

LYNX
A Journal for Linking

XVI:2 June, 2001

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BOOK REVIEWS of Full Moon Tide: The Best of Tanka Splendor 1990 – 1999, edited by Linda Jeannette Ward; Early Indigo by Cherie Hunter Day; The Spoon Clinks – 100 Tanka by Satarô Satô translated by Motoko Matsuo and Reiko Nakagawa and assisted by William I. Elliott; Mnemosyne by Edward Baranosky; The Sparrow with the Split Tongue and Beautiful Oiwa, The Heians, and Kaimami (Scenes Observed While Peeping Through a Screen) – three books by Bill West; Writing with Multiple Intelligences: Creative opportunities for teachers, writers & therapists by Edna Kovacs, Ph.D., author of Writing Across Cultures; Haiku Kalendar: First step in third millennium Prvi korak u treće tisućljeće by Mirko Varga; Third Edition of the Haiku Anthology edited by Cor van den Heuvel: over 800 of the best English language haiku and related works; Upstate Dim Sim by the Route Nine Haiku Group

edited by John Stevenson.

LETTERS by Dave Bachelor, Francine Porad, David Rice, Tom Clausen, Debi Bender , Marianne Bluger, Susan Ioannou, D.Jericho Schmoeker, Rod Thompson, Guillermo Compte Cathcart.

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SYMBIOTIC POETRY

DU UT DES

(*I give that you may give)

Debra W. Bender

Marjorie Buettner

on the way to our meeting
an orchid tree had blossomed
one bloom I've twined in my hair
for you to undo

floating above the pine trees
a full flowered winter moon
whispers its secrets to me
so petal-restless

no longer able to sleep
I have risen before dawn
to hear a wood dove's mourning
alone...all alone

and in the sleep of the night
when the world seems motionless
some distant longing follows
dark waters flowing

somewhere beyond the stillness
you've wakened to find me gone
traveling through this white mist
as one in a dream

steam from the frozen river
rises to the winter sun
will we ever meet again
or was it a dream

my wordless sighs fall muted
in the folds of my pillow
should I spill out the feathers
they would tell your name

the rustle of these silk sheets
uncovered in the warm flight
of our necessary love
saying du ut des*

when the time came for parting
could I help that our thighs touched

tangled where you first entered
my ink-dark chamber

come, unlatch the garden gate
to follow me once again
down dew-washed lavender paths
never to turn back

completed 2-19-01

TWO HEARTS

Tom Clausen (N.Y.)

Nancy Kline (PA.)

snow squall -
through the gusting
honking of geese

en route from church to car
poinsettia freezes

skating in line
to "The Saints Come Marching In"
good cheer all around

homemade dandelion wine
gift for Mother's Day

spring brook
indistinguishable voices
upstream

in a classmate's memory
a hemlock seedling

sacred rock
with bamboo flute and dance
she calls her power animal

pitching coach at the mound
then slowly back to the dugout

on birch bark canoe
before their final voyage
they paint two hearts

slippery when wet

they hold hands on the bridge

concert
at school for the deaf
no applause

every one of his pencils
without an eraser

expunged
by the August moon
the lump in his throat

empty orioles nest
on the sidewalk

on his wheel
the potter shapes
the clay

who i am now
sitting alone in the garden

for each patient
in the hospice
one daffodil

our cat soundly asleep
beneath the feeder

with little flourishes
leaves falling as she walks
down the road

swimming in the castle moat
trumpeter swans

more spongy
than she had hoped for
the angel food cake

marshland
knee deep in mud

the crowd in awe...
backflips the full length
of the field

caught in a spider web

an inchworm

with my son...
walking past the house
where he was conceived

to say her rosary
she kneels at the virgin's shrine

in the circle...
he begins to feel something
for her

to the underground colony
worker termites carry lethal bait

moonlit tubes
all feed into the launchpad
eerily quiet

October camping trip
the toothpaste forgotten

sleeting...
in their wash basin
his shaving brush

face to face
his totem poles

house of mirrors
distorted reflections
laughter

the clouds move through
stillness on the water

ikebana
one white iris...
first robin sings

spending the day
listening to music

WALTZING . . .
Connie Donleycott
Alice Frampton

all wet
two friends
in a frog pond

long distance
more than a dollar

conversations
punctuated with
laughs

summer vacation:
almost lost without my keys
and grammar check

face-to-face
with our words

she reads to me
I put my glasses on
to listen

across the border
duty free
memories

birthday presents
off season

at the mirror
plucking hairs
from my age

August morning
everything gray until
my shadow meets me

60s music
my free spirit revived

high school English class
brown eyes studying
brown eyes

first Earth Day
tying green bands around
our arms

on a roll
recycled toilet paper

autumn sunrise
fills the hillside
with glistening webs

early frost -
white-tipped pine trees
on the artist s canvas

wood shed -
last cord stacked

intense heat -
the fast-food wrapper black
with crows

beneath the moonlight
we gather
night crawlers

caught by my hook
an editor

a small bird
carefully captured
in her camera's lens

empty nest -
supporting branches remain
intertwined

the broken string
follows balloon skyward

Remembrance Day -
bursting with red the dying
maple leaves

forecasted chill
we bundle up
kindling

delivering newspapers
on a treeless street

today s headlines
catch the attention

of the squatting pup

sudden shower -
smelling of hay we roll in
the last bale

descending from the loft
clouds of dust

swirling flakes settle
on Christmas rooftops
in the snow globe

side-by-side
on marketplace shelves
goblins and santas

all the stars on view tonight
Halloween

frozen twilight
I stumble upon
my icy reflection

winter blast -
leaning into the cold I grab
a corsage of roses

we celebrate
our linked passage

during the storm
we teach our children
how to waltz

Start date: 8/02/2000
Finish date: 9/11/2000

NEW STRAW

Ferris Gilli
Peggy Willis Lyles
Juanito Escareal

shared garden
neighbors fill a scarecrow
with new straw

fragrant clusters
of bronze grapes

from the balcony
a freckled girl
points at the moon

before the boss arrives
I sharpen every pencil

kindling
and long matches
on the list

the chess champ
wears a plaid sweater

sudden stops
on the village road
for shaggy highland sheep

clank of a small bell
inside the low croft fence

an urgent message
in the voice mail
to rendezvous

tasting of pickles
our elevator kiss

let down
by the wallet photo
of another woman

exotic dancer
takes off the curly wig

by moonlight
a shed's outline is soft
with the first snow

the baby's smile
warms the freezing night

a pop-up book
open to W
for wiggle worm

my Sixties toaster
back in style

doo-wop music
at the dance party
pear blossoms

songbirds break the silence
around a poet's grave

they comb the beach
for little treasures
to adorn a lacquered box

iridescent beetle
in the broken web

high school quarterback
seeing his sweetheart
off to college

that French guy's phone number
tucked in her lecture notes

sunbathers
on the top deck
of a bateau-mouche

a believer's prayer mat
placed in oasis shade

on the gift-shop desk
a gothic sign offers
used crystal balls

I slide the last coin
into a gum machine

with a texturing gun
he sprays joint compound
on the scarred wall

through ancient pines
a barren strip carved by loggers

half moon
above the paper mill
the fumes

protesters and supporters
exchanging insults in the fog

for the mayor's house
a trick-or-treat policeman
polishes his badge

an aquarium koi
snatches kibble bits

widening ripples
in the City Center's fountain
where a pebble fell

pollen dusts a knapsack
left on the spiral stairs

deepened
by a cumulus cloud
the magnolia's blush

a space shuttle lifts off
in bright wind

SHYLY LIKE YESTERDAY

David. L. Bachelor
Cindy Guentherman

shyly
greet second wife
last night dreamed of first
time deepens
grass's hue

in soft glow
of old ornaments
and memories
she opens crisp new boxes
beneath the tree

dying green mantis
moves slower
midday sunlight
cold wind rustles
dry leaves

down the block
a blur of red jacket
and some child's laugh
punctuates the grays
of sky

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

just like yesterday
small yellow slickers
and zippered boots
march through incense
to the altar

ON THE PATH

Betty Kaplan
Izak Bouwer

snowmelt -
on path to the barn
a lost mitten

farm hand dawdles
by the lilac hedge

in high heels
and black mesh stockings -
she walks her block

network of veins displayed
on the damselfly's wings

fireworks galore -
but ah!
a full moon

the gypsy's crystal ball . . .
my future unfolds

a glint of quartz
on the cliff -
shadows below

"meow" "meow"
new kittens under the porch

he lifts her
across the threshold -
the curve of her cheek

chocolate soufflé
rising in the oven

island volcano -
hot lava streams
into the sea

her treasure box -
sand dollar and a star fish

hunter's moon -
the bum rattles
a garbage can lid

colored leaves
cover the compost heap

quiet voices -
children by grave
of pet canary

incense and chants
from the pagoda

christmas tree lot -
surrounded
by scent of pine

icicles ring
the ski lodge roof

the milliner weaves
a wreath of blossoms
for her bridal veil

parting the curtains:
spring morning

date started: 26jan01
date completed: 05mar01

HOME FROM

Marlene Mountain
Carlos Colón

home from the garden i've forgotten the garden haiku

daylight old john deere coughs into life

3 hard drives 3 logic boards 3 memory chips 3 french hens

guano-covered another fragment from a dead sea scroll

still deep in jail dr kervorkian in bad health without a way to go

stifling summer this cool bus with poems among the ads

bell choir sharp flick of the student's wrist a second too late

latest trick in the bag the ceo apologizes

popping on the moonlit lake last bubbles of a whistleblower

'but i've always seemed to see the sad side of things'*1

on the road again not taken blue eyes crying in the grain*2

a cold front the loanshark's new used car business

all those phone solicitors on the other side of the busy signal

weaned from nature the red curtains closed

butterfly ballot right vote for the wrong candidate

ms chad for president pregnant at that

third anniversary pawn shop owner tries on your wedding ring

frozen ground fan mail from a male i don't know

though still out of luck a missing green sock in plain sight

ebay auction dryer-lint elvis

third snow just enough to remind anyone i know that kigo

me in that santa suit your wish whispered into my ear

all day a shooter testifies on 'court tv' no voice in the house

at her hip blue steel and a baby

many of my troubles diminish in light of the world at large

'will the real millennium please stand up?'*3

whether we date or not it might be improper to put it in words

etiquette lesson pea balanced on a knife blade

paralyzed by two 'corporapetions' she settles out of court

built-in wheelchair kitten without a pelvis*4

weatherwoman's long black hair does it match her wings?*5

guess i'll go somewhere maybe the dentist thursday

last one leaving california won't even have to turn off the lights

did it rain on his parade the illegal sheriff in dc

high noon the shadows retreating behind the horse trough

on the horizon a figure unlikely to fade into the sunset

notes: *1 willie nelson; *2 apologies to willie & robert frost; *3 bud collyer of 'to tell the truth!'; *4 abc news 1/12/01; *5 sds-weatherwoman susan stern (1943-1976)

August 19, 2000 - January 27, 2001

ALWAYS NEW

David Rice

Cherie Hunter Day

high tide
wind pushes the water
further into the marsh
that urge returns
to inhale the whole world

no longer adrift
in amniotic fluid
the fetus turns
I feel his feet fluttering
among the stars

snorkeling
the only sound my breath
slow and steady
as if I'm being breathed
by a bigger lung

these thoughts
fly around the confines
of my mind
interior birds
have such radiant plumage

antennae of the world
we use our six senses
to explore
unable to understand
these ripe discoveries

tabulations done
much smaller than expected
the human genome
breathe through me again
the beauty of this sapphire sea

A CHRISTMAS TREE SKIRT

Alexis K. Rotella

Carlos Colón

A Christmas tree skirt worn to the dance

Mistletoe the distance between our lips

A whiff from his thermos . . . jasmine tea

High-rise rafter bread crumbs

Count Dracula moves into the mansion next door

Footprint blood drop footprint

Hemophiliac AIDS baby the nurse's face drawn

A rainbow bursts from the garden hose

Golf course lake light spring rain dimples the moon

The old astronaut sitting on a bench

Butterfly ballot our next president still cocooned

Shaped like a ferry boat Aunt Matlida

Even my family no match for Ann Landers'

His cigar in my beef stroganoff

Rising from quicksand the hat the head of Indiana Jones

Drag racing two cops

One handcuff on Lucy the other on Ethel

UFO ornament gone

Each year fewer and fewer Christmas cards

The house cat too has cabin fever

Gone with the wind silk pajamas

Empty Raisinet box shrill whistle

Grapevine strangling the newly planted cypress

Clouds gathered at the gossip fence

Handing in my resignation while dressed in hot pink

Pardons why not one for Sacco & Vanzetti?

