

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

XIX:1 February, 2004

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WITHOUT GENRE

PEDIGREE by Sheila Murphy, COMMA by Sheila Murphy

BOOK REVIEWS:

Haiku for Lovers compiled by Manu Bazzano. MQ Publications, London, England: 2003. Hard cover with full color dust jacket, 6 x 6 inches, 256 pps., 250 haiku, illustrated with many pages in full color, ISBN: 1-84072-412-9, £9.99. Contact MQ Publications or find on Amazon.com

Sun Through the Blinds: Montreal Haiku Today, edited by Maxianne Berger & Angela Leuck. Shoreline Press, Quebec, Canada: 2003. Perfect bound, 6 x 6 inches, 176 pps., Canada \$19.95, USA \$16.95, ISBN:1-896754-32-5. Contact Shoreline Press.

Rise, Ye Sea Slugs: 1,000 holothurian haiku compiled and translated by Robin. D Gill. Paraverse Press, Key Biscayne, Florida: 2003. Perfect bound, 7 x 9.5 inches, 480 pp., illustrated, romaji and kanji Japanese and English. ISBN: 0-97426180-7, \$25.00. Available on Amazon.com.

a spill of apples: tanrenga and other linked verse by Carol Purington & Larry Kimmel, with drawings by Merrill Ann Gonzales. Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340. Perfect soft-bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 49 pp., 30 pen-and-ink illustrations, \$10.00 postpaid USA; \$12.00 overseas, ISBN: 0-974856-6-2. Contact Carol Purington or Winfred Press.

Four Seasons: Renga by Ed Baranosky and Jen Finlayson. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 32 pp., full color cover, illustrated by Holly Briesmaster. Contact Ed Baranosky.

ARTICLES AND LETTERS :

WRITING RENGA WRITING by Jane Reichhold with the 100 LINK WINTER RENGA FORM following the 1501 precepts as presented in Steven D. Carter's The Road to Komatsubara.

LETTERS TO LYNX

Tom Clausen sends greetings, and Paul Conneally gives the web site of renga he has done with children. Gerald England reports the death of Giovanni Malito. Werner Reichhold writes to Alan Springs about tanka sequences. John Barlow advertises the Haiku Calendar by his Snapshots Press. Paul David Mena changes his web site, Gerald England has new book reviews available, and Ebba Story recounts a haiku reading in San Francisco. A "want ad" by Jim Wilson (aka Tundra Wind), and the launch of Four Seasons, by Ed Baranosky and Jen Finlayson and the Book Fair in Toronto. Adri van den Berg writes of a translating experiment done in Holland. Linda Jeannette Ward gives the details about the 2004 Tanka Society of America International Tanka Contest. Francine shows Suhni's great new art and poetry web site.

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

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

GREEN ON GREEN

Sprite, Eiko Yachimoto, Karina Klesko, Kirsty Karkow, Michael Baribaeu led by John Carley

green on green two anglers climb
to the deserted reservoir
eiko

wading through the brush a fawn stops to eavesdrop
michael

the day goes on forever
ever further from my birth place
john

quietly she lays a stone at the crossroads
kirsty

low mist and the skirl of pipes
a falcon sharp against the moon
karina

behind steamed up panes light laughter as love yields
sprite

crushing grapes with my fiancé
the old village now reborn
eiko

fireworks burst with sulfur and caramel corn
michael

science classes after lunch
they joke about the fume cupboard
john

imagine a test for arming guillotines
kirsty

a silent chill this dark night
snow falls in the sleepy hollow
karina

Shawaal gold through the lace of bare branches
sprite

Anne Morrow Lindbergh in profile
writing memoirs on Japan

eiko

the delving raccoon finds crayfish under rocks
michael

you smile at my embarrassment
the voice-over distracting
john

proudly a knight flaunts her favour in the jousts
kirsty

roundtable votes tallied
CEO's set new Play Doh palette
karina

baby fingers peeking from a spring blanket
eiko

all the way down a long lost lane
the hawthorn blossoms blossom
john

champions and buttercups share the same field
sprite

SORTA SORTER

John M. Bennett after Ivan Arguelles after John M. Bennett

sorta shiva slivered

mantric mode in toned,

tonant tonic thundered

great all heighty Move!

'tis tender shoved a god

into larder's turmoiled

whine, greet Indra drunk

of the lords, spark Dope,

neither white nor east of
when glees a gale of
force, to name a few,
but clouds of other silver
silver hovers dove loud spur
you a same dew snorts,
of yeast nor light ether
cloak, dark swords the clove
sunk tinder's meat, grime
parboiled, harder lean-to
pod's a glove ender, hiss
mood! mighty stalled mate,
plundered colonic lament
cloned, in lode canker,
shivered liver's sorter

SUNDAY EVENING
Toni Davis (Aus)
Catherine Mair (NZ)

aiming the fly spray at the curtain
I cough and the shadow rises
feeling the flush of wine in my cheeks
fluttering downwards to old drunkenness
still zooming above our heads & the unwashed dishes
another day settles around the sink

resting her head on the old woman's crocheted rug

darkness descends and the start of a dream

THE APPARITION GYRATED

James Joyce

The lines of James Joyce are taken unchanged from his book Finnegans Wake.

Werner Reichhold

I (Night signals it is dressed out in software, a place where the guest may enter a horse and see through ears)

night night
telling tale
of stem and stone

 horror-scopish
 lifelong cold and hot
 with stars

house of call is all
their evenbreaths through
its cartomance
hallucinate like
an erection in the night

sled a movement
of cathartic emulsification
down the slippery side
of a slant to tilted
lift-ye-landsman

 death-dealing allied devisions

 earth of a potter's squeeze
 the wet bowl
 and one hair

I can't but are you able amicably nod

I helped him to in my princeps edition which is all so much to the cut are mutually polarized the incompatibility of my delusional acting as ambivalent to the fixation of his pivotism

 bringing allowing
 stone alonging down the grave
 clothnails

the matter fertile
the matrix a fax

allfines of greengold
that the Indus contains
overhinder him

ring <> oxd
at the steam
cloud covered Inn
onconsciously grafficking
with his sinister Cyclopes

crowmagnon aunt Cesters smells the bat of new intelligence

They demolished the peace, now they reinvent war
whorship, wardropes, warweather
that old warhead of contraband.

II (Keying by dreaming the words that insert tools)

olivegreen of onslought and the homespound over the hearth

hand me the feathered slimmer off the brim your hunter's hat

really at, this Anamite Apar of astrocity and private privysuckatary

chorus of anscissors accompanies the grilling of insisters

the hoisted in red and the lowered in black

townails as if the genre of blond asks for bleeps in bloomers

semperexcommunicambiambisumers

a table on which cloth is coming closer

the goat that gafr ate the sounders bible

tales by dervish sung by diewhitch

Aure! Cloudy father! Unsure. Nongood!

quicksand in no time of her thinking

mearbound to the marsh of a ladsmaul in half a sylb

the first one making her his absence less comfortable

give back those stolen kisses restore those allkotten gloves

what age please would it be, let's say, green thumbbed

the allriddle of it that is alruddy with us.

III (Parallel speaking to a wall so that a door intermittently may open)

a stage to set by ritual roote for the grimm

tale of the four hyacinths the deafeeld carp and the bugler dozen

appendix it by the hour of the scholar

for whom the simplified encounters the eye of the needle

there you'll fix your eyes darklet on the autocart of the bringfast
cable but here till you're martimorephysed please still face to face

shun away from the non-shivering maiden's pulchritude

see the biker? On the tank of her gas sits a clone of her neighbor

never slip your silver key through your gate of golden age

collide with men, collude with money. Ere you sail forget my price

discetterized non-beings for the discernment of the distinguished
in pairs: one for the easy and the other for the rider

never hate mer pork which is bad for your knife of a good Friday

never let a hog of the howth trample underfoot your linen

you highbunized your letter and I-i licked it

you vibrate in the lower case and may loosen a crown in the upper

and it was the lang in the shirt in the green of the wood

when obelisks rise and odalisks fall

I bet by the champain of the bestcellar, by the pumper of the nickels'

compu-freak-game; half time whistle, one : there-oh

we are once amore as babies awondering in a world made fresh

where with the hen in a storyaboot we start from scratch.

