

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

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BOOK REVIEWS

Home to Ballygunge: Kolkata Tanka by William Hart. Modern English Tanka Press: June, 2010. Trade paperback original, 4 ¼ x 7 inches, 72 pages, ISBN: 978-19359817-2, \$11.95. Available at Lulu.com

Flecks of Blue by Maya Lyubenova. Bulgarian / English Haiku. Flat-spined, 48 pages, 5 x 6 ¼ inches, 4.80 coin of that realm. Contact:

TAKBOCT 2 /Suchness 2 by Slavko J. Sedlar. Published by Sasa Vazic. Contact: sasa vazic at vazicsasa@gmail.com. Perfect bound, 5 x 8 inches, 264 pages, ISBN:978-86-7746-216-1.

Go to the Pine: Poetry in Japanese style by Izak Bouwer and Angela Sumegi. BuschekBooks, P.O. Box 74053, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. Perfect bound, 6 x 9 inches, 92 pages, plus CD. CAN \$17.50; USA\$15.

The Sound of a Wild Snail Eating by Elisabeth Tova Bailey. Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill: 2010 Hardcover with color dust jacket, 5 x 7 inches, 186 pages, ISBN:978-1-56512-606-0, \$18.95. Available on Amazon.com

Autumn Loneliness: The Letters of Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi translated by Tei Matsushita Scott and Patricia J. Machmiller. Hardscratch Press, 2338 Banbury Place, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. Trade paperback, 6 x 9 inches, 366 pages, ISBN:978-0-9789979-4-6, \$27.50. Bay Area Independent Publishers Association awarded the book "Best Memoir 2010."

First Winter Rain: Selected Tanka from 2006 – 2010 by Denis Garrison. Modern English Tanka Press,

www.themetpress.com. Trade paperback, 6 x 9 inches, 158 pages, ISBN: 978-193539821-9, \$13.95.
Order from Lulu.com.

LETTERS

James aka richard witherspoon

Sasa Vazic

SOLO WORKS

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

MARY MIRACULOUS

Johnny Baranski

described as half bleached white and charcoal black she's called "Atomic Bombed Maria." her remains were found amid the ruins of Urakami Catholic Cathedral in Nagasaki, Japan after the city was flattened by the nuclear weapon dubbed "fat man" on August 9th, 1945; that is, only the statue's head, it being all that was still intact. weep not for her, however, for her hollow wooden visage is no specter of death. instead its muted voice joins those around the world calling for disarmament. believers say whatever is asked for through her shall be granted.

disfigured by the BOMB
the Virgin's likeness too
a Hibakusha*

* The surviving victims of the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are called hibakusha -a Japanese word that literally translates to "explosion-affected people."

HAIBUN 22

Shirl Cahayom

the years had flown away, faster than my heartbeats that wanted to get out of my chest every time i saw you passing by. gone were the years that we spent together. we were young. we were happy. we were full of life.

where are you now kuya romy? i would like to think that whatever you wished for had

turned into beautiful realities.i would like to think that you found the real happiness in life. i would like to still think of you as the man i first fell in love with. my first love. my lost love.

what is the loneliness
that cripples my whole being
compared to the beauty of the dawn
that still rises
each coming morning ?

HAIBUN 23
Shirl Cahayom

when we parted, i thought i would die. i couldn't sleep. i couldn't eat. loneliness was written at the depth of my big black eyes. the love songs that we used to sing together were nothing but sad melodies that haunt me in the night. you were my reason for living. but i could not chain myself to a lifetime of sorrow. from the ashes, i picked up the shattered pieces of my life and built it anew. God in his goodness and in his mercy carried me like a child and showed me the rebirth of a glorious day.

deep in slumber
the homeless woman
with summer flower on her hair

Haibun 24
Shirl Cahayom

for four long years, i was a desert dweller.i spent four years of my young life in riyadh,saudi arabia. the desert, my friend. the desert. long stretch of yellow sand...baren and without meaning.it was four years of loneliness.at dusk, i usually go to the garden to watch the sunset.it is a big ball of orange fire hanging in the sky but there is always a big black streak in the midle of the dying sun.

the depth of your gaze
hides pain and loneliness
do you know
that the sorrow in my heart
is deeper than your gaze ?

A MAN ALONE

-excerpt-

Gerard J. Conforti

It's going to be a long day. the heat in my is already unbearable. There isn't a cool breeze in this summer morning. I can smell the honeysuckle vines clinging to the building in the humidity.

About an hour ago the rain poured down and wet the dripping tree leaves. For a while there was a cool breeze coming in my windows but now the air is hanging heavy again.

I rise from my bed soaking wet from the previous night. I've been having panic attacks almost every night for a long time now, and still feel anxious about going outdoors. I decide to take a shower to cool down, but I know that I will sweat in the heat again.

There is no air-conditioner in the window and the curtains are drawn open and there is an odor in the room from the wet sheets on the bed.

shadows of tree leaves morning sun on the curtains

I go into the bathroom again to take my morning meds from the cabinet. I swallow them down with water and go back into my bedroom. I don't feel like eating anything. I'm disgusted with the summer day and hot it's going to be later in the evening when the sunlight sets beyond the sea.

waking up the silence in my ears

As the day progresses, I go downstairs and sit on the steps of the building. From there I can view Snug Harbor. Only a woman's hand in mine. This I wish for the most. My palms are sweaty and wet from the languid air.

I go upstairs again and unlock the door and then lock it behind me. The only sound is the click from the lock. I cannot hear my footsteps on the thick carpet of the room. Even the walls are silent in the apartment. The flowery pictures on the walls are even depressive. They are the cheap stuff someone got to dress up the walls and are not attractive.

I turn the radio on to break the silence surrounding me. It is going to be a long night.

autumn winds tree leaves swirl on the street



origami listen to the echo folded & folded
listening echo folding & refolding origami
folding & folding origami its echo

Haiga by Werner Reichhold

TO SAINT JOHN
Ruth Holzer

We're on the road south from Moncton, following the course of the Saint John River. Flat marsh extends on both sides. At Hillsborough we stop and spend a few hours exploring the wetlands. The old dike system still protects low-lying fields from flooding. Chunks of gypsum shine on the ground like abandoned treasure. A volunteer at the visitor center tells us where we can find a bald eagle's nest: a few miles away, on a large branch to the left near the top of a pine tree in the exact center of Riverview Cemetery.

the cry of eaglets—
one will kill
the other

A little farther along the coast, the river empties into the rough curve of Chignecto Bay.

Cape Enrage –
up at the lighthouse
too windy to fight

A CERTAIN ROAD IN GEORGIA

Gary LeBel

This road has many names. Each small town between Augusta and Athens takes it as their namesake, but to me it's still one road, the heart and soul of a state. In mile after mile of meadowlands, glade, and forest, in breezes oozing with honeysuckle, its shoulders brim with wildflowers, clover and thistle: they rush the edge of the tar as if to spread some rumor mourning doves had whispered. Soon after climbing the off-ramp from the interstate, the road begins:

I.

Windswept
along with grasses
chestnut manes

'Henry's gone, left this mornin'. Gone to fight them Yanks in Virginny. I wish'd I could go with 'im! Papaw says I's too young. Jes' give me a rifle an' you'll see what I'll do—I'll win that damn war my own self...'

An eighth of a mile east of town, mossy stones lean here and there under the bluish shade of a century oak; grass grows high between them. As morning breezes brush the limbs, its shadows deepen the letters of a family's many names.

II.

'Fields was so hot t'day, Mama, Papa done fell down. I coon't do nothin' wid ol' Grainger standin' dere. I ain't never seen him fall right down in a heap like dat, Mama. Grainger tole Enoch and Obidiah to hep him up and git workin' or else. Papa say not to tell ya. What we gonna do fer 'im t'morra, Mama, what we gonna do?

through streaming tears

a fiddler's reel
from the big house

Across the road lie the remains of the old plantation's fields, wild and deserted, swallowed by the slow, verdant creep of disappearance. A small red shack lays a stone's throw from the big house: it's freshly painted, and lavishly restored as if it were to be sealed under a bell jar, a curio for the bland indifferent eyes of the future to rest a moment before passing on to the next artifact of human cruelty.

III.

'That was nice, Darlin', music from Heaven. Was it Chopin or Mozart? I heard it from the garden, sweet as robins in April it was. I do declare, Dorothy, what luck that Sheridan had in finding the likes of you.'
'It was Ravel, Father, and John Henry Sheridan didn't find me, you introduced us, remember? But I'm telling you plain as day that I won't have anything to do with him, not now, not ever. He's 'bout as lively as a scarecrow. A union between us is not now and never will be possible.'

over the evening fields
a shout a door slamming shut
a coo

IV.

The road turns to the left abruptly; tall, flat-roofed storefronts rise up crowding the narrow main street of a small town. All the padlocked shops are a deluge of rubble: tin logos, broken chairs and sagging shelves lie dead-still behind their dusty picture windows. Small brick bungalows, with curtains drawn, lay suckling at the quiet on the teats of noon; not a person stirs. Front yards explode with azaleas shrouding porches and parlor windows in occasional breeze-turned kaleidoscopes of white and scarlet and magenta...