Baked Alaska our inauguration day dessert

Beady eyed leader this year of the snake

Snifter of brandy a calendar page curling in the fire

She died on her way to buy tulips

Friends in the newspaper two obits & one indictment

Her lover puts her on "hold"

Clutch of pennies for the movie matinee

Dog asleep yet howling

Giving up the radio for Lent two days early

For my dying father lilies

October 5, 2000 - March 2, 2001

A Symbiotic Connection

Shiki

Eiko Yachimoto

homecoming-
every way I turn
mountains laugh

through falling petals
the last ALBATROSS

conflicts and changes
woven with the immutable
the Danube flows

a moon out of
quality paper

must be cold
must be itching and
longing to see people*

purple color reaching black
the depth of the grapes

*This verse is about Hekigotoh Kawahigashi, Shiki's young follower, in quarantine.

Soapboxes
d. Jericho Schmoeker
Schmoeker Jericho david

Forsythia explodes
outside my window
spring refusing to whisper

Grey nudging green into play
the breath of God, laughing

rediscovering apples
cute girls with great biceps
gathering stones

moss-covered heart
a song just beneath the skin

fixed symphony of moon-colored whispers
my wicked attempt
to harvest her thighs

wheat gnashed to meal, gladly
her fingers caressing diabolical dreams

grist mills of old flames
cold water splashing turns the wheel
pedaling too hard too fast i freeze

gravity and grace
knees heal; hearts too

barefoot, this pebbled path of my heart
a child caught in play
love's tender bruises warn, yet entice

coffee beans ground to potent dust

her hip against mine; a saccharine ache

coffee the flavor of kindergarten
crayon-scented innocence, just outside the lines
drowning herself in ice cream soup

stirring the tea to read the leaves
wanting answers

dandelion heads like miniature moons
pick me and blow
i disappear, seeding elsewhere

scattered wasteland, a desert heart
tulips give way to lizards, flitting

a desert sun
soaked to the bone
marrow melting, blissfully

windswept candles
tallow drips its voiceless farewell

lily white
her throat against my wrist
clover bursts methodically

love gushing unexpectedly
my belly against her back

spring thaw
sweetness of sheets
sun-dried beneath her

indulging a fondness for tomatoes
ripe @ last

to the mountain and back
white lace and streaked windows
the booming voice of God

tracks of tears swiped clean
wadded pockets stuffed with tissue

cold hands in warm parkas
forgotten 20's
crumpled, but welcome

torch songs beneath mink fringe dances

too cold for sequins

glad christenings, sweet opiums
wine-ripened passwords
her speakeasy sighs

fillings of gold hiding holes
the ache of love's decay

pens gliding these gilded memoirs
mariachi easters, fabrage' eggs too
precious to touch

endele! endele!
cute girls scout strong boys

gentle moon, my breast in her hand
pale hips wrists thighs shouldering life
in cashmere

bright lights, gingham roots
erasing shame with lipstick

dropping tired dreams like leaves
'mongst prayer-saturated wood and stone
kiss marks for a King

dissembling these makeshift shrines
Elvis lives, and so do I

crayon renditions, a magnet menagerie
what to hold up, versus
what to hold

bandits in bandaids, easy to spy
misplaced kemo sables,
hopefully at standby

waking in a field of white
daisies tickle away
the call for silver bullets

on a spring breeze
God nods a yes, no need for
soapboxes

3/15 - 4/28

LOST THOUGHTS OF WAR RETURN: A DIARY OF THE MIND Diarium 20: Tanka 146-159
1943-1945 Netherlands East Indies; The Philippines April, 1944-5
THE DEAR JOHN LETTERS

Sir Sidney
Hugh Bygott

After long separation from his wife during the war, the angry remark was often heard, "he got his Dear John Letter"-- the bland comment that the soldier's wife was divorcing him. During wartime, when couples are separated for long periods of time, the frequency of divorces naturally increases in contrast to couples living together. Our battalion existed for three years, thirty months of which we served in combat thousands of miles from home. As time went by, several men received their "Dear John," one resulting in suicide and others in depression. Since we served under extremely dangerous, and mentally debilitating, conditions the virulent reactions of friends of the rejected men was to be expected, since to say that they were considerably unhappy was a vast underestimate of our feelings – how patient and accepting can men be who existed under such conditions for months or years? Intermingled with the everpresent danger, long months of boredom would drag on slowly, wretched day after day, reflecting the famous quotation: "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow Creeps in this petty pace from day to day...." But how many of us accepted that the same number of days also crept by slowly for the wives waiting patiently at home hoping to receive the long delayed letter, grimy with foxhole mud? And who amongst us considered the fears and crushing loneliness of the wife waiting, hoping there would not be a telegram reporting her husband's death? War has many unfortunate consequences, not the least of which is the loss of loved ones even when there was no death. Moreover, the fact that the men were also frequently unfaithful, was almost never considered. A typically unconsidered cause of the divorces, naturally, was our inability to communicate easily with our wives. Letters could take a month or more to reach home, depending on where we were (in combat or on a ship racing to another island). Perhaps if there were easy means of communication, the number of divorces might have diminished.

Tanka 146

Bishop survived much,
escaped without injury,
but his luck ran out –
for his dear John letter came
and bullets ended his pain

Tanka 147

we all despised her
malevolent impatience ~
she should have waited
to mail her disastrous news ~
we hoped his death caused her pain

Tanka 148

should we blame those wives ~
what made them turn unfaithful
was it mere weakness?
but are we not also weak
blame may not be the answer

Bishop was a calmer soldier than most of us, perhaps because he was older (we considered those in their late twenties as old), and always had a serious, even sullen, expression. When we were loading an LST (Landing Ship Tank) for our trip to the Philippines, he almost ran with the crates he had hefted to his shoulders, and returned quickly for another load. This was most atypical, not only for a GI, but because we were in the tropics, where the temperature hovered around 100 degrees, and the humidity was always high. We were always drenched with sweat, and had to shoo off the sweat bees, which did not merely hover about - they landed on our skin to sip the sweat. When they didn't shoo off, they were killed, leaving a pasty residue on our skin. Bishop rushed past me on one of his trips from inside the LST to get another crate from the beach, and muttered some crack like, "why don't you move it?" Typically, a crack like that was a potential invitation to fight. But, I hadn't had one of those confrontations for a while, and Bishop was not a belligerent person, so I just smiled and said something like, "Hey Bishop, you bucking for T5?" This was the standard rebuff whenever any private appeared to be angling for a promotion. He ignored me and continued his hasty plodding to bring in more crates. I did wonder, however, why he blurted out that remark, and assumed that something was bugging him that day. But, I was to learn soon after, while we were waiting in Hollandia to re-embark on the cargo ship we ultimately took to get to the Phillipines, that he had blown his brains out with his M1 rifle. He had been alone in his tent, brooding, and just placed the muzzle in his mouth; employing some complex motor facility which we tried to understand, he squeezed off all eight rounds in his clip. Although he must have been dead after the first round penetrated his brain, the reflexive action probably continued twitching movements until all eight rounds were spent. The top of his tent was splattered with blood, bone and brain, and there were so many holes in it that it had to be replaced.

One of the lieutenants (referred to as Lieutenant ob-STACK-al, because of his bumbling pronunciation of "obstacle" when we trained on obstacle courses), was assigned to determine the cause of death. It was quite obvious that Bishop had killed himself, but they were required to attempt to determine why. It seems that he had just received a "Dear John" letter from his wife which coldly informed him that she had run off with his younger brother, a civilian living at home. The anger we all felt was palpable. Healthy civilians were universally abhorred: why the hell were we fighting to survive under such danger while they stayed home making money and running around with available girls and soldiers' wives? We denounced her as a slut, and blamed her for his death. We also cursed her for not waiting until the war was over before telling him she had abandoned him. There was another consideration for ol' ob-STACK-al's inquiry — suicide would nullify the \$10,000 insurance policy most of us had, naming our wives as beneficiaries. Most of us felt that denying her the insurance would be the proper solution, but the lieutenant ruled otherwise and recorded Bishop as a casualty of enemy action, so she received the insurance money. There were many subsequent angry discussions about how she spent the ill gotten insurance money.

Tanka 149

soon other Dear Johns ~
Slattery also got his
read it avidly
crumpled, reread it often
until his tears alarmed us

Tanka 150

sobbed repeatedly ~
why dammit did she leave him
she knew he loved her ~
we all tried consoling him
beer, comradeship all night long

Tanka 151

we all described her
as just a goddam mean slut
false and unfaithful ~
Bishop, we recalled to him
also had a deadly wife

Tanka 152

our thoughts then surfaced
would he do what Bishop did?
we checked his rifle –
took away all shells from him
and plied him with beer rations

Tanka 153

the question arose
maybe she was different -
the war was over ~
and though he'd still grieve for her
she did await the war's end

Tanka 154

should we have judged her
at six thousand miles distance?
what about her fears ~
although he faced death daily
she was alone for three years

Tanka 155

is confronting death
worse than years of solitude?
sitting home alone
can bring on grief and anguish
could we feel their distress?

Tanka 156

he will soon be home
accompanied by his friends
who all shared his grief ~
unhappy yet still alive
she awaited the war's end

It was months later, after we invaded the Philippines, that another man, Slattery, also received his Dear John; but that was just after we learned that the war had ended, and we were only months from returning home. His wife had divorced him sometime earlier, but wrote to say that she had waited until the danger to him was past before telling him. He had always been exceedingly proud of her appearance, and prominently displayed her picture at all times, bragging of her beauty, so we knew this loss would affect him. And it did. We observed him carefully, to avoid a repetition of the Bishop affair, and his close friends plied him with all the beer they could accrue, and convinced him that he would replace her with a more worthy girl when he returned home. Fortunately, the fellowship of buddies with whom he had spent three years in danger, and lubricated with a supply of beer pilfered from some storage depot, helped diminish his pain, and his spirits improved. We all remained especially friendly to him till we returned home, since who among us did not harbor unconscious fears that we might also be subjected to the same misfortune?

Tanka 157

Tex got his today
not Tex -- another Dear John?
yeah, expected it ~

three years is a damn long time
but could we call them all whores?

Tanka 158

he had mentioned her
letters of much loneliness -
she went out with friends
but he believed they were guys
and prepared for his Dear John

Tanka 159

much mail came today -
the chaplain will be busy
but can he help them?
we sure don't need more Bishops
and most suffered from their loss

As thirty-six lonely months ground by with only brief (single-page V-Mail) letters as the only contact between married couples, the number of Dear Johns began to increase. When the war finally ended, more wives sent in the bad news that they had held back so long. We could usually discern which soldier had gotten his Dear John – although some would confide the news to their buddies, others buried it inside. There were those who would not publicly acknowledge the loss and went for counseling to the chaplain. Suicides, fortunately, were not common. And, how typical the double standard – in the jungles there was no possibility of men being unfaithful – there were no brothels. But, when we arrived in civilization, three years of unwillingly imposed faithfulness evaporated as prostitutes and young laundry virgins became available. As we were about to board the ship for home, I recall Joe Schweitzer privately asking me (he was aware of my medical knowledge) how he could be assured that he was not carrying a venereal disease home to his wife. Still, Joe was certain that his wife had been faithful.