IV (The science of liquid absence, that capacity. Here it is slightly offered off-key deliberately so the reader feels a desire to correct it. At this moment you get in touch with your own netted system)

- O dear no! Instead the tragis jester jobbed himself wheywingingly sick of life on some sort of

rhubarbarous maundarin yellagreen funkleblue windigut diodying applejack

Squeezed from sour grapefruice and, to hear him twixed his sedimental cupslips when he had gulfed down mmmuch to mmmmany gourds

- Enoughness of spilled smell running in octaves, a shake-by-chaque to the willcomers, Jaques Derrida's impossible possibility, a whipe-on-the-wips empire that unveils jealousy for the hidden and siege where the objected lingers, like in front of motel / module Awe, for exfans a peace joint, Imports & Outports

- The warped flooring of the liar and soundconductingwalls thereof, to say nothing of the uprights and imposts, where persianlyteratured woth burst loveletters, telltale stories, stickyback snaps, doubtful eggshells, couchers, flints, borers, puffers, amygdaloid almonds, rindless raisins, alphybettyformed verbage, vivlical viasses, ompitrt dictas, ahem and ahas, imeffible tries at speech unsyllabled you own mes, eyoldhymms

- Hell us, lull us, James-of-the-jams' counterfighting portrats; give it the digits, the digest of browsers, the chat room, the voice-mail of love- twisters

- Come smooth of my slate to the beat of my blush! With all these gelded eyes jilting about and thrills and ills of laylock blossoms three's so much more plants than chants for cecillis that I was thinking fairly killing times of putting an end to myself and my malody, when I remembered all your pupilteacher's erringness in perfection class. You sh'undn't write you can't if you w'udn't pass for undevelopment

- Awake-cry to avoke-pain only the bones of fish left in my lap

- Yes, if I weren't a jones in myself I would elect myself to be his dolphin in the wildsbillow because he's such a barefooted rubber with my supersocks pulled over his face which I publickedin my bestback gardenfor the laetification of siderodromities and to the iron of the stars. You will say it is most unenglish and I shall hope to heat that you will not be wrong about it. But I further feeling a bit husky in my truth

- Listen , when the charm of a Sheikh meets the vaingloriously veiled, say in a van velvety sapphonized by the och&ochs of a fullmoon trip at Ba'qubah one wonders why she isn't calling mine eleven

- Oh, on the third dead beat, oh! To cluse her eyes and allopen her oath and see of what spice I may send her. How? Cease thee, cantatrickee! I fain would be solo. Arouse thee, myvalour, and save for e'er my true Bdur!

- And anticks: holy blowaparts, weapons of any mass, kigo by the pond, kilo of motherwit, a preowned mary-go-drowned, an odorless devotional object, preoccupied air, silent discs, state laws and bypasses, an almost new ambush, miss used cell phones, Mr. Cellew Lloyd (a digital graph), 'loss-free flow of current', where a pair of electrons that gave up their electrostatic resistance pass without frictional loss - a crystal lattice, a shily spoken no as a matter phor yes , the mold of a once gained objective petrified

- Paud the roosky, weren't they all of them each in his different way of saying calling on the one the

same time

- But look at our manager disapealing under the womanager! Guinness in office?

- Where you truss be circumspectious and lock before you leak, dears never christen medlard apples till a swithin is in sight

- You close your lips, thinking -

I see a design for that closing.

V (It seems that the strength of thinking depends upon a change of perspectives)

there is a split
in the infinitive
from to have to will be
for isolation
by a tongue

the pink of punk
perfection as photography
in mud
secret array of the arriviste
mouse trip by the forefinger

that lifted the leaves
that folded the fruit
come pass, Hiakutake
bemin us
be plus

ashe and whitehead
closechop successor to
one reel
all spun
the sheep

and the lines
of ready-present fire
when like snow
you whilst lay on me
light fingers of the moon.

I & EYE

Jim Leftwich and John M. Bennett

I saw seething drink master
so run smatter bought I snared
would come wisp leper stand poor
said lump trancing ash would wear
war would wash trance lump saying
pore sand leaper wish some world
snored I bought smaller rum so
clumper mast drinking seeking raw eye

PIERCED BY A GOLDEN DAY

Elaine King

Karina Klesko

myself
reflected in the window
pelting rain

a firefly here and there
one starless night

poplar leaves
pierced by a golden day
shapes of the sun

refocused
the road's perspective
in the camera's eye

under the overpass
chrome on perspex

lucid memories
in the rearview mirror
it . . . if . . . arg . . .

NO QUARTERS FOR CANDLES

Karina Klesko

Cindy Tebo

old rain and fog

deepening the pond
layers upon layers
we talk about her divorce
and then we talk about mine

on a float trip
we pass the hours
without speaking
he rows one way
and I row the other

the storm
has washed the sun's face
more vivid is this day
of separation
my eyes a darker blue

beyond the yellow leaves
of thinning catalpa
almost a year
since he rode his new bike
and disappeared

a hidden thought
our love somewhere
in between
the pangs of childbirth
and his first touch

running to the window
every time we see headlights
christmas eve
we keep asking mom
when's dad coming home

new snow
two sets of footprints,
coming and going
and nothing in the mail
again today

inside the church
to get warm|
no quarters for candles
and I've forgotten
my hail marys

masked in feathers,
they chirrup in the streets

bare-breasted men
and ruby glass beads . . . falling
shards of moonlight

a small model
of the delta queen
this wooden steamboat
still smells like the day
it came from the pine

RANDOM MOVES

Catherine Mair
Patricia Prime

booksales table -
behind sunglasses
I face the crowd

chasing his son
into the flax bushes
harassed father

planted in the grass
a full glass of wine

stacked beneath
deck chairs
empty bottles

to the beat
wriggling her blouse
over her hips

all evening
the same young couple
dance

suddenly
tossed into the air -
a baby

girl in wheelchair -
her one-finger control

body-builder
muscles his way
through the crowd

from centre stage
videoing the audience
the compere

evening's end
still chasing
the toddler

A POETS' CASSEROLE

Catherine Mair
Patricia Prime
Cyril Childs

too rare we exclaim searching for a casserole dish

leftover lamb
one ginormous onion
one carrot
one large red coarsely diced kumera (sweet potato)
sundry fresh broad beans
soy sauce
can of peeled Italian tomatoes
jar of Patak's Tandoori curry paste, ginger & mild
salt & pepper to taste
boil in the bag rice

"Wine on hand for lubrication."
elegantly Cyril flicks another broad bean into the pot
"It's worth making extra, we won't need the pizzas."
explaining the view at Port Chalmers - the "Taiko" passes
shaking a red pepper he debates his colour scheme
searching for the pottery jar of crackers, he finds peanuts
fading light - curry flavours saturate the air
leaving it to simmer Cyril vanishes

WHISPERING SOFTLY

allen mc gill
karina klesko

children skip
across a sunlit playground
hand in hand
lovers stroll the tree lined lanes
whispering softly

change of wind
my adrenalin pumping
that distance between
the dogma of life and death
we stop for cappucinos

the deep rumble
of far off thunder
seeking shelter
from the storm's might
within each others arms

curled up by the fire
our new kitten purrs
as rain beats metal rooftops
the click of my heels on tile
less hollow, less alone

lightning flares
the wind whipped torrents
a deeper darkness
we share our warmth and
comfort through it all

time and again
the same skip in the record
this antique phonograph
spins anew in each groove
seeds of lasting love

MORNING SONG

Catherine Mair
Patricia Prime

tui
wake the morning
with their song
fly into the air with a cry
why doesn't my heart take wing?

wisteria
flying sparrows
rainbowed waterfalls -
is there a heart left in China
crowing in the rain

bathing at night
verbena & rosemary
in the bath
a good night's sleep
forgetting everything

play me
let the keys burn
under your touch
has a piano ever sounded
as atmospheric as this