'You've got to see it through, the whole argument. The world isn't as you see it or want it to be, Mama. You can't let your religion and what you believe be the standard for the rest of us because everyone carries their own in here, inside them, and one's just as good as another: I am what I am, mother, what I have always been; I'm sorry I'm not what you wanted, but I'm still your daughter. You have a choice to make: either you accept Lily as you would a husband or I'll never come back here again—I'll be at the station if you change your mind. It leaves at 4:15.'

where do they lead
 and where have they led...
 and back again
these rusty tracks?

V.

'I cain't go with you, Charlie. I jus 'cain't.'

'Honey, you got to; the whole town'll be there.'

'Our boy...'

'They said...he was very brave, a hero. Two of his buddies will go home to their families 'cause of Jess.'

'I'm sorry, Charlie. I just don't want to remember him that way. I want to see him coming up from the pond with his fishing pole and a string a bluegills dangling from his belt, a big devil-may-care grin on his face, not what the army's bringing us.'

'Honey, he had to go; it was his duty.'

'I'm sorry to say this, Charlie, but I think some hawks enjoy killing whether they are hungry or not.'
What do you mean by that, Maggie?

By a mailbox painted with stars and stripes, a tumbledown swing-set beyond the driveway, the wounded hulk of a giant oak leans out over the road, split down the middle by lightning, charred and bereft of leaves except for a sprig or two on the highest limbs...

between thunderclaps
sparrow singing
on a wire

VI.

In soft zigzagging waves, the high grass flows like breakers. Between a farmhouse and the forest's unbroken line, a dog is standing. From time to time it lifts its nose up into the wind as if to smell what the clouds are bringing...

'That's a nice story, Kate. I can see you've worked hard on it. It has a nice twist at the end, and plenty to chew on later. Have you ever thought about sending it in somewhere, you know, to a magazine or other, that specializes in stories, and might just put it into print, with your name on it?'

'Nah, who'd want to read it anyway, let alone buy it?'

'Only 'bout half the world, Sugar, the half that reads, that is. Here, speaking of twists, have some of this face-twistin' lemonade, darlin', then we'll look on the net and see if we can't find a good home for this first little pup in yo' litter.'

She drums for those
who will not dance

VII.

'Who'd Frank leave his place to, Charlene?'

'Nobody knows. His will hasn't been read. Lawyer Thoms is waiting for his brother Samuel to get in from Cairo, or Rome or Paris or wherever it is he lives.'

'Lord, he must have money.'

'Oodles of it.'

'Where'd he make it?'

'They always had it, I guess.'

'They left Frank out of the picture, didn't they?
'He didn't want in.'
'How do you know that?'
'Why it's common knowledge, dear.'
'Not to me. I never liked him much, I'll say that.'
'You didn't know him, that's all.'
'And you did?'
'Oh, yes.'
'You, Charlene? You?'
'Hazel, dear, if we're all done with our jibber-jabbering, I've got errands to run.'

Tulip poplars shade the dirt driveway. A tall thin sapling grows up out of a hole in the sagging roof. A flood of vine pours out over the eaves in an avalanche of kudzu. The chimney, built simply out of stream stones, stands straight and plumb, but leaning away from it, the house has other plans for a long, slow, helpless surrender to the wild blackberry patch beside it.

wildflowers:
an open I
each one

VIII.

'Poverty
 and then
the college town
with all its brickwork,
oaks & stone, its plaques
 & statues,
flawless green.

Down its sleepy lanes
 magnolia breezes
blow ringlets scarlet, black
 or brown

down shoulders no less fine and round
 than Ilion's foreign queen:

O weft of beauty, weave us
 on thy privileged loom

for a half mile out of town
 the head-hung, stumbling skip
of poverty's

sure to resume.’

‘Is that how you see our town, Mr. Rollins?’

‘It’s just an observation, Professor, while I was driving to class one day last week.’

‘Your assignment was to write an ode to Athens, our namesake city, in Sapphics, if you can handle it.’

‘There were too many syllables, sir, for my taste. I didn’t want to be verbose...or needlessly mellifluous.’

‘Verbose? Mellifluous? I should fail you, you know, and I would if I knew your father wouldn’t try to have my tenure revoked.’

‘He won’t care, believe me; he hates poetry. If it doesn’t enhance his portfolio, or he needs it to sweet-talk some coed into bed, it doesn’t exist for him.’

‘Is this what you want to write about then, to slight the very place that nurtures you, and makes your life as easy as a Bourbon prince?’

“...εγω δε κην οτ—τω τις εραται.”

‘Playing games now, Mr. Rollins?’

‘You mentioned Sappho, Sir, so there she is. Do you know it?’

‘Of course I know it: “...I say it is what one loves.” Don’t take me for a plumber. Do the assignment over as outlined, in Sapphics as I requested. Ten points off for being late, and take this monstrosity with you.’

“...και ταν επ’ οςσοις’ ομπετασον...”

‘My eyes are fully opened, Mr. Rollins, but are yours? Incidentally you forgot the ‘χαριν’, grace, intentionally I suppose.’

‘If the sandal fits.’

‘What’s that, Mr. Rollins?’

satin sheets

another stab

at meaning

IX.

Now the fields go streaming by, small towns and huddled houses, and haunts the crow knows all too well, where nobody cooks or laughs, or lopes ‘with Cupid dancing’, where cracked and swollen clapboards keep their permanent night a secret,

past country stores, the tombs of wasps,

the mirrors’ mausoleum—

beyond Iris’ gift of creek and lake

the voices fade, the tires sing—

almost home to familiar skies

my fiction recoiling

retracts its lies.

This road has many names.

Notes:

“...εγω δε κην στ—τω τις εραται” and “...και ταν επ’ ορσοις’ ομπεταζον χαρν” are from Sappho as translated by Anne Carson from her book *IF NOT, WINTER*. Vintage Books, NY. 2002

‘with Cupid dancing’ is from Catullus as translated by Humphrey Clucas in the book *Catullus: A Poet in the Rome of Julius Caesar* by Aubrey Burl. Carroll & Graf, NY. 2004



Haiga by Werner Reichhold

RAZORBLADE
Werner Reichhold

About the razorblade
hair-fine scraped departure
blood-mixed
then the shirt rinsed white
dried in the garden

on a rough line
in shadowy black
the cry of starlings'
finery gossip and brrrr
the flock buzzes to the worms

in the grass of four
and twenty hours
inattentive themselves
to be dew-wetted – no she doesn't
want similar to other girls

squinting into videos
where the guy before a mirror
smoothly shaved
blows his curls as an offer
to the co-worker on the screen

car-rental, 8 am online: no, she says, 24 yrs old, tattooed under powdered cheeks, I will not again
become an enthusiast at a click.

Won't pawn either frills nor cry
nor gossip. Offer no lascivious squirming for five lines at a virtual meeting – without

scent on grass the leash bitten through pointer points

Von der Rasierklinge
haarfein geschabte Abschiede
blutvermischt
das Hemd glaubhaft weißgespült
gartengetrocknet

auf rauher Leine
in schattenhaftem Schwarz
Aufschrei der Stare
Flügelputz Klatsch und brrrrrr
der Schwarm schwirrt zu Würmern

im Gras der vier
und zwanzig Stunden
unaufmerksam sich windenden
Taufeuchten – nein sie will nicht
ähnlich anderer Mädchen

in Videos schießen

wo der Kerl vorm Spiegel
glattrasiert
Locken föhnt zum Angebot
für die Mitarbeiterin am Schirm

Auto-Verleih, 8 Uhr früh online: nein, sagt sie, 24, tätowiert unter gepuderter Wange, werde nicht
wieder Schwärmerin auf click.
Verpfände weder Putz noch Schrei noch Klatsch. Biete keine lüstern gewundenen fünf Zeilen zu
virtuellem Treff - ohne

Witterung am Gras die Leine durchgebissen Pointer steht

SEQUENCES

OLD CROW AND I
Ayaz Daryl Nielsen

old conifer
split by lightning
two crows bicker

hot breeze
through the skylite..
raucous crows

in the oak above
this flat tire
crow being crow

oh snitty crows,
was my brief presence
really so troublesome?

