still Lynx! Marc Thompson

Dear Jane, First, before I forget again, congratulations and thank you for the wonderful article in a recent Frogpond on "Haiku Techniques" - enlightening, challenging, demystifying, great! It ought to be almost mandatory reading for anyone who submits a ku to a serious magazine. Second, for me Christmas came early this year with the arrival of my AHA Books. [Her prizes for winning tanka in TANKA SPLENDOR 2000] They are beautiful, and I want to read them all at the same time, and unfortunately other people keep giving me books that I should read first. What pleasurable pain! Third, here is a submission of tanrenga written several years ago by Ellen Compton and me, and then forgotten in the lower reaches of our computers. For us, at least, they have aged well, so I now place them on your editorial desk. Carol Purington

Can I interest you in a few linked tanka? The piece is part of a series I've been writing set in Maiduguri, Nigeria, circa 1980. I lived there and taught composition, poetry, and drama at Advanced Teacher's

College as a WUSC ( World University Service of Canada ) recruit twenty years ago and have since published three collections of lyric and narrative poetry on my experiences, *Driving Offensively* (Sono Nis Press, 1985), *Horizontal Hotel: A Nigerian Odyssey* (TSAR Publications, 1989), and *Flying Coffins* (Ekstasis Editions, 1994) in addition to another nine books. I currently teach Canadian Literature, Creative Writing and Business Communication for Lethbridge Community College and live in southern Alberta, Canada. My newest book, *Live Evil* is just now out; I'm currently trying to market a CD of original jazz and poetry with my troupe "Naked Ear" that goes with it. Other senryu, tanka, and haiku have recently appeared in *Haiku Wall*, *Haiku Moment*, *American Tanka*, *Stirring*, *Poetry In The Light*, *Haiku Canada Newsletter*, and elsewhere. Richard Stevenson

I am not much of a tanka or haibun man. I did write some renga-like suites. As an example, I send a translation of one of the shortest of these. I grew up, as a child, in Indonesia, which at that time was called the Dutch East Indies, and which, was called 'India' for short. What is now called 'India' we used to call 'British India'. I have used the plural 'the Indies' to avoid misunderstanding. During the war, I experienced a few unpleasant aspects of Japanese culture and in 1946, I and my family went to Holland. I never went back to Indonesia until 1992; then, my wife, Pauline, went to a travel agency and bought a trip through Sumatra, Java, and Bali that we enjoyed very much. Then I wrote my "Indonesian Suite", which I now translated into English with the help of Alvaro Cardona-Hine, a Zen poet living in New Mexico. Hans Reddingius, The Netherlands.

Thanks so much for the kind review of *The Perfect Worry-Stone*. One small correction if you have the time. There were six tanka in the collection, leaving five in addition to the one you quoted. All's well here - still writing up a storm with Marlene Mountain & Kris Kondo. Francine Porad

## **PARTICIPATION RENGA**

### **JUST DAUGHTERS**

7 links

theme: family relationships

In the graveyard / a carved stone angel / with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker / turning clouds into faces cg  
after thirty years I still miss her my dead sister JAJ  
in a dream again back to playing hide and seek WR

coveting  
my own wife CC

absent father only a ghost  
in attic shadows GD

big sister  
checks the youngster's breath  
missing cigarettes ESJ

~\*~

In the graveyard / a carved stone angel / with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker / turning clouds into faces cg  
grandpa playing solitaire JAJ  
"Don't trust. Don't talk. Don't feel." RF

how can one I love  
vote Republican? JR

blurted words in grade school  
the room laughs until I cry GD

~\*~

In the graveyard / a carved stone angel / with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker / turning clouds into faces cg  
grandpa playing solitaire JAJ  
dad's third marriage I learn my new brothers & sisters one step- at a time CC

enlarging the family  
sis's expanding tummy JR

living on her own  
enjoying her own company JAJ

~\*~

In the graveyard / a carved stone angel / with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker / turning clouds into faces cg  
"get water from the well" she said, wanting me out of the kitchen GM  
mother and son discuss making pickles JAJ

sex education  
must, say the educators  
begin at home JR

storm cellar, root cellar -  
home-canned peaches  
& refuge from tornadoes GD

~\*~

In the graveyard / a carved stone angel / with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker / turning clouds into faces cg  
"get water from the well" she said, wanting me out of the kitchen GM  
my thirst is floating back to other liquids WR

kicking  
somewhere under her ribs  
the unborn child JAJ

~\*~

In the graveyard / a carved stone angel / with my daughter's face GM  
grandma in her rocker / turning clouds into faces cg  
after thirty years I still miss her my dead sister JAJ  
in a dream again back to playing hide and seek WR

now that we're older  
siblings and I each our own way JAJ

### **MOST BEAUTIFUL GAME**

7 Links

Rule: each link is a question; no answers!

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF  
rather like / a Miss Universe pageant / don't you think? JAJ  
uni verse or multiverses? ??  
will that be Visa or Mastercard? JAJ

carbon paper  
can it be

carbon-dated? CC

fifteen percent or twenty? GD

~\*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF

If she sends him / one perfect rose / will he call or hide? cg

is it better / to burn? / or to marry? JR

Can this phoenix rise again from the charred ashes of summer? CC

dream: butterfly

or butterfly ballot? GD

~\*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF

What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ

Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM

what's the joke about navel seamen? JR

how many syllables

does it take to screw

up a haiku? CC

~\*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF

What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ

Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM

Do you see that very bright star? JAJ

How about

in five hundred years? RF

why does the map

have no center? GD

~\*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF

rather like / a Miss Universe pageant / don't you think? JAJ

uni verse or multiverses? ??