The Philosopher's Response

Hugh Bygott

A "Dear John Letter" is a breach of faith; a breaking of a loyalty. The Japanese serviceman had a deep loyalty to the Emperor. This loyalty would be placed higher than anything else. I cannot find any equivalent to "Dear John Letters" in Japanese culture. If they do exist perhaps they would have been disregarded. Here is the story of Lieutenant Yukio Seki who placed loyalty to the Emperor as the greatest act of faith. The father of the "Divine Wind" was Vice Admiral Takijiro Onishi, Commander of the First Air Fleet. He conceived the Sho Operation: Zero fighters carrying 250 kilogram bombs to crash into US carriers at Leyte Gulf. The pilots, mostly inexperienced young men, would wear the white scarf, the hachimaki, the sign of courage and pre-combative composure. The Executive Officer of the 201st Air Group, Commander Tamai addressed a group of young pilots as follows: "I have recommended you [looking at Lieutenant Seki] as a proper man to lead such a specialized attack..."

"Seated at the table Lieutenant Seki leaned forward, supporting his head on his hands, elbows resting on the table, head inclined downward, and his eyes closed. This capable young officer had been married just before leaving the homeland. For several seconds he sat motionless, except for the tightening of his clenched fists. Raising his head, he smoothed back his hair and spoke in a quiet clear voice. 'Please do appoint me to the post.' " [Quoted from: The Japanese Navy in World War II. Chapter 13 The Kamikaze Attack Corps. Rikihei Inoguchi and Tadashi Nakajima, p 424 ISBN 0-87021-316-4]

Lieutenant Seki's widow in due course received her official letter. Perhaps she had a bitterness in her heart against this deliberate loss of life. We will never know. However, there seems no doubt that Admiral Onishi suffered remorse for his actions, as if he had committed a breach of fate. He would have thought of Lieutenant Seki's widow. Here is his suicide note. "To the souls of my late subordinates I express the greatest appreciation for their valiant deeds. In death I wish to apologize to the souls of those brave men and their families." [ibid page 439]. On the morning of August 16 1945 Admiral Onishi attempted harakiri in a particular, deliberate way. For 18 hours he suffered agony, refusing medical aid. It seems that he wished to expiate for what he had done, despite acting out of the highest loyalty.

" 'Sit with your mother, Setsuko dear, till you feel you've done all you can.... I've heard that they won't take bodies for immediate cremation, even at Kuboyama, unless you can provide the wood.' As she kept watch in the dim light of a flickering candle, her pent-up grief overflowed. 'Mother! Mother!'. She clung to the cold stiff body, wailing and beating it with her fists. Her mother's death had come as the ultimate breach of faith. Her father and brother [a kamikaze pilot] would never return, but her mother who'd survived that massive air raid had seemed bound to share her fate until the very end. Though she gripped Mine's hand till her own was chilled to the bone, it would never regain its warmth." Shizuko Go- , Requiem: ISBN 0-7043-3961-7

[When the first Allied serviceman entered the air-raid shelter, he found two dead bodies. To the very end Setsuko believed, falsely, that her fate was destruction.]

kata_uta

In so many things 5
the human mind deceived; 7
so thus we are betrayed. 7

THE SCREEN OF CARESS

Jacques Verhoeven

Silva Ley

Written in the Academy of Arts at St. Joost of Breda, Netherlands, a formal Seminary for priests, in Neo-Roman style. The exhibition was of projects by final candidates for art.

Behind the screen
of caress, or in front
creeps all over

sounds in the atrium
fish-men hovering high

figures in figures
be put on the wrong leg
geometry wiped out

new styles surveyed
though church-like windows

a red-filled flowerbed
as glued to the customs
never seen long grass

video's flash bodies
a voice puts the corners off

the walls immaculate
paint opens the pores
for empty listening

a bridge, left by water
unexpected finery

filterprint of time
struggle of commercials
how real are we?

fingers moving on the TV
endless repeating hunger

kitchen tools and dresser
brushed out of a rut
iron-heater on the hip

dull knives cut the meat
how far is paradise?

sunflowers placed
drapery of flags
a princess in blue

a transcendental view
then the loss - the fury

the clocks fall still
coloured bric-a-brac
dashed on the floors

all to want and wish
dissolved in a black square

the hand that helps the head
in a thousand ways
brains take the sense

bread and butter first
the daydreamer flies

explosions on canvas
outside: decayed latex
shapes tumbled over

feelings of adoration
under the Roman vaults

an electronic signal
people leave the showrooms
with unsteady steps

old oaks catch the wind
railings roll to 2000

fragile balance
everything unchained
interview your soul

fire relics near the pond
eros of prayers

SOLO WORKS

AZALS

WATCHING THE 101 SOUTH

Korie Beth Brown

The hills drop away. Skyscrapers materialize.
Los Angeles comes into view.

Yesterday, it was Easter Sunday. Today
I am no longer surrounded by eggs.

Last year, I was thirty-something. Next year
I'll live in a different decade.

The country station dwindles. Rap emerges.
The freeway gains another lane.

The Backstreet Boys are this years' collective
Heartthrob.
Does anyone remember New Kids on the Block?

President Clinton is no longer President.
A second George Bush has gained the office.

An hour ago, our car flew south.
Now we travel the speed of "one car per green light."

I once owned a bike with a Banana seat and white basket.
Now my bike is for fitness cycling.

In another fifty years, will "Korie Beth Brown"
Be remembered by other aspiring writers?

AFTER THE READING

Jane Reichhold

bagels gone into the shape of their centers
energy dispersed in weaving webs well

when the lights close the ringing room
with whorls of spray softened to mottled gray

crumbs lie on the floor with the early fears
haphazardly syllabic in close to perfect rhyme

where applause arced, pivoted, rose and slipped
back into the white circled faces of cups

squared chairs sleep in the attitude of listening
cotton threads that caressed the button boxes

sage stones clatter from the slopes of the mesas
hawk feathers flare as dust is lowered by raindrops

women return to their bodies whole and renewed
age-spotted and vaguely trembling over that one

I watch them slip into the waist of red gym trunks
small books for their fingers that sparkle - sparkle

too full of ideas for one swollen heart that bends
fine hands outstretched with her bowing

a stifled roiling groan to shatter the coldest cold
a face turned as air vibrates with thrills unfolding

the gorge returns to the owls and drumming
and the flesh was beaten – pounded to a pulp

as a date on the calendar rolled into the sun
Jane returned to the speechlessness of words.

ORGAN-EYED WATER

Jane Reichhold

a thousand stirring wings find their way into the air
scrape and tarnish your hands in the cottonwoods

a dark vision of you buying me coffee and muffins
the limits of consecutive grammar remain muted, even startled

strolling through the museum of rotted wood and dust
when we are changed into minnows within a river

for these reasons I reach across the knife point's voice
while the foolish greenhouses of women soak in cold milk

their bones stiffen into skulls of roses as the boat
of the blue one touches the red one's stomach

you lie down between two pillows of broken rhythms
reach to stroke a brow and press against your lover's face

automotive taillights, something that cups the plates the napkins
before realizing that other people also have emotions

clouded as if painted by El Greco such a baroque evening
when all the living fluids swirl within the hiding

every draft begins in the serenity of tomorrow
but Jane insists on the resistance of hold habits

BROKEN POTTERY SCRIPT

Jane Reichhold

white paper's sun glare
fight raper's sin stare

the Rorschach shape of desire
dragged away by distance

to translate pottery shards
would that be too exciting?

would you walk beside me
without floating up on wings

rings of words carried aloft
by flowers' fragrance on my porch

fanned out in blooming
like a woman hot and panting

I cannot hold the pencil any longer

HAIBUN

EATON CANYON AT NOON

Korie Beth Brown

Today, Eaton Canyon is green and brown, the sky above it blue and white. Yesterday's storm may not be quite over; the wind continues to pick up and wind down in oddly measured beats, neither rhythmical nor cacophonous. The streams are pregnant with water rushing down the gorge.

Like most parts of natural Los Angeles, Eaton Canyon is not quite riparian and not quite desert: the rushing stream that I now jump across will dry completely up in one or two short months. In an El Nino year, flash floods destroy everything in the gully. This is not an El Nino year; it is wetter than most years, but the rain itself has arrived in a steady stream of storms rather than in one or two "Pineapple

Expresses." Today, small trees grow in the streambed without being uprooted by the water.

Below the water, the stones glisten where they've been scattered in the mud. Above the water, swallows dip and rise, seeking bugs to be eaten mid-air. They will soon get fat and sassy; there are more bugs today than I've ever seen here. Lizards scamper away from the water, seeking heat from the dry section of the riverbed. Everything here measures itself by its relationship to water - where it rests, how it eats, whether it will be here next year. We walk slowly, distracted by the smell of chaparral and the colors of early spring.

Fragrant sage snapping
Under my exploring feet
This April morning;
In September, the streambed
will be completely dry.

YEW-TREES

William Wordsworth, Shiki and Paul T. Conneally

There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore;
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved;
Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane;--a pillared shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially--beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries--ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide; Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow;--there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose

To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

William Wordsworth 1803.

Shiki - Paul T Conneally

a Yew-tree
standing in its own
darkness

you notice him
in a crowded room
everyone does
we were so much alike
he even shared my make-up

a young man
standing in his own
darkness

solitary tree
of vast circumference
evening shadows

he stayed with me
for the first few months
but then he left
a man like him needs space
we live in one bedroom

solitary boy
in the shopping mall
a few loose coins

pillared shade
four trees with huge trunks
of intertwined fibres

we come here often
resting under the yew trees
on the old park bench
his dad comes sometimes
when he remembers

pillared shade
he makes this weeks rent
in the coppice

below the branches
grassless floor of red and brown
leaf litter

he's a good baby
never causes a big fuss
just like his dad was
according to grandma
he can already say "dad"

below the branches
grassless floor of needles
and swabs

noon
boughs decked with berries
form ghostly shapes

noon
boughs decked with berries
form ghostly shapes

IF YOU'RE EVER IN WHITE RIVER JUNCTION

Larry Kimmel

I'd just got into White River Junction by bus and I gave her a call. She said she'd be along in about a half-an-hour, so I crossed the street to a bar, and ordered a beer and a shot of whiskey. I was the only patron in the place. Said a few words to the bartender and poured a glass of beer and dumped the whiskey into it. And than all of a sudden I hear: "Hey! What do you think you're doing?" And just like that, the bartender grabs the glass and the bottle and dumps the whole business down the sink. "What!?", I say, and he says: "What do you mean, `what'? You don't do that in my bar." I made a helpless, questioning gesture, and he says: "Where did-ya learn that?" Catching on I say: "Everybody does it where I come from." "Well, I'm glad I don't come from there. They must all be crazy." I shrugged again. "I don't like seeing young guys like you doing that sort of thing." I don't know exactly what was said or happened next, but within a few seconds he is setting up a clean glass, bottle of beer, and a shot of good ol' Corby's, just like that, and says: "Now you drink it right. I won't have a young guy, like you, in here acting like an alki. Jesus Christ, what got you started on that anyway?" And on and on he went in that vein, as he polished glasses and racked them overhead.

I ask you, did I look that callow? I was twenty-five and had been steadily drinking for seven years without let up, by then.