tell me where you live,
old crow, so I can poop
on your front porch

crows above
the new Zen garden
drop their blessings

new home
same old

crow sounds

old crow and I
cawing, laughing as we
meet once again

HARD TIMES

- with a nod to Ruth Yarrow -
Johnny Baranski

hard times
for a homeless man to live in
no new boxes

in summer moonlight
more street hookers than tricks
hard times

hard times
beggar at the freeway on-ramp
rain or shine

dumpster diver
in a three piece suit
hard times

hard times
going-out-of-business sale
few shoppers

army recruiters fill
another empty storefront
hard times

hard times
even the scarecrow
picked clean

only nuke missiles
siloed in the wheat field
hard times

hard times, easy times
my poems are very
affordable

for food

i will write you a haiku
hard times

WARKU
ayaz daryl nielsen

familiar weapon
another khaki sunrise –
familiar weapon

young conscript
trading his weapon for
a one-way ticket

corn popping
haggard veteran
twitches

snowstorm -
homeless veterans gather
around a bottle

among the homeless –
so many
service medals

THE JOURNEY
Donna Everhart

hitchhiker
the shift of sunshine
from shoulder to shoulder

wind through
the wildflowers-
I'm just passing through too

late night storm
the sea of my soul tosses
back and forth

sorrow of night
nothing to hold onto
the vine trembles

winter's hush
birds on the rooftop
of a forgotten church

rear-view this road goes on without me

SUMMER LINKS
Ramona Linke

dewy morning ... barefoot by the riverside

tiger lilies -
she looks at the pale stripe
on her wedding finger

-

Morgentau ... barfuß am Fluss entlang

Tigerlilien - -
sie betrachtet den hellen Streifen
an ihrem Ringfinger

hot summer night; childhood dreams fizzle out in the sky

brief crossing ...
on the other side
a rainbow

-

heiße Sommernacht; Kinderträume versanden am Firmament

Kurze Überfahrt ...
auf der anderen Seite
ein Regenbogen

AN IMMIGRANT IN THE PROMISED LAND

Chen-ou Liu

Eric has become
the main character
while Chen-ou
has a supporting one:
life in the promised land

in my mind
there is a room
where Chen-ou
lashes out with the f-word
while Eric argues politely

inside my heart
there are no empty chambers
for Chen-ou
has piled his memories
despite Eric's protests

in my soul
(I suppose there is one)
Chen-ou wages
a tug-of-war with Eric
for being himself

living
under the white gaze
Chen-ou
and Eric look like twins
same color, different dialects

BEING-IN-THE-WORLD:

for Martin Heidegger

Chen-ou Liu

I wish
I were you
forever frozen

in glory
a smiling graduation photo

looking
in the mirror
a few lines on my forehead
are there any wrinkles
on my soul?

I've turned gray
like Van Winkle
not under
a shady tree
but inside

is any day
of being
above the ground and vertical
a good one?
sleeps evade me

we all
go six feet under
why struggle?
short day
into dark night

THE CROWN OF UNKNOWING
Ruth Holzer

I'm not
keeping anything
from you—
I know what happens
to old men

where in the world
is he if he's no longer
in the night kitchen
with leftover lentil soup
waiting up for his daughters

when I recover
will I be able
to tell him

the remedy worked—
I will not

father gone
mother in a different world
you too
every day
demanding satisfaction

all the things
that have happened in the world
since he left it—
his life made more precious
by a crown of unknowing

moonless night—
I cross the wide highway
gripping
Dad's green plastic flashlight
the feeble beam enough

SUMMERTIME
Laurence Stacey

pear trees
at the campus gate
blooming again
this love for all women
in sundresses

up all night
friends and I trade tanka
from a distance...
same old bullfrogs
in the creek bed

summer hailstorm –
just when I've learned
to move on
your electric green socks
in the bottom drawer

southern dusk

ripple
by ripple...
skipping stones race
into darkness

tilling
the summer garden
into softness
the frown
on grandma's face



Haiga by Emily Romano

BREAKING SILENCE
Sukrita Paul Kumer

Words fall
from her mouth
as rain

on deserts.

.....

After
storms and cyclones

in the heart

Words dropping
as stones.

.....

Words as frozen ice
stuck in the
throats

of lovers.

.....

Melting in thought
Floating in the mind

Words
Collecting in
unuttered sentences.

TRIAL BY LIFE
Sukrita Paul Kumar

Twenty years ago
in the operation theatre
of the hospital

Anesthesia awakened me
to you;

All at once, you emerged
from the pits of my being;

Like lightning rose
the voice of God

Blinding the face of darkness;
Green masks and cat eyes
Flashing their dangerous competence
Ready to terminate life
At its root,

I ran for your life
Salvaged you from
the murderous tools
of the doctor, that pursued me
And entered my dreams forever

I built a cocoon around you
Protecting you from evil spirits;

From the fetal state
to your adult being
Rearing you with
The pain of repentance;

The devil and God have
battled in me

We both burn
in the passion of your revenge
and remain suspended
Between life and death

As if on the operation table
Both of us
The centre of the universe
With green masks and cat eyes
All around us.

BLEDS / SCRAM*
Jane Reichhold

SON

SEA
FLAG

RANT
BOO

BAM
AIRC

RAFT
KIND

MAN
OF

TEN
KIN

NAP
PORT

FOLIO
SURE

PLEA
OUT

LET
AGE

GARB
BROAD

CAST
ABLE

NOT

MUSH

ROOM
SACK

KNAP
EX

IT
DRUM

HUM
MASS

ACRE
BACK

FEED
STUB

BORN
FIRM

CON
OURS

ELVES

*Richard Kostelanetz devised this method of scrambling the way one reads. He requests poems written with his dictionary of Bleds /Scram.

SINGLE POEMS

upon the fence posts -
work boots, hip waders and
one woman's slipper
Ayas daryl nielsen:

A DREAM SKETCHED
Dusan Colovic:

The end of the holiday
The last silhouettes landscape
In the house lullabies
Under a soft pillow of
A dream sketched.

for such a tiny spider what a web of big dreams
donna everhart

from.....one.....tombstone.....to.....another.....a blue jay
donna everhart

Decomposing in
the PC's memory
a frozen image
they try to trace logging in
the lady of charity
R.K.Singh

FISHING
R.K.Singh

With henna hue
the ascetic's matted hair
and net of words
fish innocent women

at the holy Ganges

the vine
withering a way
without notice
 radhey shiam

COLLABORATIVE POETRY

IN THE EARLY HOURS

Frank Williams
David Bingham

sudden gust
blossoms cascade
into pink patterns

an old man returns
the blackbird's call

as usual
a throng of voices
at the early bingo

second time round
she marries her first love

where they lay
crushed daisies in a patch
of flattened grass

hidden from view
a litter of fox cubs

along the headland
in crashing waves
sea and moonlight merge

first chill night
we light a coal fire

in the early hours
a baker stacks his oven
with loaf tins

on the way home she buys
vodka and a newspaper

without a break
the whoosh of traffic
along the motorway

around the neon light
snowflakes swirl like moths

A Shisan renku onducted via email:

Started: 17 June 2010

Finished: 21 July 2010

UNTITLED
Valeria Simonova-Cecon
John Carley

dandelion seeds
drift across my pond –
utter silence

dreams of levitation
over distant hills

the metro station
vomiting
a blanket of faces

her patchwork pieces
somehow fit together

composed on The Renku Group June 4th - June 8th 2010

IN LATE AUTUMN

tia (wildflower)

richard witherspoon (old tree)

in the late autumn
some journeys end early
sky, gray and cloudy

in front of a "spirit-house"
what blows rain from the river?

athwart karma's wheel
questions pose w/o answers:
a maze of mirrors

thunder lightning – so scary
soul into an unknown world

passing through the sky,
leaving the earth behind – just
footprints in the sand

even free floating the void
beyond the roaring of falls

which one is better
operating in tandem
being, not being?

autumn turned to winter, still
two sharing, a dear loved one

a winter-storm free
really buff until last year:
son dernier cri

nut scrambling squirrels
a smothering snow fallen

being death-mindful
between tomorrow, the next
life – which will come first?

dawn's frost awaiting melting
life, death shining so divine

flow like a river
tomorrow, a mystery,
the present, a gift

along a seam of space-time:
capable of intention

only today left
some tomorrows never come –
returning stardust

new year comes, still so icy
cold wind howling in the night

trembling frozen tree
stardust scattered by the wind
don't know where it went

closest, biggest moon tonight
smallest jasmine most fragrant

tomorrow coming
moon halo dissipating –
letting-go lesson

yesterday, gone with the wind
carries far away stardust

welcome, new morning
bringing beautiful sun beams
ooh, wonderful world!

slowly, the moon eats itself
jasmine overpowering

this seam in time-space:
living to die? dream to live!
the nature of things

flickering stars in the sky
dream: life becomes wonderful

death, the peak of life
enjoy life, die gracefully –
everlasting journey

crackling lightning alive, yeah
the sky – truly magical!

once two paths cross: they
(even free-floating a void)
stay crossed forever

another journey ended
even the sky is crying

a free-falling leaf
blown by the wind, not knowing
where it might touch land

coolness in the misty air
the ashy odor of smog

circling the drain
dreams afloat in the evening
fight, or not, the undertow

misty moonlight looks gloomy
it's weeping behind the clouds

it comes, and it goes
the sun will shine tomorrow
still the world will turn

unknown quality of x
whispering into a mouth

sky reflecting sea
separation brings sorrow
sea reflecting sky

stranded deep in the forest,
where deer and antelope play

under naked branches
uncover the mystery
the tomorrow's life

outside, it's a sweaty cold –
shadowy reflections

winter clarity –
not every wall its small hole:
escapee nightmare

the year of the ox creeps in
lion dances, fireworks

cold outside, inside
hope hugs can make you warm, dear
sent through the chilled air

causation? correlation?
this meeting of two rivers

sliver of a moon
she hangs on – he hangs, too
with the earth turning

winter slowly fades away
new hope in coming spring

solitary tree
balancing in harmony
its roots and branches

breaking glass after glass;
fogbound even oceans list

building nests to size
it's hard to bend an old tree –
training until death

big old tree, still standing strong
live and let live, the best way

the thrill of freedom:
a rolling stone with little moss
or a gust of wind

clouds passing against the sky;
an intricate spider web

through empty branches
a storm stumbles down a mountain –
its moon escaping

awakening sleepy souls:
smells of fresh green leaves & grass

birds' joyful singing –
showing its bluest color
sky sweeps clouds away

a hint of gathering heat –
equal day & night, tadpoles

shade: leaves newly green
rising setting sun in flames
stops me from breathing

in the air, mixed fragrances
blooming colorful flowers

each sentient being
all awakened by the warmth,
hibernation ends

blue/black envelope of night
a smile deep in the shadows –

drowns me in orange
a wave of bougainvillea
come over a wall

golden crescent moon alone
stars hiding behind the clouds

sunflowers on the fields,
following the sun all day
sadness drifts away

rolling clouds sweep overhead
grasses stretching horizons

scattering feathers
through a grove, streaking foxes –
distant muffled shot

angry sky, thunder, lightning,
it's raining, the whole night through

morning, no rainbow –
misty mood rolls back and forth
sunshine's still missing

rolling blanket of darkness
grey hills framing greyer hills

magenta lotus
even light up a pond in
the broadest daylight!