MUSIC IN THE PARK

Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

polka accordions
beneath the pavilion
play "Billy Billy Bongo"
musicians bright in red bandanna
and cummerbunds

chinese at six
a french dinner at nine
do the player's hands
prompt questions?
the candles burn low

non-traditional
we walk rather than ride home
from the concert
humming old & new tunes
into the cold night air

didgeridoo
acapela - rap – funk
bursting into
the millennium
on the edge

probably 2 'real' renga sorta #6
Francine Porad
Marlene Mountain

"chill-pill"

hot hot hot the cook suggests the waitress 'take a chill-pill'

a lily a day keeps the doctor away & hummers around

two months between blood tests time to answer 'fine' to all inquiries

the sky turns blue or so it seems

traffic at a standstill US Navy Angels back again with their roar

take a wrong turn in war become an american hero

careful dubya the 'log' in your eye grows with every internal wink

repeated proposition lost in cyberspace

rain on more rain blighted tomatoes fried green like the movie

a blower creates a racket but not a leaf in sight

black-and-white warblers & chickadees a wren not to be ignored

to the geezer: take your meds; don't take up bungee jumping

scare alert for ferry boats the latest government reelection tactic

Saddam on the tape? 'glorious resistance' urged

bail hearing for 'missing girl' hoax suspect & her other personas*

psychologist's couch the multiple sides to Sybil

so much to know and more likely not to know the humidity to feel

contrail smoke fills the air with hearts

hand-holding on streets and lawns crowds playing hooky

estranged haiku the dying eyes of a baby snapper

snacks for kids can be healthy label tells the story of trans fats

dogwood berries where they once held on

names inspired by Nature two granddaughters Wren and Fern
view on the sanctity of marriage with a straight face
he'd like wife one strong and healthy wife two rich wife three fun
the power goes out while i'm out of power
hmm...something's troubling my scale my weight at zero pounds
dragonfly bends a reed and leaves
fifteen minutes times seven guests removing weeds works for me
in the kitchen sink things

thunder followed by thunder even the moss covered in moss
old friends' friendly card game the usual insults
truck trouble bridge trouble most of the water troubles fixed
with nothing to cry about tears in my ears
ahead of themselves withered blossoms empty the fallen stalks
lots of attitude lots of gratitude

Footnotes
15m Donna Walker

July 30-Aug 4, 2003

probably 2 'real' renga sorta #7
Marlene Mountain
Francine Porad
"squawking crows"

deep within our humidity squawking crows from yesterday
peeling off in squadrons to follow the Blue Angels
even though it's always whole a quarter moon full of rock

circle motif patterned with a slice of potato

scraps the ground can't eat go to the neighbor's dog curly

surprise visit the car holds parents, kids, retrievers

sprinklers turn slowly watering the slowly-turning-green lawn

on the home front a raggedy edge

fluted petunia plus peach and pink begonias color the sundeck

thunder on the clothes already soaked with it

equally noisy hydroplanes piston and turbine engines compared

overnight a lightning bug moved in

all windows open a sweet-smelling breeze tickles my nose

a wall with a right-wing spin

improper touching* of married male by the gay clergyman

will the terminator** say my wife won't let me run

almost time again for the Repulsicans and Demonocrats

four-legged mascots of the two-legged masks

tow truck for an old toyota that's literally put on the brakes

excited over his BMW and then bird poop

the egg came first but try telling that to the sea-less questioner

chicken will do but I crave spaghetti

hashed and rehashed for ratings when a woman's no means no

sweet lovin' a search for romantic comedies

morning haze some of it left over from the last thing i remember

removing screens for a mere half hour of rain

dr scholl's black shoes inches from a clean patch of warmth
jackets over shoulders and long pants
mostly ready for whatever except winter & bits of summer & fall
where has the year gone? memorial designs

just one last trip to the cemetery for the stone's unveiling
milkweeds without monarchs without blossoms
second anniversary of 9-11 Americans still stalked daily
along with the woods the sawmill in flames
a late supper grimy firefighters take over Jacks' restaurant
cicadas close down the day on themselves

Footnotes

* allegations dismissed

** allegation dismissed

Aug 4-7, 2003

probably 2 'real' renga sorta #8
Francine Porad
Marlene Mountain
"program needed"

a program needed to learn whom to hate 'friend' Gadhafi
our weapons of mass destruction are where
perhaps hidden in a spider hole like Saddam Hussein
a third term the 'supremes' could help
off to buy a couple of lamps the Dow over ten thou

unable to tell whether the day really longer

a field of snow if the field weren't covered by snow

the ie's one letter separates 'fiend' and 'friend'

orange alert a billion a week weak from a daylily thought

mental debate: research the web or watch TV

from the governor years late a nice pardon for lenny bruce

the courtly gentleman's politeness and gentle ways

another generation blyth-reading poets blythed in the dark

winter drizzle headlights would be good here

gravity thaws & flows in the old pipe toward the old kitchen

request from one charity for the third time this year

grouped separately on paper as if to resolve the iris garden

earthquake in Iran natural disasters tragic enough

25% of French Jews say they would feel safer in Israel

still in the woods tho not deep enough to be out

downy woodpecker crouches on a slick branch; rain gusts

a bit of warmth a mind defensive from yesterday

all spaces blank for unknown happenings new calendar

will that chain ever get smoked

incurable curiosity wet footprints from shower to phone

foreign to me i turn up the sound

frantic New Year's Eve celebration scenes fudge preferred

green grass reappears not on the thermometer

ice warning this morning hospital chaplain makes his rounds

more letters to michael moore from disgusted soldiers

a seventh afternoon-moon brightens dark limbs & a pale blue

maid's note: a pleasure to clean your lovely home

inside the shell of a turtle we don't seem to get cabin fever

the list of visitors grows

sweatshirts around the abandoned stove in no hurry

love is an action word

Dec 21-31, 2003

probably 2 'real' renga sorta #9

Marlene Mountain

Francine Porad

"rubble cleared"

rubble cleared from another country together we've fallen in

snowplows in action more snow on the way

movies movies full of language one day might be helpful

again in the principal's office for talking

crowded out by everything but blue vegetation of a quilt

museum goal: to reopen featuring regional artists

stacks of stored art creating new paintings for the fun of it

at arm's length whatever it takes to make spring

spokeswoman for a cosmetics firm after her facelift

since dubya the world's better off says dubya

reminder: AOL staff will never ask for your password

fashion statement the secret life of furry deaths

police remove the 'partying' couple from the men's room

thanks for canadian tv the news even-handedish

Pasadena Parade of Roses tourist cameras slung and ready

the trend warm except in the nearest pine

aquarium fish among the corals seahorse nods its head

dream-like some of the past tense

when stuff goes wrong up north they say it's gone south

ambulance and its sound disappearing

the notebook turned out to have too much writing smeared

washed ashore with the rain and tide shriveled jellyfish

between the hills things snuggled in the deep mud and sun

petrified rock for his treasure trove

africa with its riches where right-wings could next dub evil

recurring image of flies on a starving child

religious contraceptives the full value of women banned

prairie burnoff fragile-looking columbine's deep roots

jeez just the thought of a shoot sends a shiver up my spine

good morning! hospital confusion I answer the TV

a man whispers: Is your husband home? I hand hubby the phone

swept away from the brown leaves left
storm system our family emergency plan tried and flunked
clothes on the line to fend for themselves
golden-green rice fields workers and scarecrow wearing cone hats
i edited myself but not the wren flown west

Jan 1-3, 2004

probably 2 'real' renga sorta #10
Francine Porad
Marlene Mountain
"miles of trail"

three miles of trail in the woodland garden each plant labeled
beyond the mainstream almost anything
drivers warned of icy-road conditions can't seem to get a grip
sunny tennCare ride like forever and a day
a Cézanne still life in the art museum hunger pangs
copy your fingerprints to ashcroft before asked
sharp stuff by president al sharpton & a tickle to the seriousness
IceCreamKiddos wait low-season fares to Tucson
a warm snap yet a can't-do-nothing-about-it-anyway attitude
time to break into a bag of peppermint chews
a bit heavy thin blankets brought in just before the rains
no need to make the bed if wrapped in the quilt
even after several hours of darkness the porch light on too early

three hundred accidents in an I-5 corridor

again & again the readers of how old basho did it in translation

street mime white gloves hold the crowd

woody allen as sperm a fear to go where other sperm have gone

cemetery walk reunion with my grandparents

shriveled jellyfish the tiny transparent disks once so alive

a lull in the creative juices tho not forgotten

Bangkok tour guide exercises my brain: cÃ³n tin ue up the stree

unopened mail if there's a reply expected

kukai contest poses the question: was the kigo used seasonally

if you wait on the japanese no butterfly till summer

home from vacation a spider tags along to the beauty shop

pointed partly toward spring the old truck

bitter cold popcorn and pizza taking turns in the microwave

a full moon but just a saying of course

grabbed & tossed by an environmentalist fisherman's treasure

did you notice mr cheney butte a disaster dump

early peek at a shadow not the smart groundhog just me

Sioux painting of sacred circles path of sand flow

immigration debate send everyone somewhere pre-columbus

question asked before I can answer he falls asleep

at wit's end maybe even what's left of the pampas grass

sanctuary flowers on the altar periwinkle-blue

Jan 4-7, 2004

BREASTS OF SNOW

Tanka of Fumiko Nakajoo

Translated by Jane Reichhold and Hatsue Kawamura

With her three young children Fumiko was considered a burden to her family. She was stigmatized in her community because at that time a couple was expected to stay together to raise their children no matter how many problems there were in the marriage. Because Hiroshi had married so soon after their divorce, and because he now only had the income of a common laborer due to his drinking, and since there was no system of child support in the society, Fumiko was completely dependent upon her family financially. So she went to work in her father's store, but when she worked outside the home to earn money, she had to depend on her family had to provide the care for the children. Still she went to work while trying to be mother to her children as best she could. This series of poems deals with her feelings of being a single mother at a time, the early 1950s, when this situation in Japan was very novel.

haha wo jiku ni
ko no kakemeguru
hara no hiru
ki no me wa chikaki
hayashi yori niou

children run around
the axis of their mother
in a daytime field
the fragrance of leaf bud
comes from a near-by forest

This poem has been carved on a stone monument and placed in the center of a wide, hilly park near her home in Obihiro. When one stands here in spring, surrounded by the forests Hokkaidoo is famous for, Fumiko's poem relives itself for each reader of the lines on the stone. Her poem makes a connection between the sweat-smell of children and leaves newly unfurled.