I mean, come on now. Any bartender worth his salt should have been able to see that. I mean, I was a pro. A stone, freaking-ass, professional drinker at that point. Jeeze. And all I'd done was pour me a beer and dumped the whiskey in to make a boilermaker. And what's the freaking difference in drinking it separate or mixed? It all goes to the same place. Right?

The girl
could have done better
in White River Junction,
than run into my arms
and the set-
ting
sun.

DIVING FOR TURTLES

For my parents
Gary LeBel

The nape
of joy when young
never questions
from what far country
the wild geese fly

It is very hard to probe one's deepest memories. The simpler they are, the more illusive they become. And I'm guilty as I write these words of gleaning far too much from so little. Perhaps it is the poverty of a small mind, one that measures in the scale of an inch rather than in the mile of a conqueror. But I do know that at times a conspiracy of detail erupts from life and out of its cinder cone comes enough experience to fill even a conqueror's arrogant boots, and the shoes of a dreamer.

Is there a danger that the idea in a memory might become more alive than the thing itself? Yes. I will take that risk. After all, I have Plato on my side.

The outward trappings are meager at best: a lake, turtles offshore from an island, a boy and a boat. Approaching the special spot, the outboard motor is turned off; water laps gently on the aluminum hull; the boat drifts. He sees the turtles as they bask in the sun on fallen tree branches; the boy slips into the water quietly and approaches them from below. He is alone with the island and the lake and the turtles. Time is only an angle of the sun. The turtles plunge into the water and he gives chase without ever touching one of them intentionally. It is only a game, and the sheer joy of seeing them in graceful underwater flight is his singular desire.

Combing the bottom
in a diving mask,
a boy content
with nothing more than sunlight
dancing beautifully in water

What is the springboard of his joy? Is it the sun? The lake is radiant with its steady presence. Everything that is green from spruce to pine is blended to form an intricate mosaic that pours into the day out of a marvelous vessel of being. He feels it then but has no words, for words are not needed. And its flow will not wait for his stasis to catch fire: its secret lies in not-thinking, breathing only, seeing only, touching.

Glimpsed from under the water, the sun's penetration is breathtaking. It fractures itself into tiny echoes over the lake-floor in a shimmering landscape where fish of all types wander. Their lidless eyes look straight ahead, affixed only on the present they are swimming through.

The water leaks into his plastic goggles reminding him of his limitations. When he surfaces for another breath of air, he hears only the sound of his breathing and a tepid breeze pushing the water along in wavelets. The clean lake water has a sweet mineral-taste which he does not know will travel with him like a birthmark from that day forward. He gazes down into the clear depths known to him intimately from the neck down and takes another deep breath before descending again, shivering as he glides through a cold stream along the bottom.

Ah, for turtles,
the long afternoons
without clocks,
languid summer days
without names

The turtles have fled, but it doesn't matter. The boy is Ulysses on an adventure. He is the offspring of a welder and a nurse who love him in their way. And that love has left its signature in the cool shadows of the pines on the island, in the freedom they gave him without reservation to be alone.

And the water? How does it feel to the body? How does one describe its sensation to another who may never have experienced swimming underwater in a lake?

For him it is like a "glove" of being for the flesh; it is all action, a glorious loss of self. He has no need to gaze at pictures he himself is inside. And he waits impatiently through the seemingly endless New England winters for this greatest of pleasures in each new summer, the touch of water.

The boy paddles to the island shore, removes his gear and dives from a smooth boulder that protrudes from a ledge. He might say years later that buoyancy, the equilibrium between two mediums, is our most perfect affair with fluid, and that gravity is beautifully distorted in its viscosity. The physicist may describe swimming through water as moving among laminar films or layers that deflect around the body. If this is so, the boy feels the constant rising and falling of its changing layers and edges as a hundred thousand fingers in direct contact with his skin, though this would still be far from precise.

The common painted turtles he seeks are only an apostrophe in the contraction, a means of connection. Gathered together again, they tumble down off the half-submerged tree and into the water as he waits anxiously below its surface to watch them flee. Scattering like dandelion seeds, he gives chase but they always remain, as if by design, just beyond arm's reach. He pulls handfuls of water excitedly behind him, and then with a light thrust of his fins, glides with his arms outstretched like a forward rudder defining his plane of movement.

Stretching, reaching out
to touch a turtle's smooth back,
an awkward stranger
chasing
tremors of grace

Despite his frantic strokes and grabbing at distance, he cannot keep pace with the turtles. But his failure

only gladdens his thumping heart, whose inner chambers now surge wildly with infinite possibility.

He boards the little boat again, shoves off and starts the engine. Without looking back, he throttles it up to top speed and encircles the island before heading home. That is why he is not a conqueror.

Just as all roads
once led to Rome's great city,
all the paths of my life
lead at once to a lake and a summer
of twenty-one days

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TEA STUDENT IN KYOTO

Giselle Maya

Out of the futon by 7 a.m. Eight mean breakfast of miso soup, rice and pickles. Dressed in kimono and walk to the tea school. A throng of light and dark kimono enters the building for the morning lecture – about the casting of iron kettles. By noon, lunch in a hall with students from all over Japan and a sprinkling of international guests. A short walk along the streets of Northern Kyoto and a visit to a shrine.

Clapping hands twice
at Jizosama's shrine -
may our knees hold out
the teacher bows
adjusting a white lily

By 1:30 afternoon practice. Kobayashi-sensei enters in an elegant black kimono after all students are seated on their knees in seiza. We practice kagetsu, a particularly intricate ceremony where guests take a turn as host. None of us gets the footsteps right – a measured, precise walk where each step counts – no stepping on tatami borders. So we repeat all afternoon, sitting, rising walking, preparing and drinking macha. By 5 pm we leave, exhausted. I go to the public bath (o-furo), to soak in hot water into which someone has put a clump of roots to give us strength.

body and mind
into very hot water
the heart of a flower
hidden with the chafed skin
of an earth-colored bulb

touch and go 11/17
marlene mountain

craig i just spent an hour-and-half on phone with apple mostly on hold until i finally talked with tristan

who called frankie while i was on hold who is suppose to call me to say that the first external modem didn't work and i'm to say again if i'll pay that percentage for another one so frankie can call dan and tell him but i said several times to tristan that dan said that greg said that i have a new cs number that's to fix everything on the mac free including the zip drive which tristan knows nothing about tho he's dan's boss and a cs manager and thinks he knows that greg so forty-five minutes later i'm still waiting for frankie to call but of course now the store has closed and it's friday. lovemm

in a pickle with a lemon from apple it's touch and go bananas

LAGGING LEFT

Sheila Murphy

Domestic birds offer commendable withholding of our recent fears. This is what I woke up thinking in the creased new sheets we nearly sent back based upon an overrun of subtlety in colors green to gray to ether wool. The latch was still ajar when I arose to fix the tilt of sun that streamed from mini-blinds. This day, my stretch goals, poisson ce soir avec a priest who would forgive as he forgives routinely everyone within his path. What won't surprise will still the threshold of suppressed own sentences that reach near heights. Dream cannot be told in prose, but that is plenty reason not to quantify a slow boat's aching into hemispheres unknown. Today I don't know who I want to be afraid of. Matriculation is an enviable process, or it was. For a self, mere tresses lank their way down shoulders. Maybe they would wither where I almost walk. Recessive genes are furious with grief. At least that's the impression I received when coffer opened widely. Wells are often full. That's the philosophy I start to preach when occupied by ventures. Think of thrush. The restive generosity comes close to having been consumed, when all the clothesline asks is to be plucked. The traffic signals pause. Within the scope of hearing, centrist integers go prime. Our magnified indulgence happens to be pawned as matrilineal indoctrination trades acceptance for chapped kiss rehearsal.

Exorbitant new kinds of wheels, hewn to level majesty, aside from norms, astride their quivers

MANTRA BREAKS ME

Sheila Murphy

Evenly, in two, philosophy splits open so I see both sides. Events have often predeceased their outcomes. Thus, the color velvet glows almost porch-side or a balcony apart from what really occurred. I venture guesses as I venture speech. The Rolodex is full of offers I decline. Then whiffle language offers selves to glee gods, goddesses. I rove in twin domains. I supplicate indentured lay free tokens of indebtedness. If ever there were squalls, I might accommodate the notion peace is just this side of Cuba. Stripes decode our indecision, possibly. Host prints seize viatical endorsements of who is likely to recede into a covenant. Nautical neglect means there are young, lean floating objects latent with imagined life. Watch Styrofoam be sensed so living motion won't subside. Each of the nights confides new information I did not know lingered. What is safe to say is also moderato in our legion premises. A covenant entails two sides. Our river rafting means we'll flow somewhere with current neither of us can deride. It's raining every afternoon bequeathed with tall humidity. Some stunning silence means a quark or two to be investigated or invested in. I say words slowly, as I cease to think.

Practice pause, delicate sea birds moving with and in supplanted wind

SHE WOULD LACK, LIFE WOULD SUFFICE

Sheila Murphy

Engendered third-party decisions test the mute cone in collective trumpet taste. I think I'm young enough now to be fed the glory that will not bleed into epidermal rants. The quest is like the coast is like the silver tray. Be dumbfounded in keeping with the sly new tact reported by a fiery young integrity. Watch each branch lean low to middling near the window cusp of wood distinct from usual adobe. If a prayer were strummed, it would sound thus: malingering, stow, refresh. If centered in fictive domains, one part of us might relish even snow. Hear boots crunch on hillsides, lumbering that presupposes squeaks and forwarding new style. Brass instruments remember us to parties heretofore unknown. That rhyme with our own speech. I tell her fever, and I tell her stories. I admonish what she's seeded back to bellwether delusion. Fall, swell, stipulate, refuel become our wandering agenda set. Excel is how we lark our way into neutrality blessed by the hoards of minions.

Lucid stall, the question about objects in our speed of thought, arrangements

WHEN I PLAY MUSIC I PLAY

Sheila Murphy

Slow, dark repartee, I pour out souls I have not had. I render mendicant advisories. I portion out the languor I would quantify to mint condition allegretto. I decide how passion might be lured to cloisters. Or I wryly wait for seams to fortify what lies between. She always integers my faithless snow. She waits. She rations what I know. There are details to fathom, and I launder faith as though it were a few long weeds to stow. The paucity of young detail is urgently revised by learned contentment. Then I sow a few yarned wheat lengths of the glow. The routines are stories near enough my theoretical receipt of the directed theory parsed from practice. I hear the falter work its way toward treasure, leave a wake of likely strength. Is this the parchment song was written on. Measured in the scent of hurt. A failed canary dangling fevered melody near what we know.

Whole tones left to rise, the faculty of recollection

MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?

Rod Thompson

I stopped on the side of the road, shut off the headlights, then the engine. The northern lights were shifting across the stars like a huge silk bandana blowing in a silent wind. I wanted to describe this wonder to you when I got home so got out of the truck to get the full view. Veils of green light swept across the sky so quickly and with such sudden turns and folds that I expected to hear the hiss of light rubbing the cosmos. Instead, a coyote yipped from a distant hill. Soon every dog, wild or chained, joined in like bull-riders hooting at a rodeo dance.

That's when I figured out how to explain them to you. When I first saw you at that dance in McKenzie Hall. The feeling in my stomach - put that in the sky and you have what every stargazer saw tonight.

night sky magic
men cry 'aurora borealis'
the coyotes laugh
to hide their fear of fire
dancing among the stars

PIGEON MOUNTAIN

Linda Ward

As I cross the one-lane bridge a few cattle pause to glance up at me from the swiftly-flowing creek below, then amble up the bank to the monastery's pasture. A sharp curve leads me up from the creek bed, and I feel the weight of built-up tension fall in a rush as the familiar bell tower emerges between tree tops.

low glide of turkeys
down the slope of a field
gentle toll of bells

At the foot of the convent's walkway I stop for a moment and scan the rolling hill below me, searching for the huge old apple tree whose fruit I know will be gathered by nuns and deer in the fall. I find it toppled by a recent storm, its ridge of dark roots protruding from the earth. . .

shades of twilight
a pale crown of blossoms
whitening

Pressing the visitor's bell, I silently give thanks for the ancient traditions of this Cistercian Order, who provide solitude for those seeking refuge from the distractions and demands of the day-to-day world. Sister Claire, currently assigned retreatant duties, appears at the top half of the Dutch door where I wait, as instructed by a faded notice posted on the wall.

