

LYNX
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BOOK REVIEWS:

A Woman's Life by Harue Aoki. Perfect bound, 120 pps., 8 x 5, includes kanji and romaji versions of the tanka, ISBN: 4-87944-065-5, \$12.00. Contact author at 3-24-4 Inokashira, Mitaka-shi, 181-0001 Tokyo, Japan.

Fly-ku by Robin D. Gill. Key Biscayne, Florida, Paraverse Press: 2004. Perfect bound, 9.75 x 7.5 inches, 228 pp., haiku in kanji, romaji and English with copious commentary, 0-9742618-4-X. \$15.00. Contact robin d gill.

A Piece of Eggshell: An Anthology of Haiku and Related Works by the Magpie Haiku Poets of Calgary, Canada. Flat-spined gated covers, 8 x 5, 86 pps., ISBN: 0-9734761, \$15.00. Contact.

ADA by Jenny Ovaere and Geert Verbeke. Kortrijk, Flanders, Empty Sky: 2004. ISBN: 90-805634-71. Perfect bound, 6 x 8.25, 104 pages, full color photos, haiku in English, French, Dutch. Order from the author at Leo Baekelandlaan 14, 8500 Kortrijk, Flanders, Belgium, Europe

Announcing Greatest Hits 1985-2004 by Joan Payne Kincaid.

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This issue of LYNX is dedicated to:

Neal Henry Lawrence OSB
January 22, 1908 – November 3, 2004

Pioneer Tanka Poet

ARTICLES

A Place for Cow-slobber?
or, the haiku of year animals reconsidered
by robin d. gill

The Most In/famous New Year's Haiku

Every year in the Sinosphere comes with an animal identity. As with our astrological signs, there are 12 and everyone is identified with one of them, that of one's year of birth rather than month. There is good reason for going by the year rather than month. In the Sinosphere, birthdays, that is days within certain months were not recognized as benchmarks of aging for everyone took on another year at the same time the whole world did, the start of the year, which occurred on the first day of the first month. (1) With the exception of the dragon, head of the watery tribe, all are recognizable animals, far less eclectic or exotic than our collection of star-born creatures which include an element (Aquarius), the purely human (Gemini), chimerical (Sagittarius), and noxious (Scorpio).

kesa taruru tsurara ya yodare ushi-no-toshi --- teitoku (1570-1653)
(this morning drips/hangs icicle: slobber ox year)

synchronicity

this morning
how icicles slobber!
year of the cow

Pre-Bashô poets reveled in the jûnishi, 12 "year-animals," if you will forgive a neologism, yet modern saijiki (haiku almanacs) generally ignore them altogether. Why? I believe the reason is that this first haiku master held up the above poem on the Year of the Ox, by Teitoku, as an example of what was wrong with the haiku of his day. Since Bashô put it down as Teitoku no yodare, poets came to refer to it as the same, i.e. "Teitoku's slobber." We shall call it Teitoku's slobberal, for had Bashô been writing in English, he might have found a Year of the Dog poem to criticize as "doggerel." I joke, but, seriously, feel that Teitoku's poem has been given a bum rap. While it may be true that the year-animal is a fiction and a poem treating it shares something with poems that treat Nature in a nominal rather than truthful (makoto) way, and as such, seems contrary to the idea of getting out, or opening up and observing things in the real (?) world, please take note: a lot depends on how one approaches Teitoku's poem

dripping icicles
today, call them slobber!
year of the ox

Considered in good faith, we may first imagine Teitoku saw a melting icicle and chuckled at the coincidence. In that case, his experience is as real as any purely natural observation, unless we are to define our associations as unnatural. I, at least, think it as natural for humans to think as to walk. But - here I skate on thinner ice - even if Teitoku just dreamed it all up, why not? Anything that could be true

is as good as true for anyone but the poet, and even the poet, as years go by, might come to believe he actually saw it. I realize this attitude which I share with Oscar Wilde is debatable, but there is more, so let me proceed, for I believe Teitoku had a snort to add to his chuckle and I have never seen it mentioned.

icicles dripping
today, call it slobber!
year of the cow

Who would not agree that melting icicles are a fine moving image of Spring's coming? Older poetry, which was primarily romantic, associated icicles with frozen streams of tears or tear-soaked frozen sleeves, themselves extensions of the heart, which began to drip as they unthawed in the Spring. There are at least 3 (from a quick skim of my pocket book version) such poems in the Shinkokinshû» (1205 EC) alone. Poem #31 where "the tear icicles / of the nightingale / start melting . . ." (uguisu-no namida-no-tsurara uchi-tokete furu-su nagara ~) - nightingales were thought to cry as they sang, so this would explain why they are singing again - song # 633 with its virtual bed of icicles: "on my pillow and sleeves, icicle tears ~" (makura ni mo sode ni mo namida tsurara ~), and this:

toshikureshi namida no tsurara tokenikeri
koke no sode ni mo haru ya taturamu shinkokinshû poem #1,435
(year-ending/ended, tear-icicles melt/ed [+emphatic] moss-sleeve-to-even, spring [+emph]
rise/come-would?)

a year ends
lachrymal icicles
melt away:

has spring come
to mossy sleeve?
the year ends

my tears once icicle
melt and run
even sleeves of moss
know spring has come

(expanded translation)

winter done,
my tears no longer icicles run
even to these sleeves
of monkish moss
flowery spring
would seem
to come

The ex-minister who wrote the poem became a monk, hence moss-colored sleeves which remind

one of likewise mossy rocks below which poets found gurgling water, a sign of Spring; and Spring came with the New Year (or vice versa) as was once the case in the West. But we are not going to discuss the intricacies of the calendar, the world of waka, or the seasonal indicators of the New Year and Spring Seasons, here. I only bring up these poems to redeem Teitoku's slobberal. It does not bother me at all that playing with year-animals is a head-trip. That's what we have heads for. But I recognize that such condemnation is useful when a critic fails to find the precise reason someone's haiku sucks (Please excuse this one-time use of a verb discriminates against babies of all species). Perhaps it is also insufficient to explain the seasonal aptness and good humor of bovine icicles for the Year of the Ox, for some insist upon seeing this delightful image as gross. That is why, the waka matters. It is circumstantial evidence that Teitoku's slobberal was an irreverent poke at the precious icicle tears of classical poetry. Is it possible that Bashô missed that humor? (Readers who recall Sôkan's often derided poem that puts a handle on the moon should, likewise, pause, for he was almost certainly poking fun at older hokku that dwelled on the supposed coolness of the moon.

As far as I know, I am the only person noticing these things. Perhaps I am wrong. There are, after all, countless scholars, many reading in their native language, who have a far greater command of the grammar and the culture of the time. If, against all odds, I have it right, it is only because I hate the way everyone but a few of the top poets are put down by later generations, so I look carefully for the saving grace of each old poem. Where, I ask myself, is the wit? (Of course, I may sometimes give a poet too much credit - when I played with a dozen or so poems (tanka) by one living Japanese poet, her published translator, who readily admitted to enjoying my translations more than her own, questioned: But is there really that much Dorothy Parker in Tawara Machi? I am sure I sometimes improve other poets, too. But translation is rarely perfect. If I err, I would rather err on the side of the poet.)

hi-no-hajime noki no tsurara no tokenikeri futoku? (18c.?)
(the sun's start, eaves' icicles' melting [+emphasis or p. perfect])

the first sun:
the icicles on the eaves
melt away

the first sun:
icicles on the eaves
are melting!

For balance, a couple post-Bashô New Year icicle poems. The first reading of the above brings out the drama of the New Year's Sun vanquishing last year's icicles, while the second reading emphasizes the aha! coincidence of the two things. Personally, I prefer Teitoku's wit to either reading or even the fine observation below, which, as is often the case with the most elegant haiku, suffers great damage in translation:

haru tatsu ya tsurara no noki no shizuku yori kiin (1763)
(spring-rises=comes/manifests:!/ icicles' eaves' [water] drops-from)

spring rises
from the dripping of icicles
on the eave

spring is here
in the drip, drip, drip
of our icicles

Imagine a Japanese house and some drops falling directly from icicle to splat on the wooden veranda or on the ground and others sliding sideways a distance along the bottom of the eave first . . . "Spring rises" means spring has come, i.e., it is the New Year. A reader of more lyrical poetic bent than mine is welcome to create a better translation. I have done my duty by showing the other side, the accepted haiku style, and will now cop out and return to Teitoku.

a Floridian Imagining New Year's Up North in 2009

Year of the Cow
are those the icicles
Teitoku milked?

In summation, my heretical affection for Teitoku's ku comes from my appetite for something more common in old ku than new ku, namely, many layers of meaning, in a word, density. Turning icicles into slobber. What seems at a glance to be pure inanity is actually a creative amalgam of observation (real or imagined) of nature, seasonal fit, cultural synchronicity and iconoclasm. You might say that Teitoku milked the icicles for poetic significance.

The Second Most In/famous New Year's Haiku

hi no kao ya kesa akane sasu saru-no-toshi --- seishō (1633)
(day's face! morning red-color gleam monkey's year)

year of the monkey

the sun's face
so red this morning:
hello, monkey!

The Japanese monkey - actually, macaque - has a bright red face. This is the second most quoted supposedly bad year-animal haiku. Because the poet is not in/famous, it is less commonly reviled. I have yet to find the cow slobber in a children's book, but this monkey sun occasionally manages to find its way into them (I recall encountering it in one and assume it is also in a few more). The usual criticism that it is "a poem such as a child would make" is correct in so far that this poem lacks the layers of meaning found in a more mature poem. It is closer to a school of simple Taoism I came across in Hawaii, where the devotees (in a loose sense that might be applied to Unitarians) gathered on the Chinese New Year and, at the behest of the preacher (or whatever you wish to call her) bleated like goats/sheep/ram (*2) to start that year off right. I was among them, wondering if we might not also have been given small scraps of rice-paper to eat.

two hands at midnight
on my mickey mouse watch
year of the rat.

jane reichhold
Shiki on-line internet
1 January, 1996

I would defend any putdown of the monkey poem as childish with two words: So what! Aren't we supposed to be reborn and, therefore childish, every New Year? Must all haiku be grown-up? Is there no room for slobbering icicles, red-faced monkeys and, for that matter, Mickey Mouse?

year of the rat
thank you, no thank you
i tell my cat

I have written any number of New Year haiku but have not yet gathered my work from the insides of the covers of books and notebooks and scraps of paper and my memory is so poor I can recall only a few and, even them, vaguely. That is to say, I only remember the happening and the idea. Just as Jane's looking at her watch is itself appropriate to the season (I imagine her, like me, losing track of time more often than pinning it down), gift-giving by cats is a bona fide part of the holiday season, especially if they are semi-feral cats not entirely confident of their lodging. Because strange people come around, routines change and packages (suggesting trips) are made and opened, cats (particularly the females) get anxious, hunt more and ply their patrons with presents. Here is the same idea in different words:

on a certain year

my cat's gift
auspicious or not
the rat is here

Speaking of the auspicious, traditional Japanese poems about the year-rat/mouse tended to dwell upon white mice, for they were considered to be the familiars (if you will excuse a witchy word) of the God of Grain, which is to say, the plump god of Prosperity and were identified with a bumper crop, itself the symbol of plenty. I have yet to come across any really good Year-mouse ku. I do, however, know many other good mouse ku associated with other New Year themes (dozens will be in my next book) and my favorite is a playful subjective poem by Kyoshi - if Shiki is the father of modern traditionalist haiku, Kyoshi is the god-father and since Shiki died young, the child was raised almost entirely by Kyoshi, which makes him the de-facto father - who is generally identified with the objective depiction of Nature.

hōrai ni jōfuku to mosu nezumi kana --- kyoshi (1874-1959)
(hōrai-in/on "Jōfuku" [it is] called mouse's)

and, who are you?

the mouse
on mt hôrai spoke
"i'm jôfuku!"

Mt. Hôrai was a magical island-mountain where sages enjoyed eternal life. Abstract models of it were set up in the anterooms of Japanese homes for the New Year. Since much of the decoration was edible - in parts of Japan, the mountain becomes a kui-tsumi, literally, a "food-pile" - the mice/rats found it to their liking so, as might be expected from a reality-based form of poetry, there are many mouse/rat+Hôrai haiku (while the Chinese mouse/rat is generic, we shall stick with mouse over rat for the latter has too much unwelcome baggage and I cannot use it without recalling Pound's translation of a certain Chinese poem). But to return to Kyoshi's poem, here is a translation closer to the syntax of the original:

on mount hôrai
who says "i'm jôfuku"?
it's a mouse!

While Hôrai was originally a Chinese fiction, the magical mountain may have exercised particular fascination for Japanese because of the legend delightfully played by Kyoshi in the above ku. Jôfuku, or Jôfutsu, as the Japanese call him (Perhaps a reader could send me the Chinese pronunciation!), was a Chinese regent (whatever that is) in the era of China's First Emperor - the conceited egoistic maniac who destroyed previous history to bend reality to his self-assumed name. Jôfuku wisely decided to escape from this insanity and gain immortality in another, more humane way. With a selected party (usually described as 500 young men and women of great beauty), he set off to find the Mountain Island with the elixir of immortality. To make a long story short, Japanese think he may have ended up in their nation and there are competing claims and even graves in different parts of Japan! What fun to have the mouse peep "I am he!"

Yes, Kyoshi's ku is better than Teitoku's cow slobber. It has the layers of an old poem. And, it has something else. Behind the apparent joking, we feel regret for the shortness of life. The ku has the sincerity that most haiku editors and experts feel is vital. I am the first to agree that such depth makes the best poems, but think it not only not necessary but not desirable for all haiku to be so. Here is an imaginary end to the Year of the Mouse:

the ox has horns
my mickey mouse watch
raises its hands

Unknown and Possibly Worthless New Year's Haiku for This Year

Of course, we need a haiku appropriate for 2005, the Year of the Cock? There is no single

in/famous example. Let us, instead, see a clutch of them. The first is by Teitoku, again. Yes, I like him.

houou mo ideyo nodokeki tori-no-toshi - teitoku (1570 -1653)
(phoenix too, appear [positive imperative] calm/balmy/halcyon, bird-year)

halcyon spring

phoenix, you, too
show! how calm this
year of the bird

what a serene
year of the bird - i almost
expect a phoenix

phoenixes, too
come out! this peaceful
year of the bird

There are many ways to pronounce cock/chicken, but the pronunciation tori, means "bird." Teitoku plays on that, even using the Chinese character for the generic "bird" in this ku that brings out the preternatural calm sometimes experienced in early spring. The Year Animals are theoretically the prime animal of their type, king of the tribe. I do not know how that applies to, say, Rabbits and Rat, both rodents, or what Ram rules (the heights?). But the year does boast a Tiger rather than house-cat and Dragon rather than the snapper, so one might argue for the magical phoenix of rebirth over the Cock. Perhaps I should add that the Chinese phoenix, like the Chinese dragon (connected more with water than fire), was not the same as the Occidental one. It was - or, they were - an immortal chimera with a rooster's beak, crest and waddle, a fishy tail and more strange and beautifully colored stuff in between that lived on the fruit of bamboo (whatever that is!) and no one imagined that "phoenix" burning itself and then rising fiery-eyed out of ashes. It also presaged the birth of an Imperial prince, so the "rebirth" idea is not entirely absent . . .

kyo tatsu ya haru mo hyoko no tori-no-toshi --- kôyô» (1645)
(today stands/arrives:!/ spring too chick-bird-year)

Year of the Cock

hatched today:
the spring chicken must
be a chick!"