muddy water grown
yet blossoming so brightly

dancing in the wind
with petals all falling down
seeding starts inside

already on their journeys:
shimmering heat, cats in love

inner lotus
more beautiful than its petals:
first time lesson? not!

down seeds fall through to the mud
young lotus approach the sun

at stand-still, summer
leaves once green now orange-red
autumn: all hellos

through double-plated storm glass
singing, the last cicada!



Haiga by Mary Davila

INTERSECTING GRACES
Nancy Lazar

Stacey Dye

Last night I slept by myself
under an open window.

You would have scolded me
but my head was finally clear,

and the morning cough I woke with
was delicious.

At dusk, daytime's songbirds
go silent into the dark.

Mournful wails of night birds
saturate the air.

Their cries energize me,
I rise.

I hardly slept the first night
in our home on the hill.

As the hours passed I listened
to the wail of the train whistle.

Now I never hear that moan
calling me to come out.

I know of a stream that runs
cool and fast,

cradled in a cleft where two
hillsides once converged.

Rocks baptized by the current,
cleanses the water of our sins.

In my haste out the back door
I stepped on a caterpillar.

He must have traveled far
to end up half-squashed.

Eager to go on
he lifted his other half.

Ragged, she stands out
in the city's morning rush,

longing to scrape together
enough for a cup of coffee.

She finds small victories
at the bottom of her purse.

Collaborative Linked Sijo



PHOTO from www.graphicdesignfestival.nl

A FINGER BEHIND THE CODE

Jacques Verhoeven

Silva Ley

Clear leaden type
a finger behind the code
flood of teabytes

unravelling, arranging
in our Public Space

a string of fragments
filmpictures, shockbooks
early risen, late to sleep

world a flat hard disk
images before knowing

the keyboard touched
logistic of seconds
screen of dismantling

oceans in the game
waves of greeting icons

exploding stars
a tide line of mile-stones
earth gives itself names

labels of temptations
manuals in grooves

posters to the point
judgements are stalked
brains masterminded

snippets of lamentations
a lack of happy news

along left or right
encyclopaedic signals
once curved in trees

multiply and multitask
profit unlimited

webcams fly along
Google hours tick away
stomachs are grunting

the resolute ledlight screen
chickenwing-meal, well done

books brushed aside
- dictatorship of love-
smoothed dogs ears

life under lock and key
a special dry - clean

unlimited storage
the eyes need window cleaners
to dream in d.v.d.

illusions on line
candidates for tattoos

- logic is our tool-
through ranges of experiments
science & arts

designers embrace both
looking for connections

the atlas folded out
strips move and circle
all digital wings

shows of animations
symmetric figures roll

tingling radar sounds
mirrors behind the mountains
technicians interfere

diaries move on screens
change is the only method

material of planets
searching for cosmic crumbles
the careless mind

thoughts computerised
the process is the product

restless hours
now hug to awakening
a passage of foam

skycatchers run wild
clouds grow, evaporate

day dreams wander

designs drift away
spinning moonlight

trillions of flashes in the air
angels or searching-orders?

universal shopping
madness of cross choices
without traffic- jams

sail trip in coiling water
strangers are different friends

crisis managers
luck is the new money
for what, for now

fundamental fear collapsed
hands for wellness white and black

inkblots whiped out
to days divided issues
pimp yous senses here

graphic investigations
decoding human patterns

Written during DECODING, name of Graphic Design Festival Breda, Netherlands, May 2010.



PLUCKING A NOTE

Helga Stania
Ramona Linke

blue dawn...
plucking a note
on the children's violin

barefoot
within the scent of mowed meadows

the buzzard feather
carrying home
a piece of sky

sintered – the flame red
of the bonsai bowl

released from ice
drunken of moon
my garden pond

wet on wet
shore leave to the Ahu Tongariki

Ceremonial –
anointing the baptizand
with chrism

to find new life
light years afar

a bright morn
waterproofing
the Harley's saddle bags

Valentine's Day
no more doubt in the heart

our song
through Verona
at your hand

on the way to the bordell
quickly snort the coke

today a talking point
in the couple therapy: The night side

of womanhood

Selene's shape
surrounded by crow shades

evening twilight
listening to
the colored leaves

reindeer herds moving south
within a sea of tranquillity

storm tide
prayers commence
beyond the dike

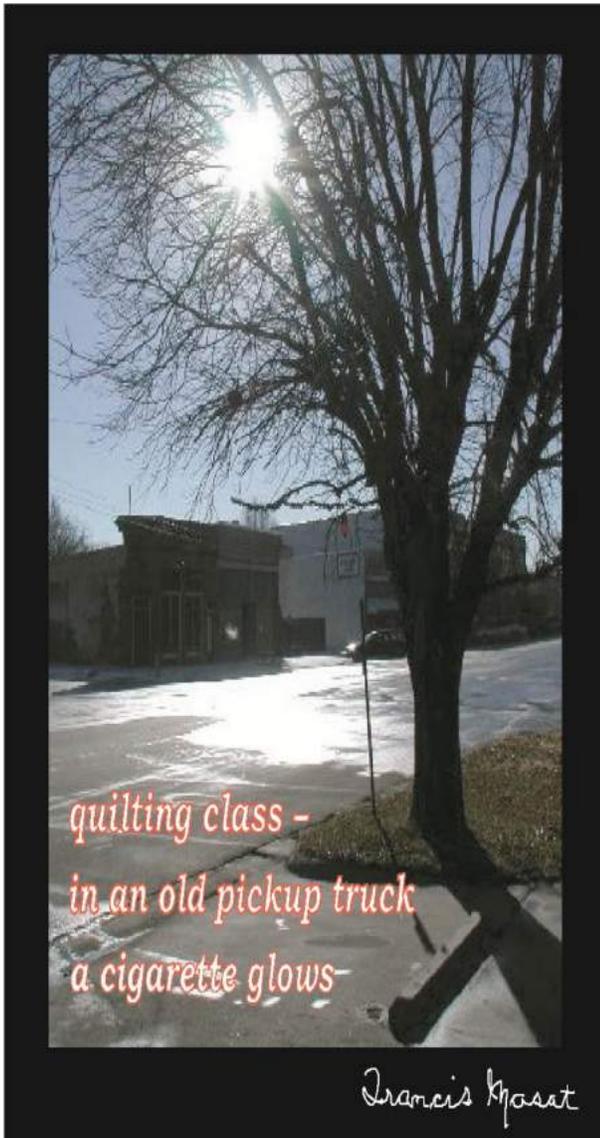
winter solstice
a visit in the Nebra Ark

farewell –
i'm trying hard
to smile

two young palmate newts
in country dress at our door

the slope –
wild daffodills decorate
the wayside shrine

the old readers' café;
we fold paper cranes



WHERE WE COME FROM

Jackson Lewis
Carmella Braniger
Randy Brooks
Joseph Bein

a dozen
traffic lights
at dusk
inside the dojo
you fall into silence
cb

I hear
the rise and fall
of your dream
calm moonlight
across the yard
rb

moon face
outshines stars
through the telescope
you brought me
last summer
jl

this night
only a cricket
shares his song
no star
lends her voice
jb

waking from dream
to the melody
of morning
telescoped
from distant planets
cb

•

a new face
at the corner café
not sure yet
who deserves
her smile
rb

young man enters
with a swagger
and a grin
both worn
for protection
jl

the smell of coffee
without looking
at the menu
he orders

what she's having
jb

the door
slams shut
we fall into
a vacuum
of chatter
cb

on the treadmill
she sings a love song
to her iPod
the end
of my paperback
rb

grumpy train
crawls through
sound waves
crackling
from speakers
jl

I follow
with a grumbled curse
through the swinging door
too loud in here
to think
jb

••

a spring
in her step
scatters squirrels
between two poles
the wire wavering
cb

any day now
the gray sky will be blue
the saxophone
on the street corner
tells me its true

rb

lost hitchhiker
on the corner
prays away
chanting
blues
jl

over the water
his song
takes me back
to where they say
I came from
jb

traffic jam
everyone stopped
over this thawed lake
red hawk carrying
a white dove
-cb

park lagoon
we hold hands
across the dam
a trickle of water
spilling over our toes
rb

from the horizon
a bird call
over the lake
swallows up
the day's last rays
jb & jl