At the time of the divorce, the first son, Takashi was eight years old and Yukiko, the daughter was five. In dividing up the family, it was decided that the younger son, who was then three, should be sent to live in the home of her ex-husband's father and step-mother in Sapporo. It was thought that the older children were too attached to the mother to leave her so they picked her youngest boy as theirs.

kanashimi no
minori no gotoki
ko wo daki te

sono omotasa wa
kagiri mo aranu

ripening
like fruits of sorrow
the heaviness
when holding a child
is boundless

The paternal parents wanted to have a son who could inherit the family goods and lands so they took away her youngest boy. In those days the wealth of the family had to pass to a son and therefore they wanted one of the sons to be raised in their family.

Even on a sunny day, with her children playing around her as she plants bulbs in the garden, Fumiko is aware of a kind of sadness that comes from this combination of developing children and bulbs before they flower. Though, like any mother she wishes that the sun would always shine on her children so that they will grow and bloom, yet the vulnerability of children and bulbs entering the dark earth overshadow her hope for their happiness.

hi ni asobu
waga ko to hana no
kyuukon to
onaji hodo naru
kanashimi sasou

playing in the sun
my children as well as bulbs
of flowers
both of them invite me
to almost the same sorrow

Bulbs are metaphor of her growing children. We plant bulbs with the hope of flowers and we have children with the desire that they will have a better life.

haru no medaka
hina no ashiato
sanshoo no mi
sorera no mono no
hitotsu ka waga ko

minnows in spring
footprints of baby birds
and pepper seeds
aren't my children
one of these tiny things?

Not all of Fumiko's poems about her children were dark. One feels she is truly trying to keep an upbeat

outlook on their lives as she writes such a tanka. Yet, there is a certain sadness in her valiant effort to be positive, to have hope and to try to see her children in the joy that even the smallest thing in spring brings her.

Though one does not usually associate sheep with Japan, the northern climate of Hokkaido is temperate enough to raise large flocks. The time of sheep shearing passed in waves around the rural town of Obihiro. For this the sheep are penned up in a corral with a single opening. One by one the sheep are released, grabbed, flipped over on their backs into a helpless situation. While being forcibly held down, they often bleat and are very frightened as the sharp steel scissors move across their exposed translucent skin. When the shearer is done and lets go of the sheep it is often momentarily confused about what has happened and unsure about where to go. This mental state matches the physical picture as the sheep looks naked, strange and cold without its fleece.

senmoo sareshi
hitsuji ra ware no
sabishisa no
fukami ni ippiki
zutsu orite kuru

wool sheared
sheep are coming down
one by one
into the depth
of my loneliness

Since her divorce, her loneliness is increasing and she imagines her self as a sheep sheared of its wool. She sees the sheep coming down from the shearing platform and imagines that they enter the low place of her loneliness. What makes this tanka special is the fact that Fumiko makes her emotional state, loneliness, a place like that part of the meadow where the shorn sheep gather.

Looking at the many moves on the island of her adult life, the college years in Tokyo, the trip to Shikoku and back home, shows a sharp contrast to her childhood – secure in an out-of-the-way place.

mizu no naka ni
ne naku tadayou
ippon no
shiroki kuki naru
ware yo to omou

in the water
drifting without roots
one piece
of a white stalk
that I think I am

The idea of being a plant with no roots that is forced to be swished here and there by the action of the

water is an old one in the tanka of Japanese women. However, Nakajoo adds a strong element to her tanka, a white stalk (which could be seen as a symbol of maleness) and indicates her basic inner strength. She must have identified strongly with this motif as she titled the whole collection from this tanka.

Like most persons, Nakajoo recognizes her need to have a mate, but she sees how her previous desires led her into a life with many sorrows, in addition to the complications and sadness surrounding the four children she has borne. Therefore she has become afraid of that which she most wants and its power to only add to her unhappiness.

hana no ka wa
kin no gotoku ni
michi fue nu
hana wo kaezaru
ware no yo no tame

the scent of flowers
as if they are germs
multiplied
the flowers I cannot buy
anymore for my night

Because flowers are the mating invitations of plants, in her poem she lets flowers represent her needs. Her message is that she is strong enough, since her harsh lessons, to not try to fulfill her deepest desires.

PURE PINK PART I: SEEDLESS WATERMELON

lynne steele, betty kaplan, doris pearson, mary lee mc clure, cindy tebo, naia, karina klesko, sheila windsor, elaine king, carol raisfeld

cotton candy sunrise shells slide over my feet /ls

a breakfast bagel with cream cheese and lox /bk

the small kitten's nose nuzzles the mom's pink nipples /dp

his smile so nice if it weren't for all those gums/ ml

half the fun was spitting them seedless watermelon /naia

pink velveteen tales of boys in bow ties /kk

her party dress a match for the bubble-gum in her hair /ml
strawberry Jell-O she flings a spoonful at her sister /ct
chasing leaves the roses in a little girl's cheeks/sw
clown grins our lips after raspberry ice /ek
first snowflakes on our tongues /sw
prayer time her garnet heart picks up the moonlight /cr

PART II THE OTHER SIDE OF PINK: A SHOT IN THE DARK

doris pearson, sheila windsor, michael baribeau, b'oki (bette wappner), kevin ryan, cindy tebo, karina klesko, adelaide b. shaw, darrell byrd, betty kaplan

early morning mist pink sun sparks into flames /dp
shades of barbara cartland the bride's mother /sw
our vows in the passion lipstick I bought /mb
a silky lingerie his cheeks flushed /b'oki
the subtle hue of a ruby reflected in her face/ kr
rose colored frames she leaves her glasses on the night stand /ct
peter sellers reruns clouseau falls in all the same places /ct
a shot in the dark at the new club moulin rouge/kk
exposed skin raw from the wind smokers hide in a doorway /abs
steppin' out from her fuchsia truck, he admires her hitch /db
around his neck a faded mauve tie leftovers from the '70's /kk
"I don't remember growing older.....sunrise, sunset "* /bk

*Fiddler On The Roof Soundtrack Lyrics Sunrise, Sunset (Bock, Harnick)

THE RAIN CEASES
Grant Savage

Betty Warrington-Kearsley

the rain ceases
robins and a few faint sounds
from the wind chimes

tipped into the sun
water drips from yellow tulips

distant cloud peaks
a woman in a white dress
takes down laundry

high up in roadside trees
starlings gather

the cat and I sit
and listen intently
to the moonlight

the whoo-hoo-hoo of a great grey owl
floats across the night

after her death
he sees his mother's image
in both his old aunts

snowflakes on his mitts
he takes a closer look

his costly pearls -
she sends them back to him
with her married tears

he reads and rereads
the love poems she never saw

his letters of old
she still keeps them in a box
close to her bed

with the pinhole camera
a five minute exposure

August full moon -
raising lanterns, maidens pray
to marry soon

dawn in the field

the pumpkins expressionless

first snowstorm
a lone scarecrow flaps wildly
above the stubble

gazing at the clear-cut
frost in the trapper's sigh

in the orchard
bees bumble in plum blossoms,
drunk with fragrance

for no reason except the sun
the squirrel dances

one by one
planting tender annuals
black earth feel

as he mends his divots
blinded grubs glare at him

reading a few lines
of Chapman's Homer -
restless and twitchy

"My kingdom for a Trojan horse?
Never!"

on the dung heap
the gleam and shine
of flies without names

from his canoe
he reels in a flashing silver trout

fourth time
both think they'll never
let the other go

at dusk we slow-dance on the porch
in our old bathrobes

the dimness
even our flaws
fascinate

over his birthmark

she tattoos a rampant dragon

the smell of smoke
of many forest fires
blood-red moon

beneath the blaze of sumac
he splits and stacks his woodpile

open cabin door -
a swirl of fresh fallen leaves
scurries in

in time to Elvis
jitterbugging couples

blue suede shoes -
their soles wearing thin
below my bald head

clear sky warm day
panhandlers back in their spots

main street trees
windows frame lilac blossom
while mannequins pose

along with rain scent
a breath of robin song

-

Submission Procedures

Who We Are

Deadline for your collaborative poems for the next issue is
May 1, 2004

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I would like to know more about Renga.
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SOLO WORKS

GAZAL

UNDER THE ION HAMMER

michael helsem

Master of kiteslipt Spetznaz, amnesia is our leader;
Determinancy gone, abductee is our leader.