Since "stand" in English cannot also mean "arrive" or "start," the pun in the original was given up for "hatched" and clever nouns resorted to. Regardless, this Year of the Cock ku is not as good as Teitoku's ku for it lacks a single phenomenological connection to the world. It is what Teitoku's poems are often accused of being: purely nominal. I include it so readers will know that there are limits to

what I will accept as a good haiku, but hasten to add that I do not think poems completely based on logo, i.e. words and ideas born of them, are not bad because of that. If they are bad, it is because they only have a single layer of meaning. That is to say, they are bad for the same reason most poems that are purely an observation of a natural phenomenon are bad. We are quickly bored by them.

kesa-no-haru wa ômugaeshi ka tori-no-toshi --- seishô (17c.?)
(morning's spring-as-for, parroting? bird-year)

spring again today
so are we now parroting
the year of the bird?

This, too, seems purely word-play, but beats the last ku for it refers to a real phenomenon, the solar spring arriving early, within the old year. Spring-within-the-old-year is a haiku theme, now obsolete since Japanese adopted "our" fixed (or, should we call it "dead?") solar calendar, such "parroting" is found no longer.

hatsukei mo kesa wa gaten ka tori-no-toshi rizan? (1765
(first crowing/rooster even this-morning-as-for, convincing/right? bird [cock]-year)

does the first crow
make sense this morning?
year of the cock

this dawn rooster
sounds like he knows
it is his year

does the rooster
sound like he knows?
year of the cock

cockadoodledoo!

does that rooster
concur this dawn means
the year of the cock

It is virtually impossible to translate gaten, literally meet/match-point/dot, vernacular for a type of comprehension when one is suddenly convinced on a point because of something newly experienced or known. I am afraid I have not experienced total gaten with respect to the ku. The first reading assumes the poet speaks from the point of view of a person who otherwise hates to be disturbed by an early-bird with a big beak. The rest pretend the cock feels differently while actually reflecting the difference

experienced by the poet on this magical first day of year reflecting the first day of the world. That would make the poem pretentious yet genuine, for it is based on a very real emotion. We all have opinions on early morning noise.

tamago nari na sekai ni tatsu ya tori-no-toshi - kosei (1656)
(egg-become/produce/shape world-on stands! chicken/rooster/hen-year)

the egg hatches!
rising up o'er the world
year of the cock

The above is probably the correct translation. I first thought the nari was "form/shape" and modified the "world," but that would require the na to be no. My Japanese friends found such grammar-bending absolutely impossible, so unless there was a mis-transcription from "no" to "na" at some time in history, the following are mistranslations, or if you prefer, different poems altogether:

the sun egg
rising o'er the world
year of the cock

rising over
our ovoid world
the year-cock

No sun is directly mentioned and the world was traditionally square (with a stress on all the sides/directions) on the New Year, so neither reading would be likely even if a mis-transcription had occurred. Be that as it may, I liked the idea of an ovoid world and made paraverses, one for each sex.

year of the chicken

rising up from
the egg of a new world
rooster, crow!

year of the chicken

clucking over
the just hatched year-egg
hen, it's yours!

My ovoid idea is not totally bananas, for round gems (tama) were associated with the New Year and the Spring. A Japanese friend I asked about the poem came up with something altogether different from the reading I believe probably correct and from the ones that are probably wrong:

an egg does it!
standing up in the world
year of the cock

I do not think her reading as likely as the one I gave first (which she had not seen), for I suspect there would have been clearer ways to express the idea, which she described as follows:

"The world" seems a bit hyperbolic, but I imagine the poet trying to balance an egg on his desk, when, voila, it stood! Actually, there is an episode in a work by Nakatani Ukirâ where it is said an egg stands easily on risshun, the solar spring [literally, stand-spring]. Of course, even if it is not the solar spring, an egg can be stood on end if one quietly concentrates. Returning to the poet, I imagine him delighted in successfully standing up an egg, thinking, "Oh, that's right! This is the Year of the Cock! No wonder it stands!"

Please do not get her wrong. In Japanese, a cock is a male chicken and nothing else. The risqué punch-line was hatched from my translation. But as long as we are at it:

ying-yang

year of the cock
and let us not forget
molly flanders

No, I cannot recall anything about the novel other than the name of the heroine which etymologically means "soft" and "low."

~~~~~

Message

Is it not better to introduce children - and, maybe adults, too? - to fun haiku so they learn to like the form, rather than to limit their exposure to subtler poems that may, by boring them, vaccinate them against haiku forever? My words may be misguided for an English language readership, as my opinions come from two discoveries made in Japan. First, all too many Japanese admire haiku but rarely read or make them (I surveyed students at a top Japanese university). Second, readers used by elementary and junior high-school students contain haiku about encountering a violet on a mountain road (Bashô), young sweet-fish two-fingers-long heading up river (Shiki), sun shining on a mountain on the far side of a withered field (Kyoshi), and so on, that is clearly over their heads. Rightly or wrongly, I put the two together and came to my conclusion: lighten up!

~~~~~

Slobber Rewrite

While I find philosophical complaint such as Bashô's misplaced, Teitoku's poem is indeed crude: . A translation of kesa taruru tsurara ya yodare ushi-no-toshi as direct as possible given the languages' different syntax and aided by punctuation signs gives:

the icicles dripping this morning? slobber: ox's year

Keigu wonders if it might not have had a better reception had it been composed instead as follows:

ushidoshi: kesa taruru tsurara ya dare no yodare ran. - teitoku+keigu
(cow year: this morning drip/ping icicle/s!/:/? whose slobber [+humorous emphatic]!?)

year of the ox

the icicles drip
whose slobber is it
this morning

In case you are wondering, the reason I do not always use punctuation is because I am not sure whether its presence helps or hurts the appreciation of haiku. Punctuation marks - that includes capital letters for they are used to mark the start of sentences and set-off words as surely as other marks do - definitely hurt the symmetry of a centered poem (I center to create an object because vertical Japanese poems have more of a presence than short horizontal poems). They help one read correctly aloud, but in Japanese one is not really expected to read a poem perfectly from the first glance. Slowing down and even reading over to figure out the best way to read a poem can itself be satisfying. And, finally, though it does not matter for the above poem, the lack of punctuation permits a type of ambiguity common in Japanese poetry where a word means one thing when read with what comes before it and another when read with what comes after it.

Despite himself using plenty of punctuation marks and taking great care with arranging his irregularly parsed lines, R. H. Blyth wrote something which we tend to overlook in a culture that has come to equate poetry with the voice alone:

"Haiku have no rhyme, little rhythm, assonance, alliteration, or intonation. It is hardly necessary to read them aloud. It may be in olden times *chōka* and even *waka* were always recited, perhaps to the accompaniment of musical instruments, strings and percussion, but this is mere conjecture. Nowadays, most Japanese can with difficulty understand a spoken haiku. Written in Chinese and Japanese characters it is grasped by the eye rather than by the ear or mouth. . . ." (A History of Haiku vol.1 1963)

Blyth's first sentence is wrong unless taken as hyperbole or to mean that there are no clear schemes of the same that may be taught, but the remainder is basically correct. Or at least it is correct with respect to the moment a Japanese first encountered most haiku at the time Blyth wrote and it is something to think about today.

Robin D. Gill (year of the hare) has written 7 books in Japanese and 4 in English including 2 on haiku. His highly acclaimed *Rise, Ye Sea Slugs!* has almost 1000 translated haiku about sea cucumbers arranged in metaphor-based chapters and the recently released *Fly-ku!* examines the nature of anthropomorphism in haiku about flies. He will soon publish volume 1 of his *saijiki* series *In Praise of Olde Haiku*, a book on the fifth season of haiku, the New Year, and that will be followed shortly by *Drinking With Flowers* - cherry blossom haiku with soul and without. All of his books include the Japanese for the original poems in place, as was the case with the books of Blyth, yet are inexpensive. In order to do this, he became a publisher. Please visit the web site for information about the above and other books or skip straight to Amazon or Barnes & Noble.

FATHER LAWRENCE - PIONEER TANKA POET

Jane Reichhold

Before most writers in North America even knew about the tanka poetry form, Father Lawrence had published two books of tanka. One in 1978, *Soul's Inner Sparkle: Moments of Waka Sensations*, and the second one in 1983, *Rushing Amid Tears: Tanka Poems in English*, were published in Japan. It was only in 1993, when a growing number of poets were learning about tanka in North America, that AHA Books published Father Lawrence's *Shining Moments: Tanka Poems in English*, and brought his work back to his homeland.

Father Lawrence was born in Clarksville, Tennessee on January 22, 1908, and graduated from the Louisville Male High School in Kentucky in 1925. He received his A.B. from Harvard College in 1929, and M.A. in Public Law and Government from Columbia University in 1947. He was a business executive, then served as naval officer (Lieutenant Commander) and diplomat. In 1960 he was ordained as a Catholic priest in the Order of St. Benedict for St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota. It was while he was at St. Anselm's Priory in Tokyo, Japan that I met him.

I first noticed his tanka poems in the magazine *Poetry Nippon*, edited by Atsuo Nakagawa, the official organ of The Poetry Society of Tokyo, and wrote to him of my admiration for his work. Soon, a very lively correspondence began. Father Lawrence was very happy to finally find an interest in tanka in America and he did all he could to foster our development. Though he and I firmly disagreed on whether English tanka should be written in 5,7,5,7,7, we never let our differences come between us or our goal of fostering interest in the genre. Through the early years of publishing *Lynx*, his work was very often included.

The publication of his hardcover book, *Shining Moments*, was a first for AHA Books, and we were both very proud of the results. It was an honor to work with the other friends and supporters of Father Lawrence's work – Toshimi Horiuchi, Marie Philomene, Atsuo Nakagawa, and Edward Seidensticker – who were eager to have their comments included in his book. Edward Seidensticker had also written the introductions to Father Lawrence's previous two books and they were old friends.

In 1998, when Werner and I were invited to Japan by Empero Akihito and Empress Michiko to the New Year's Poetry Party, Father Lawrence was instrumental in making sure our visit was a success and delight in every way. What a joy it was that first night, after the long flight, and nightmare journey through Tokyo's subway system to be clasped in his strong arms and hear his welcome booming in our ears. During that first bewildering meal of Japanese specialties in the restaurant, he sat by our sides encouraging us, comforting us, and overseeing the evening like a proud papa.

The previous year Father Lawrence had been the second American tanka poet in history to be invited to the *Utakai Hajime* – The New Year's Poetry Party (Lucille Nixon had been the first in 1956), so he was able to advise us on the protocol and the importance of the occasion as the result of his experiences.

After the trip to Japan, Father Lawrence and I kept in touch, especially as we both had January

birthdays. In the last year though, his secretary wrote his responses. He died, they say peacefully, on November, 3rd at the Holy Trinity Monastery in Fujimi, Nagano. The memorial mass was celebrated at the Meguro Catholic Church in Shinagawa Ward, Tokyo, at 6 pm on Wednesday, November 17th. The cremated remains are interred in the columbarium at the Meguro Church where he had served as pastor.

He was honored as a monk, priest, diplomat, teacher, artist and poet. The World Academy of Arts and Culture granted Father Lawrence an honorary doctorate in 1990. In 1993 the Emperor and the Government of Japan honored Father Lawrence for meritorious service to the nation in higher education with the Order of the Rising Sun, Golden Rays with Rosette. In the same year the president of Saint John's University issued the Presidential Citation to him for his 85 years of service to mankind and his numerous achievements and exceptional leadership. In 1998, the "Father Lawrence Scholarship" was established to provide for undergraduates at the College of Saint Benedict and Saint John's University who wish to study in Japan.

In my mind, the word "father" fits him best. He was the kindly, good parent who fostered so much goodwill and education in all his fields of endeavor, but especially in tanka. Here is a tanka Father Lawrence wrote in the early 1990s, which could have been about himself.

A man of vision
With a poet's gift to paint
In words filled with life.
Though now in another world
He still inspires those he left.

A LETTER FROM THE FOUNDER OF LYNX Jim Wilson

~ This is the letter Jim wrote for the 10th anniversary of Lynx. ~

Dear Renga Friends,

Jane asked me to write something about how and why I started a magazine devoted to renga. At first I thought I would write an article; but I got tangled up in outlines, side issues, etc. So I decided to simply write a letter to all you folks at Lynx.

My introduction to renga came about in an atypical way. I learned about renga from John Cage's writings and music. Cage liked renga because of its unpredictable nature and also the fact that this form of poetry usually emerges from group interaction. For this reason, though individuals contribute to renga, they can not claim ownership of a renga (when written by a group). This fit in nicely with Cage's esthetic of trying to let "sounds speak for themselves" instead of imposing personal esthetic judgments on sonic material. I liked renga because they remind me of a journey; a drive through a country one doesn't know or a hike through an unknown woods. In 1985 I came across Basho's "Monkey's Raincoat" which I immediately loved. This set of four renga masterfully presents the best renga has to

offer. I began to look for a poetry magazine that might focus on renga. I couldn't find one. So I decided, "What the heck, I'll just do it myself."

My inspiration for "doing it myself" came from the world of APAs. APAs began in the U.S. early in this century, perhaps late 1800s. They consist entirely of subscriber submissions. Also, in order to get an APA you have to contribute. This usually keeps the number involved in an APA quite small (I have rarely seen an APA over 30 people). APAs have played a big role in the science fiction world. You might find yourself surprised at how many sci-fi writers started out in APAs. Many sci-fi writers today regularly contribute to APAs. Sci-fi conventions usually have several booths devoted to APAs and their collectors.

APAs usually have a subject, like sci-fi (or a specific topic in sci-fi such as Star Trek), politics, tarot, sexuality, etc. Since the APAs have no editor, they create a forum for free form discussion. I decided to apply the APA format to a renga magazine. I launched the first issue with just a few pages, a few hokku and some responses. Because the first few issues had so few people involved, I used some pseudonyms for some of the responses. I bought a copy of Poet's Market and mailed APA-Renga (as I called it) to all the haiku magazines and associations I could find. Soon, responses began to trickle in. Jane Reichhold, Terry Lee Grell, Ken Leibman, and some others I recall as among the first. Those first issues consisted of unbound xerox sheets that I put in a folder.