• • •

new graffiti
on the water tower
proclaiming
her teenage lover's
public vow
rb

old vows
never filled
fold his finger
over the trigger
and push
jl

trapped too long
in a picture frame
he cries
for mother
no answer
jb

outside
the static of sunshine
distracts
even the most studious
from logic
cb

sun worshipers
on the quad
a Frisbee soars
settles
on a beach towel
rb

sandy hands
held tight
I tell
my brother
about undertow
jl

moon rising
over crystal sea
its gravity
pulling you into
yourself
jb

through the open sun roof
more than a half moon
four months pregnant
dreaming my way

back to you
cb

small fingers open
to the possibility
of your embrace
I want to feel
so light again
rb

first day of school
batman backpack
nervously grips
pale little
shoulders
jl

all alone
at lunch
little boy laughs
today, his table
is a pirate ship
jb

from across the café
she's quietly watching
the play open out
aboard this ship
anything is possible
cb

thunder
a girl races
ahead of the kite
both feet off
the ground
rb

Millikin University, Spring 2010

THE KNIFE SLIPS LOOSE
natalie perfetti
carmella braniger

snow melts
blanket of starlings
gleaning barren cornfields

my womb empty
without you

when you're hurt
mom, i want
to mother you
in the pinetree shade
patches of snow

cutting strawberries
over yogurt
the knife slips loose
your name
on the tip of my tongue

with a word
you redraw the lines
between us
raindrops fill puddles
in the parking lot

wolf moon
all night long
i howl for you
memory flooding
the flannel bed sheets

a log falls forward
sparks on the hearth
i roll over ashamed
i didn't hate you
in my dream

two stars
sky me
bright lights
hungry
for my gaze

naked
we turn our backs
to the bedroom windows

to the night city
lights

wide awake
incense smoke streams
into my eyes
a vision of our bodies
coiled and spiraling

saturday morning
footsteps on the carpet
pretending i didn't wake you
i gather bowl and spoon
to read cixous

reaching
for a reflection
in these still waters
the way you look at me
when we're alone in a room

two-mile run
i ignore the icy water
in the fridge
for the lukewarm cup
you set out for me

all night your chest
rising falling again
we dream to sleep
wishing away
the coming of morning

mother's day
i take the tie from my hair
twisting a handful of flowers
into a bouquet
for you

the tender gesture
of each peony blossom
rippling open in the wind
the way your dark hair dances

down your back disappears

AS IF LADEN WITH RUBIES

Frank Williams

Doreen King

low vivid sun...
crows & horses graze
the same frosted field

a snowstorm makes
the house and meadow one

on the kitchen wall
a pendulum clock
striking midday

for the gifted fielder
a straight forward catch

moonbeams silver
the waterlogged
panorama

maple tree branches
as if laden with rubies

all the pruning done
I go for forty winks
in my garden shed

an expensive locket offered
from his blistered hand

so many doubts
rush her mind
as he mumbles, 'I do'

another perfect landing
from a black cat

noon and the whole sun
is splashed
in the shallow pool

by moonlight the ball
rolls into the 18th hole

a stray dog
leaves the gravel path
and follows her home

your display cabinet
filled with knick-knacks

violet candle,
my small comfort
lit this evening

sat on a bench
a lost teddy bear

during the weekend
the old tower crashes
to the ground

a foal frolics
between sniper positions

overnight the orchard
explodes with a myriad
of white blossom

after the downpour
something new sprouts up

A Winter Nijuin Renku composed via snail-mail

Started: 14 March 2010

Finished: 28 July 2010



THE POEM ALSO SEARCHES FOR THIS PLACE

Laynie Browne: 34, Marjorie Buettner: 21, 29; Paul Celan: title; T.S. Elliot: 5, 12;
James Joyce: 15, 18, 28; KGO Radio: 27; Lori Lubeski: 7; Lorine Niedecker: 11, 16;
Jane Reichhold: 1, 6, 9, 13, 17, 23, 33; Werner Reichhold: 3, 8, 10, 20, 25, 31, 32, 36;
Camellia Roy: 4; William Shakespeare: 24; Leslie Scalapino: 26; Murasaki Shikibu: 30;
Virginia Woolf: 2, 19, 35;

1

The New Year
arrives in London safe
in the unknown
pondering the near future
cold enters the room at dusk

2

Each time the door opens I'm interrupted. The bird chorus is over only one bird now sings close to the

bedroom window
the tiger leapt
and the swallow dipped
its wings in the dark

3
Carving out of one root
a pattern of river and rice
I meditate
about access given
to a room of knives

4
Writing can move out into the dead zone between any two people and test what is there

5
Rhapsody on a Windy Night
The street-lamp said, "Regard that woman
Who hesitates toward you in the light of the door
Which opens on her like a grin.
You see the border of her dress
Is torn and stained with sand,
And you see the corner of her eye
Twists like a crooked pin."

6
A labyrinth as the rynth of labium – the way to the very beginning of ourselves as our mothers. One face before me began being two. The centeredness of a shred of desire – to become. Landing on the earthly plane – red, wet, and gasping for the blessed pain of air

7
Voices still hoarse
from treasured (pale)
rides on the skin

8
Come river-wide
conversation
come sash-cord
inspecting

9
Tears knowing one's kids are already in the new Millennium. Suddenly distances take on additional dimension

10
traveling
lit by a candle
downward

11

Feign a great calm;
all gay transport ends.
Chant: who knows –
flight's end or flight's beginning
for the resting gull

12

And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of toast and tea.

13

Beyond and beyond
the touch of her hand would send
suffering cordoned off
his wife carries from counter to table
your life against the unimportant

14

sand
queens quell their thirst
along pyramids
lapis-lazuli pronounces
the distance between towers

15

Heated
residence of the heart
orange-flavored

16

Lady slipper's glue
and electric threads
smack the sweets-seeker

on the head
with pollinia
the bee

befuddled
the door behind him
closed he must

go out at the rear
the load on him
for the next

17

Under sunny skies
snow falls a radio away
bites of history
living several lives at once
in my pockets life and death

18

Be Ophelia
Be Hamlet
Be the property plot

19

I'll walk
and end in view
across the room

20

Mobile brocade
the weight I shall
be measured
toward a peacock
in draughts of space

21

We sat in the circled light
of burning wood
later your body is a forest
through which I must find my way home

22

One more word like this and the hammers
swing over open ground

23

Learning to love
limping down the stairs of my voice
from the doorway
down in the garden he said
distracted Orpheus wanders back

24

When I consider everything that grows
As thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
Devouring time, blunt thou the lion's paws
Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle

25

Sprinkled privacy, the prey in octopus's arms. When does, if night escapes, colors change? I examine her letters performing curves, road-angles, waves of the sea not ending at the point

26

Words
one goes back –
wards

27

Things to which the century says good-bye:

pillbox hats
“let's do lunch”
pacman
switchboard operators
flower power
black lights

28

Changes blowicks into bullocks and a wall of Artesia into a bird of Arabia

29

In the morning
I hear the emptiness of wings cup the sky
It is the Oriental wisdom of the dead

30

If I were the man
to part the bamboo grasses
there would be the fear
all the ponies you have tamed
would be hiding in the trees

31

My organs on their way to a tunnel, I smell an orangutan's fuzzy neck hair. We both shade our eyes to observe one another more accurately

32

Held hostage at arm's length, teaching his Infant Majesty how to make waters worse

33

Get the blue
of a neon half moon
on a bridge
a streaming bowl is tight
as he walks back home

34

Leave means what winters a gown, and what has grown between the restlessness of lakes

35

The firelight
broke off some red apple
on the curtains

36

Irresponsible for the year ahead of us we may meet again. “Rolls, please” you probably repeat “I wish to order crisp rolls.” Irresolutely we may bring one finger to both lips.

And the year was 2000.

Composed on the last New Year’s Eve of the 1900s using materials scattered on our desks and shelves at that time.

BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

Home to Ballygunge: Kolkata Tanka by William Hart. Modern English Tanka Press: June, 2010. Trade paperback original, 4 ¼ x 7 inches, 72 pages, ISBN: 978-19359817-2, \$11.95. Available at Lulu.com

Somehow I am on a journey of seeing how differently the tanka form can be filled with the thoughts and feelings of such a wide assortment of people. Here we have a Los Angeles kind of guy who meets and falls in love with a girl from India. Over the years they have made many trips back to India, back to Kolkata (formerly known as Calcutta), to visit her family. Out of this cosmopolitan combination, this coming together of very different worlds, come the tanka of William Hart.

As I read the tanka, one to a page, I thought of how different this picture of India was to me – someone who only knows India from books (most recently *The Death of Vishnu* by Manil Suri) or a favorite film (*Passage to India* based on E.M. Forester’s book) – when it comes by tanka. From the film and book, the pictures came to me as if watching someone’s vacation slide show or reading a really well-kept journal – as if they were handed to me across space. Maybe even second-hand. Surely with the cleansing space distant time gives to an image.