Rocksport-shod
sister in traditional
black and white
. . . age-old blessing
and embrace

An old farm gate locked behind me, I drive slowly up a gravel road that leads to the retreat cabin isolated on a rise overlooking a pond and the stone remains of an 18th-century ice house. My favorite handwritten sign is still in its place by the door. . .

hermitage rules:
when Sister cuts the grass
please refrain

from speaking
unnecessarily

And this is why I come: silence for five days without telephone, television or computer. Immediately I sit zazen, the spirit of this place caressing mine. . .

just after sunset-
the raucous signaling
of Canada geese

The rustic three-room cabin is equipped with a wood stove and has a small rotating library stocked by the sisters and retreatants. A crucifix hangs over my single bed, yet the reading material reflects a diversity of teachings on meditation and prayer from Sister Teresa to Krisnamurti. I find a small round of gouda in the refrigerator--the livelihood of these dozen or so nuns whose cheese barn adjoins their convent. A loaf of bread from a Trappist monastery is also provided.

hands joined in labor-
flavor of a simple meal
intensified

Darkness settles more suddenly in these mountains than it does along our coastal plain, and I eagerly crawl into bed, knowing from past visits how quickly my whole being slips into the cycle of meditation, study and simple chores this contemplative order follows, as though attuned to the biorhythms nature intended. The geese too have quieted for the night and sleep comes almost instantly. . .

echoes
of monastery bells
awaken me
in my cabin retreat
ghostly taps against the wall

When the bell for matins stops I listen for the odd noise I thought came from just outside. . .how soon silence has released my hidden fears! I raise the window shade to reassure myself that my solitude remains undisturbed. . .

3 a.m.
crossing the dew-covered lawn
glow of the full moon

Bracing my back against the rough log wall behind my bed I begin to focus on my breath, somehow reassured by the idea that the sisters too are meditating in their rooms.

in stillness of night
solitary moan of wind
rising and falling

Walking meditation at dawn, my legs adjusting to the steepness of the rocky mountain paths--such a change from the flatlands I'm accustomed to. . .

morning mist wavers
only the caw of the crow
crosses the pond

At the crest of the trail the faint trickle of a nearby creek and countersongs of birds cross the hills. . .

orchard oriole-
the whole body throb
of his song

My afternoon alternates with periods of writing, reading and meditation. I try mindfully washing dishes as advised by Thich Nhat Hanh. Later, I take the mile walk to the cloister, then follow signs to the visitors section of the small chapel where vespers will be sung. Concerned that I might arrive late and interrupt the service, I find I have instead arrived early. . .

smoldering wax
in the empty chapel
a kneeling pad creaks

Soon the sisters file silently in. . . then lost to my
view in their private corner of this sacred place. . .

not knowing
this weight had become
so heavy. . .
the nuns' chant at vespers
unstoppable tears

On my last morning I sweep the cabin, strip linens from the bed and bag up my small bit of trash. After dropping these off in the convent's parlor per instructions, I leave my car radio turned off, relishing a final period of silence. I'm grateful for a cool, cloudy day, allowing me to keep the car windows closed against the traffic.

four days of silence
in the old log cabin
-my mind
haunted yet
by those it released

PUR

John M. Bennett

sur mount nor light nor
count less sand les
drinking in the room foam
lice leached "singing was"

sleep above it's "all" nor
(ringing, doubtless; R

SPRAY SAY

John M. Bennett

Say lung, spray high, le
an away 'n at, it ch
an ear, dry yr nose
keep adding up. na da
r storm, it's all just . . .

stooping, plying. s horn
all ways are won yr
nap drips yr wake d
at reams creamly dries the
steps. beaking utter song

LAST AWAY

John M. Bennett

Fit to dry I nak ed
wob ble in the sulate the
air water, skin a
beach. or cliff. ac
curate, flapping fli pping
through the see the nee
d low. the flourish
bends the treat trou
ble insular yr hair
flooder (mud and belly

LANG

John M. Bennett

t ime humming
w edge im
mouf

(roof, uid

SWIM OF A NARRATIVE

Werner Reichhold

Swim of a Narrative
the gurgle the r before the g

one drop's tongue into the path
not passing the one so far ahead

drop the repetition loaned
to softness for a while.

My pillow of wolf-haired yellow
undated at dawn the fur

the earliest riddle.
Is there a plan compressed

mixed motion? From the breath of a fang
one feels a premonition is here

its blouse unbuttoned
as if a shift has meaning

in an age of corridors
sweeping the self's slow long view

II

In a dense net of a player's toy
lured in with a swarm of guests
the spider at a museum
in the frame work of a picture by Vermeer

above the unexpected baby
diagonally cutting the format
the girl holds her lover's letter folded
Dutch light gives the season questions
a doorway of defense the doorstep viewing
a catalogue of planned journeys.

Off quicksand, footprints and argument periodically
one interior, one depreciation. Aladdin, his rusted lamp
needs sanding, needs a quick shine focused
on a silhouette's internal face.

Equivalences before priorities. Such an effort to serve up personified transgression, the cuckoo's

foreign egg colors the nest; an eulogy of neglect, hinted? Can one demand that such a collage becomes the invitation for a swim dominated by salty strategies? Is Sunday Saturday's warm grave or simply a lower parallel, a unique view seemingly parted?

One may express it mathematically as the rule of three, but one can also figure it out emotionally as a warmer, as a more wet device: the dowser arrives smoothed, a still green switch preparing infrastructure, meanwhile thirst and the confused handling of wishes talk to each other.

The liberation of literary tools wrecking resources. Bricks before they get fired red like a rose in a far away lover's dream.

What is a spoken word's record, a will, foolishness fluctuating with permission?

Scorpion the entire neighborhood grows into grows apart by this earth or orb sign of the Zodiac.

Trade wind. Shall I be going to send Diana new arrowheads? With a dart of her tongue she seizes the comrade-in-arms. One arrow points to a web site advertising pig-skin slips click wrong page keeping land mines abysmally active.

The left breast tattooed, the ink chooses to follow a blue vein. A vowel mutates to the map of putrefactive river spawn just as two people finish in puce the laying side by side stung a bee's lust fleeing hive-wards virgin honey

III

It doesn't support choosing. A former event passes by, its form seems evenly distracted, followed by a tail of light.

The night comes with the charm of financial arrangements. I pay and you wear a petticoat for an alternating route.

Later we wish to place ourselves under an open skylight. Something not yet articulated holds up pressure.

Against glass it occurs clear, touchable only by leaning forward against a larger eye, the telescope.

Seldom one feels so very close and separated like on the last day of December. Suppertime

on our plate
a painted swan takes off
the white of porcelain

IV

The line an artist draws refers to a dialogue. A lifelong impatience is kept in a hand's movement. Francis Bacon's colors are shaped through dialogues, resting finally in painfully winding bodies of his friends. In fact, the pieces of dialogues are owned by us, the visitors. Masterpieces fall in love with each other and stay with collectors. Often, well balanced dialogues happen between objects before men interfere.

Today, only a handful of American Indians would try to exchange the softness of a daughter for a new bow. The hunter's tendon is tuned in D major before the arrow makes contact with a deer. Then, a new dialogue occurs, the downer's mind travels
contemplates
oh think how fast how brown-skinned will be our tribe

V

A snake's belly
up my ankle
say, Miss Tsí'gone
do those teeth bite
if I wish for again?

question marks ascend
red above the point
the sailboat's lanterns
as they sink
to a near dive under the horizon

enrapture of intrusion
the private sphere a membrane
through the cellular
a man she had not seen
the sound of a beggar

insistent indulgent
collaborative linking
the paper the pencil
epidemiological rouge
depending on the eraser

we speculate in the kitchen
why those two faucets
for different reasons
drop simultaneously
but unequally strong

VI

she / he
(the empty space reserved
for the unknown
mind
moving in)

The size of this morning the root of this hair

noon circling in the face of its dreamer

two wishes for one lake deep but not yet permanently

stone and ointment the call at the present

located dawn flattering at a barn owl's beak

Luck of a flutter-kick, the breath bereft of its length released from talking. The liquid consonant a fool's choice, adjustable. A weep for marble-framed assemblages barely lit. Charmers' reconciliation about masculine attitudes. The youngest pair of scissors, her quibbler lost. A tale-bearing talisman makes her street shadow ring

spare bedroom guest
the one jogging in Half Moon Bay
depending on headphones

VII

Beribboned
slim fingers' quest
on bottles
scent
beside his letter
as part of an astrological chart
she meets herself
night fades
carrying adamantine bits
inside a dark voice

nearby
a creek finds her
polishing leaves
in both eyes
the glimmer

occurring as if it is not there
before one believes in it

reading in reverse
up my spine the mother's
frail connections
white appears
bone-folded

we're occupied
by spasm
when a cardinal connects
(as the physician calls it)
heat waves

some sound sent
as we speak
does not arrive
over a migrating tongue
scrupulous inflamed
at which speed
aiming
ailing
she circumnavigates it
not unwillingly

curling the air attentive
a black cat's tail
writes

doesn't it?
forward backward flag

VIII

Distortion, dissuasiveness? Since men can enjoy the fits surfacing a sub why not women, too? Distress after fun? In a stainless-steel-age crime burst in like Lautréamont's flooded stories. Energy, if so charming in disorder, what would it be arranged?

words on both sides of a door's eye unwilling ears

Possession of an ocean that deep? In case Pandora would be hanging around, let us say unemployed by mortals, she could be the Priestess in Command on board, her swaying altar black with the smoke of sacrifices close to nuclear devices.

Morning glow. Bells. An E oracle from Delphi arrives:

Look, this screw's threads can be thought without ends. A well oiled nut moves freely by magnetic powers. Neither spring is longer in the path of summer nor will autumn stop winter from circling by the law of pull and push on the gloss of an eggplant.

Breakfast. Pandora in the process combining her knowledge about koans with the message of a Greek sister's oracle. She keeps sucking on an angled straw dipped in warmed spinach water. Longing for the conditioner, and after a delicate make up painting her eye brows as high as the waves roar above the ship, she lets herself into one more meditation. Guided prayers and the cobalt box can spend time to fuse until they become one at the target

incense? the smoke not to see through incontrovertible sleep.

Swim of a Narrative (eight chapters) contains ghazal, free verse, one-liners, combinations of 3-liners and 5-liners, prose, dialogue, stage-like scenes, riddle / koan, symbiotic techniques (link / leap / link), mythology, artistic and theoretical concepts, the very nature of social and political aspects.

SIJO

erotic dream imagery
finds desire awakened

poking a lit match into darkness-
the blue puff of the pilot

how her naked hip warms my palm
as freezing rain falls

gino peregrini

glazed by the moon, the silver maple
holds one planet, bright and clear

hydrangea stalks cast shadows
over the cat squatting on snow

this thicket of ink conceals words
with the moon in their eyes

gino peregrini

our tom-cat curls his shaven back,
his sutures painted yellow

as he sleeps, winter's first storm gathers

over fields on far plains

beside my leg, the cat lies calm,
his stubbled skin gleaming

gino peregrini

the moon hides in Leo
while freezing rain speckles window-panes

gangster rappers string stank rhymes
into gold chains of sonic bondage

all the lions in the Ozarks
roar their anger when moons freeze

gino peregrini

bright garnet weaves through cloudy streaks of apricot and amber
backed by twilight blue with touches of cobalt mauve and indigo
her favorite colours - I knit into this soft wool scarf

Kirsty Karkow

Strong neck arched, ears attentive
sleek flanks glisten in the sun.