After a year or so, my lover Bob, demonstrated how to put the issues into a format conducive to the form of the poetry (the format resembled what Jane does now, except longer). I felt very gratified at the response of individuals. On the other hand, it surprised me that not more people wanted to participate. At the time I started APA-Renga I had no knowledge of the "haiku scene" in the U.S. Haiku had never strongly interested me. After a while I became aware of a kind of self-appointed elite who attempted to control Japanese derived forms of poetry in the U.S. Nothing wrong with that; everyone has esthetic opinions. It bothered me, though, that people seemed to uncritically apply the esthetic of haiku to renga when, I feel, they require very different approaches.

For example, a good haiku has something complete about it, like a painting or photograph. A renga link needs to have something incomplete about it, something open, so that the next person can fill in, lead on, or respond. A renga does not consist of a series of haiku. For this reason, and others, I currently rather regret the setting up of renga criteria by haiku associations.

But back to APA-Renga. When I first began I thought of doing it every 6 weeks. As more people began to join, it got too big of a project and I reduced the number of issues per year. In late 1988, Bob began to become quite sick with AIDS. Naturally, my time and energy went to taking care of him. I looked around for someone to take over APA-Renga knowing that if I did not do so, I would have to bring it to a close. I called Terry Lee Grell and asked her if she would do it. Terry had participated in APA-Renga from very early on with great enthusiasm and a wild sense of humor. She also had knowledge about typesetting and newspaper production. After several calls and weighing whether or not she had the time, she accepted. I want to take this opportunity to thank Terry for carrying on APA-Renga, which she renamed as Lynx. Terry broadened the appeal of APA-Renga, changed its format, and added many new features, all to the better.

I can hardly believe that all this time has passed and that Lynx now has had other editors for the last two years. Jane and Werner further expanded APA-Renga/Lynx with articles, book reviews with a focus on other linking forms of poetry. Like a renga, this magazine has gone on its own journey. I wish it well.

See you in 10 more years.

Fondly, Tundra aka Jim Wilson

RENGA IN INTEL'S BUSINESS WORLD

Jane Reichhold

In the middle of August, 2004, I got an email asking if I was interested in writing a renga for a business presentation. As it turned out, Louis Burns, the President of Intel was giving a keynote address at a convention in Tokyo, and he, or someone, had the idea of building the speech and the focus of his ideas around the idea of the renga. The speech was already written when someone else got the idea that they needed to have a renga presented before the speech so the audience would all know what this poetry form was. More ideas came forth and it was decided that a renga would be presented in a video on the large screens behind the podium before the speakers entered. Now all they needed was to find someone who knew how to write a renga.

A web search turned up my name and web site. I was told that as they searched farther, my name kept appearing, so on this basis they contacted me. It seemed that they wanted a renga that had supposedly been written by three persons yet because of time restraints they wanted a single author to write it. One voice would be that of a representative of the computer industry, another would be that of a supplier of content (game-writer, movie maker, or musician) and a consumer. In order to have a mix of genders we decided to make two if them males and have the consumer be female. The team making the video wanted to base the whole work on water images so it was deemed that each link would have a reference somehow to water as well as representing the viewpoints of the three "writers."

After several hours-long conference calls with the staff at Pedersen Media Group, I was given the go-ahead, just before Labor Day, to write the renga. From the many questions the others on the staff had about renga and how it was done, I decided to add some explanatory comments to my links.

[Possible titles]

"Three Poets Writing on Water"

"Writing on Water"

"Written on Water"

"Water Words"

[characters]

- A. representing the electronics industry (male)
- B. representing the content providers (male)
- C. the consumer (female)

[Verse numbers are only for our ease in referring to parts of the poem and helping me keep the rules straight. Italics on the right side are cheat sheets in case you can't follow my thinking and for ideas I have had for the visuals. I see the visuals as working with and against the words in a way that is renga-

like because they use association, contrast and relationship to the words and word-images. I would hope that the photographer would also bring his ideas of how these lines relate to each other and to the story of the poem. Just as the reader actually writes half of the renga poem, so will the supplier of images, in the same way, be writing the rest of it.]

1.

A: colorful leaves
weaving on the radiance
Japanese brocade

We talked about the presentation

starting with a shot of one drop falling

on still water and then being joined

by other drops (as if in a shower).

Added to these drops could be one

golden leaf that lands on the spotted

water and then floats down to a

collection of colored leaves lying

closely together to resemble fabric.

I see the scene getting brighter as

the leaf joins the others so that

here at the end of this verse, it seems

the sun is shining, the shower is over.

To show this, I have used "radiance"

instead of "water" to ease off the images, but

still support the images.

2.

B: light and dark obi patterns
moonlight spangles the ripples

We need to shift here to the moon
reflected on dark water that wobbles
enough to cause light and dark spots
or patterning. The host admits
to problems (light and dark) but the moon
brings another kind of light to the endeavor.
The words "patterns" and "obi" connect the
images of Japanese clothing.

3.

C: over the puddles
the girl goes out to shop
skipping

This verse has to end with a
gerund. Perhaps you can see a
connection between this verse and the
last line of the previous verse.
moonlight spangles the ripples /
over the puddles
You can read that line as part of the poem
with the first line of this verse. This
renga technique suggests a photographic
blend. Girl legs should wake up
those who are not interested in poetry.

4.

A: for lunch again today
a cup of organic tea

The connective tissue between these
links is the word "skipping"
that moves from referring to a
way of walking to missing a meal. I
am fairly sure we can get this
wordplay into Japanese. But
even if not, the image of legs moving and
coming to a place where food is served
moves the poem forward properly.

5.

B: first frost
between bridge planks
a swift river

The planks of a wooden table
on which the tea cup is sitting morph
into the planks of a bridge that
are widely spaced enough to
show the dark river water below.
The contrast is between the frost-white
boards and the dark water, relate
to the white tea cup and the dark tea water.

This could be a stark, scary image.

6.

C: in the unexpected snowstorm
squirrels among collected nuts

The poem moves from human food
to animal food, from frost to snow, and
from river to storm as
winter intensifies. Images could
get darker, more threatening. If
the image in the poem is too difficult
to get on video, one can always switch
to a shot of the brush writing down
the poem. This makes a good variation
on the technique of illustrating the
material in the poem. This would work
well to switch from following the narrative
to stepping outside to see it written.

7.

C: a bright spot
in worries of having enough
a TV ad

The first two lines of this link work
with the squirrels among the nuts and
then with the last line the idea switches

to the human world and a TV ad.

It is a renga technique that at
this point one where one poet takes both
links. There should still be the
same amount of a pause between
the verses as previously – only the voice
stays the same.

8.

A: love stories streamed daily
on your very own cell phone

Here again the first line seems
to be related to TV and soap operas
but then it switches from broadcasting
to the personal via some information I
snagged from Mr. Burn's speech.

9.

B: by the water cooler
he dials her number
and then just waits

The phone connection image continues
but the action moves from passively
listening to a love story to being active
in one. The water cooler is metaphor
for contained or dammed up water (data)
and the fact "she" is not answering
indicates blocked intension. This is the

second of the three traditional love
verses at this point in the poem and
correctly portrays desire and longing.

10.

C: moistening the tip of the brush
another layer of mascara

Consider the first line as the most
overt sexual reference of the poem.

The second line moves the reader from
the imagination and thrill of that picture
to the woman and her preparations
for a date.

11.

A: across town
by a vase of flowers
two tickets

I see this vase as a glass one
to show the water in it clearly.

With the "tickets" image we are
teasing the "Content Providers" and
it is the voice of the Electronics Industry
that invites their interest as well
as being the person who is inviting the
female to entertainment and romance.

12.

B: the juggler catches each bowl
with a wave of applause

This gives the Content Providers
a positive image to identify with while
advancing the story that the couple
have gone to see an old-fashioned
style of entertainment.

13.

C: echoes
of a snow-covered hill
the moon

This is the traditional place for
the moon. It might be possible
to go from an image of a white-crested
wave to a snowy hill before a rising moon
[that looks like the hump of a hill].

If many images have been of moving
objects, the moon verse would be ideal
for an elegant still shot of art [of the moon].

The word "echoes" moves from a sound
image to a visual one, and yet combines
the two senses. Moon and flower verses
should maybe have a few seconds more

of time to give them the importance these
beloved images demand.

14.

A. a light burns through the night
from the hut's one window

The image of "a light" connects the moon
and the night and then switches from
being the moon that burns all night to being the
midnight oil burned by someone who works very
hard and long hours – the industry personnel!

Actually the images should show solitude,
(a factor of Japanese winter poetry),
rustic living (sabi –wabi – an old, used,
greatly loved cabin in the snowy mountains).

My verse cannot use the word snow again and
has no water image in the lines, but the visuals
could have the snow and or the water as in a lake
that is missing in the poem.

15.

B: under the ice
the slowed river swells
toward spring

We need to continue the season of
winter into this verse and also prepare
the reader for the coming of spring.

This is in the character of industries

being blocked and yet moving toward
desire and spring and breaking out of
their restraints.

16.

C: "Does he think of me?" she asks
the cat laps milk from a dish

The desire of industry wanting business
is reflected by Ms. C's desire for contact.

The milk in the cat's
dish connects to the color of ice.

17.

A: spots on a hillside
under each cherry tree
a few moist petals

The use of "spots" in the first line
should make the reader think of the
cat's lapping as having small splashes.

But then the image switches to "hillsides"
which is too big of an image for milk splashes.

The second line brings in an outside
image and a favorite one of the Japanese
– cherry trees. Under the cherry trees are those
spots of milk – now as dewy petals.

Fortunately, Mr. A – the Electronics Industry guy
gets the prized flower verse and can suggest

"wetness" which is a conventional sexual metaphor. The Japanese translator will probably use the word for "moist" that suggests dew, tears and sperm, depending on the reader's mindset. "Spots" too, are wide open to interpretation.

18.

B: carried away by the wind
the old man's dreams of greatness

The answer to what made the cherry petals fall is given in the first line and then the subject changes to "an old man's dreams" an apt metaphor for fallen blossoms and for dreams. According to renga rules, one can only use the word "dream" once in a renga and never use the word "woman" – don't ask me why. Again this link has no stated water image, but is instead, one without water to add to its sadness and loss.

19.

B: not forgotten
the art of kite-flying
in the spine

The same speaker – B – gets his two links here. The last line of the previous link

and the first line of this link changes the meaning of #18 from a negative to a positive thought. Still it lacks the water because he is not in the flow.

20.

C: the beachcomber finds
a message in a bottle

The connection between the verses is in the child-like pleasures of out-of-doors. The Consumer Ms. C again is in gathering and reaping mode.

21.

A: information seas
that once separated countries
connect the people

This is an elaboration on the previous link that expands the size of data from a message in the bottle to a sea of information.

Where once seas were boundaries to countries, today with our communication and travel options, the sea of data connects us.

22.

B: our harbor here is closed
the red flag fear of an unknown

This verse represents everyone's
fears of connecting.

23.

C: climbing upward
the mountain stream
a summer path

This is a summer image using the paradox of
falling water becoming an upward path
for summer which needs no path – two paradoxes.

This verse invites everyone to move onward and
upward by following the stream of data on one path.

24.

A: swimming laps in a pool
sun sparkles on finger tips

Continuation of the theme of summer.

One man offers to stay home and work harder
while still staying in good shape.

There is a small "joke" of "laps" as
body parts and finger tips.

25.

B: unable to decide
should it be a diamond
or simply a pearl?

A love verse that has the industry

trying to woo the customer with this
or that –they doesn't know which option
is the best one to take. The pearl
is the watery image.

26.

C: after setting the date
"let's go shopping!"

C uses every opportunity to go shopping.

If you must have a water image,
there is always Pier 49.

27.

A: they meet again
by the "river of data"
her song

While out shopping, the new couple is joined
by their need for data and things.

You decide if you want this connection
to Mr. Burn's speech. I can take it out easily.

28.

B: not to be left behind
umbrellas on a rainy night

The ones who would hesitate
get the message and

follow Mr. Burn's advice given
in his speech

Thus he decides his fate – on a
rainy night. "Rainy night" usually
indicates a sexual encounter.

29.

C: cozy at home
the window to the world
fills with moon glow

The new consumer does not need to go out
into the rain, but can stay home
and be completely entertained – by the moon
in her window, or on her other window – the device
that brings her the world. This is a
moon verse that should be given
extra consideration, be light-filled,
and a bit longer in duration.

30.

A: fishing nets with holes
still catch the autumn sun

A continuation of the use of contrasts,
(out in the rain – cozy at home), (moon – sun),
with the addition of an association (the empty
window – empty holes in the nets)

An autumn verse with the idea
that the electronic technology
wins by being what it is – with
networking. If you must have water
here, you can spray the drying nets
with water so the drops sparkle with the sun.

31.

A: working together
many hands make
the job light

Mr. Technology adds his message
to the autumn scene. No water in the words
here. Still one could find some wet work
shared by several people's hands such as in
sailing a boat which would lead nicely into the
next link. Also, by having a visual
water image related to non-water image
in the poem, this makes the visuals and poem
work together like a renga. Especially good
with the "working together" idea.

32.

B: lines criss-crossing the globe
a ladder of structure

Finally everyone understands the need

for an agreed upon structure
even for something as nebulous as water,
or data, in order to proceed. The ladder idea
implies climbing, rising, and success
as well as the shape of the lines of latitude and
longitude. On this, the back page of the renga,
the cuts should be crisp and fast – no soft
fades or blends. The renga is written like a
symphony (Japanese style!) with a soft,
gentle opening (first six verses), then the next
twenty-four verses are a mix of every
thing and any thing in tempo. The last six verses are
snappy, rushed, and usually mention locations but
instead of using specific places I felt only the
whole globe was big enough for this idea.

33.

C: "The Winner"
the young beauty wears
a crystal ribbon

This verse sets up the idea that
we are seeing the young girl – the consumer –
who is the winner of a beauty contest. The
unknown is – what is a crystal ribbon?
The fact that C has this verse increases the
feeling that the subject is a girl.

Here, she declares her choice.

34.

A. releasing the new koi
they fill the larger pond

Mr. Technology gives his gift

to the larger world. Now it turns out

the "beauty" is the new koi fish. The

"crystal ribbon" is the ridge of water

its dorsal fin makes. Fish symbolize sex,

long life and great happiness. Technology

successfully fulfills the wider audience's

expectations.

35.

B: gently waving
branches of cherry blossoms
seem to say yes

Now the leader of the opposing side gives

his assent by nodding his head in the same way

heavily laden boughs of cherry blossoms

move in a spring wind. The renga winds

down with the peace, more happiness and

accomplishment. The traditional cherry

blossoms must be used in this link.

36.