The tenuous adhesion of a cotton hush
Yields prismatic derangement whose rent church is our leader.

In strawberry fields of self-hypnosis i too roamed:
A maple sapper of the charcoal is our leader.

And your good squirm of lurid flashbangs now protrusive
As kudzu, cannot fail to dub you as our leader.

Leader! into caverns worn with jackboot march
No throe may deflect; epigraph: flambeau is our leader.

ON THE ROAD

Gene Doty

In high school, I read that novel by Kerouac, "On the Road";
I wanted to be another hipster, back on the road.

In Genesis, Abram girded his robe and left Ur,
his and his camels' feet going "smack" on the road.

Odysseus sailed from Troy, wanting to go to Ithaca, but Homer,
with his own story, became the hero's flack on the road.

Don Quixote read his books, made some cardboard armor,
saddled Rocinante, and took that bony hack on the road.

Kerouac died of alcohol; Ginsberg, too, is dead and gone.
All those hipsters became old and slack on the road.

Eisenhower followed Truman, Johnson followed Kennedy:

after Nixon, friend, we know only lack on the road.

HAIBUN

A GLIMPSE

Lynn Edge

On the Texas Coast, I visit the fishing village of Seadrift. As evening falls, I drive down a road running alongside the seawall. An antique hurricane lamp shines in the window of a small beach house. Over the picture window hangs a lace swag, the rose design silhouetted by the lantern's glow.

Such care is taken to display a warm view, I am certain happy people live here. I pass and envy the residents their beckoning light.

under dark waves
iridescent red
sinking sun

RUIDOSO RAIN

Lynn Edge

In poor health, the aging Basho walks a long distance to view Mount Fuji. Discovering it covered in mist, he expresses a positive attitude in his haiku.

A day when Fuji
Is obscured by misty rain
That's interesting

-Basho

Highway 70 ascends from the desert of New Mexico into the Sacramento Mountains. The road becomes a shelf scraped from sheer bluffs. Driving up the narrow Rio Hondo River Valley, I pass Hispanic villages, irrigated hay meadows, and newer horse farms lined with pipe fences. Tall lean poplars conceal red roofed haciendas.

I think of Basho as clouds shroud the Sacramentos in a gray. Windshield wipers whisk away drizzle. The sunless sky dulls yellow-green cottonwoods. In the back seat, dogs sleep. I journey in the spirit of Basho.

low mists-
mountain tops

higher than clouds

IN A STRANGE CITY

Benita Kape

It was the year 1989. I was in a strange city, in a strange country; standing on the sidewalk of a busy street. The Christmas parade was about to pass by. Beneath me on the corner, a grating above a now dry culvert. While I was briefly looking down, the crowd began to surge forward. Falling, familiar frames, clunk; they had so quickly slipped my downward gaze. The grating impossible for a hand to reach through. Shocked faces of people around you; your own pounding heart.

But I cannot tell you why I did not panic; why I had pushed through the crowd to find myself at the corner door to the select jewelry store. I walked to the counter and addressed the person in charge. "Could you help me please?" I asked. "I have lost my glasses down the culvert. A length of wire of any kind? A coat-hanger from your cloak-room perhaps?"

There was a summoning of a staff member who shortly reappeared with the item requested. I had proceeded to unravel the twisted wire. It was exactly what was required, a length with a hook at one end, and so I moved outdoors, back to the culvert.

Christmas shopping
diamond gold crystal silver
in locked cases

Room is made for you. The crowd had waited, watching; come for the show. On your knees carefully lowering the hook to the twinkling item below. Hands steady, feeling, listening; straining sight; hooking! Raising; slowly. You feel those around peering over your lowered shoulder. And now you are raising that shoulder; something to grasp; fingers closing. The crowd shares in the relief; pats your back, shakes your already shaking hand.

And here is Santa; his little helpers scattering sweets. You no longer feel you are in a strange city. You join the parade.

reindeer and sledge
drizzles of ornamental snow
a thirst quenching sweet

ONE SATURDAY MORNING

Betty Kaplan

The Wall Street district where I work is always deserted on the weekend. But on this day as I walk down the street, I see a large crowd in front of a tall building. Everyone is looking up. There on the ledge, a jumper. My heart starts to pound. "OH NO" As I approach, suddenly he jumps.

But I sense something is not right as the crowd quietly disperses and seems to be finding their places.

Then I see it all. The trucks, the speakers, the equipment.

A dummy lies on the sidewalk.

Autumn leaves . . . falling falling falling

~*~

eating halo halo,*
an old man with
missing teeth

Dentistry is a luxury few can afford in the Republic of The Philippines. Two percent of the population controls all of the wealth. Poverty is rampant. The majority of the populace is grossly underpaid, living below the poverty level. The country's primary source of income is money sent home to relatives by Filipinos who have immigrated to other countries in order to make a decent living. The luxuries even poor Americans are accustomed to like flush toilets, refrigerators, ovens, cars, and air conditioning, are not available to the average Filipino.

Neither is medical and dental care. It is not unusual to see people missing teeth, someone with a club foot, a child with a cleft palate, people dying from ailments they didn't need to die from including dysentery and malaria.

*Halo Halo is a popular filipino dessert made from crushed ice, evaporated milk, sweet potatoes, sweet beans, and fruit. It is easy to make, the ingredients inexpensive.

r.wilson

all souls day -
even the
crickets mourn

All Souls Day is an important holiday in the Philippines. Before sunrise on November 1st, families migrate to the final resting place of their relatives. In a rite that lasts well into the night, they gather around memorial stones and plots to share memories, stories, poems, and songs. Candles are lit, prayers said, some converse with the dead. In addition, three masses are held by a local priest: one in

the morning, at noon, and in the afternoon.

Catering to the seemingly endless procession of mourners are vendors selling food, beverages, flowers, and commemorative candles. The graveyards and memorial gardens are a sea of lights mimicking the stars above them. In the Philippines, family (pamilya) is everything. They are close knit. Respect for one's elders, dead or alive, is a given.

On this day, families take time from their busy lives to commune with the dead, to dine with them, pay them homage, and let them know that they have not been forgotten. Families also get a chance to visit with relatives from faraway...people they haven't seen for a long time. All Souls Day: a festival of mourning and celebration.

r.wilson

HAIKU SEQUENCE

WAT LAO BUDDHAVONG, CATLETT, VA
Ruth Holzer

ten minutes
beyond the battlefield
red and gold temple

monastery pond
among the lotus
a little frog floats

brightness remains
here and there in the garden -
feathery cockscomb

bananas and plums
placed carefully
in the statue's lap

three heads
six arms -
an unknown god

high on a pole
a smaller pagoda -
the doves

a wooden bell
a golden bell

wait side by side

hanging
from every twig
sticky rice cakes

rows of stupas
ascending the hill -
bones of the monks

before departing
I slip ten dollars
under a rock

SNOW
Fran Masat

first flurry -
a bird vanishes
in midair

head lights
flash on
pencils of snow

snowy plain -
distant trees
a lace filigree

deep drifts
invading my boots
a trickle of water

winter night -
new foot prints
in old snow

new powder
old nose
same icy scent

spring thaw -
a sidewalk
lost since fall

late snow -
daffodils bow

except for one

FOG/MIST

R K Singh

Swollen fogs
ready to make way
for the sun

Morning fog:
her face invisible
even the sun

Two dreamy eyes
await the rising sun
through the fogged window

Standing behind
the window bars observes
shapes in fog

The evening fog -
invisible her hand
on my shoulder

A film of mist
between my eyes
and her image

Mist surrounds
the steel statue watches
few visitors

AUTUMN WIND

Robert Wilson

what are you singing,
wind? the leaves are
clapping

autumn,
you aren't the only one
who can paint

autumn sunset

the golden retriever
a shade browner

standing in moon shadow
a scarecrow
after harvest

sky,
you've changed
since we last chatted

autumn wind
washing sushi rice
seven times

the monk
sipping moonlight
from his soup bowl

SIJO

HOT KISSES . . .
Gino Peregrini

Hot kisses taken from her cheek in a meadow of spring grasses
Wild lilies in the breeze of a Kansas spring, cool and sweet
Both child and man, I desire cool soft lips, cheeks sweetened by wind

HUNTER'S MOON
Gino Peregrini

My sons are men, my daughters women; grandchildren--I count seven.
Hunter's Moon in the southeast, flushed with sunset, tracking sleep.
My wife away, I sleep alone, troubled by wind and autumn rain.