The Arab side-steps, pirouettes,
quickly dodging the angry bull.

Horse and rider dance together
...til the work of the blade is done.

Kirsty Karkow

was that a glint of crystal wings among those clover blossoms
do I hear skips of dancing feet on dandelion petals
laughter trills like silver bells...there are fairies in this field

Kirsty Karkow

My searching eye long measures take
of stubborn banks of white.
The neighbor's boy prepares his bike
while I sow lemon lily dreams.
But now I shop for bedding plants
for summer came last night.

Elizabeth St Jacques

once echoes softly filled cold rooms
and spilled into wide halls
from maiden hands flowed fantasies
while royalty sat mesmerized
destiny all talents claim
yet ancient lyres weave dream-light still

Elizabeth St Jacques

TANKA

x-ray
black and white photo
of my toe
where's
the pain

David Bachelor

listen
mourning dove's call
in the blue morning sky
contrails
of those who left

David Bachelor

VISION QUEST

Edward Baranosky

windward specter

clatters against a worn gate.
a broken shark's jaw,
macabre feeding frenzy,
articulates a brisk dance.

the memory is
you throwing glowing frisbees
no one catches.
my painted kite takes the wind,
tacking above spinnakers.

nascent plumes of haze
obscure the buoyant moon
autumn storm
whistling through the breakers –
flights of sandpipers.

when did we arrive?
keep talking, don't look back.
instinct is to turn.
for a moment there, it seemed
we were trapped in the past.

cliffs' prow beyond
Purgatory Gorge cuts through
emerald surf.
stark horizon exposes
the brackish layers of spindrift.

TIDELINES

Tony Beyer

among shoreline trees'
imitative shadows
the sand holds
signs of repose
and movement well

here tea was poured
and here
a wasp crushed
with the flat base
of a picnic cup

bird song
gongs
in the high branches

soundtrack
for colour and light

a kingfisher
turns bright side out
at speed
down the face
of the cliff

from the water's edge
I watch you
in hat and dark glasses
basking over the pages
of a trite magazine

waves lift
the lace skirt
of the shore
a little higher
each time

constant small
fallings of sand
will by evening
have erased
our presence here

~!~

pale wisp of white cloud
form blurred in the morning fog
burning away in
the encroaching heat of a
Los Angeles summer's day

Korie Beth Brown

!LOCAL HISTORY:

Guillermo Compte Cathcart

The Rock! And tango...
a table and others
in the Circle
My parents dance with my
expensive chopped paper

(Year 1955. Dances of Carnival in the Social Circle Longchamps. There are a tango orchestra and a

rock band. The children and girls hurtle chopped paper. As the bags of chopped paper they were of high price, each boy could spend three or four bags in one night)

A gargoyle
she cries for stone being
at Christmas
in Boris' garden
Drago street of Longchamps

(Year 1954. Boris and their family arrive from Hungary escaping from the Russian. They have a gargoyle in their garden. My mother and their mother are made very friends and the two families celebrate the Christmas together. Tatiana, Boris' sister tells me that the Gargoyle this sad one for stone being)

Ghost city
that I inhabit day by day
they laugh the ancestors
when putting me with their grandsons
in an angle of two times

(I am 55 years of age old. When I walk for the streets from Longchamps memory to people that no longer this or to the buildings that have disappeared. I see the grandsons of my friends and me I know that I am between two an angle times)

Broken china
with Napoleon fighting:
the earth is drunk.
Scottish warriors,
Colony Monte Grande

(Year 1825. First Scottish Colony in the Argentina. "Colony Monte Grande". At the moment a team of archaeologists this digging in a very old house and they found china with illustrations of Napoleon's wars. Some of the Scotsmen that arrived in 1825 fought in those wars. In fact an uncle great-great-grandfather, the General Lieutenant George Cathcart fought in Waterloo)

Cloth sparrow
it flew in Longchamps
it is your helix
a great raised monument
by Louis with their chess

(Local History: A french pilot , Henri Breggi, with a cloth airplane, made in 1906 the first flight in America of the South, in Longchamps. In 1963, Luis was an employee of the Country Club Longchamps and it challenged the president of the club to play 10 chess departures. Luis won and like prize asked that the Club made a great helix to remember the flight of the sparrow of France)

The empty house
three horses, a pig
three sad meek thin dogs

the Brother George
the lamp and their cross

(Local History: Arrival of the Brother George Rüttershoff from Germany the 6 de August of 1917 to Calzada Village for built a church in a lonely moor)

~!~

while planting bulbs
my wife unearths
a childhood cap gun of mine
i hold it
trying to grasp back then

Thomas P. Clausen

she's died so early
not even fifty yet,
that golden summer ago
when some of us boys
saw daylight between her breasts

Thomas P. Clausen

where my life has come
to this feeling so much
gone by forever
in the rush of traffic
i am

Thomas P. Clausen

another day
i witness
the sky grading out
my life too, so caught
in circles

Thomas P. Clausen

I can't penetrate
any further
this life and death
up before our star
erases all the rest

Thomas P. Clausen

Thinking of you
Lonely in the afternoon
Summer heat beats down
A red-tailed hawk's piercing shriek
Splits the humid air

Maggi Sullivan Godman

A RED ARROW
Elizabeth Howard

heat lightning
backlights the forest
a lurid patch of mushrooms -
the knobby mass
in the x-ray

on the pond bench
listening to a chorus of frogs
until a green heron lights
amid pink lilies -
the waiting silence

on the bluff edge
a lone woman
a silver thread
of river far below -
Don't! I want to shout

screech of rusty legs
cicadas tuning up
the elementary concert
an orchestra of strings
my teeth on edge

a rose-spotted lizard slips
from the fissure of light

in the scattered boulders -
a scarlet slash
across my chest

basking in evening sun
on the river bank
reeds rippling
a wren's anthem ringing -
I startle at the heron's voice

once a turbaned woman
in a car at the trailhead
too weak to go but yearning -
now my turn to sit
remembering

the sky as blue
as periwinkles on the hill
a cardinal singing
in the white cherry tree -
is this the glow of virtue?

casino lights-
after chemo I wager on health
red chips on faith
white on aesthetics
blue on laughter

coming toward me
through the snow
like a red-feathered arrow,
a cardinal -
joy in the morning

~!~

newly created
in a neglected field
a labyrinth
for passing pilgrims
to circle inward

Kirsty Karkow

trailing crows
a red-tailed hawk spirals
through the clouds

I ponder how to move beyond
black thoughts that torment me

Kirsty Karkow

reclusive neighbour
finally visits to say
his wife has died
surprising how I miss
someone I hardly knew

Kirsty Karkow

a roiling sky,
the traffic light blown
aslant -
if there's anything I don't need
it's another day at work

Larry Kimmel

in the midst
of the sunrise parking lot
a shoe -
perhaps I have lived apart
too long

Larry Kimmel

I wish I could show you -
how the daddy-long-legs pins
its shadow,
with a kind of elegance,
to the wall's pure white

Larry Kimmel

looking up
from the mini-manifesto

on her T-shirt,
I get this loathing look - "hey!
I'm a slow reader. okay?"

Larry Kimmel

this chilly morning,
over oatmeal, my wife tells me
she's only sorry she can't
remember them -
last night's erotic dreams

Larry Kimmel

the frosted window
and the curls of ice beneath
my fingernails -
how to put away childish things
while remaining child-like

Larry Kimmel

just as I snap
a banana from the bunch
the hawk sweeps by
grasping, at the very least,
a talonful of leaves

Joann Klontz

the sign reads
no parking from here to bridge
so civilly
we birders and anglers
practice disobedience

Joann Klontz

in town for a wedding -
the trolley car sparks
memories of a spinster aunt
and summer sunday rides
to the end of the line

Joann Klontz

DEMENTIA SERIES

(excerpts)

Thelma Mariano

she always told us
to eat our vegetables
now she has
ice cream for breakfast
cheesies at night

she says
her drinking water now comes
in brown bottles
I see in her pantry
a half-dozen beers

her own version
of international time -
she confuses
five o'clock in the morning
with seven at night

it eludes her
even as she struggles
to get it right
a small mechanical thing
beside her unopened cans

how badly
she wants to convince
her social worker -
the neatness of a home
that was always cluttered

hours of
dealing with her problems -
on my way home
I feel the tenseness
leave my shoulders

caught
between deadlines at work and
her increasing needs
I forget it's pay day:
my own time slipping away

RED LOTUS

Autumn Palumbo

Red lotus blossoms
On crimson waters at dusk.
Blood from my lover's
Tragic bullet wound darkens
Like the night waters.

THE BALLAD

Carol Purington

The ballad
of a long-ago princess...
the children's eyes wide
with the splendor of that world
my mother wove for me

White with snow
and blank of memories
a new year
in this new landscape
my tongue now names as home

First left by my parents
in a hospital room
in isolation
the dark of their going
the dark of my staying

Only snowflakes
and the shadows of black-and-white birds
in this frozen world
Pink daffodils will bloom
and I will be happy

A pond that beaver made
fished now in the magic of twilight

by a tall heron
it is time to go indoors
but I'm not living in time

The white bear that walks
the borders of my world
in narrowing circles
one rosy dawn I will see death's tracks
pool with pink light

A strand of hair
blown against my cheek by a breeze
that lingered long
among Persian lilacs
gathering peace

Blurred the colors
swirl emerald to crimson
ruby-throat's summer
to pause with steady heart
before each day's unique bouquet

TANKA:
R K Singh

She receives my call
complaining why I don't go
to see my father
while he says it's alright
only gums bleed and joints ache

Bored with politics
and news of falling sensex
he folds the paper
and flips through the old PLAYBOYS
to see the nudes seen in youth

~!~

in the forest
as water follows the river
our love awakened -
your hand gently touched my face
in a fragrant sky of stars

Maria Steyn

his smiling eyes -
the calm brightness of sunlight
on windblown pansies
so patiently gentles
this dream-borne soul of mine

Maria Steyn

birch trees . . .
in the growth rings
of our arms
love slowly deepens
into summer seasons

Maria Steyn

between snow spots
a butterfly brown and white
on pine needles --
to know brightness and calm
in this cold world

Elizabeth St Jacques

in sunset glow
around the smooth boulder
white water swirl
the way her slow fingers
twist a long blond lock

Elizabeth St Jacques

twilight lake
of my childhood
glittering memories
my father's eyes
as he baits the hook

Elizabeth St Jacques

an eagle's shadow
crosses the Little Big Horn
in my dream
tourists buy indian bread
along a narrow road

Marc Thompson

when dawn breaks
the earth turns into colors
and animals
that only see in black and white
are graced with shades of gray

Marc Thompson

in the early chill
of a mid-November day
a bald-headed man
hides inside his jacket
and smokes a cigarette

Marc Thompson

the school crossing guard
walks slowly from his corner
three thirty PM
he complains to his hotplate
at the close of his day

Marc Thompson

the card players
take their usual places
Thursday afternoon
the smell of the food court
and orthopedic shoes

Marc Thompson

a tinny guitar
echoes through the bookstore
Saturday night
another cup of coffee
and another cinnamon twist

Marc Thompson

the caretaker
at the cemetery
died at his desk
behind the line of trees
a line of trees

Marc Thompson

painting mountain faces
by this rock-flour stream:
palette of blues -
my cold hands real content
is in your amber eyes

Rod Thompson

before sunrise
tensed for the coming day
i reach out
your hip - such strength
in the curve of a cradle

Rod Thompson

want an egg?
yes but hurry i'm late
you poach 3
2 for me glistening on toast
our morning for 30 years

Rod Thompson

crowded passengers
intent on journey's end
glass-eye silence
only the child holds her tummy
when the elevator lifts

Rod Thompson

crowds joy-ride
past my desk on updrafts
children laugh
lighting up 30 floors
of elevator buttons

Rod Thompson

I hold a paddle
where glide used to follow kick.
Strokes or hissing skis
the cadence leads me through
a fine dance with the seasons.