C: from spring to spring
a brook flows between rocks

Even with difficulties, spring will come
again and the water of data flows onward
as it goes around the rocks in its path. Also
the springs are what feed the brook and the season
spring brings forth waters and all good things.
I am hoping the translator can find an expression
for our spring – spring wordplay. If not,
the verse can be simply seen the springs being
the source of the water that continues to flow. This
would allow the poem to end as quietly as
the Japanese most desire it to be.

As one can well imagine, the verdict was that the renga was far longer than they needed. The video team was planning on about three minutes running time and this was about twice the amount of words that could be spoken. This was okay. I thought I could do a han-renga, but as I worked on it, somehow I felt the timing was off when one followed the seasons and the subject designations. The poem felt truncated and wrong.

Then I remembered there was the nijuin form devised by the Japanese scholar and poet, Meiga Higashi, in the 1980s and this proved to have the length that was satisfactory to us all. Being the business people they were, the staff felt there were too many "nature-nature" links and they wanted words and images to reference the world of the viewers. So a week later I sent off another "rough draft." Renga writing is supposed to be a collaborative event and now my solo efforts truly became that. Various staff members liked certain links, and rejected others. If my renga was a tapestry, it was unraveled and with the same threads, reassembled with the visions and input of all of us. This version of the renga went through four more revisions and then was presented to the people at Intel for their approval. With a couple more minor changes in single words, they approved it.

Petersen Renga 4.00
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1.
A: an old pond
leaves from many trees weaving
Japanese brocades

2.
B: the stream of moonlight
mood from the monitor's glow

3.
C: your shipment late
the first frost whitens
the empty space

4.
A: I'm swept from the mainstream
here in the backwater of a niche

5.
B: the digital river
supports life and yet spells
death

6.
C: until then we love our toys
and the Holidays are coming!

7.
A: profit lover
above the freezing water
afraid to leap

8.
B: the pathos of a B movie
inundates our own industry

9.
C: the summer sun
turning up the heat
I am so cool

10.
A: diving into new markets
experiencing the undertow

11.
B: a wider channel
to reach even more people
ah! success

12.
C: the creeks and rivers
of formats and mediums

13.

A: are also barriers
we are choosing a path
in a huge lake

14.

B: when the ice forms nothing
moves in the stillness

15.

C: on cold days
I shop online even more
even easier

16.

A: the computer as a ticket
the first ripple of change

17.

B: the Kamo River
coming to a Noh theater
a joyous season

18.

C: open flood gates channel
water flows in every field

19.

A: with a gentle wave
branches of cherry blossoms
seem to say yes

20.

B: the perfect ending
beginning together

I was told, that due to their involvement with the renga, the office workers at Intel had been so taken with the form that they had started writing their own renga. Unfortunately no one saved their efforts and I never got to see the results, but the idea that renga, even for a few days, brightened the offices of Intel, is a marvelous thought.

Because the presentation was to be in Tokyo, the video team had decided they would have the three actors' voices speak the renga in English, but on the screen, over the water images, would be the written Japanese kanji. Now we needed a translation. I suggested a Japanese renku writer I knew, knowing that she would understand the form the best and surely be able to render the English in a Japanese version true to the phrasing.

A week later, when we got her work back, we realized that she, evidently thinking she could do better,

had rewritten over half of the poem! All the trouble we had gone to getting the approval of the people at Intel was lost. And all the work I had done trying to fulfill everyone's wishes had been wiped out. Thus, my original poem was now given to a commercial translator. She was used to doing business letters so she rewrote the whole poem into complete sentences with every idea carefully spelled out. I had desperately missed Hatsue Kawamura since her stroke in June, but now grieved the loss of her gentle knowledge of translation all over again, and day after day. I was very unhappy with this version, the video team was already up in Washington state filming the images with the actors, and the date of October 5 was racing toward us.

It was the staff of the Intel offices in Tokyo who finally saved us. They sat down and within a few days had hammered out the Japanese version on which we could agree. With only a few minor corrections, the Japanese was sent off to the calligrapher. Then arose the problem of how to read a renga since the actors had no experience with this. So I made a tape of me reading the renga so they would know how to phrase the lines. Naturally the post office lost the tape and we had to do it all over again by recording off the telephone. The faster we hurried, the slower the work advanced. But with days to spare, the video was finished to everyone's satisfaction, and sent off to Tokyo.

Later I got an email stating that "the Intel Keynote in Japan went very well and was a huge success. I (my contact person) also heard that they (Intel) were extremely pleased with the Renga concept." A few weeks later a very large check arrived in the mail along with the tape of the video.

SOLO POETRY

GHAZAL

DISTANCES

Edward Baranosky

Entre Morir y no morir

Me decidi por la guitarra.

- Pablo Naruda, Testamento de Ortono

circling seagulls cry over Christie Pits,
white wings stacked for landing.

the elegant scavengers settle
among startled squirrels

busy with fast moving leaves,
autumn acorns; rock, paper, scissors,

a basic theological dispute
disturbs the sleepy

baseball diamond, soaked
by the early morning rain.

scissors cut paper:
ten thousand kerigami

cranes migrate with paper kites,
strings sharpened by powdered glass.

rock breaks scissors:
this force is resistible, being slower

on land than skipping across water,
surfaces already still with skim ice.

paper wraps rock: lake effect snow
whispers of a starker landscape to come,

hugging stone walls with a layer
of white dust more dense than frost.

this season is full of unresolved desires,
unrequited memories, possible dreams.

The brilliant trees hoard multiple selves,
suddenly turned inside out.

good morning heartache,
a taxi radio searches for an audience.

a pentacle of crows sweeps by,
a welcome sight, indeed, five.

FIGHTING THE LOVE OF BATTLE
James Fowler

I did a two year tour on an aircraft carrier;
a presidential letter named me warrior.

A boy, lost at the circus, found the sideshow.
In his dreams he becomes the tattooed warrior.

The petal tips of the rose lose their color;
blood seeps from the wounds of the warrior.

The scent of jasmine interrupts my writing.
The maiden has come to greet the warrior.

The cemetery gates are locked from the outside.
What would happen if I freed the warrior?

In right-of-passage, a boy dyes his hand red;
he learns to hate the blue-handed warrior.

The brush on the can of paint, drips white.
The sticky-wall shadow dances the warrior.

Does any one know the names of the constellations?
Does any one still look up and see the warrior?

Your martial side loves you more than you love it,
Squirrel, you must yield and accept the warrior.

HAIBUN

WHEN WILL THIS WORLD . . .
Gerard John Conforti

When will this world stop rolling across the universe circling the heat of the blazing sun. When will this world cease the tides of the ocean and flood the earth with water. When will this world cease burning the ozone layer and let life exist without destroying us. When will this world know that it's time for peace around the globe. When will this world cease destroying the creatures surviving in small numbers. When will this world know love and compassion it has lost only to create atomic warheads. When will this world ever learn going too far will be the end of us. When will this world laugh joy rather than with pain. When will this world know we are all human. When will this world get along with its neighbors. When will this world know the end is coming with fire and ice. When will this world know life is precious. When will this world cease polluting the air. When will this world have pity for the misfortunate.

Night and day
rolling around and around
the fiery sunlight

When will this world help the homeless on the city streets where miser exists. When will this world know empires rise and fall. When will this world learn hate brings only unhappiness to oneself. When will this world not abuse anyone emotionally or bodily. When will this world fix the damage that's been caused from indifferent human beings. When will this world give knowledge to the unfortunate. When will this world learn how to treat all people equally. When will this world learn not to tamper with nature. When will this world ever learn the history of the past.

Flowers flourishing:
they seem to ignore
its beauty

When will the world plant more trees than tearing them down out of greed. When will the world know there is always an autumn. When will the world know the pain of winter's fury. When will the world not use up all its resources. When will the world learn other ways of energy. When will the world cease being so cruel to animals. When will the world know THAT time is coming. When will the world know the same mistakes over and over again.

A shooting star:
a trail of light
rises over the sea

PASSINGS 2002
gillena cox

We pass each other at the elevator lobby; him going out and me coming in or vice versa. He smiles; I smile. He is smartly dressed and very polite. Then our paths cross in a more definite manner: at a three day workshop; Finally I know his name and he knows mine. Shortly after; I see him on the street; he waves; I wave: he waved, I waved his passing shocking news

Sitting at my desk; taking a break; I check my e-mail. One letter informs me of the passing of a friend; dear to the haiku world, and invites me to submit a haiku to the list of poems penned in his honour. What should I write; I never knew him; his work -- remains a reflection of him. I pick up my pencil; glancing at my pen lying on my desk; I muse I must buy a pen sometime later today.

death of kyosei
my ball point pen dries out
Monday in March

Will the fighting never cease? The Holy Bible tells us about wars and rumours of wars (Matt 24:6) ; but also of His coming that we may have life to the fullest (Jn10:10.) He died that we may live. The fighting in the Middle East and other areas in this troubled world continues to trouble and sadden us (Exodus 12:23).

He' ll passover
the sign at the door post
His promise

HAIKU

orange peels
off the setting sun...
the other hues remain

Kevin Paul Miller

many birds fly south
those that stay all know
the winter songs

Kevin Paul Miller

haiku winter
an empty pen heads east
into the wind

Kevin Paul Miller

PLAYS

WWW.
Werner Reichhold

double you double u double you

double it

double her

double us

double his double hers double ours

Part The First

The scenery looks a bit as if it was copied from a Greek vase where couples used to rest on stone beds. But here, at an American home before the TV, we are seeing a sofa where a couple and their pets gather for ball games, one partly on top of the other, serving two purposes, a twofold victory or defeat. Double-bind, double-blinded, double-breasted as you like it. Dope plays a role, for sure a double-edged situation because the cop may drive by and call it a double-park. Wanda gets up, shuts the curtains.

Winfred

Look at that my goodness, this discussion is going on and on, telling us how we can double-quick increase the number of our offspring...

Wanda

Do you mean, after all we have discussed about not having children - remember it was you who insisted we stay DINK (double income, no kids) do you really want twins?

Winfred

Oh, give me a break, sweetie - by gum, no! I have other things in mind.

Wanda

So what the hell are you referring to?

Winfred

Well, look: There is the NET, hanging around inside of the invisible, unknown spaces. Did you hear of the guys who think the net is double-faced, and we are caught into it? They are not wrong - we are occasionally feeling like someone's catch, still jiggling. But check closely - how about the fun joining the net as a double-digit way of radiating messages out to neighbors, friends, even to enemies? Think of people who respond to your 5-liners when you used the technique of phrase and fragment - besides incorporating a double meaning. Or, well, in case you want to let your self flow, into 5-liners...

Wanda

Aha! Poetry is what you are talking about? It sounds cool, but you are making me hot. Gee, can I double, triple myself, write a sequence, collaborate with all of my senses, with my unenviable past, my bubbling presence, and oh my Lord, can I channel down images of spiritual pathways, and go pivoting with them as far as my hands can reach out?

Winfred

Yeah, and with the however so curiously shaped views of others - connected to www., we may invite a third, a fifth, a seventh party to join our efforts, and enlarge the concept of symbiotic poetry. On the threshold to spirituality, collaboratively written poetry takes on the role to evaluate the unknown, the so far unarticulated

stem
cells swim upstream
night visions
double-banked
the bodies to the same oar

Wanda

May I add on twisting / shifting / leaping? In fact what we are doing here is transmitting light particles

of a digital system to the surface of a screen and thereby electrifying the neuronal system of the apparently lonely ones.

Winfred

You know the drill. It makes me think even more about combining text and verse, written either by a single poet or even by a double-tongued one. There, the tanka can be set up and functioning as a vertical plane, visually constituting the power of a column at the core of horizontally arranged prose-territories. Want to try it out?

Wanda

Let's sniff on it work out a concept. May I borrow your Montblanc? By the way, here is Machi's cell phone number. Please give her a buzz and ask her if she's in the mood to share our party line at 10 pm., theme: The very nature of greeneries and affairs of the heart in times of war.

Winfred goes to arrange comfortable chairs and sets up the I-pod for the scheduled night session.

Winfred

Please remember our voices will be broadcasted; we should have liquids available - what is your preference for tonight?

Wanda

Irish coffee.

SEQUENCES

BEYOND THE SKY, THE SKY

hortensia anderson

(Au milieu de l'hiver, j'ai découvert en moi un invincible été. - Albert Camus)

deep freeze --
i drift into the snow
wrapped in fever
breathlessly breathing
through bands of ice

the strata of day --
persimmon, grape hyacinth
and nectarine
before washed away by light
gray and gray and gray

not quite
the summer in winter
Camus had in mind
although with enough drugs
i may be invincible

wind swirls through space --
a flock of birds takes flight
in random order;
time keeps on passing
for more of the same

then shines the frost moon:
flat round mirror of nothing;
as i awaken
hour after hour in pain
... night disappears

GOF
John M. Bennett

fog
efink
"leas"

"yes"
trenza
ekal
fool
E

knots
loud
eye
pan
)"duol"(
)

YLIAD
John M. Bennett

shot blunt

daily ,relbmut ,flags ,onrop ,rash ,tongue ,rosserped ,hands ,rebmun ,flogging ,epiw ,gash ,knurt
,seeping ,buh ,boot ,yrecorg ,table ,etaruppus ,leans ,tah ,fog ,odraih ,tunes ,deelb ,corner ,sag ,focus
,repap ,lash ,fat ,kael ,arm ,pmuts ,mra ,leak ,taf ,hsal ,paper ,sucof ,gas ,renroc ,bleed ,senut ,hairdo,
gof ,hat ,snael ,suppurate ,elbat ,grocery ,toob ,hub ,gnipees ,trunk ,hsag ,wipe ,gniggolf ,number,
sdnah ,depressor ,eugnot ,hsar ,porno ,sgalf ,stumbler ,yliad

corn cow

ELGNIS

John M. Bennett

tank tsol

single ,wodahs ,lock ,maerts ,bulb ,dum ,pane ,elop ,reflector ,nug ,key ,evac ,drop ,tsuahxe ,gravel
,gniklaw ,bullet ,stekcop ,brick ,smuh , "book" ,redluohs ,reek ,niar ,stairs ,rood ,sriats, rain, keer,
shoulder, "koob", hums, kcirb, pockets, tellub, walking, levarg, exhaust, pord, cave, yek, gun, rotcelfer,
pole, enap, mud, blub, stream, kcol, shadow, elgnis

hoof welf

COLOURED IMAGES

Elaine King

immerse myself in the silence
of distant hills and green

only one magpie in the pine silhouetted

dust drifts from the road
hedges and cars in front shades of shapes

in the water broken stars against the stones

rain remnants the single drips
flash on the ferns and litter

pausing on the way out curled leaf on the step

corrugated iron oozing rust
wind's sting and brassy song

dark patches sweep the bay and the white sails tilt

the wriggle of cars and people
in the window mottley

the stream's signature silver between the trees

WITH ALL THIS SPRING
Tom Clausen

I avoid it for awhile
having been told
I use the computer too much,
the construct and deconstruct
of dark thoughts on the bus

how can it be
with all this spring
going on and on
I feel very little of it
growing in me

no matter where
when you look warmly
you see the warmth-
this way sun filters
through colorful leaves

when she was hired
our department
all in love with her-
these new flowers she brings
to replace those from yesterday

cast as a man
yet no hunter or fighter
have I found in me
this dreary day walk
just to air out my thoughts

home with just the cat,
free of my human script
I look knowingly at him...
he stretches and runs
to the door to go out

FLIGHTS OF JOY
for Corinne Buckland
Ross Clark

leaning against a straight trunk bare as hope amidst the granite and winter wattle

from below on a gyre of air one white butterfly rises towards a joy-flight's drone

raptor's hovering eye seizes the moment parabola

counterpoint of noonday cicadas and creek's droughtsong melodious yet

now can look only through the lens of syllables their falling water these marks

CITIES HIDDEN BY RAIN

Rob Cook

1.