TANKA

THE GOOD CROP

Shane Bartlett

'Sow - Harvest'

This rolling paper
once a leaf, the dry membrane
cleaner than my lungs.

Earth's tobacco, shredded, rolled,
a taste of the life taken.

'Harvest - Sow'

Nature's life pulled up
absorbed, taken for our own;
so soon we give back.

A flower grows; folds unfold;
somewhere, a man fighting, stops.

HILL POND: QUACHITA MOUNTAINS

Shane Bartlett

Creaky wooden dock,
no wider than a gang-plank:
memory's long walk.

Time inflates, slows to a float
over shallows perch flip for.

Blue water turning
darker with day's darkening:
crickets' frantic song.

The moon hung so suddenly,
night's plea you Do Not Disturb.

With wordless wind-howls

the year grows tired, and ends.
We sit in our home,
our love grown tired, cold;
the windows frost on both sides.

Shane Bartlett

CAR FERRY
Tony Beyer

dusk
calm and still
the sound
of gannets
dropping into the water

lurch underfoot
the last vehicle
fitted improbably
into the last
deck space

lining the gunwale
watching houses
on the cliff tops
float by
upside down

the slow wake
an enhanced
form of stillness
only in retrospect
opening

sun softens
orange to red
outlining single coves
best news all day
for fishermen

shadow straps
thick as molasses
down the hillside
ferns of another shore
reach for us

hostel door
tingle-tangle
bent forks
and spoons
hung in a mobile

MENDING
Tony Beyer

my handicapped student
reading Robert Frost
can't understand
why anyone
would want a wall

he throws himself
around in his
wheelchair
and dribbles
and loves poetry

he can't walk
or dress
or feed himself
and we talk
about responsibility

whoever wrote this
for him has
lovely handwriting
but the thoughts
are his

can't is an
important word
every day
when we talk
but so is want

he wants to
use up all the time
that's running out
even in the middle
of the night

DOWN DIFFERENT STONES

Owen Bullock

the same old river view
this evening
and my children's cries
falling
down different stones

after moaning at me
for half an hour
he's humming a tune -

I'm worn out
ready to crash

her red
velvet dress
ripples down the drive
as she runs
to greet her sister

twice today
she brought
a flower
and twice made pigs
from folded paper

kids' party
they sing God Defend New Zealand
in Maori
in the bedroom
with the door shut

the baby
irritated with people
who fiddle
with his tiny,
tiny fingers

in the Sunday School picture
children ask Jesus for help
he says "yes, I will help you"
- to one side
a sorrowful bird

in the garden
by the crumbling Venus

shoots of pieris
which some philistine
hacked back

delivering leaflets,
a girl of ten or twelve

looks up
with such a
frightened gaze

where are his thoughts
which travel so wildly?
my brother,
twelve thousand
sadnesses away

news of a girl
from that mixed up family,
nineteen now,
she has a bloke
and a baby

looking out for dogs
for his sake
maybe I will always
have someone
to look after

the cold makes my bones ache
but I want to stay
for the bare trees
the close-grazing geese
the full air

my children
play at getting drunk,
being wasted
somehow it appeals
to their well-read minds

after sitting by the pond
I discover the true meaning
of ripples

when I leave
they're still widening

NEW YEAR'S DAY
Tom Clausen

New Year's day
tending our annual bonfire
there is plenty of time
to stare and hopefully
let go of regrets...

i dismiss it as impractical
this idea of having
a nervous breakdown -
ducks tufted by the wind
on the frozen lake

everywhere I see signs
of life and death
in the balance -
how good my feet feel
out of their shoes

is it the prize
of growing older
these vivid dreams
so much more dramatic
then what I do awake

first my son
now the dog paces
inside the house
that part that plays out
the call of circling...

on the trail to the top
my family hikes best
during the time
they all combine
to make light of me

as if I could will
some random desire
I view a stranger
as a potential muse
who fails to perform

the moment

i fall asleep

i explode

orange marigolds

on a far off hill-top

Brendan Duffin

field

man walking

saliva

beach

three balls of white feathers

Brendan Duffin

so alike
the sunset maple
and you
upon the morning
still aflame

the day lingers still
in the aspen tops
my love
surely there is more
to be said between us

bereft of you

this long summer -
in the planter
I have so neglected
a volunteer blooms

this spring -
was it only a dream
or did it too
fall with azalea blossoms
in the hail?

so as not to waken you
I feel my way in the dark -
the upstairs hallway
its own little universe
of doors and windows

what does it matter
what side of winter
I face?
the bones of this earth
already include my own

Jeanne Emrich

CITY PARK
beverley george

late light
flares on city glass ~
within the park
we wait to share
the moon

a bird breaks
from the thicket
and you say
knowing what our love is not
reveals what it may be

fruit bats
crash-land in fig trees ~
again I try
to reach your heart
with faltering words

closing dark ~
the path winds by a pool
of moonlit grass
creased to silver
by our feet

a dark bough
divides the moon ~
beyond the haze
of garden lights
an orange taxi prowls

a tree frog
in the rain forest
poisons the hungry snake
while its blue and green skin
breathes poisons from developers

Sandra Graff

a panicked rush
of well-intended minutes
floods the funnel of days
drains into a jar
a poem not written

Sandra Graff

in May when I drive to class
windows open
a puff of pollen
from a russian olive
clogs the nose of my lesson plan

Sandra Graff

nomads in shiny rickshaws
on all-weather tires
crossed paths at the dip in the road
with a squirrel
its cheeks packed with nuts

Sandra Graff

near-sighted bugs
who creep upon this sonnet
beware
last I compare thee
and smear you in the margin

Sandra Graff

waiting day by day
to taste one ripening peach
from the tree
this morning
they all vanish

Momi Kam Holifield

RAIN IN RIO
Elizabeth Howard

a medical clinic--
before dawn
hundreds of poor patients
line up along the open sewer
ignore the stench and the rain

the favela's drug lord
descends in a Mercedes
from his mountain fortress
has his teeth cleaned
re-ascends smiling

outside a doctor's office
a man in dirty clothes
sleeps on the sidewalk -
doctor's rich patients
sidestep his bloated body

in a high-rise window
swallow-tailed hummingbirds
hover on red flowers -
in streets, under viaducts
homeless boys gathering

a family sleeps
under a tarpaulin
in a bed of flowers -
morning traffic swishing past
on wet streets

NOTHING LEFT TO SAY
Brenda Humphrey-McMahon

alone
on a mirrored wall
this full moon
hangs in darkness
turning from it's reflection

at his request
our son between us
we pose
without the stepparents
a stranger and his mother

thoughts
keep me awake
as you sleep
I go on listening
nothing left to say

on the ceiling
closing this distance
between us
our shadows
as we sleep

brown stems
catching snow
too late
in the season
for another mistake

my thoughts
in a race against the clock
losing
track of the minutes
I have left

this bed
draped in sunlit
shadows
the passing
of another soul

DE LIJN VAN EEN DAKRAND
(THE PROFILE OF A ROOF EDGE)
Silva Ley

From the Introduction by Silva Ley: "During two beautiful summers we visited almost all the farmhouses described in the book, Historical Farmsteads in Brabant [an area of Holland] under the editorship of Ir. Huub Oome (Kempen Publ. House, 1998). We – my husband Pierre and I – cycled through the landscape of Brabant and saw with pleasure the beautiful restored barns, homes and gardens. Sometimes we were invited by the residents to see the interiors. The following poems are some of our impressions."

THE HAMLET - Moergestel

Winding country lanes
crossing a trifling brook
right of way in a hamlet

a bluish vale around it
vast leek fields smell

all the low doors closed

- two towers in the distance -
Sunday's atmosphere

square hedges in front
traditional shaved beeches

a crooked fruit tree
drops a worm – eaten apple
hardly a soft thud

ochre – painted lines
mark the window frames

the last geraniums
enliven yard and garden
ad a cheerful note

chill of autumn, people gather
now, in the 'hearth' by the fire.