However, with the tanka from William Hart I had the feeling that I had slipped into another person’s skin – so that it was I who experiencing India firsthand. Yes, in very small ways but in very intimate, honest ways. I was in his poems and what had happened to him was now preserved in spite of time and space so that it was real for me right here.

out on the lake
seeded by sun
and plowed by wind

a garden of diamonds
spreads like wildfire

It is good to see that Denis Garrison is recovered and is again making his marvelous books at Modern English Tanka Press. May his tribe increase!

Flecks of Blue by Maya Lyubenova. Bulgarian / English Haiku. Flat-spined, 48 pages, 5 x 6 ¼ inches, 4.80 coin of that realm. Contact:mayflowerbg@yahoo.com

I guess I really am already traveling as I write these book reviews on a sunny morning in August. The Flecks of Blue on the lovely cover of Maya's first book of haiku allow me to journey to Kotel Bulgaria where Maya teaches at the Philip Kutev National School of Folk Arts. However, thanks to the Internet I have met Maya in the AHAforum and there I have gotten to know her and even more, came to admire her work in haiga. No wonder that in 2009 she was declared a Master Haiga Artist. Though Flecks of Blue do not contain any of her haiga, the book does show how adept she is in writing haiku. She makes it look so easy! Because each of her haiku are flecks of perfection, the reader can relax and sink down into the pleasure of her timeless

observations.
noon shadows
a dwarf lingers
at my feet

From this you can see Maya has a fine sense of humor that is exactly at home in haiku. She is not telling jokes or slipping into senryu, but is seeing her world anew and showing it to us.

shallow spring –
the lights in the puddle
freeze

TAKBOCT 2 /Suchness 2 by Slavko J. Sedlar. Published by Sasa Vazic. Contact: sasa vazic at vazicsasa@gmail.com. Perfect bound, 5 x 8 inches, 264 pages, ISBN:978-86-7746-216-1.

The journey continues as the next book in the stack is Suchness 2 which is bilingual with Serbian and English. Here we meet Slavko Sedlar. Unfortunately I missed seeing his first book of haiku, Suchness published in 2008. But I am glad to see his work in this, the second book of a planned trilogy. The book opens with several very good prefaces. One by Milijan Despotovic, another by David G. Lanoue – the translator of Issa, and by Ranko Pavovic. Each writes so well about haiku and about the importance of Sedlar's position as a haiku master in Serbian that I feel they have had first chance and used up all the right words. There is nothing I can say that they have not already said better. What I can write about is how I felt reading this very generous offering of Sedlar's haiku. The poems are printed three to a page with the Serbian on the left and English on the right. The poems are each numbered beginning with 254 which forms a connection to the haiku in Suchness 1. I like this idea very much and it is with a good feeling that I start this book knowing that 244 previous poems have laid the groundwork for this series. And I love the idea that the next book by Sedlar will carry on.

Haiku are so tiny, it is easy to lose them, and we are all searching for a method to organize them into longer, larger works of poetry. Sedlar has given us another valuable tool for this job. However the numbers alone do not form the continuity in the book. By reading poem after poem the reader detects a subtle connection between the poems – as if they were all conceived or found while in a certain state of mind. Take for instance the three poems on page 129.

356.

Why calling at the cemetery,
cuckoo? Here, everyone
“Rests in Peace”

357.

Running around
their home – children run
in the former cemetery

358.

Thanks to the wind
and the squeaking of my neighbor’s door
I can watch the moon

There is a feel that one is reading renga. Perhaps because 357 is actually a two-liner though it is written in three. From looking at the Serbian on the opposite page, I can see that Sedlar’s originals are more form-true than the translation in 356. I have a suspicion that his haiku in Serbian would appeal to me much more than the English versions do. Another language barrier that can only be overcome by reading with heart instead of head. Do read Suchness 2, not only for those excellent prefaces, but for a marvelous journey through a haiku landscape.

Go to the Pine: Poetry in Japanese style by Izak Bouwer and Angela Sumegi. BuschekBooks, P.O. Box 74053, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. Perfect bound, 6 x 9 inches, 92 pages, plus CD. CAN \$17.50; USA\$15.

When two educators combine to make a book, you can be sure you will not only be inspired but also educated gently in the process. Go to the Pine is the perfect title for these works based on the legend that when Basho was asked about how to write, he said, “About matters of the pine, go ask the pine.”

As Izak Bouwer and Angela Sumegi bring to you their tanka, haiku and renga, they also include short, concise essays on how to write in these forms. They do follow their own instructions and write very well in each of them. It is a delight to find such accomplished tanka sequences.

In the 1980s this adding of instructional materials was seen as a ‘must have’ in English books. We were introducing new genres and for some readers, they needed the clarification to ‘explain’ the poems. Then we got away from this kind of introduction. Working from the premise that ‘our’ readers knew and understood the genres, we dropped the pedagogic. Maybe by now, we have a new generation to educate and it is time for books like Go to the Pine.

One good thing from the practice is the fact that the author is forced to think about what is really known of the genre and how that knowledge is manifest in the poem. There are teachers and there are poets.

Happily in Go to the Pine we have both. Izak Bouwer is a retired mathematics professor who became interested in Zen. Angela Sumegi is an assistant professor of Religion at Carleton University in

Ottawa, Canada where she heads the Palyul Centre for the practice of Tibetan Buddhism.

This unique blend of East and West fosters such poems as “Padmasambhava and his Eight Main Manifestations,” a nine poem sequence in which Sumegi and Bouwer each write a three-line poem about each form. The poems are side by side which allows the reader to read and compare the various conceptions these two different people have formed about a similar idea.

MAIN FORM

(as) second Buddha
revealing the masks
of the guru

(ib) Padmasambhava –
on his lotus hat
a vulture feather

Included with the book is a CD containing the files of artwork from the book in addition to calendars featuring the photographs of Museki Abe of Tokyo with verses from Izak Bouwer and Angela Sumegi.

The Sound of a Wild Snail Eating by Elisabeth Tova Bailey. Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill: 2010 Hardcover with color dust jacket, 5 x 7 inches, 186 pages, ISBN:978-1-56512-606-0, \$18.95. Available on Amazon.com

The Sound of a Wild Snail Eating by Elisabeth Tova Bailey is a healing book. While a woman recovers from a life-threatening condition she has the time and patience to observe one small wild snail. Her thoughts, research, and experiences help her, and us, to heal our damaged relationship with the world of nature. The result of careful and heartfelt observation of even the smallest bit of life can not only enrich a life but also find and give life anew. This book is the perfect gift for anyone recovering from a setback or in need of inspiration. I love how Elisabeth, while appreciating the small things of life, also brings in haiku of Issa and Buson. Perfect.

Not only does the reader find a well-written story of what it is like to be so ill that even rolling over in bed is exhausting through all the stages of her gradual recovery. The story of how a common garden snail comes to be the perfect companion for here is very heartwarming. How her observations of the life of the snail send her off into researching everything she can find on snail-lore appeals to even the non-scholar. Did you know the snail has 280 teeth? and that they can drink through their ‘foot?’ You may end learning more about these small creatures but you will also understand why Issa and Buson, in addition to Elizabeth Bishop, Billy Collins, and Rainer Rilke included them into their poems.

Autumn Loneliness: The Letters of Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi translated by Tei Matsushita Scott and Patricia J. Machmiller. Hardscratch Press, 2338 Banbury Place, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. Trade paperback, 6 x 9 inches, 366 pages, ISBN:978-0-9789979-4-6, \$27.50. Bay Area Independent Publishers Association awarded the book “Best Memoir 2010.”

From July to December, 1967, Kiyoshi Tokutomi left his wife and daughter in San Jose California to return to Japan with the hopes of finding a doctor or treatment to cure his deafness caused by medicines given for tuberculosis. When he returned to America his deafness had not improved but his wife

Kiyoko had an idea how to engage his mind with his interest in language. She encouraged him to write and study haiku at the local Yukuharu Haiku Society which had its headquarters in Japan.

In 1975 the couple started what later came to be called the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. At the same time Kiyoko had joined the Japanese Haiku Group of Shugyo Takaha in Japan. The result of this configuration, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society was the only haiku organization in America that formed a direct descendent from Japanese haiku writing. While translators and enthusiastic writers in English were forming other informal schools of haiku based on monthly meetings and journals, the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society had the strongest ties to Japan.

Even though Kiyoshi was totally deaf, he and Kiyoko devised methods of writing Japanese in the air to inform him of what was being said. They were a team. Kiyoshi had an upbeat attitude in spite of his weakened condition. He died in 1987, Kiyoko continued her leadership of the haiku group until her death in 2002.

To honor this amazing pair, Patricia J. Machmiller, one of the pillars and supporters of the group, joined with Tei Matsushita Scott to translate the letters they had written during their separation in 1967. Their story is greater than just an exchange of letters. It is how a Japanese American, who marries a Japanese woman in post-war Japan, makes a new life in both languages and in the process founds one of America's premier haiku groups.

First Winter Rain: Selected Tanka from 2006 – 2010 by Denis Garrison. Modern English Tanka Press, www.themetpress.com. Trade paperback, 6 x 9 inches, 158 pages, ISBN: 978-193539821-9, \$13.95. Order from Lulu.com.