(NYC, any Sunday at dawn)

Streets empty except
for stray bottles
the early light is crawling from.

Two years in the city,
I keep hearing crickets
in the deli flowers.

Sunday morning, dark,
now where have the revelers
hidden us?

Drinking coffee at dawn
so the sun
can come back.

The early city,
Stacks of lit windows
The crickets left

A woman sipping coffee—
her face lost
behind steam.

I rest the phone against my ear
and listen
to the cherry blossoms breathing.

Pruning the daisies'

yellow faces—
the sky smaller today.

Even with the approaching F train,
this one guitarist
plays like a sleeping pigeon.

Sick from too much rest—
how will I tell
my cactus blossoms to live?

2.

Parts of me from kindergarten
falling in tonight's rain.

Father, was it from loneliness
you let those cockroaches live,
those years before winter?

Coffee with nothing in it—
now I see you, homeless men
asleep on the moon.

I have certain friends
I've shared coffee with
and not spoken a single word.

Only when I crush
a cockroach
is the world dying.

My mother, who keeps
the weather to herself,
mixing sleet with today's laundry.

Night with a book
that ends early,
rain that I know.

3.

The autumn city—
holding bags filled
with \$20 wind.

Tonight's rain, cold
and with no clouds, beginning
in a scarecrow's mouth.

The book closed, its words,
the insects I've abandoned,
gone on ahead to the evening shelf.

The autumn city—
walking my umbrella
past the rain shops.

Cockroaches, what have you learned
there, behind
my portrait?

Coffee without cream—
I can taste
where the sky has burned.

Waking up early,
who wove these crickets
into my sheets?

I followed a cricket
to Long Island City, both of us
visiting the same poet.

The day's last umbrella
going inside—
the end of the rain.

4.

Pulling up potato roots,
tonight's moon covered
with trails of earthworms.

Drinking coffee after the late news—
it's not me
keeping the city awake.

Only when a building
filled with crickets burns
will you hear the songs they've made.

Prowling the woods
the night before my birth,
my shadow loses its face in the moss.

I leave a book in my field
where it's maturing
with the frightened crows.

Ripening tomatoes—where
do you grow
during the moonlight ?

Surviving through a night
of coffee—six words
for the sky that's gone.

Frightened by wind
that starts in my coat—
following home the possum tracks.

The autumn birch—
what do you cockroaches know
of it, so deep in my walls?

5.

August with enough rain
to keep one family—
the scarecrows thin this year.

Afternoon lull,
sneaking between books,
dry houses where the rain's been through.

Midday boredom—
songs the scarecrows
bring back from the sun.

Book that lasts all night,
looking for the page
where the scarecrows begin.

Weeks hiding in bed
from the deer
carrying the cold on their backs.

Waiting to hear its stories,

I feed the cockroach
one drop of coffee.

My father looking
for his violet patch
in last night's moon.

Bored noon heat—
songs the sun
brings back from the scarecrows.

6.

Night-time lull,
waiting for the grasses
to return.

Coffee at dinner
so the meatloaf won't hurt me
with its loneliness.

I eat black coffee
under the morning's
black sky.

Snow fall in the winter house—
deer licking powder
from the moon

What I thought was my cat returning
is only the snow
beginning to fall.

If I drop two cockroaches
into my steaming coffee,
will they still not talk?

7.

(On seeing a bare maple in December)

This maple needs to lose
one more leaf
before becoming a buddha.

In my garden—
rocks waiting
for the deer to move them?

In a forest where no people are,
a tree falls many times
before the moon comes out.

A bear carries its mother
into the lake
where she looks just like the moon.

The poet kept walking
until he came to where
I was digging a new river.

A mountain that wasn't here
yesterday—
fawns forming out of the morning dew.

Following a night bird
to its hole in the trees—
moon no one is looking for.

The sun throughout childhood—
image on water
where a paper boat went down.

For months
my father growing a beard—
his own father is gone.

Kindergarten—
planting tomatoes in the moonlight
my grandfather made.

A man who listens
to no music—waiting to hear
his name in the grass?

Today at the house
where I grew up, listening
for its twenty years of rain.

We buried
our cousin today—
why didn't the autumn begin?

The fall night too quiet—

scarecrows
gutted for crickets.

In the initials of lovers
carved on the oak tree—
a caterpillar hiding.

Looking for deer—
wind a birch makes
taking off its clothes in autumn.

The hawk repeating its name
through the trees,
a fawn grazing, hidden by rain.

THE FINE LINE. . .
Melissa Dixon

once I worked
as an art therapist

in a psychiatric ward -
I observed the staff's fine line
between Us - and Them

the young immigrant
her art work suddenly soft
with images of love -
the ward doctor isolates her
from the sex offender

the woman addict
in-and-out of hospital

now discharged again -
asks me will I be her friend?
will I?

I greet him -
the schizophrenic, his face
a managed mask of pain -
and I can only
shake his hand

severe depression? me?

but I need you to know-
once I worked
as an art therapist
in a psychiatric ward...

RICH MOUNTAIN ROAD
Elizabeth Howard

Smoky Mountain overlook
a primitive white church
shines in the cove

a bobcat crosses the road -
from the tangle of bushes
its piercing eyes

icy spring
a doe raises her head
water dripping

drumming in the woods
a ruffed grouse hen's
perky steps

a steep curve
flaming orange azaleas
along the gully

tree canopy
a red-tailed hawk's
hostile eyes

chipmunks scurry
down the rutted hill -
rue anemones

a strutting turkey -
startled by the motor
he crashes down the bluff

rippling brook
a wispy crawfish scuttles
between mossy boulders

mountain evening
a raven sweeps down the spill
of daylilies

LOSING A PET
Origa (Olga Hooper)

last warm day -
coming from the vet
to the silent home

October night -
the cat's empty bed
with electric heater

long autumn night -
my cat knows nothing
about cancer

low clouds
accompany my stroll
thoughts of the sick cat

blustery day -
the way home avalanched
with leaves

rustling leaves -
and I hear the breath
of my sick cat

autumn garden -
under the apple tree
a small fresh mound

late autumn sun -
and no refuge
from the piercing chill

cold afternoon
a card from the vet:
"Your sadness is shared"

JUST ONE AUTUMN DAY . . .
Origa (Olga Hooper)

warm September
over the morning dew
a titmouse' chirp

autumn sunrise
a limpid dew
painting leaves

a little dog
with collar around her waist -
fall equinox

primaries
fighting in the tree top
two squirrels

park stroll with grandson
the old fir's limb shelters
a young maple

Indian summer
bronzed muscles
in the sunshine

local market
laughing faces on kids
and pumpkins

sunset
windows here and there
winking

MEMORIES
kirsty karkow

In the background of my life
there's a tapestry of bird song.
Best of all were the gray doves' calls
woven into a desert childhood.
Now raucous gulls and throaty crows
awake me every dawn.

In the background of my life
oceans roll as a constant force;
long voyages, sail and freighter,
rocked in the cradle of the deep.
Now quiet waves lap at granite
along a fir-lined shore.

In the background of my life,
is belief in native goodness;
Knowledge that sadness fades away
as sunlight touches dawn-dark hills.
Now constantly I hold in awe
the spark in every soul.

THIS LIFE WITHOUT SUB-TITLES Larry Kimmel

fall colors eyeglasses
on an eyeless Styrofoam head
- all this behind glass,
 and something antique
 about the gilt leaves of the locust

rated R for 'brief nudity'
one lousy unclothed manikin
I kid you not
 my first inflatable girlfriend,
 remembering her seamy side

always on the outside
looking in
 this life without sub-titles
 no better than
 a peeping Tom's

a band of gold or handcuffs,
what difference?
'I've seen it all' says Tom
 clearly
 there's more here than meets the eye

vacant store front

graven in dust
a two-word audacity
 the blurting finger having writ
 rubs grit on a denimed thigh

when two raindrop rivulets
mmeeeett
one drinks the other -
 never knowing which side you're on,
 the trouble with windows

the Waterford vase
on display
a spray of blue asters
 after the shock of eyes that cease to see
 - wildflowers in profusion

a calico curled
in the bookshop window
 between two snowflakes
 a spill of apples
 the surprise of seeing the book we made

ONE TREE ISLAND
Larry Kimmel

holding my eye
she undoes her blouse
my strict attention

an arch smile
then photons clothe her

wavelets lapping toes
the forest lake
there to receive her

wading out
till her breasts float
voices

diving under
a flash of bare bottom

she waves
from the one tree island
an exaltation of larks

DANCE OF LIFE
Angela Leuck

if I sit here much longer
I would be covered
with falling blossoms
were it not for the wind
and my own restlessness

off for the summer
to meditate in the hills
of India
he gives me a gift
of flowery perfume

a bee buzzing
from bloom to bloom
I sit in the garden
and gaze at the faces
of people passing by

dream of our wedding:
gathering wild flowers
for my hair
I wander too far
to find my way back

your flight delayed
I stare at a card with
giant white poppies
impatient for a glimpse
of your face in the crowd

after the sadness
of our parting
I walk in the garden
comforted by the glow
of marigolds at dusk

down by the river
beneath the big old willow

I gather
the scattered petals
of a rose never meant for me

ferns and
spider flowers waving
in the wind
I too have learned
this dance of life

HOT PINK ROSES
Thelma Mariano

from the shore
the constant ripple of waves
as they move inland
much like the feel of your back
beneath my fingertips

how close we grew
as winter's chill gave way to spring
alone in my room
I still hear the echo
of our whispers in the dark

determined to enjoy
my solitary state
at the jazz fest
I wander from stage to stage
seeing lovers everywhere

no room for sadness
in this world of sight and sound
I draw comfort
from windshield wipers the way
they swish back and forth in the rain

a plastic bag
carried off by the wind
spirals higher
I cling to your memory
even as I let it go

what's left
of the love I felt between us?

at summer's end
a few hot pink roses
to take me through the cold

THE DIVA WIND
June Moreau

on hearing a spider
a tiny ray
of light
enters my ear -
a snowflake falls

it sounds
most profound
in the snow-laden
branches of pine -
the diva wind

my words are sailboats –
the wind takes them
across the page
leaving roses, white roses
in their wake

the wind
is the color
of voice inside a poem
in my solitude
I paint the wind

just visible
on the water's edge
a blue sash
of wind
and a faint rainbow

WOODEN SEAT
Anna Rugis

Part 1

the switchback entrance
another turn to the left
old manuka stand
two streams meet at the culvert
can you see it yet?

an asphalt surface
behind the corokia
turns the other way
wild freesias on the headland
nobody's looking

go back to the road
the signals don't reach down here
the trees deflect them
this is the way it founders
why you keep talking

a land so vast
no bird can fly across it
no bird lives that long
you can tell Gypsies to leave
but not where to go

magnolia flowers
bruising the gravel driveway
don't touch don't touch
maybe in a week or two
look the tides in

you are expected
you will be mown and raked up
like next week's long grass
dandelion heads emerge
well under the cut

was there any doubt
I would return to you?
the pull of the oaks
sidling into their shadow
my eyes on my sleeve

Ganesh gets it right
a free park in Newmarket
as a reminder
a snail can sleep for three years
imagine that

ten degrees off course
how to tell which direction
I don't have to tell
lemons or camellias
sunrise or sunset

were you waiting for me?
well I'm here anyway
strange to think
another one in the hand
is worth more than this

she grips my shoulders
as if to save me from a
runaway trailer
I hold my ground with the strength
of buttercup roots

seen from the east ridge
that is a tree I could haunt
his back in the sun
he doesn't hear me coming
an interruption

at last at last
the bucket is full
in the meniscus
all straight lines curve and soften
I smile in my hand

a spring in the gorge
water rich in minerals
a glow-worm tavern
horses grazed here at one time
hard to believe it

my teacher's not here
he's gone to Rarotonga
and may not come back
my green jacket left somewhere
maybe in the hedge

a reclamation
with or without permission
a morepork watches
the blind shock of witnessing
I did not see this

safe from ugliness

you laugh at the idea
I am serious
I am deeply serious
you don't understand

my tongue stings my cheek
and it isn't with salt
down hill all the way
too full to empty tears
too empty to cry

these charming voices
I must have loved them before
in a former life?
perhaps that would explain it
this affinity

a view of islands
is worth a lot of money
and that old tree
always so many lemons
there's no counting clouds

and now we wait
spreading our hours out thinly
as if to dry them
fix things too long neglected
wait and see and see

Part 2

the first look at you
my scales turn into feathers
fall into water
a coral fish sees its cave
ah there you are

ah there you are
you were paying attention
 I like that
everything as it should be
how about a song?

round about midnight
loud outdoor conversations
sound like naked looks
a language unknown to us
such as dogs might speak

hold it hold it
what about the second verse?