THE HIDDEN FARMHOUSE - Oostelbeers

Partly rebuilt:
villages along 'de Beerze'
the old trees saved

a tower, neogothic thin
points to the autumn-clouds

a hidden farm
behind heliant - hedges
a round bow - gate

fall-apples in the garden
wild herbs and curly kale

patches of moss
on the roof of the barn
behind the well

a hopping child in the yard
disappears in leaf-shades

bluedelphinium leads
to the silent doors
of Sunday

THERE IS A SILENCE... Oirschot

Kings and regents
dictators, stamping armies
passed it in the past

the squatting farmhouse
four long centuries

barns and bake house
as grown together with
woodland and moor

as stealthily sunk, by time
in the sandy soil

flowering hawthorn
early primroses
a hedge – labyrinth

highly piled faggots
though wintertime passed

an orchard awaiting
vegetable gardens
a dreaming pond

red petunia's on the well
an ornamental border

here is a silence of
remembering, revival
for whoever is listening

NEW TERRITORY
Larry Kimmel

while I slept
it snowed
and a tree fell
old age
uncertain as a winter road*

beyond the frosted window

the old apple tree,
bleak and gnarled
afflicted with lichen -
what's going to happen to me?

some things
are never going to happen again
others
never again, that way,
and still others, never

having entered new territory
- a tundra at dusk -
I await,
anxious and somewhat fearful,
the undefined adventure

night-fog
I manifest manifest manifest
the next few feet of sidewalk before me,
manifest my life
- entire

*Tanka Journal 2003; no. 23

CLOSE CALL M. L. Mackie

Seeing something
not really there
a turkey
pecks at its
reflection

an image
of our own
self-absorption
when the trees are
in plain view

show a
reality
far beyond
our plan to
move far away

from these
redwoods, their history
our own
inextricably
linked

by roots
generating
more growth
than we foresaw
when we created

an open
invitation
for loggers
to purchase our
land, clear cutting

our hearts
and her potential
for nurturing
our dreams while
surviving herself

as queen
of the forest
mother
of all mothers
the source

or our
sweet survival
against all
odds as true
Californians

as friends
of this goddess
who never
let us down
and never will

so long as
we respect her
ability
to reproduce
her stately self

so long as
we continue to
live within
reach of her
forgiving arms.

CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT
Thelma Mariano

a fascination
that never leaves her -
my demented mother
watches people trudge home
with their bags of groceries

the indignities
of sickness and old age
what do they matter
as long as she can see
the wildflowers along the road

laughter bubbles up
to mask her confusion
I join in
pretending not to notice
the words that washed away

following her
into the murky waters
of her mind
sometimes I wonder
if I will ever swim free

she hangs onto me
a little more tightly now
as if I can stop
the disease pulling her
towards the end

close to midnight
I wander from room to room
while outside
the patter of falling rain
speaks of loss and renewal

THE ASSESSOR
Patricia Prime

coming in from the cold
of a paddy-wagon
the prisoner
handcuffed & shackled
meets his assessor

facing her across a desk
he makes a phone call
to his lawyer
not more than three minutes
to present his case

her hand
on the panic button
at her waist
she takes his life history
in brief

dividing
sheep from goats
she decides
that a safe cell
is his best option

morning light
a guard finds the prisoner
covered with excreta
cottons from a blanket
made into a noose

the remanded man
taken once more
before the assessor
psychiatrist & doctor
this time a 24-hour guard

IMPRESSIONS
Alan Spring

at dusk he sees
faces in the shadows
this war veteran
who tells me of the lies

my schoolbooks taught me

even now
long black hairs appear
as if her ghost
had all this while lain
upon my pillow

not yet a woman
no longer a child
the sister
helps her brother balance
on his new bicycle

in my mind I see
the house and the swing
in the backyard tree
but all I hear is her polite
good mornings and sweet goodbyes

at the coin laundry
waiting silently
for our turn
life's unbearable weight
waiting with us

photograph
a smile framed by an array
of cherry blossoms
her silky touch
now but a memory

thinking of no birth
and no death
I watch
countless raindrops fall
and become a puddle

on the phone
ten thousand miles away
my infant son
unknown to me until now
bubbles and laughs

golden leaves falling
across hand-written pages
impressions
of Life's grand journey
passing with the wind

When tall trees whisper,
roses exhale their perfume
stars will gaze down upon you
and all the love
of the attending moon.

Keli Stafford

For a place that I could dwell
with each contained memory
that would not crumble
in an instant at thoughts
of past despair.

Keli Stafford

Beethoven's Ninth
on the radio -
Mother knits
and watches
firelight

Village opinion
froze her brushes
until she painted
a winter landscape
and snow fell
on the canvas.

The yellow hat
elegant, wide-brimmed
a gesture to Ascot
she wore angled
and flirtatious

Toast too hot
and I toss it
hand to hand -
a sunbeam gilds
the kitchen

I write your name
and address
on an envelope
you left
this morning

Joanna M. Weston

MISCELLANEOUS

Aya Yuhki

the sounds of a ball
bouncing monotonously
against the block wall
gradually
irritates

cedar boughs
swaying
in the wind
their silhouette
increase my unease

regret for days
never to return
listening
to the crashing thunder
of an early spring night

in the sky
between the buildings
a full moon
hung like
a white globe-bulb

to the empty
moonlit plaza
there came fairies and elves
to dance rondos over and over
all through the night

PEDIGREE

Sheila Murphy

Honor plinks into etudes the size of largo swans
Evincing sweetwear near the sojourn
Week on warbly stone pro tem
Innate and fiery insular
As quick as wreaths are spooled
To intrinsicity comme ca remaining
De rigueur untimely comments
Land lease functions all too near
The heart embedded in each faction
Of remove branching a syllable
At a time resourced to mutter odd smooth
Tangents laced with fur on fractions
Once the scoop is over -
Ripe relieving pressure on the spine
Her spine your spine my spine

COMMA
Sheila Murphy

leaves near
leaves

the pace
achieves continuo

this rest
that lasts
from two
to seven

measures as if
what is unspoken

occurred
in perfect
time

BOOK REVIEWS

Jane Reichhold

Haiku for Lovers compiled by Manu Bazzano. MQ Publications, London, England: 2003. Hard cover with full color dust jacket, 6 x 6 inches, 256 pp., 250 haiku, illustrated with many pages in full color, ISBN: 1-84072-412-9, £9.99. Contact MQ Publications or find on Amazon.com

Again MQ Publications brings an anthology of haiku edited by Manu Bazzano, but this is their biggest and best collaboration. In *Haiku for Lovers* are compiled haiku written by both ancient and modern authors as well as translations of haiku written in a wide variety of other languages. The haiku reflect all the stages of love from first desire, doubts and fears, fires and the erotic, to the dying flames of longing and remembrance. The book is divided into the sections: Honeymoon, Bittersweet, and Harmony. Anyone who has ever loved will find haiku that evoke some phase that he or she has lived through.

It is interesting how when we first learned of haiku we were told that passion and sex was not a suitable subject matter for haiku but thankfully the writers of haiku have chosen to ignore this "rule" and have written from the heart and given us the fullness of this book.

This book is so rich with poems and with graphics, it is not meant to be read all at once. Each page needs to be savored alone with its wildly divergent fonts and tasteful graphics from old Japanese prints and patterns. Sprinkled throughout are full color reproductions of famous Japanese artwork to enrich and delight the reader.

Here you will find haiku from names you know and people you would like to know more about. Many excellent haiku by everyone from Basho to the names in the latest issue of *Lynx* or any haiku magazine. Bazzano has done his homework and has searched out every nook and cranny for the best haiku on the subject of love with scrupulous credits and has written very wise and entertaining essays for the division pages. *Haiku for Lovers* is a beautifully made book, and is a marvelous gift for that person you love for Valentine's Day.

Sun Through the Blinds: Montreal Haiku Today, edited by Maxianne Berger & Angela Leuck. Shoreline Press, Quebec, Canada: 2003. Perfect bound, 6 x 6 inches, 176 pp., Canada \$19.95, USA \$16.95, ISBN:1-896754-32-5. Contact Shoreline Press.

As the Preface by Angela Leuck so elegantly explains it, this book is the result of a collaboration between haiku writers in three languages: Japanese, French and English. These groups have been cooperating for the past three years in an annual two-day haiku celebration at the Japanese Garden of the Montreal Botanical Garden. And now they have created this impressive book to bring their efforts to an audience beyond their city limits.