Denis Garrison first appeared on the haiku scene in 2006 when he took over editorship of the failing magazine, Haiku Harvest, for its final issue. Since then he has published and edited a series of magazines in the Japanese genres: Prune Juice for senryu, 3 x 5 for short form poetry, Modern English Tanka from which his press takes its name, Ambrosia: Journal of Haiku, and Concise Delight Magazine of Short Poetry. At present the later two are still under his editorship. In addition he has published 45 books and anthologies of haiku and tanka. In his spare time he is moderator of the Tanka forum, with Chris Hawes, at AHAforum. And he writes tanka.

Denis Garrison is widely published. The credits in the back of the book attest that every poem has been previously published somewhere sometime. They read like a 'who's who' of tanka magazines.

So now we have a book of his own tanka. What to say? Dare I question his practice of setting each line with a capital letter? Why not? I have asked him personally about this and he claims he does it to give importance to each new line. Okay. But is that something we want to do in tanka writing? I thought tanka should not be about five separate lines but five lines of phrases and fragments that combined in various ways. In Garrison's tanka there is rarely any end-line punctuation, aside from the occasional dash, so why start each line as if it is a sentence? Most often when I encounter line caps I judge the author to be a carry-over from Western literary forms who is unable or unwilling to understand that new ideas need to be presented in new ways. Sorry I am not convinced that his caps are a helpful idea for displaying tanka.

Now that I have gotten over that quibble, we can discuss the poetry of Garrison's tanka. He is good. He will suck you into the beauty within a couple of stanzas. He knows how to leap and makes some so wide your appreciation can only stare in amazement that he pulls it off. But he does. In that way Garrison's tanka are very modern. And to a large extent he keeps the tanka form.

Mayflies
You swarm and die
In days –
I will not pity you
I am the childless one

While I am quoting I want to show you the poem used to advertise the book. Denis knows it is an excellent one and I agree with him.

I am a speck
On this rock in this ocean
Lost in endless space
But for this puppy I hold
I am a warm breathing world

This one also touched me.

These unstrung beads
Each is a work of art by itself
Fragments of a piece
But each a thing of beauty—
They know the snowflake's secret

After 146 single poems, Denis Garrison presents a series of tanka sequences, strings, and even an anaphoric crown cinquain and a tanka sonnet with varying degrees of success. The man has been around the block and is widely knowledgeable. You have to expect that he will continue to experiment and thank goodness he shares his journeys with us.

LETTERS

. . . Hadn't realized that even though vertical and not horizontal, LYNX's on-line layout is more like the unscrolling of a Japanese scroll than its previous hard copy incarnation -- belatedly, KUDOS -- James aka Richard Witherspoon

It is with great regret that I have to inform you that Professor Vladimir Devide passed away yesterday. Please send a haiku in memory of Vladimir Devide, who passed away on Sunday, August 22, in Zagreb. Your haiku will be published in the haiku magazine IRIS being ready for printing. The deadline is September 15. email: dvrozic@optinet.hr Sasa Vazic

BIOGRAPHIES OF CONTRIBUTORS

Sukrita Paul Kumar grew up in Kenya and now lives in Delhi. A recipient of many prestigious

fellowships and residencies, she was also an invited Fellow and poet at the International Writing Programme, Iowa, USA. A former Fellow of the Indian Institute of Advanced Study, Shimla, Sukrita has lectured at many universities in India and abroad. She has published five collections of poems in English: *Rowing Together*, *Without Margins*, *Oscillations*, *Apurna*, and *Folds of Silence*. A number of Sukrita's poems have emerged from her experience of working with homeless people. Sukrita's major critical works include *Narrating Partition*, *Conversations on Modernism*, *The New Story and Man*, *Woman and Androgyny*. She is the chief editor of the book on *Cultural Diversity in India* prescribed by the University of Delhi. A solo exhibition of her paintings was also held at AIFACS, Delhi.

Chen-ou Liu is a contributing writer for *Rust+Moth* and *Haijinx Quarterly*. He lives in a suburb of Toronto, where he has been struggling with a life in transition and translation. His poetry has been published worldwide and honored with awards, including the Saigyo Awards for Tanka 2009 (honorable mention) and the 2009 San Francisco International Haiku, Senryu, Tanka, and Rengay Competition (tanka third place). Read more of his poetry at his website, *Poetry in the Moment*, <http://chenouliu.blogspot.com/>.

Dr. Randy Brooks is Dean of Arts & Sciences at Millikin University where he teaches courses on publishing, haiku traditions, and tanka writing. He is editor of *Mayfly* magazine and publisher of Brooks Books. He was introduced to modern tanka in 1976 by Dr. Sanford Goldstein and has been writing haiku and tanka ever since. He is the web editor for *Modern Haiku* magazine and web-editor for *Frogpond*, journal of the Haiku Society of America.

Dr. Carmella Braniger, cbraniger@mail.millikin.edu, a native of Ohio, is a graduate of Muskingum College, Johns Hopkins University, and Oklahoma State University. An Associate Professor of English, she teaches creative writing at Millikin University, in Decatur, Illinois. Her poems have appeared in *Sycamore Review*, *Poems and Plays*, *MARGIE: The American Journal of Poetry*, *The Dirty Napkin*, and *Modern English Tanka*. Her chapbook, *No One May Follow*, was published by Pudding House Publications in 2009. She enjoys gardening, walking, and cooking meals with her husband and daughter.

Jackson Lewis, jlewis@millikin.edu, is a sophomore at Millikin University, majoring in writing with a minor in theater. He began writing tanka in the Tanka Writing Roundtable in the fall 2009, and has found it impossible to stop writing tanka in his pocket journal. He enjoys the social collaboration of creating a tanka sequence such as this round-robin sequence, "Where We Come From: A Tanka Quartet."

Joseph Bein, jbein@millikin.edu, is a junior at Millikin University with a double major in theater and writing. He learned the art of writing tanka in the Tanka Writing Roundtable in the Fall 2009 semester, co-taught by Dr. Braniger and Dr. Brooks. He enjoys the challenge of crafting formal verse and seeks to find the music in free-verse tanka poetry.

Virtual Chapbooks (2010) by Richard Kostelanetz

Most of my writing for media other than printed pages has been done in collaboration with others. What I did with video, audio, film, and holography has also happened this past decade over the Internet, sometimes beyond my expectations, thanks to web publishers. These are sites with texts of

mine that can be read only through the Internet, on your own computer.

In sum, they constitute a collection, virtual chapbooks, that is still in progress.

ENDINGS: <http://hotelstgeorgepress.com/2010/01/endings/>

INFINITE APHORISMS: <http://www.littleredleaves.com/LRL3/kostelanetz1.html>

INSERTS: <http://www.greatworks.org.uk/poems/rk/rk2.html>

ONE-LETTER CHANGES: <http://www.actionyes.org/issue7/kostelanetz/kostelanetz1.html>

1001 STORIES (a selection in Swedish and English):

<http://www.actionyes.org/issue12/kostelanetz/kostelanetz1.html>

VIDEO POEMS: <http://www.filestube.com/e/ecstasy+videos+music>

stone

From the old Maascone one dug
this lake in centuries - wide sand.
Once the exhausted Spanish army
reposed here, on their way to the town,
hooked homesickness on the clouds.

Location:

Gilze - Rijen, Lake 'De Warande', about 15 km from Breda, Netherlands.

stone place

Story:

During the 80 - Year's War against Spain, the Italian marquis Ambrogio Spinola commanded (since 1605) the Spanish army in the Netherlands.

He was on his way from Belgium to reconquer the military town of Breda, by a strategical siege. (1624) His enemy was Prince Maurits of Orange.

Spinola found a reposing- and collectionspot at the borders of a former branche of the river Maas. (La Meuse, coming from France)

The river disappeared. In the 19th century the white sand was dug away (for roads and building nearby) and caused a deep, wide lake, loved by hikers and their dogs. Nature is saved here by the village Gilze - Rijen and the national 'Staatsbosbeheer' (company for protection of wood and landscape) They built a cellar for bats, a wall for the nests of borderswallows, a path around the lake and a small carparking.

On the small peninsula, loved by waterbirds, the municipal office of Gilze constructed a path to the three white granite stones, transported from the Ardennen in Belgium. They appear as if they are once left behind and polished by the river.

The poem is meant to stop passers by and let them muse for a moment on this historical and rural spot. Also to conclude how absurd wars are in every time.

The artist Pien Storm van Leeuwen found the place and cut the text into the stone.
Silva Ley wrote the poem and Jan Willem Storm van Leeuwen made the photo's.

CONTESTS

Have you ever written a tanka that is on the theme of science or technology or fantasy or science fiction or horror? If so, did you publish it last year?

Dwarf Stars is the Science Fiction Poetry Association's yearly edited anthology of short-short poetry. We are trying to find the best speculative short poetry of 10 lines or less published in 2009. Tanka is very welcome.

We define "speculative" as "science fiction, fantasy, horror, mythic or any combination or variation of the above." The deadline for nominations for 2009 poems is August 31, 2010.

This is what you can do to help.

1. Send us your 2009 short poems of 10 lines or less.
2. Send us recommendations of 2009 short poems of 10 lines or less that you've read and think are deserving along with publication information and the e-mail addresses of the poets, if you have them.
3. There is no limit to the number of poems you can send.
4. You do not need to be a member to send poems/recommendations.