I know you know it
alright here s a new one
but I m no singer

juvenile kauris
you follow in your white shoes
nowhere near the track
 we find them
amber and blue sky

the rope is too short
or the water is too low
or the well is dry
or the bucket is broken
I just made this up

swallow the half moon
and you'll sleep like a flower
delicate shower
a shuffle down the tin roof
 see what I mean?

to make you question
to make you reach down deeper
you cannot break
what is already broken
or fix something whole

slowly over time
surrounded and cut off
louder and louder
but the perfume of roses
cannot be copied

 you've got a good nose
 a relationship with air
 it's called breathing
 it does it all by itself
 so what's on the news?

some rich businessmen
are building their own spacecraft
yet another race
they want to be mega-stars
 to be heroes

expose the body
or wrap it in coats and scarves
look for what I see
the invisible shining
last call gentlemen

in this empty hall
where my shoulders won't reckon
I doubt my body
that I can make it travel
even to reach you

 it's just a story
it doesn't have to be true
you know I'm coming
it might simply be a record
something overheard

though my mood mistook
your gesture for a prompting
you keep me honest
I will try to live up to you
like a wedding day

sell off the excess
one challenge per Saturday
plums in the freezer
the time to set imbedded
in the recipe

just follow the scent
calla lilies onion weed
the temptation forgotten
to wallow in the
mystery of standing waves

 it's a certainty
statistics and averages
 funny really
the mind of absolute trust
yes a certainty

mid morning laughter
this is quite appropriate
what's home anyway
a title search on a tree
birds don't think of it

willing to be worked

you always find gratitude
no mind to resist
count the times you have fallen
 see what I mean?

my teacher came back
but not from Rarotonga
he thinks I know the future
 maybe so

(To be continued)

LOVE
R. K . Singh

His message to meet
at moonrise among flowers
sparkles a secret
on her smiling face passion
glows with charming fervour

She is no moon yet
she drifts like the moon, takes care
of him from the sky -
meets him for a short, waxing
leaves him for a long, waning

Before going to bed
she looks too sad to have
any sweet dream:
the lonely lamp glints no love
and no star peeks through the curtains

Yearning to meet him
she turns a silk-worm spinning
love-silk in cold night -
stands in a shade melting tears
like a candle, drop by drop

Stains of dried dewy

tears on the eyelids tell of
the load on her mind:
clothed in spring the willow twigs
reveal the changed relation

Locked in the shadows
of unrolled curtains her love
in the lone boudoir -
she plays tunes on the violin
flowers fade at the windows

She senses all things
changing as she passes through
the city again:
should I leave the old house or
lie in the grave before death

MOTHER
R.K. Singh

As a repose in
the wrinkles of her face
I feel her crimson
glow in my eyes her holy
scent inside a sea of peace

The room has her
presence every minute
I feel she speaks
in my deep
silently

Is it her quietus
that she roars in herself
like a sea
waves upon waves
leaps upon herself?

Love is the efflux
from her body spreading
parabolic hue -
enlightens the self I merge
in her glowing presence

Your vacant eyes
reveal this city:
dim, humid, absent-minded
orchestrating bronchial noises
'quakes in the face

HIBISCUS
R.K. Singh

Red oleander and
hibiscus calling morning
to Kali

The lone hibiscus
waits for the sun to bloom:
morning's first offering

Without washing hands
he touches the hibiscus for worship:
her frowning glance

Love tickles
with erect pistil:
hibiscus

Narrowly escape
the midair web of spider
perched on hibiscus

A tiny spider
on the hibiscus sucking
its golden hue

Suspended
on the spider's web -
a hibiscus

After little rain

lilies smile with hibiscus -
the sun in May

Hibiscus
over the mossy roof
deeply rooted

Oleander and
hibiscus blaze with passion -
making love in sun

COME BACK KEROUAC
Sue Stanford

still dark
the sound of a grooming cat
wakes me
 only her tongue: the drought has not broken

one paw
two paws reach for
the door handle
 colour returns to the trees: I miss the moment

afternoon sun
the cat comes between me
and my book
 offended: the cat who can't laugh can't laugh last

evening deepens
the cat keeps trying to pronounce
the word 'meat'
 using my haunch on the new fridge door: come back Kerouac

TSUNAMI
Geert Verbeke

the earthquake
displaces the water mass
forgotten shipwrecks

a great wave
in the harbor waters

orphan songs

on the beach
a naked fisherman
a shell in his eye

drowned
in front of a mirror
a drag queen

tsunami
a tourist crying
for her jewels

in the hotel pool
encircled by books
the librarian

the silence
in which the moon swims
he drowned

after the tsunami
between two bodies
a rose

on the dead body
a fresh tattoo
three flowers

old fences
breaking down
in slow motion

the water returns
to its original oneness
a dead silence

SIJO

AWAKENED AT MIDNIGHT
Gino Peregrini

Awakened at midnight by a vague thought, a budding poem.
Scrambling eggs--habanero sauce dots the yolk like fresh blood.
Gibbous moonlight slants through the window; a bright noise / in my eyes

HOSPITAL NIGHT

Gino Peregrini

A nurse to draw my blood,
another for an EKG.
A night in Intensive Care:
"Let's get those britches off you."
Awakened after midnight,
I look out at the golf course.

MONSTERS

Gino Peregrini

Tenderly, Leviathan sports in the deeps of chaos.
His cousins, ungainly beasts, frolic with glee in sea-spume.
Ponderously, this pod teases the divine angler.

TANKA

equinox
feeling somehow
unable to tell
fireflies from the sun
on the ocean

Ana Cagnoni

dinner's ready
this Christmas eve
one sparrow
across the purple terrace
my unborn child

Ana Cagnoni

new year
becoming

the scent of acorns
and pine needles
somewhere beyond

Ana Cagnoni

tsunami
turning the tide
below the sky
now for a change
fish feasting on men

john tiong chunghoo

how calm
the sea lies
after all the ravages
this tsunami in me
that will take years to tame

john tiong chunghoo

Read John's eye-witness account of being in the tsunami on the island of Phuket..

her sixtieth birthday
my cousin and I
make a family
snowman, snowwoman
and snowchild

Philomene Kocher

the fake pearl has worn off
the glass beads
of my First Communion rosary
I hold their innocence
in my hands

Philomene Kocher

on the bus
the little boys
playing I Spy
one to the other
"let's both go first"

Philomene Kocher

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

FAWN

John M. Bennett
Jim Leftwich

fawn shadow or clumping
pots spleenlip for trawling
bone spore or sleeping
flank crank for mauling
heap junk or spitting
grist punter for spinning
meds sink or crawling
rubble tank for belting
stubble shank or melting
beds fink for hauling
mist grunter or thinning
peep funk for quitting
bank drank or bawling
phone score for keeping
rots beandip or scrawling
brawn maddow for thumping

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Carlos Colón
Nan Dozier

Christmas party --
sharing slaughterhouse stories
instead of poetry

new item in the supermarket
tofu cheese

sticking to the roof
of my mouth
my feeble retort

Impressionist spire
watery moon in a mist

new millennium
another story on
the Tower of Babel

so glad to say "Yes!"
I stutter silence into the phone

second swing
of silver earrings
ends the evening

glass slipper on
the prince's foot

cutting back
Queen Anne's lace
green tennis ball

under the tablecloth
her dainty derriere

beside the pansy bed
Marine doing sit-ups
in the rain

estranged son home
triangulated flag

summer weeds
little league outfielder
disappears

old-timer
his strike zone shrinking

chances of survival
of the fittest --
different odds for heroes

leisure suit left

in the telephone booth

only occupant in the car--
a briefcase plays
"Fur Elise"

crushed carnation
in the captain's Bible

afternoon shadows
the lunge
of a shuffleboarder **

reunion portrait
smaller group than last year

again autumn
steady downpour under
the shedding hickory tree

after the guns stop
refugee child awakens

over the moon
a cow
catapulted

spilt milk
only the cat doesn't mind

broken glass
a sliver of ice
left on the floor

drifting on the pond
my lifeline longer underwater

two-and-a-half-year-old renga
. . . for a lark I spring
 into summer

magnificent wings--
hawk? or buzzard?

separated
Siamese twins
their souls reunited ***

soft darkness

twilight all over the world

child rider's halo
the hot smell
of leather

first day of school
the teacher and I scowling

falling pine cones --
cat sleeps
in the swing

one, two, many
spider lilies #

air and sky the same gray rain pounds the waves

critique
group
my
poem
reduced
to
a
vowel

Notes:

*was first published in Modern Haiku XXXV.3 (2004)

** was first published in Frogpond XXVII:3 (2004)

***Laleh and Ladan Bijani

#After Che Guevara

January 3, 2001 - March 21, 2004

VAN ABBE MUSEUM
Eindhoven Netherlands
Jacques Verhoeven
Silva Ley

Wide open eyes
held by museum pieces
steps stick to the floor

black banisters lined out

high lookout – windows

Escherlike stairwell
syllables on the walls
our heads the airboats

mechanic vocal cords
a polished space

rustling voices, tones,
drops of language on white
the frames exploding

from heavy round arches
to metal - bridged glass roof

autumn in the trees
the building turns over
to the distant town

sudden sunbeams
changing fields of colour

a corridor narrows
in the pond a terrace
smells of quick meals

the lazy afternoon
girl's hair wiped from faces

basic shapes
the 'feeling machine'
young lips purse

tasks of the day slow down
tonight the disco fever

juggling with desire
the dance room all blue
choruses in paint

both arms akimbo
diagonals in yarns

banish the papers
play the great news
imagination free

soft bite in nose and chin

sawdust on the stage

cubistic comedy
Lissitsky's fringe of beard
spirit in fragments

deeper in the retina
streams flow together

going outside to see
the lightening tubes
stickered with tickets

dancers whirl around
applause long in the air

the canvas is unrolled
far beyond the garden
paintbrushes travel

unpack the kid bags
the day flows through your hands

doors will soon be closed
moon the ultimate spotlight
keep pace with the night

this restless generation
these strange birds of sunrise.

03 – 11 - 2004

KRINK

Jim Leftwich
John M. Bennett

sinke eel help beech oaf
rained around fark glasp batch

golf full off lunch swig
hatched hat boom lint creep

sleep hint boon mat patch
big grunch coff bull doff

ratch asp mark moun stain
loaf screech pelt deal krink

FORGET
Jim Leftwich
John M. Bennett

forget reeling
gutter haunter
banter flutter
ceiling intent

jewel thistle
kiosk rabbit
habit cost
whistle drool

exodus spitter
natty nestle
pestle fatty
quitter nexus

roster drummer
kudzu quibble
dribble muds
summer foster

locker central
murder slab
tablet further
ventral socker

PIECES #1 'alert'
Francine Porad
Marlene Mountain

fools rush to view belching Mount St Helens volcano alert

protest gift to america empty flag-draped coffins

EXCLUSIVE interview scheduled on you-name-it channel
instead of doing 17 things at once i don't
like a new jacket, slacks, dress shoes make a better debater
sidewise lies from cheney's sidewise mouth

could i ever let go for used power steering the rusty pickup
with each turn of the wheel a grating sound
near something a box turtle without workable eyes

four tiers full standing ovation for Perlman*
a tighter hug for lester each stage of the heater hook-up
warm weather pigeons feast on grass seed
out dubya throws his platitudes smirks as they're caught
he begs 'forgive me, pardon me, grant me atonement'
more innocents destroyed maimed uprooted terrified more
marching mercenaries 'twilight of the world'** again
what's left of the earthly under rotten leaves a disappeared blue
maple gold floating in a puddle heavy rain

we first eat wicked pizza dieter devours angel food cake
someone's feelings hurt before i heard
personable Jeff & Taylor make a hit with the neighbor lady
around the fire at dark our faces all alike
only platonic love is readily available to me now
a hermit's view the backdoor filled with pines
progress reform since when is the label 'liberal' a bad thing

way past center if that includes 'rootical feminism'
wishing 2005 to be a year of peace, health, regime change
mid-october jeez once more the broken water
women unite! you can register complaints about Dr. Hager #
did o'reilly do himself in the loudmouth spinning

an honest breeze as close as possible to the word i want
a quick-learner kid asks: who's boss
in and out and out and in the maneuvers of three nine lives
'the last of life for which the first is made' ##
emotions of autumn an expanse not ready to fulfill itself
Marci's dog and I under the one shade tree

Notes

*Itzhak Perlman, violin virtuoso

**Gibbon's description Sacking of Rome, 410 A.D.

#Dr. W. David Hager, suggested by Bush to head up the Food and Drug
Administration's Reproductive Health Drugs Advisory Committee.

Robert Browning

Oct 2-17, 2004

PIECES #2 'october surprise'

Marlene Mountain

Francine Porad

october 'surprise' osama in the face again of dubya

caustic ads countdown to the election

new ideas now faded a new mac the grounded leaves

cast from the same mold reps of two parties
in spite of sunshine the nature of things beyond reality
love is a bright thought

dinner date gotta go gotta go gotta go right now
back home farther back than back home
lines at the polls long but orderly history being made
more legs to lose and divorces to come
maybe George W. Bush will ban couples being separated
a combo of religiosity from h-e-l-l in heaven
edged with darkness high clouds sweep across the sky
before we knew cicadas took away their wings
squirting bug spray from a step stool beetles on the ceiling
fire & carbon monoxide gizmos all right already
enough pyromaniacs in the world global warming is real
unlike the day before yesterday sunny but cold

is he dead almost dead barely dead maybe dead non-dead
hackers Internet worm breaks speed records
nothing to brag about a long tired path toward solstice
instructions to maid: dust under the clutter
thaw and rethaw she scans slides of paintings forgotten
digital camera instead of the sunset lightning flashes
more neocon pals to dc to send more 'bombs bursting in air'

BOOM! in slanting rain palm trees bend to the ground
warm snap a few night crawlers into the kitchen's compost
e-mail from Kris the normal misspelled words
notes sentences i can't get written a wren's tail up and down
more room for food the eight-year-old refuelitizes*

small fish in the freezer a lollipop treat for small animals
'those darn cats' bill & penny by the green door
on Greek Islands colorful window sashes ward off the evil eye
formally dressed the 'snake goddess' nude-breasted
two dozen white roses sweet kisses and handholding entice her
stacked five deep the garden of pillow cases

Notes

* word coined by the eight-year-old
Oct 29-Nov 26, 2004

SO LIGHTLY FORSAKEN

Jane Reichhold

Lady Ise Lady Ise's links are borrowed from her tanka in the Japanese Imperial Anthology –
Kokinshu published in 959.

so
lightly
forsaken
the
spring
mist
rising
wild
geese
depart

carried
by
the
wind
her
wide
skirts
billow

hidden
immortal
whose
garment
has
no
break
nor
seam
if
you
go

on
feathered
spindrift
waves
an
invisible
wing

even
the
moon's
face
embroidered
on
my
sleeve
is
wet
with
tears

two
snakes
twined
together
the
belt
you
tied
around
me

jealousy
locked
by
a
brushwood
gate
vine
tendrils

hanging
from
the
branches
a
green
willow
tree

river
words
the
story
told
in
each
leaf

the
sleeve
I
pressed

to
floats
back
foam-spotted

sunset
on
a
wall
through
uneven
stones
starlight

nevertheless
my
name
is
flicked
about
like
dust

without
shadow
on
bright
days
the
well-known
hand

it
is
as
if
you
there
in
the
light

boat
on
the
pond

ripple
wraith
taking
the
shape
of
a
lost
son

has
he
learned
to
live
in
a
flowerless
country?

trees
with
bare
limbs
only
a
heart
still
chases
dragonflies

now
nothing
remains
that
compares
to
me

each
day
more
clearly
my
mirror
reflects
a
face
I'm
ashamed
to
show

blood-stained
sheets
you
wanted
a
virgin

our
bed
a
ravaged
sea
were
I
to
smooth
it

where
oysters
grow
best
a
tempest
rages

afraid
the
pillow
would
say
I
know
we
slept
without
it

nights
on
the
cabin
floor
covered
with
moonlight

imperial
news
comes
to
me
in
the
voices
of
streams
and
mountains

worshipping
the
goddess
earth
now
a
pregnant
woman

in
the
fifth
month
oh
little
bird
what
if
your
voice
is
hoarse?

screams
and
banged
drums
to
exorcise
evil
spirits

I
long
to
beg
you
do
not
linger
with
us
in
this
place

a
circle
of
rounded

stones
eight
points
of
crystal
fire

their
desires
for
this
women
parted
by
law

even
in
my
dreams
I
must
no
longer
meet
you

artic
snowfields
blow
across
sky-blue
waters'
white
caps

it
is
now
I
long

to
hear
you
before
summer
begins

pale
rain
ends
a
happy
time
even
if
petals
continue
to
fall

writing
letters
when
I
have
sad
thoughts

Written: June 14, 1990

INTER-GHAZAL
Werner Reichhold
Jane Reichhold

The unfinished sentence of hers, the sound, the broken detail;
wish I were the silkworm's thread in her skirt interwoven.