Rod Thompson

A damp morning
with rain dripping
from the eaves -
every vein in my body
bears the pulse of spring.

Jane E. Wilson

How far we have walked
along this dusty road,
thinking only
of blazing forests

and smoldering mountains ...

Jane E. Wilson

After midnight, I stand
beneath a late summer sky
and wonder
if you are watching these same
fast moving clouds.

Jane E. Wilson

BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

Full Moon Tide: The Best of Tanka Splendor 1990 – 1999, edited by Linda Jeannette Ward. Clinging Vine Press, pob 231, Coinjock, NC 27923: 2001. ISBN:0-9702457-1-8. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 72 pp., illustrated by Kay Anderson and Pamela A. Babusci. \$15.00

Full Moon Tide is the result of an interesting idea by the editor Linda Jeannette Ward. She wondered what would happen if the judges of the ten years of the Tanka Splendor Contests were revisited with the request to pick just three 'winners' out of the 31 winners they had originally chosen. Which three tanka would they have ranked above all the others? It is interesting to note that the idea of having a contest that eliminated ranking evidently left such a void, resulting in a need for ranking, that Ms. Ward was committed to the untold hours of work that this book entailed. First she had to contact the nine judges (George Swede of Canada had been the judge for two of the years). Two of the judges, Geraldine C. Little and George Ralph were now deceased so she asked Maggie Chula (who has won more awards for her tanka in the contests than anyone else) and Larry Kimmel (who has also won many years in a row) to be the current judges for the years of 1993 and 1994. So letters went out to Sanford Goldstein, George Swede, Jane Hirshfield, Larry Gross, Leza Lowitz, Hatsue Kawamura and Tom Clausen. Not only were they asked to pick three new winners, but also each judge was asked for comments on their ideas of tanka. In the last five years of the contest tanka sequences had also qualified, so to carry out the theme, the sequences from all the years were judged by Jane Reichhold, the founder of the contest.

Added to this marvelous mix is the artwork of two very different artists. Kay Anderson paints landscapes with sumi-e techniques and Pamela A. Babusci used pressed dried grasses for her compositions. With each tanka generously placed on a page surrounded by white space the eye welcomes the artwork on the pages between. Not only is each judge given a biography along with his or her comments, in the back of the book, each of the winners has a paragraph of biography. The list of winners reads like a Who's Who of the tanka world. If I had to pick the very best tanka of the whole book it would be these two from Maggie Chula:

hazy autumn moon
the sound of chestnuts dropping
from an empty sky

I gather your belongings
into boxes for the poor

and

the black negligee
that I bought for your return
hangs in my closet
day by day plums ripen
and are picked clean by birds

Full Moon Tide lives up to its title by bringing a new understanding of the Best of Tanka Splendor. Somehow it is very fitting that this book appears just as the contest has taken a new turn in its development. Since last year the contest has been conducted completely on the web but the biggest change has been to have the contestants themselves do the judging. You can see the results in Tanka Splendor 2000 or even enter the contest yourself by reading the contest rules. But before you send off your entries, you would be wise to get Full Moon Tide to see what has gone before you in the way of the tanka journey in English. This is a book to be treasured and shared with family, friends and poets of all genres.

Early Indigo by Cherie Hunter Day. Snapshots Press, England: 2000. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, color cover, 64 pp., ISBN: 1-903543-10-0. UK£7.95; US \$13.00 Order from Snapshot Press, pob 132. Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS England.

Early Indigo, a book-length collection of tanka by Cherie Hunter Day, was awarded First Prize in the Snapshots Collection Competition 1999. Cherie Hunter Day won more than a contest - she won an editor who made a beautiful book for her marvelous tanka. There can be nothing but praise for the work of John Barlow who is producing a continuous stream of magazines for haiku and tanka as well as chapbooks and now, a full-sized bookstore-ready tome. His use of full-color covers in a small press scene that has mostly been content with black and white or colored papers immediately sets his work apart from the others.

When the reader gets past the covers, and inside the books, he or she discovers that John Barlow can be trusted to pick the very best work either to top his contests or fill his magazines. A long line is already building outside his door of authors who wish to earn his expertise with their books. Cherie Hunter Day truly deserves the honor she and her work has been given with this award. As she says in the introduction of her book, these past few years have been ones of many evenings filled with Early Indigo – the color of the sky at evening; her favorite time of the day. Though her life has been tinted with sadness in many forms, her firm grip on her skills in writing tanka give her life a surprising strength.

a long lunch -
pushing crumbs together
on the tablecloth
already this silence
between us

I loved this verse because so often people writing tanka link the emotion and the real life happening with association or concurrence. Here, she pushes crumbs together as the persons are already being

pushed apart by their silences. Yet the linkage works because the opposite of any action is also a part of it. How often have you had this very experience and yet failed to see these two factors working in opposition? This device becomes even more admired when one thinks that the situation of the poem is based on conflict so to have her linkage work with conflict is even more apt. Excellent work. We all have much to learn from this book.

The Spoon Clinks – 100 Tanka by Satarō Satō translated by Motoko Matsuo and Reiko Nakagawa and assisted by William I. Elliott. Published by Kōdansha Shuppan Service Center, 1-17-14 Otawa, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo, 112-0013 Japan. Perfect bound, 7.5 x 5 inches, 104 pp., ISBN: 4-876001-546-5, 1200¥

Satarō Satō (1909 – 1987), founded the tanka magazine Hodō (The Sidewalk) in 1945 in Japan (which surely is a great story in itself) after his own first tanka collection with the same title. His later books of tanka went on to sweep the array of tanka prizes ending in 1984 with the most prestigious Shaku Chōka Prize. In honor of his work and place in the Japanese tanka community, these three persons: Motoko Matsuo (a tanka poet and member of the Hodō group, Reiko Nakagawa (a member of the Japan Tanka Poet's Club and the Emily Dickinson Society of Japan and doctoral candidate at Kantō Gakuin University) and William I. Elliott (poet and translator, Professor of Kantō Gakuin University in Yokohama, Japan, Director of the Kantō Poetry Center and editor of their journal) have combined resources to bring this collection of 100 of Satarō Satō's tanka to the English reading audience under the title of The Spoon Clinks. The poems are presented, one to a page with the kanji along the outside edge and the romaji printed below the English.

Even as
the typhoon rages
the hen
cries out that
her egg is laid.

Taifu no
araburu naka ni
niqatori no
sanran no koe
shibaraku kikoyu.

Reading through this collection of 100 poems chosen out of Satarō Satō's thirteen books of tanka, one sees how far away English tanka writers are from these examples. I found myself asking if these were really his best work or if so much had been lost in translation? I do know there are many schools of tanka writing and appreciation in Japan, each with their own weak and strong points. Perhaps I am the wrong person to appreciate such flat works as:

On the endless sand
rain
and wind
alone
leave traces.

Kagiri naki
suna no tsuzuki ni

miyuru mono
ame no konseki to
kaze no konseki

The longer I read in this book, the more the work, in English, looks like haiku to me in spite of the five lines. I wish this were not so. I want a beacon of tanka writing that I can look up to, be guided by, be inspired from, and a narrow path through greening grass that makes me want to run with my arms stretched out as far as I can reach to both sides.

Mnemosyne by Edward Baranosky. EAB PUB, 115 Parkside Dr., Toronto, Ontario, M6R 2Y8 Canada. February, 2001.

Baranosky brings out his newest chapbooks with the regularity of a magazine. The latest one is best described by his foreword: "This collection is mostly retrospective. "A Foot in Both Worlds", originally a 54 linked tanka series was printed in 1996, and reviewed in Small Press Review. "A World of My Own" was printed in 1993, a 108 link haiku series. "Missing Children, a 17 link haiku series, 1992, was published in a collection titled Heirloom. The title poem, "Mnemosyne", printed here for the first time, is a glosa from Eliot's "Little Gidding". Mnemosyne, memory (a Titan) is the mother of the muses. . . Mnemosyne is concerned with contextualizing experience in art, essentially serious and beneficial. Mnemosyne is the first intent, the source of meaning." The booklet is generously illustrated with artwork by Edward Baranosky.

Don't try to understand
The sweet message
Of the morning sun.
Don't apologize for being.
It's the quickest way to travel.

The Sparrow with the Split Tongue and Beautiful Oiwa, The Heians, and Kaimami (Scenes Observed While Peeping Through a Screen) – three books by Bill West. Bill West, 666 West Irving Park Road 1-2, Chicago, IL 60613-3125. Staple-bound, 8.5 x 5.5, each book costs \$12.00 ppd. in USA; \$15.00 ppd. abroad.

It tells very much about a person, how time is used, to what it is given to the day by the person who is multi-talented and yet a retired professor emeritus. Take the case of Bill West, who has great interest and knowledge of things Japanese, makes and takes great photographs, is a devotee of the brush for calligraphy and drawing as well as being capable of turning out poems in various styles. He is a book just waiting to become . . . And thus, we have three fat chapbooks filled to the full with his talents. The Heians contains a collection of West's poems dedicated to or inspired by the poems of Japanese poets of the various literary periods beginning in 550 AD to end with the Late Classical Period (1241 – 1350). To Ki no Tsurayuki (868 – 945) is dedicated:

Using the blossoms
as a cover, the lovers
speak of other things
what it is the blossoms bring,
what it is that follows spring.

Kaimami (Scenes Observed While Peeping Through a Screen) contains a series of tanka written by

West but connected by the thought that they were written by a Peeping Tom in Old Japan.

Stop a moment, please,
with me behind this old screen
to escape the drafts
this dreadful winds stir up
in this house, which is not ours.

There you are! ready to see and discover almost everything possible. You can see by the examples that he writes his tanka in strict syllable count and utilizing all the possible punctuation to make it work.

The Sparrow with the Split Tongue and Beautiful Oiwa is the retelling of a Japanese ghost story in abbreviated prose. Each of these books is hand-lettered in Chancery Cursive, a skill that demands a tremendous amount of practice. Though the photographs are fitting and very fine, what I loved the most were the rather quirky drawings by Bill West that wander in and out of the pages of all three of books like distorted ghosts seeking a haven.

Writing with Multiple Intelligences: Creative opportunities for teachers, writers & therapists by Edna Kovacs, Ph.D., author of *Writing Across Cultures*. Blue Heron Publishing, Portland, Oregon: 2001. ISBN:0-935085-43-6. Perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 204 pp., \$19.95. If you have been occupied by other concerns and have failed to be informed of the newest teaching theories, plans and projects, Edna Kovacs uses her twenty-year teaching experiences to bring them together in a manageable and understandable way. For the teacher who stuck with finding a new method of getting kids to write poetry, for the writer suffering from writer's block or therapist searching for a way to open up their patients to themselves and others, Kovacs' new book offers a plethora of methods, opportunities and suggestions. Among such educational instruction and reports of experiments tried are strewn the poems of Edna Kovacs and her students. It is interesting that the book is organized around the seasons; a clue that she has some understanding of Oriental poetry. However, to credit Korea with linked poetry when it began in China and reached its heights in Japan seems rather amiss. Also, to quote from a tanka / waka by Izumi Shikibu (974?-1034) written in five lines and to call it a haiku (which only came to be written in the 1600s) suggests that another couple workshops need to be attended by this expert on poetry writing. Perhaps there is value in all this psycho-babble but you will have to tread carefully through the pitfalls.