Send these poems to us at dwarfstars@sfpoetry.com. You do not need to be a member of the Science Fiction Poetry Association to send poems/recommendations. Please include the words "Dwarf Stars Submission" in the title of the e-mail.

We are trying to gather the largest pool of quality 2009 published 10-lines-or-less poems possible so we can select poems that stand out above the rest and are reflective of 2009 in very short poetry.

Thanks in advance for your help. Deborah P Kolodji, president, Science Fiction Poetry Association

MAGAZINES

The Ghazal Page will appear quarterly, starting in September, rather than monthly. The issues will follow this schedule:

- * September 21 -autumn equinox issue
- * December 21 - winter solstice issue
- * March 21 - spring equinox issue
- * June 21 - summer solstice issue

The seasons are specific to the northern hemisphere and temperate latitudes. Submissions from other hemispheres and latitudes more than welcome! Special issues based on challenges and other themes will continue. Along with the change in schedule, there will be two or three other changes coming. The book challenge has closed, although entries by 7 August will be considered. I'm beginning work on the book challenge issue and hope to publish it by the end of August.

Gino

Subject: Call for Content - Journal of Renga & Renku

We're ready to begin accepting offers of content for the first issue of Journal of Renga & Renku. While

some details remain to be ironed out, the journal will be:

1. published near the end of 2010
2. available in hardcopy only
3. available for purchase online using Paypal

We're looking for a variety of content along the lines of:

1. Academic/polemic articles on any aspects of the genre
2. Translations of old renga and renku
3. News of renku groups and happenings
4. Book articles/reviews
5. and of course, a showcase of current examples of the genre:
 - a) in English
 - b) in any other language, accompanied by an English translation
 - c) previously published or not (just let us have details of prior publication so we can acknowledge properly)
 - d) simultaneous offers are fine too, again provided you advise us of prior publication for purposes of acknowledgement
 - e) in any of the standard forms: kasen, triparshva, nijûin, jûnichô, shisan, rokku, hyakuin, yotsumono, etc.

f) in any explorations of the above forms in terms of experimentation with one-line, zip, 5/7/5 or other fixed counts and even rhyme

g) solo and group work

h) with (preferably) or without notes/reflections on the poem/process from sabaki or renju or both

6. We are also considering holding a contest, but have not finalised our thinking on that. Please send us any ideas you may have and/or indication as to whether you'd be interested in entering and/or reading the results

7. We're open to discussing content ideas we've not covered above so please write

8. All communications will be acknowledged within one week

9. We are regretfully unable to pay contributors for content at this stage

Please send all contributions and other communications to (RengaRenku AT gmail DOT com) We look forward to hearing from you. Norman Darlington & Moira Richards

Roadrunner X:2 is now online: <http://www.roadrunnerjournal.net/>

featuring: -The Scorpion Prize #20 by Rae Armantrout -ku, -The Way of One by Jim Kacian, -A Brief Interview with Alain Kervern by Paul Pflieger, Jr.

The submission deadline for X:3 is September 30, 2010.

Keibooks is pleased to announce the publication of Atlas Poetica : A Journal of Contemporary Tanka, issue 6 (Summer, 2010). Atlas Poetica, edited by M. Kei, is published in print and digital formats, both available through an online point of sale <<http://Lulu.com/Keibooks> or through <<http://AtlasPoetica.org>. ATPO has expanded to contain 84 pages of poetic content in a large, 8.5 x 11 inch format to accommodate individual tanka, tanka prose, tanka sequences, book reviews, articles, and international resources. Print ISSN is 1939-6465 and the digital ISSN is 1945-8908. ATPO is the only tanka journal devoted exclusively to tanka poetry of place. It brings multiple language offerings from poets around the world together in each issue. It is also the only tanka journal that devotes itself to tanka literature in all its forms, including individual tanka, tanka sequences, tanka prose, shaped tanka, book reviews, articles, and international resources. ATPO seeks to publish all forms of tanka tradition and innovation from well-known and emerging poets and authors around the world. For full submission information, please visit the new website at: <http://AtlasPoetica.org>. ATPO is planning a special issue,

ATPO 7, to be dedicated to tanka in translation from around the world, as well as under-represented tanka communities. Already submissions in Lugana, Hebrew, Japanese, German, Romanian, Spanish, Chinese, Dutch, and other languages have been received, and many more are expected and hoped for. In addition, articles covering different tanka traditions, book reviews, announcements, and resources are wanted. Book notes and announcements can be in any language, do not require translation into English, and can be up to 200 words long. Volunteer translators who would like to assist with the effort to update the submission blurbs and information in languages other than English should contact Editor (at) AtlasPoetica (dot) org with a subject of "Translation". Individuals and organizations who would like to be listed or to update their listing with ATPO should do contact the same address.

The new Sketchbook is now available on-line. The issue contains poems, art and features of sixty-one writers from thirteen countries. The Editors extend a warm welcome to all readers!

http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook5-3MayJun2010/0_Cover_Sketchbook_5-3_MayJun_2010_Cover_crossing_timelines_Mary_Davila.htm

This issue contains a diversity of poetry forms: Eastern Genre: Gogyokha, Haibun, Haiga, Haiku, Renhai, Sijo, Tanka; Western Genre: Free Verse, Cinquain, Double Dactyl, Experimental Forms: A Tab, Fusion Sonnets, Quatrain, Lanterne, Tetractys, and Ekphrastic Poetry.

Featured Poems: The Poets Celebrate Independence Days Around The World; A Retrospective of Karen Anderson's Poems; Video Reading by Jan Oskar Hansen.

Art Features: Üzeyir Lokman ÇAYCI, FR; Norman J. Olson; Iolanda Scripca, and Sandy Vroom. Doug Holder joins Sketchbook in this issue as a Contributing Editor. Karina Klesko and John Daleiden

Hi All, due to pressures here to make money in a bad time, I'm postponing the first issue of JUXTA. We'll take it in stages. I hope to be back in the saddle in about six months. Everything else remains the same. The very popular Positions feature on the HF website feed will continue, so if you'd like to contribute to that, let me know. Next up is Jane Reichhold's piece; in the pipeline, three more excellent ones: thank you Ray Oliver, Ian Marshall, and Matt Cariello.-Tom D'Evelyn Senior Editor, Juxtapositions: The Journal Of Haiku Poetics & Culture

The new issue of CHO, edited by Ken Jones, Jim Kacian and Bruce Ross is online:

<http://contemporaryhaibunonline.com/> Editor Bruce Ross' selection: Our editors select a favorite and comment on it.

An end to the rumors. Simply Haiku didn't shut down. Only I and Saša Važić, co-owners of the Journal have the authority to do that, and why would we put an end to a journal that has become a beacon light illumination to the English speaking Japanese short form poetry world? After a half year hiatus, Simply Haiku is online and ready to rock the world like never before, with an exciting issue, featuring newly discovered pearls and wise old masters of Japanese short form poetry's golden heritage! The International Journal of English Language Japanese Short Form Poetry, Today, the staff of Simply Haiku presents the fruit of hard work, sweat, a true team spirit, and sheer determination, to give back to you the gift some thought they could silence. <http://www.simplyhaiku.wordpress.com/>

EVENTS PAST AND FUTURE

Mariko Kitakubo and Linda Galloway will give a bilingual Japanese-English benefit performance of their tanka in the Henry Cowell Redwoods, a California State Park, October 23 at 2 pm in the San Francisco and Santa Cruz area. Proceeds will be contributed to help save this financially distressed state park. The poets will be accompanied by an original sound track composed for their poetry by Tokyo-based Tepei Satoh on his handcrafted cast iron instruments. Japanese translations by Mariko Kitakubo. English translations by Amelia Fielden or with the assistance of Linda Galloway.

You're invited to an
Evening Champagne Tea Service & Poetry Performance
with Mariko Kitakubo & Linda Galloway, Ph.D.

Thursday, July 22 & Thursday, July 29
5 PM-6 PM • Self-guided JANM Gallery Tour
6 PM -7 PM • Evening Champagne Tea Service
7 PM -8 PM • Poetry Performance
Chado Tea Room
at the Japanese American National Museum
369 E. First Street, Los Angeles, CA 90012
\$20 Museum members; \$ 25 non-members; \$ 15 students

In this rare bilingual Japanese-English appearance, leading tanka poet and Tokyo-based performance artist Mariko Kitakubo will present tanka— Japan's oldest and most popular poetry form— accompanied by music on original instruments. L.A. awarding-winning tanka poet, Linda Galloway, Ph.D. will read the stunning translation of Ms. Kitakubo's work by Amelia Fielden. Book signing to follow.

Advance reservations required.
For information and to order tickets contact Chado Tea Room at 213.321.1748 or at chadotearoom@aol.com.

Ms Kitakubo's beautiful bilingual book edition of *On this Same Star* and her CD, *Messages*, accompanied by an original score on rare Japanese instruments (with print translation) will be available for purchase at the Museum Store.

This program is presented in partnership with Chado Tea Room and the Japanese American National Museum
with special thanks to Mariko Kitakubo and Linda Galloway.

Proceeds from the ticket and book sales to benefit the National Museum's educational programming and outreach.

For information about the National Museum and the Museum Store, contact 213.625.0414, or visit janm.org.