Madonna in adobe simplicity as a radiant glow
without words the questions solve the interview.

Mermaids polishing kelp, the shimmer in their palms;
come calm night and twinkle, I beg you, interstellar.

Rice powder, kohl and red henna
cosmetics create the alternative interface.

"Wireless death", the cellular's squeaky voice;
for the psychiatrist's memory: sofa and blood interlinked.

Scared but happy now that they were alone
the brother and sister found their ties an interference.

On the rivals' peacekeeping horizon new rivalries;
the silence, the pain with fast-building cell colonies internally.

Buried in paper work, the end of the millennium;
actors on the stage missed the official interment.

Written October, 1999.

Published on Gene Doty's Ghazal Page.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Woman's Life by Harue Aoki. Perfect bound, 120 pps., 8 x 5, includes kanji and romaji versions of the tanka, ISBN: 4-87944-065-5, \$12.00. Contact author at 3-24-4 Inokashira, Mitaka-shi, 181-0001 Tokyo, Japan.

The 106 tanka in this, her second book of English tanka - A Woman's Life, are culled from Harue Aoki's previous Japanese tanka books: Nanaibashi (Seven Springs Bridge), Una Vida (A Life), and Ishidatamimichi (Stone Pavement). It was with the encouragement and help of Sanford Goldstein, who wrote the Foreword to A Woman's Life, and who had read Harue Aoki's previous book, Memories of a Woman, that this book came into being. Thus when Goldstein writes, quoting Tokuboku, "Poetry must not be what is usually called poetry. It must be an exact report, an honest diary, of the changes in a man's emotional life" I question the advisability of taking Tokuboku's words, written for an essay, "Poems to Eat," in the Tokyo Mainichi in the winter of 1909, for writing or even translating tanka now, one hundred years later.

The tanka poetry that Tokuboku was rebelling against then was very different from the mass of poetry in today's world. Then in Japan the tanka genre was very controlled with over-abundant rules, stipulations on subject matter, and even the choices of words. For his times, Tokuboku was right on. What adhering to his philosophy in these days ignores is the gigantic fact of free-verse poetry. When one visualizes this mountain of written poems, one can understand why certain poets today feel as rebellious as Tokuboku did then. Poets who come to tanka mostly do so because they feel a need for a form, for a return to thrill of using poetic ideas and goals for their poems. It is too easy to just jot down the feelings and activities of one's day as we all did with free verse. Writers of tanka want to demand more from themselves.

They understand the beauty of the pivot, they accept the mental exercise that finding a new parallel between their inner and outer lives demands, and delight in reading work that shows some craftsmanship in the choice of words and how they are placed. From reading so much "free-verse" we are as tired of the too-easy, boundary-less notes of complaint and bitching. There is a parallel in our poetry, and in our music.

Rock music lyrics would take a phrase or less and endlessly repeat it and call it a "song." When that came to be passé, we got rap, the complete opposite, with its intricate metrics and rhyme. Our poetry is in the same phase, even though we are not demanding that our tanka be rhymed, but we do expect them to reflect the poetics of the ancient Japanese form.

Harue Aoki, thanks to her sojourns in England and Germany, and her language abilities, has been able to translate her Japanese tanka into English herself. Therefore she stands at a very unique place where she could influence our understanding of the Japanese tanka. A careful reading of her tanka shows that her work does not exemplify Tokuboku's creed for none-poetical poems, but are, thankfully, crafted with such ease that all the attributes of tanka writing seem to be second nature to her.

my left hand
holds the snow firmly
making a sound:
tight and strong
my inner heart too

Zansetsu o
nigiru Yunde ni
Oto no shite
katakū shīmarinu
waga Kokorodo mo

Seeing her English version with minimal caps and punctuation felt good and right, but I wondered about the many capitalized words in the romaji version. It seemed there was some kind of lost carry-over here that was unnecessary.

Many of the poems in *A Woman's Life* revolve around Aoki's alienation and divorce from her husband, and the many hurts her children inflict on her. I think people need to be aware that what they publish are the stories they tell us as guides on how to perceive ourselves. While confessional poetry is an accepted genre, the reader needs to decide if this is what he or she wants to fill their mind and with, or if other ways of perceiving the world and ourselves is the story we want to take on as ours. The miracle of emotions is that they are every changing and what we feel in this one second will not last, unless one writes a poem about it. Therefore we poets have an obligation to decide which of our many emotions we wish to preserve in poetry. Since our days are filled with a variety of emotions, it seems our poetry should reflect this also. Therefore it seems one-sided to present only the poems written in self-pity or sadness with the idea that this is the person's only valid poetical life. As with the quoted poem above, it seems Harue Aoki is steeling herself to be strong enough to live her life as it has been given to her. One can only give kudos for this.

Fly-ku by Robin D. Gill. Key Biscayne, Florida, Paraverse Press: 2004. Perfect bound, 9.75 x 7.5 inches, 228 pp., haiku in kanji, romaji and English with copious commentary, 0-9742618-4-X. \$15.00. Contact.

If you missed getting Robin Gill's previous book, in this series – *Rise, Ye Sea Slugs!* – because you just didn't know if you were ready to read 1,000 haiku on the subject of holothuria (sea cucumbers), or even wanted to know anything on the subject, he has another book that is closer to home for you. Yes, *Fly-ku* contains haiku about flies. Here you will find glimpses in the lives of flies as they live, die, mate, raise their children and search to find the proper hobbies and or religion.

Most of the fly haiku are translated, by Gill, from the Japanese. The way Gill translates is not only marvelous, it is absolutely revolutionary. Instead of giving the reader the idea that there is only one way to translate a haiku, he offers a word-for-word translation and then goes into great detail explaining the ambiguities of the Japanese language along with the secrets of Japanese behavior. His final translation is often a series of possible ways of putting the haiku into English. He even goes so far as to add titles to his haiku (in America, a sacrilege). His titles are used properly though – to set the scene or prepare the reader for the viewpoint expressed in the haiku, and not just as a label or handle. He is even secure enough to admit when he really cannot figure out what the author was trying to say in Japanese. Marvelous.

Here is one example of the variety of possible translations Gill offers for just one poem in a system he calls "paraverse" – also the name of his publishing company.

hae hitotsu utteba namuamidabutsu kana – issa (d.1827)

(fly one, if hit [it] "namuamidabutsu" 'tis)

na-mu-a-mi-da-bu-tsu
each fly
we swat gets
a blessing

the good death
each fly
swatted earns
a sutra

plenty more where that came from
for each fly
we kill, another na-mu
amidabutsu

namuamidabutsu!
each fly
she swats receives
my blessing

namuamidabutsu
each fly
i swat enjoys
her blessing

namuamidabutsu
a benediction
for every musca maledicta
we swat

each fly hit
is chased by a prayer, god
don't hit me!

sinners
with each fly
we swat, we cry
god save us!

mea culpa
for each fly
I swat, a prayer:
may god have mercy!

a killer's prayer
for each fly
swatted: a plea: heaven
have mercy on me!

In the commentary, Gill does translate the namuamidabutsu, and again, offers the reader the choice of "I sincerely believe in Amitabha," "Save us, merciful Buddha." "May he [his soul] rest in peace," or "Glory to [whatever sutra name is inserted]."

The book is full of humor and information – given in Gill's distinctive way. His mind makes huge leaps so all the information about flies or Japanese and everything else in between feels as if it has been stirred in a great cosmic blender and poured out, in a decorative manner, suggesting a teahouse snack. Here, a sample suffices:

"Flies don't need us or spiders to kill them. They are quite capable of dying on their own (Or, so I imagine. Perhaps a fly-expert would be kind enough to supply a gloss about their sicknesses – do they every go blind and run into trees? for example – and what old age is to a fly and so forth for the next edition.)."

The aberrations in typesetting above, and in Fly-ku, are pure Gill and a poke in the eye of the serious voice that lives by the Chicago Book of Style. He has his fun, but he also takes his readers' comfort in mind, and here in Fly-ku, the notes and side bars are arranged on the same pages with an attractive border made of repeats of the Japanese kanji for, you guessed it – fly. Also, sprinkled throughout the book, often alone on a blank page or even among the haiku, are spots. They are either white, page colored, or black. Sometimes there is one, other times there are two of these spots or seemingly misplaced periods. It is either a secret message system of Gill's for transmitting nuclear secrets – or flyspecks!

Kudos are in order for Gill's decision to present his translations without line caps or and with only a minimum of English punctuation. Most of the haiku are centered giving the book balanced feeling. Also the titles of the poems are set in all lower case, which seems a good example to follow if one needs to emulate this.

So you are wondering about the haiku in this book. Gill begins the book with a brief explanation of haiku, including senryu and how he worked on the book, and how he used the on-line haiku publication Ukimidô to gather contemporary haiku, written in Japanese (about 80 which he used in the book). His original plan was to not use any haiku after Shiki (d. 1902), but after finding that the Kidaibetsu Gendai Haiku senshû – the largest collection of contemporary haiku only had three poems about flies, and he had gathered so many online, he decided to add another chapter with modern Japanese haiku on the subject.

His petit motif is based on Issa's most famous poem:
yare utsuna hae ga te o suri ashi o suru

hey, hit not! [the] fly/flies [its] hands rub/s [its] feet rub

Gill even brings out that this verse, in Japanese, has been printed in at least four different versions. But before he finally translates the poem, he offers all the haiku by others in response to this verse by Issa and goes off on a tangent of comparing the verbs "rub" and "stroke" and the implications for sacrilege in the two. I never did find an actual translation of this ku, in the ordinary sense, but after reading everything else in the book, it was very easy to forgive Gill. Maybe he assumes the reader was smart enough, with his word-for-word help to do his or her own translation. I agree!

So what is actually in this book? All the haiku you could ever want arranged in such chapters as flies in the hands of bracken (did you know bracken make fists?), questions about whether to swat a fly or not, the messy results of actually smashing a fly, methods for disposing of the bodies, the sex life of a fly, the dangers to one's karma if you kill mating flies, love-making and flies, (in the chapter titled "Cathouse Flies"), and sprinkled throughout, some haiku from Robin Gill.

for five days
between the "u" and "i"
a striped leg

Especially if you are a dedicated student of haiku, you should have this book, and while you are ordering it, get Rise, Ye Sea Slugs, so you will have the largest collection of Japanese haiku translated into English since R.H. Blyth's contribution to the field. Gill is funnier and more human than Blyth ever was. There is still so much for us to learn from the Japanese about haiku.

A Piece of Eggshell: An Anthology of Haiku and Related Works by the Magpie Haiku Poets of Calgary, Canada. Flat-spined gated covers, 8 x 5, 86 pps., ISBN: 0-9734761, \$15.00. Contact.

The members of the Magpie Haiku Poets are: Patricia Benedict, DeVar Dahl, Lesley Dahl, Jean Jorgensen, Joanne Morcom, and Tim Sampson. The book opens with a Foreword written by Bruce Ross telling of the year and a half, while he lived in Alberta, of meeting with this group. Tim Sampson continues the stories of their meetings in the Introduction where he relates the various issues around haiku writing the group grappled with in their many discussions.

Each section of the poetry begins with a brief introduction to the poet and then the haiku are presented, two to a page for nine or ten pages. Thus the reader gets enough poems to forge an image of the author

before moving on to the next one. The poems are set without line caps and with a minimum of punctuation so they look clean and neat on the white paper.

Joanne Morcom includes two tanka from her wins in the Tanka Splendor Awards in her section:

feeling cranky
the palm reader tells him
she's never seen
a life line
as short as his

crash, bang, boom
goes the midnight thunder
I snuggle closer to you
and then remember
you don't live here anymore *

Both tanka also published in *Countless Leaves* edited by Gerald St. Maur

Most of the work in the book has been previously published, so the group had the security that their selections had been edited by others. The cover of the book has a marvelous sumi-ink drawing of a magpie by Ken Richardson that has been beautifully integrated with the title by John Vickers. Over all the book is perfectly made and the authors can be proud of their efforts in both poems and the book.

ADA by Jenny Ovaere and Geert Verbeke. Kortrijk, Flanders, Empty Sky: 2004. ISBN: 90-805634-71. Perfect bound, 6 x 8.25, 104 pages, full color photos, haiku in English, French, Dutch. Order from the author at Leo Baekelandlaan 14, 8500 Kortrijk, Flanders, Belgium, Europe

Ada is the Indonesian word for "be" in English, "être" in French, and "zijn" in Dutch, and being is what this book of one hundred haiku is all about. Haiku are so often spoken as the poem of "being in the moment" and yet, some will argue, as soon as one starts writing the poem down the moment of inspiration is now the past and the "being" in that moment is over. But haiku adds a new dimension to this equation. As soon as a person reads a haiku, no matter how many centuries before it has been written, that long-past moment be-comes real and actual for the reader. Thus, when one reads haiku one's being is intensified by adding to the immediate reality of being another person's own being.

Usually a haiku is about a live person or thing, (here I consider rocks alive, clouds are alive, the whole universe is alive with majesty of creation). So at the moment of comprehending a haiku, one is fully occupied in be-ing, and on top of that is layered the be-ing of the author as well as the be-ing of the subject of the poem. No wonder haiku are so valuable! They triple (and surely geometrically add on to that!) the possibilities of being in one nano-second. In that instant one is be-ing at a far deeper, or higher, level than normal.

ADA is listed as containing one hundred haiku, but actually there are three hundred because each poem is translated into English and French, as well as the original Dutch. Here I must admit my admiration for the way Verbeke translates haiku. People often get all in twist about how complicated translation is, how much is lost, how hard it to convey the original. Yet Verbeke goes at it very simply, word-for-word with as little grammar or sentence structure as possible to be as faithful to the original as possible. Even if you know only a little about Dutch or French, you can see how he makes translation bring the haiku from one language to another.

catching up
about this and that
the smell of tea

papotant
de choses et d'autres
l'arôme du thé

bijpraten
over ditjes en datjes
de geur van thee

One cannot talk about any of the haiku without also bringing in the color-photos of Geert Verbeke's partner, Jenny Ovaere. The book is designed so that on the right hand page is a photo composition. The larger area is a detail that has been enlarged and dithered with a white overcast. Within this area is a smaller, bright rendition of the original photo. The white overleaf acts as atmosphere, so one feels as if truly seeing the scene with the rest of the world around it. This takes the photo from being "just" a photo to making an attempt at actual seeing (or be-ing). The photo always connects with the three haiku on the facing page in some way.