Haiku Kalendar: First step in third millennium Prvi korak u treće tisućljeće. Ludbreg, Croatia: 2001. Perfect bound, 150 pp., 8 x 6 inches, \$10.00. Order from Mr. Mirko Varga, Vrazova 6, 42000 Varazoin, Croatia.

It almost seems a European craze to publish haiku calendars with versions coming from Holland, England, Germany and now Croatia. The idea is sound. Assemble a collection of haiku from many people in many lands, arrange the ku according to the months of the year and there you are! This book goes beyond this concept by giving each haiku a day (or a day to each haiku) and leaving enough space for copious notes for appointments. But what really touched me was finding a special box at the bottom of the days for one's very own haiku. Now there is a good idea! And how easy to get inspired by the examples given from well known international authors as well as the work from new names in Yugoslavia.

Third Edition of the Haiku Anthology edited by Cor van den Heuvel: over 800 of the best English language haiku and related works. W. W. Norton, New York & London: 2001. ISBN: 0-393-32118-5,

\$15.95 USA; \$22.99 CAN. Perfect bound, 7 x 5, 364 pp.

This is a veritable Who's Who of Haiku, with, unfortunately, the names of many better deserving writers left out. Though each edition of this book, originally published in 1986, has had some revision and updating but it seems no one is interested in doing the comprehensive overhaul this giant of haiku literature needs to accurately reflect the width and breadth of the current haiku community. Still, if you are unable to obtain previous editions, make sure, at least, that you get this one.

Upstate Dim Sim by the Route Nine Haiku Group edited by John Stevenson with guest Poet Tom Clausen. Staple-bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 30 pp. It seems a group of haiku writers (including Yu Chang and Hilary Tann) gather at a Chinese restaurant once a month to share and discuss their haiku over excellent dim sum which, appropriately enough, translates to be "little hearts". Editor John Stevenson will publish this chapbook twice a year. You can either buy individual copies for \$5.00 or subscribe for \$8.00 from Stevenson at P.O. Box 122, Nassau, NY 12123.

LETTERS

Dear Editors.

The poetry in the Feb issue 2001 was extra good. Echoes of the work still reverberate in my head and heart. Hatsue Kawamura is a brave person. Kawamura's citing of the Nanking incident (western sources refer to the event as the "Rape of Nanking") is one of the very few I have read. We will not keep in our hearts the recognition of the horrid (and unnecessary) waste of WAR unless we all remember ALL of the atrocities. I had an aunt with whom I spent some magical days one summer just at the edge of my senior memory. Gary Le Bel's "Eight Summers of Grass" is a poetic work that had me smelling mown hay and sniffing a blue flower that my Aunt Daisy held. I even felt the fullness of love for her again. Please tell Gary thanks for me. I would like to tell him so myself too. David Rice's article in the 1999 issue of Lynx fascinated me. Been casting around for someone to try out the form with me. Cindy Guentherman (President, Rockford Writers' Guild) agreed to give it a try. Dave Bachelor

When you see a name underlined, you can click on it and a message form will appear on your screen so you can send your immediate thoughts and comments to the author. It is that quick and that easy. jr

The AHA Lynx site looks great. However, before I finished reading it all I was kicked off AOL. Thought I would email you to mention a few things before I do some errands. Looked at my own selection first (naturally). I like the linked verse of the eight-year-old and the woman from (if remembering correctly) Florida [Debi Woodward Bender]; Carlos with partner, especially the lines about thumb crossing my forehead; dennis dutton's tanka. Didn't get to see my tanka, but will get back to AHA and LYNX later today. Thanks again for including my writing. With love, Francine Porad

I hope you and Werner are doing well this off-and-on again spring. Carol and I went to the desert for five days in March and the poppies and lupine were great. I very much liked your commentary in Full Moon Tide on tanka sequences. I agree. There are so many options and choices available for this kind of poem. And in that spirit ..., Cherie Hunter Day and I would like to submit the following tanka sequence for consideration for the next issue of e-Lynx. David Rice

The first thing i'd like to submit is a linked verse that i worked on with Nancy Henry Kline of Larksville Pennsylvania... We met in the early 90's at a HSA zendo retreat in the Catskills and have kept in touch ever since and though this took us a couple years to complete, it i promised Nancy that i'd submit for us... We titled it : "Two Hearts". Tom Clausen

I have huge inner conflicts about sharing my more sensual poems online or with journals. This month, I tried to get past some of the discomfort and posted love poetry on haikuforum and Shiki-temp during the 2 weeks leading to Valentine's Day. Marjorie encouraged me concerning *dodoitsu #9, to keep it in the poem; that one alludes to 2 classic tanka, and is so strong, sensually, compared to the lighter play and shifting of words and images in the rest of the links. I was afraid it might overpower and upstage the other portions, and I must admit it embarrasses me, as if I am there, naked and vulnerable before the readership. I think Marjorie and I will be working together at other linking of non-haiku/renga verse in the future, and I'll always keep Lynx in mind for them. Debi Bender

* a dodoitsu is a Japanese genre poem written in four line units with the sound unit count of 7-7-7-5 which is mostly used for folksongs. The poetic interest comes in having the last line shortened by two units; a twist on the device of ji-amari = using an excess character. The technique is sometimes used as in our ditty:

"Helen had a steamboat,
the steamboat had a bell.
Helen went to heaven,
the steamboat went to . . .
Hel-en had a steamboat" (ad nauseam) - jr

Hello Dears, Just saw my first edition of Lynx on line and was impressed. Congratulations and thank you. It is so wonderful that you adapt and evolve as you do, reveling in change and striding strongly forward. I love the internet. My vanity loves fan mail and I get some now and then which is so amazing to me. Would you please change my e-address to the above. Lenten blessings to you and to Werner. I have been so ill, Ruby Spriggs too, here in Ottawa is ill as well, and Dorothy Howard is struggling too. So you see, the three local power woman of haiku and tanka in this neck of the woods are having a tough winter. How are your old bones? Love forever, in our shared ardent care for our art, Marianne Bluger

English teachers might be interested to know about the recent, all-Canadian book A Magical Clockwork: The Art of Writing the Poem, which has been receiving excellent reviews from teachers, writing workshop leaders, and librarians. For information, please visit the Web page:<http://www3.sympatico.ca/susanio/magic.html> - Susan Ioannou

I "stumbled" across renga via your website, and have found myself to be completely addicted! My 'regular' poetry has been published in such works as The Utne Reader, The Sun and The American Muse. This, however is my first renga submission. It is a spring renga, which I created (always viewing poetry as therapy!) working back and forth, writing with my dominant and non-dominant hand. Can you discern the difference in the 'voices'? I felt their dis-similarities strongly. Anyways, I would very much like it if you could consider this piece for consideration in your publication of Lynx. D. Jericho Schmoeker

I live in northern Saskatchewan in the central region of Canada. I am a forester with the Provincial Government, a member of the Saskatchewan Writers Guild and the Sans Nom writing group where I have developed a strong affinity for the tanka form. I love having just enough room to link nature and

emotions with a tantalizing mix the lyrical and the zen. The following are for your consideration in the next issue of Lynx. Rod Thompson

I am making a wooden book - a handmade wooden book, one by one... entitled "Tanka of the Local Village" 60 tanka in total 60 writers of several counties. Is it possible to communicate historical facts poetically? Yes, using the Tanka If you have some friend interested in having a wooden book (Spanish or English) he only has to pay the shipment expense (Each book has a weight of 1.020 Kilogram)
Guillermo Compte Cathcart, Garay 254, (1854) Longchamps Argentina

PARTICIPATION RENGA

BE BLANK

1-line links – theme: blankness
ENDS WITH THE NEXT ROUND
Last Chance to add on to this one!

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB
Hirshhorn canvas better blank (crap KCL
form of perfect writhing JMB
on my arm a hand made basket JR
woven around space dht
the eggless nest <> just her size JR
a body of water without reflections GM
the glass bell missing its clapper PGC
no lead in his pencil cg
neon light in the fog, "paper" JMB

nothing flashy JAJ

with the poems written on the universe JR

~*~

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB
Hirshhorn canvas better blank (crap KCL
form of perfect writhing JMB
on my arm a hand made basket JR
woven around space dht
the eggless nest <> just her size JR
a body of water
without reflections GM
the glass bell missing its clapper PGC
no lead in his pencil cg
nudissimo RF

song without end JAJ

~*~

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

faintly a small star falls WR

not even one apple JAJ

~*~

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB
a sea of faces JAJ
:)] : ([: o # 8 ({ :) x CC
school skeleton dead tired FPA
erased blackboard JSJ
vanishing chalk marks that add up to zero CC
melted snowballs JSJ
plowed unplanted field cg
() JSJ
the "name" list reversed JMB
empty cookie jar JSJ

dry arroyo JAJ

absence of an abscess tooth CC

two more pills getting rid of diabetes WR

~*~

GENTLY WIPING DUST

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 100 lines
Theme: impermanence, transitoriness

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

flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG
meteorite streaks across the night sky
sudden cool breeze MWM
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead ... the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their fiftieth year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting down the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
was never very good at math MHH
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking out GD
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH
even the firecrackers refuse to light –a rainy fourth! dht
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA
mackerel clouds reach every horizon piling the sea JR

broken thermometer
poisonous mercury
scatters everywhere JAJ

dancing
a pas de deux
for one more night WR

~*~

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

first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead ... the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their fiftieth year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting down the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
was never very good at math MHH
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking outGD
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 blueRF
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA
returning for Easter / without painted eggs / from a far place GM

the rabbit
in the dark of the moon WR

~*~

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
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breath suspended overhead ... the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their fiftieth year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD

the new player late for the first game 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

Swirl of your soul
into the siren's
whirlpool CC

belly up
as we like it
both WR

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
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digital display counting down the failing heart GD
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was never very good at math MHH
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking out GD
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH

even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth! dht
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF
turned up by the plow / a musket's firing plate GD
breaking / in the dustpan / last wedding cup cg
after three years divorce papers JSJ

Solomon
sharpening
his sword CC

JUST DAUGHTERS

7 links
theme: family relationships

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

my thirst is floating back to other liquids WR

mother and son
discuss making pickles JAJ

~*~

In the graveyard/a carved stone angel/ with my daughter's face GM
grandma in her rocker / turning clouds into faces cg
after thirty years / I still miss her / my dead sister JAJ

in a dream again
back to playing hide and seek WR

~*~

In the graveyard / a carved stone angel / with my daughter's face GM
grandma in her rocker / turning clouds into faces cg
grandpa playing / solitaire JAJ

"Don't trust.
Don't talk.
Don't feel." RF

dad's third marriage
I learn my new brothers & sisters
one step- at a time CC

MOST BEAUTIFUL GAME

7 Links

Rule: each link is a question; no answers!

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

If not my link
then whose? CC

will that be Visa
or Mastercard? JAJ

~*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF
What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ
Would one more dance / convince you? JAJ

Your shoe
or mine? CC

what's the joke
about navel seamen? JR

~*~

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

Is anything better
than making more
nuclear bombs? RF

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

When will you
make up your mind? JAJ

~*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and who can play? RF
What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ
Where do we come from / Why are we going? GM

Do you see that
very bright star? JAJ

TIME

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

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ
for how long / this dream? RF
clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM

Nasira waiting for us
at the edge of eternity CC

patches of snow
mound of primulas in bloom JAJ

~*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ
for how long / this dream? RF
sleepless / how long the hours / of night? JSJ

both hands point
in the same direction CC

~*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ
cop lights / in the rear view mirror cg
braking on a dime JAJ

shelf life
of a Susan
B. Anthony CC

Feel free to print out this file to write your own links to these continuing links (the ones in *italic*).

FINIS