If not my link then whose? CC

will the words

of a neighbor do? JAJ

~\*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF  
What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ  
Your shoe or mine? CC

What if I just say  
stuff it? JAJ

~\*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF  
If she sends him / one perfect rose / will he call or hide? cg  
Is it better / to burn? / or to marry? JR  
Is anything better than making more nuclear bombs? RF

a poor woman  
birthing her 10th child? JR

## **TIME**

with 3, 2 liners up to 12 links  
Theme: time's length and limits

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
Nasira waiting for us at the edge of eternity CC

I'm sure it was she  
who visited my dream  
just last week JAJ

Polaris  
was not always  
the pole star RF

oh to sit forever  
in the warm cradle  
of the moon ESJ

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM  
patches of snow mound of primulas in bloom JAJ

the tension gone  
from his strings  
Howdy Doody CC

~\*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF  
sleepless / how long the hours / of night? JSJ  
both hands point in the same direction CC

early winter  
sun down at 4 pm now JAJ

still appealing  
with upturned palms  
the stone virgin ESJ

### **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  
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 fiftieth 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

~\*~

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

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up ahead another hidden curve ESJ  
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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  
returning for Easter / without painted eggs / from a far place GM  
the rabbit in the dark of the moon WR  
hairless after  
you get through with it

my lucky foot CC

first rays of dawn  
bantam rooster wakes up  
the whole family JAJ

moon-shadow cast on  
melting snow GD

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph

october windsong TW

warm fall days chill at sunset BJ

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breath suspended overhead ... the northern lights in slow dance JAJ

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 fiftieth 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 R

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

belly up as we like it both WR

under revision again

my top ten list 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  
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 fiftieth 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  
turned up by the plow / a musket's firing plate GD

breaking / in the dustpan / last wedding cup cg

after three years divorce papers JSJ

Solomon sharpening his sword CC

she leaves in the nick of time ESJ

The Judgment:

5 to 4 RF

the smooth edge  
of the glazed vase JAJ

behind the tool shed  
a rusting scythe GD

~\*~

~\*~

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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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 fiftieth 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 R  
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  
Swirl of your soul into the siren's whirlpool CC

hot songs melt the wax  
from sailors' ears GD

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph

october windsong TW

warm fall days chill at sunset BJ

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she tries to add up all the good times YH

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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  
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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  
dancing a pas de deux for one more night WR  
flat on her bum  
unexpected ice patch JAJ

(A brand new renga – get in now to make it work your way!)

**AT THE BEACH**

Rule: 3 – 2 lines alternating

Ends with 12 links

fulfilling a last request  
gray north wind  
pummels with heavy drops RF

\*\*\*\*\*

This Renga ENDS THIS TIME – DO NOT ADD ON! But enjoy!

BE BLANK

1-line links – theme: blankness

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB

a sea of faces JAJ

: ) ] : ( [ : o # 8 ( { : ) x CC

school skeleton dead tired FPA

erased blackboard JSJ

galaxy unspun cocoon () surge JR

damply in the darkened tree JMB

white on white dress JSJ

a wall from which ivy was torn GM

pine ash beech oleander FPA

waiting for her to blossom GM

faintly a small star falls WR

bottomless abyss CC

~\*~

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB

a sea of faces JAJ

: ) ] : ( [ : o # 8 ( { : ) x CC

school skeleton dead tired FPA

erased blackboard JSJ

vanishing chalk marks that add up to zero CC

melted snowballs JSJ

plowed unplanted field cg

() JSJ

the "name" list reversed JMB

empty cookie jar JSJ

dry arroyo JAJ

a vote or a dimple? CC

~\*~

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB

Hirshhorn canvas better blank (crap KCL

form of perfect writhing JMB

on my arm a hand made basket JR

woven around space dht

the eggless nest <> just her size JR

a body of water

without reflections GM

the glass bell missing its clapper PGC

no lead in his pencil cg

nudissimo RF

song without end JAJ

etch-a-sketch erased CC

this silence within silence ESJ

humming a prayer without understanding JR

~\*~

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB

Hirshhorn canvas better blank (crap KCL

form of perfect writhing JMB

on my arm a hand made basket JR

woven around space dht

the eggless nest <> just her size JR

a body of water without reflections GM

the glass bell missing its clapper PGC  
no lead in his pencil cg  
neon light in the fog, "paper" JMB  
with the poems written on the universe JR  
but they don't rhyme !siren! CC  
drifting off into sweet nothingness ESJ

~\*~

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB  
a sea of faces JAJ  
:) ] : ( [ : o # 8 ( { : ) x CC  
school skeleton dead tired FPA  
erased blackboard JSJ  
galaxy unspun cocoon () surge JR  
damply in the darkened tree JMB  
white on white dress JSJ  
a wall from which ivy was torn GM  
pine ash beech oleander FPA  
waiting for her to blossom GM  
faintly a small star falls WR  
how brief the mirage ESJ

**FINIS**