The photos are the results of trips around the world (in the back is an index of where each photo was taken) and seem to have been visualized in the haiku way of capturing a moment of reality. In the same way one tires of seeing a complete book of either photos or haiku, here that malaise is cured by switching from visual art to poetry and back again in order to deepen the perception of both elements.

Verbeke's other vocation is playing the Himalayan singing bowls. In this profession he has made 10 CDs and written five books on the subject. His other book of haiku is *Kokoro* which has an accompanying CD (music to read with the haiku) which is also highly recommended.

October Twilight: Tanka and Haiku by R. W. Watkins. Poetical Perspectives, Box 111, Moreton's Harbour, NL Canada A0G 3H0. ISBN: 0-9733510-4-7. Saddle-stapled, 8 x 5, 24 pps., \$4.50 ppd.

October Twilight is composed of three series of tanka and haiku, the first being the title of the book and the others named "Tituba's Legacy?" and "Hitchcock Presents." Lynx readers may recognize that major parts of "October Twilight" appeared in 1996 and 1997, but having the sequences recombined here in a book adds new weight and importance to the works. As always Watkins' honest, machine-gun style of writing gives the old traditional Japanese form a new grittiness. Watkins sets himself up as a target by giving women's reproductive systems the emphasis in poem and illustration. The third section, the shortest, is amenable to being given here as example of Watkins' work.

Hitchcock Presents

frightened little girl
her first day as a woman
and bats chase her home!

Halloween prank at the drugstore
dead bat in the tampon section

log cabin horror:
bats beat against the window
as your cramps worsen

with each passing hot flash;
an exodus of bats from her attic

Both author and genres survive the encounter and the reader, after several jolts, will appreciate the dilation of the elasticity of both.

Announcing!

Greatest Hits 1985-2004 by Joan Payne Kincaid. The collection covers twenty years of published work. This invitational celebrates poetry's place in our culture and honors the artists whose lines elevate America's poetic sensibilities. Check out the Pudding House website for readings and performances nationwide by Joan Payne Kincaid and fellow poets featured in Gold. \$8.95. Pudding House Publications, 81 Shadymere Lane, Columbus Ohio 43213

PARTICIPATION RENGA

(Remember - only add on to the links in bold italic.)

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

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

BLACKOUT

Rule: 3 / 2lines alternating ending with 12 links
Theme: loss, frustration, deprivation

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
hear the wasps walking on your hat JMB
trembling as the door opens – no escape, no refuge GD

Earthquake! Tsunami!!!
"RUN Forrest, RUN" CF

backstage
Juliet and her Romeo
palm to palm FPA

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
sensory deprivation chamber unplugged CC

black air
feeding from the dark
an owl WR

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
stuck in traffic again dancing alone CF

land locked
the wave I hear
on cliffs WR

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
she changed from dressed to naked WR
when her bra drops away scar tissue GD
rivers folding down her chest JMB

flute keys
they ferry farther
unseen breath WR

fallow field
cut with criss-cross channels
by the rain-storm GD

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
dream time when I see words unmasked WR
unguarded mirror returns light slowly GD

the ocean
and the suburban
both homeless GV

a magnet breaks
into two equal magnets CF

polished glass
this side, that side quiet moods -
snakes hibernating FPA

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB

she changed from dressed to naked WR
when her bra drops away scar tissue GD
the healer in her card says no loss without a win WR

candlelight bridge
the two of clubs
takes a trick CC

solitaire
on the computer
the screen frozen GD

~&~

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
automated checkout – "please ask for cashier assistance" GD
condom dispenser a hatchet-faced clerk JR

sticky shoulders
beneath the shirt JMB

discarded
in the fallen leaves -
a moment of passion GD

acorn caps swirled by the wind
a snowflake CF

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty
no light plenty quiet JMB
loud mouthed the talking scales CC
hear the wasps walking on your hat JMB
she says I am glad your eyes don't sting WR

Back from the Louvre -
I'm asked if I've met
the Mona Lisa FPA

GENTLY WIPING DUST

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

Theme: impermanence, transitoriness

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game RF
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
egg cases the spiders left under the dresser drawers GD
a card a match a tooth a whisker a french fry a JMB
borrowed words we never return JR

transformed
puddles into ice rinks CF

a call to silence -
the sound of a hammer
on the anvil FPA

~*~

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watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB

egg cases the spiders left under the dresser drawers GD
a card a match a tooth a whisker a french fry a JMB
"door-to-door salesperson his nervous tic irks" FPA

knocking on
the spammer's door:
Someone Wants To Meet You! GD

~*~

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fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
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smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR

flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB
neither shrinking nor growing my 8-track collection CC
returns in a dream rock face I photographed with no point in mind FPA
the sandstone nose washing away JMB

oh-oh-oh
snuff-snuff-snuffle
caShoo GD

in a postscript
warned of insomnia waves
pound a hunter's moon FPA

~*~

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listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
bubblegum smack across her face JAJ
wiping her feet at heaven's gate Pat Shelley CC
"wind do not muss my hair" calm skies on the day of her death JR
the dropped marble rolls out of sight GD
Lew Marie: "Give me Marvin Gardens, or give me death!" CC
eminent domain: dog cringing from master's foot GD
when tears dry skin so tight the small smile CF
crease marks on your e-mail CC

wrinkles
in my t-shirt record
my night's passages GD

draft of hate letter
tropical birds sketched
in charcoal FPA

~*~

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watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
it's Sunday morning dear stop – I am praying WR
lectionary's faded pages, cross references GD
trivia in the junk shop letters in medieval script FPA

Friar Tuck's
lost shopping list
a new habit GD

under the bunk
a trunkful
of playbills CC

~*~

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father and son pause for a long moment RF
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting down the failing heart GD

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

quickly
wiping dust JMB

leaping the fence
every pocket filled
with apples CC

swept away
by the waves
his past GV

~*~

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flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
it's Sunday morning dear stop – I am praying WR
of no concern preacher's tirade verger's golf day FPA
another summer cold front where are my shoes? CF

a query in time -
food for meditation
depths of mistrust FPA

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC

flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game RF
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
patchouli reek his receding ponytail GD
rainbowed the new bag of rubber bands CC
round and round the vase roses CF

steps I make
moon by moon
without sandals WR

~*~

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heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC
patchouli reek his receding ponytail GD
rainbowed the new bag of rubber bands CC
dented and primed the painter's truck GD

following
her skin tone and softer
just for what she asks WR

Al Jolson
changing his oil
black-faced CC

~*~

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hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
bubblegum smack across her face JAJ
wiping her feet at heaven's gate Pat Shelley CC
"wind do not muss my hair" calm skies on the day of her death JR
the dropped marble rolls out of sight GD
Lew Marie: "Give me Marvin Gardens, or give me death!" CC
eminent domain: dog cringing from master's foot GD
bouncing off the rim clipped toenail CC
says she hates cobwebs the cleaning lady FPA

guests leaving

she stays

with pearls

WR

SWARMING

6-word links on the

Theme: swarming

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
the hokku with one thousand links GD
fantasies given hydraulic help by pills JR
the brain curves vertical landing fields WR
sci-fic novels pile by my bed JR

chewing then choking yellow sea slugs WR

~*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
the hokku with one thousand links GD
fantasies given hydraulic help by pills JR
the brain curves vertical landing fields WR
past the headache's light the wall JMB

the witty wife's world wide witchery WR

~*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
that I couldn't count to six JMB

a handful of ideas to touch JR
cough glue thighs love gland uh JMB
basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC
birds of prey osprey and kite FPA
vultures on bended knees as nuns JR

fire extinguished but seldom blown out WR

trees chatter long slow undulation twigs JMB

~*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
deafening the music of your eyes CC
we'll swim until death parts us WR
center of the storm – paradise island JR
cosmic beach Milky Way all lit FPA

flaring match lights the electric bill CC

~*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
children flipping raisins at the wall WR
flies rest on the burning floor JMB
one victim states he's not Moslem WR
a crowd at heaven's gate fighting JR
monk lifted by two holy sisters ??
sponge soaked in dried stage blood GD
a shirt stiff beneath the bed JMB
the middle finger follows the clock WR

politician preens takes up the gauntlet FPA

VANILLA RENGA

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

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

the chocolate and strawberry
carefully removed CC

on her back
running down the spine
whipped cream WR

Reddi or not
here I come! CC

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

~&~

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

Firestone shredding
its tread CC

grating cheese
on the chopped vegetables
April lunchtime GD

Hellman's left
in the fridge CC

squeeze-bottle
collapsed on its
sticky innards GD

with the light on
it still looks empty
the porch JR

~&~

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

Firestone shredding
its tread CC

grating cheese
on the chopped vegetables
April lunchtime GD

flesh and skin of ripe figs
rearranged in a basket FPA

painting
the glow of her lover
without leaves JR

~&~

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

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

garden's old pond
goldfish round a blue moon FPA

spun dirt
cloud sunk
rice dissolves JMB

where Basho
once walked all night
tourists JR

~&~

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

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

my river
your ocean
gone fishin CF

once before when two
alone felt united WR

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

~&~

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

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

catch –
the door bell
and hers mingling WR

soles of sleep
pooled beneath JMB

the knitted sleeve
mended with knurled fingers
the same old dream JR

~&~

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

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling
junk mail
a new poem JR

plagiarized
punch line CC

copycats
serving the drink designed
by Martha Stewart JR

~&~

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

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling
junk mail
a new poem JR

cuckoo in the hallway
so quiet on the hour FPA

a slant of sun
strikes the beveled glass
evening tide JR

~&~

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

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

recycling

junk mail
a new poem JR

seeds by snail mail
shake the money tree CF

a wish
made by a green candle
melting reality JR

ENDED –DO NOT ADD ON - THANKS SO MUCH

AT THE BEACH
Rule: 3 – 2 lines alternating
Ends with 12 links

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
tourists wading in surf eyes open for sharks GD
from afar calling her through both hands white teeth WR
bright green thong between pale cheeks GD
playing frisbee a mouth full of sand hair too JAJ
your eye low water JMB
concentrating on the gulls to neutralize the nausea - CC
oh watch the cage JMB
kitchen counter: behind the blender the mouse's tail GD
electric cord twitches JMB
kelp strand wound around her ankles GD
wet her feet her JMB

towelng off
thirteen
toes CC

~#~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
deep in the wave just as it breaks light glints GD
I twinkle and I shut my eyes for in the dark appearing stars WR
wearing sunglasses the Hollywood wantabee stumbles JR
on her hands and knees in front of Grauman's CC
"Whata beach!" the young tough snarls through slitted eyes JR
a dolphin jumps or was it Eve? WR
Primavera the nymphs swirl their gauze nachos GD
air a screen nipple lifts in shadow JMB
the wind lifts an empty grocery sack drops it in the weeds GD
morning ocean sounds another new freeway CF

the car
of teenagers hits
one hundred CC

thundering
freight-train revealed
to be surf GD

~#~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
eating ice cream in the dark no more blondes WR
Carrot Top's telephone time travel . . . back in the Rotary Club CC
dark curls from under swimming instructor's suit 1950s lessons GD
blacklisted Joe McCarthy CC
sea-spume blurs the address on her card GD
channel surfer lands on "Surfside Six" CC
waves starting to part her hair WR

summer's end
air from a beach ball CC

~#~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg

drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
Irishman explaining the steering wheel in his crotch: "It drives me nuts!" JR
spitting out a shell and a tooth WR
no more press conferences let them read the funnies GD
on which beach can we land and start another war? WR
one if by land two if by sea weapons of mass derision CC
voting with our feet now off to the beach JR

recounting
my sins
of omission CC

solstice fête
fireworks over
vagrant chants FPA

~#~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
Irishman explaining the steering wheel in his crotch: "It drives me nuts!" JR
spitting out a shell and a tooth WR
no more press conferences let them read the funnies GD
on which beach can we land and start another war? WR
sand-fort raised on a dune all fall down GD
August rains broken record CF

dusty house so quiet
sky clearing after rainfall
whispers of starlight RF

THIS RENGA IS NOW FINISHED.

THIS RENGA ENDS WITH THESE LINKS – DO NOT ADD ON

WITHIN/WITHOUT

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 12 links

Theme: interconnectedness

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
with jeans a belt of stars the radiance of a daughter JR
tied shoelaces tug of war between two teams of Barbies CC
in mirror: the head upside down JMB
jigsaw puzzle factory her missing timecard CC
hissing hose beneath the table JMB
after forty years her breasts still sweet GD
frozen in love the night Dad turned on the light JR
shadows in all our pockets still JMB
still warm the coin clicks into the cash drawer GD
the empty pocket smiles JMB

on this chair
it makes the room quiet
one seated one has left WR

the gaping pita
trickles relish
and mayo GD

Tropical heat
crème de menthe
chameleon FPA

~&~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
at the gulf course hole 18 flooded WR
Sunday the rain clears for a sun day JR
the choir's strange voices make distant harmonies GD
sweaty from her hands the him book slips JR
rock face in pouring rain from scowl to frown to smile swabbed brows FPA
my body glows transparent the sun shines through me JR

tidal waves
between the driftwood
a teddy bear GV

~&~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
with jeans a belt of stars the radiance of a daughter JR
tied shoelaces tug of war between two teams of Barbies CC

in mirror: the head upside down JMB
jigsaw puzzle factory her missing timecard CC
hissing hose beneath the table JMB
after forty years her breasts still sweet GD
frozen in love the night Dad turned on the light JR
shadows in all our pockets still JMB
geese in flight glimpse of a pilgrim's way a woven straw hat FPA
dumpster angels fixing the big wicker chair CF

after the fight
reweaving the weaving
with tangled thoughts JR

~*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
blue heron passes overhead RF
sky food the gopher learns to fly JR
sky diver and hang-glider collide at four thousand feet GD
it is fall wet soil embracing unexpected guests WR
fiery sky & blades of grass sketched in charcoal FPA

company banquet
celery stalk beefing
up the menu CC

~&~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
at the gulf course hole 18 flooded WR
Sunday the rain clears for a sun day JR
the choir's strange voices make distant harmonies GD
sweaty from her hands the him book slips JR
filled with drawings traced from a night by a comet's tail WR
startling in a dream monkey guffaws at the joke FPA

jiggling in your
suit your
armpit hairs JMB

THIS Renga is now finished.