Not only does this anthology represent the universality of haiku, it exemplifies the way people of greatly divergent cultures are finding a point on which they can share their ideas, feelings and art.

For too long, the Japanese haiku writers in Canada and USA have held themselves apart from the English attempts at the form, but *Sun Through the Blinds* shows that working together is possible and one can only hope - profitable. The richness of the poetic material here proves that the haiku we have in

common can feed and inspire each other.

With each author, arranged alphabetically, given five pages for five haiku and a short introduction, there is a fairness and equality in the book. The poem styles vary enough to give individual voices, but also represent the current standard of English haiku. The poems are printed without caps and for the most part, without punctuation so the pages look clean and uncluttered.

I really enjoyed "meeting" Canadian authors of other kinds of literature who also write haiku. The book expanded my appreciation of their to-me-unknown works as well as giving me insight into the ways they used haiku in relationship to their other achievements.

Maxianne Berger's introduction, "Haiku Today," gives a cogent explanation of haiku for the novice and prepares the reader for the experience of the book by commenting on the form using examples from the various authors.

Such a book must be an incredible undertaking and to be able to work in three languages demands more than I can fathom, but I did wish that the haiku in the original languages had been given, too.

Thelma Mariano, a regular Lynx contributor, was the only person represented with tanka. Kudos to her for sticking to her form and to the editors for having the elasticity to welcome her work. Other names from the haiku scene are Rod Willmot, Marco Fraticelli, Andre Duhaime and Angela Lueck, who has been a winner in the Tanka Splendor contests.

Rise, Ye Sea Slugs: 1,000 holothurian haiku compiled and translated by Robin. D Gill. Paraverse Press, Key Biscayne, Florida: 2003. Perfect bound, 7 x 9.5 inches, 480 pp., illustrated, romaji and kanji Japanese and English. ISBN: 0-97426180-7, \$25.00. Available on Amazon.com.

This IS one huge haiku book you cannot ignore. You may think you do not want to read this many haiku on the subject of sea cucumbers, a rather slimy, shell-less snail, also called a "sea slug," but believe me this book contains so much more than just haiku (although the haiku are worth the price of the book alone). Robin D. Gill is the author of six other books in Japanese and is a haiku writer himself. But it is his role of a translator that greatly enriches our understanding of the genre and appreciation of Japanese culture, with his wit and humor. The book abounds in Japanese words and phrases and each of the poems, mostly all translated by Gill, are meticulously given in kanji and romaji. The man has a wild sense of humor and enough energy to come spurting off the pages with information, relevant and irrelevant facts and fancy. You may get whip lash from reading the text of the book and the footnotes simultaneously, but fortunately he has them on the same page so you can wander around in the book almost as if it is in hypertext. You may think you need a system of bookmarks to keep on the subject, but it is easiest to just give your mind over to Gill and follow his incredible journey on printed pages.

To give you an accurate taste of Robin Gill's writing, here is the blurb taken from the Amazon.com web site in which he describes his book:

"(1) It is a book of translated haiku and contains over 900 of these short Japanese poems in the original (smoothly inserted in the main body), with phonetic and literal renditions, as well as the author's English translations and explanations. All but a dozen or two of the haiku are translated for the first time. There is an index of poets, poems and a bibliography. (2) It is a book of sea slug haiku, for all of the poems are about holothurians, which scientists prefer to call "sea cucumbers." (The word

"cucumber" is long for haiku and not metaphorically suitable for many poems, so poetic license was taken.) With this book, the namako, as the sea cucumber is called in Japanese, becomes the most translated single subject in haiku, surpassing the harvest moon, the snow, the cuckoo, butterflies and even cherry blossoms. (3) It is a book of original haiku. While the author's original intent was to include only genuine old haiku (dating back to the 17th century), modern haiku were added and, eventually, Keigu (the author's haiku name) composed about a hundred of his own to help fill out gaps in the metaphorical museum. For many if not most of the modern haiku taken from the web, it is also their first time in print! (4) It is a book of metaphor. How may we arrange hundreds of poems on a single theme? *Rise, Ye Sea Slugs* divides the poems into 21 main metaphors including the Cold Sea Slug, the Mystic Sea Slug, the Helpless Sea Slug, the Slippery Sea Slug, the Silent Sea Slug, and the Melancholy Sea Slug, giving each a chapter, within which the metaphors may be further subdivided, and throws in an additional hundred pages of Sundry Sea Slugs (scores of varieties including monster, spam, flying, urban myth, and exploding). (5) It is a book on haiku. Editors usually select only the best haiku, but, *Rise, Ye Sea Slugs* includes good and bad haiku by everyone from the 17th century haiku master to the anonymous haiku "rejected" in some internet contest. This is not to say all poems found were included, but that the standard was along more taxonomic or encyclopedic lines: poems that filled in a metaphorical or sub-metaphorical gap were always welcome. Also, the author tries to show there is more than one type of "good" haiku. These are new ways to approach haiku. (6) It is a book on translation. There are approximately 2 translations per haiku, and some boast a dozen. These are arranged in mixed single, double and triple-column clusters which make each reading seem a different aspect of a singular, almost crystalline whole. The author's aim is to demonstrate that multiple reading (such as found in Hofstadter's *Le Ton Beau de Marot*) is not only a fun game but a bona fide method of translating, especially useful for translating poetry between exotic tongues. (7) It is a book of nature writing, natural history or metaphysics (in the Emersonian sense). The author tried to compile relevant or interesting (not necessarily both) historical - this includes the sea slug in literature, English or Japanese, and in folklore - and scientific facts to read haiku in their light or, conversely, bring or wring out science from haiku. Unlike most nature writers, the author admits to doing no fieldwork. He sluggishly stays put and relies upon reports from more mobile souls. (8) It is a book about food symbolism. The sea cucumber is noticed by Japanese because they eat it; the eating itself involves physical difficulties (slipperiness and hardness) and pleasures from overcoming them. It is also identified with a state of mind, where "you are what you eat" takes on psychological dimensions not found in the food literature of the West. (9) It is a book about Japanese culture. The author does not set out to explain Japan, and the sea slug itself is silent, but the collection of poems and their explanations, which include analysis by poets who responded to the author's questions as well as historical sources, take us all around the culture, from ancient myths to contemporary dreams. (10) It is a book about sea cucumbers. While most species of sea cucumbers are not mentioned and the coverage of the Japanese sea cucumber is sketchy from the scientific point of view, *Rise, Ye Sea Slugs* tries to introduce this animal graced to live with no brain thanks to the smart materials comprising it and blessed for sucking in dirty sediment and pooping it out clean. (11) It is a book about ambiguity. The author admits there is much that cannot be translated, much he cannot know and much to be improved in future editions, for which purpose he advises readers to see the on-line Glosses and Errata in English and Japanese. His policy is to confide in, rather than slip by the reader unnoticed, in the manner of the invisible modern translator and allow the reader to make choices or choose to allow multiple possibilities to exist by not choosing. (12) The book is the first of dozens of spin-offs from a twenty-book haiku *sajiki* (poetic almanac) called "In Praise of Olde Haiku" (IPOOH, for short) the author hopes to finish within the decade. (13) The book is a novelty item. It has a different (often witty) header (caption) on top of each page and copious notes that are rarely academic and often humorous."

I can only add that I agreed with everything he had to say about haiku and his translations are reliable.

He is good enough to admit when one translation is not enough and also gives the reader all the variations a haiku needs. Some may argue with his idea of giving the haiku titles, but Gill is a free-spirit person with so much to offer that I found myself forgiving him this opinion. If you ever thought haiku were not erotic, this book alone could change your mind forever. If you read it, I can guarantee you will not be the same when you finish it!

Robin Gill has shown us a marvelous way how to integrate the smallness of haiku with the vastness of information on a very inauspicious aspect of our lives. For this alone he deserves highest praise. Though not many people would be intensely interested in the subject of holothurians, Gill has raised our awareness of their little-known lives to an art form and to our deeper understanding. Incredible work!

a spill of apples: tanrenga and other linked verse by Carol Purington & Larry Kimmel, with drawings by Merrill Ann Gonzales. Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340. Perfect soft-bound, 8.5 x 5.5, 49 pp., 30 pen-and-ink illustrations, \$10.00 postpaid USA; \$12.00 overseas, ISBN: 0-974856-6-2. Contact Carol Purington or Winfred Press.

Readers of Lynx are probably so familiar with the work of Carol Purington and Larry Kimmel and their many tanrenga on these pages that they may not recognize the importance of the appearance of this book. As far as I know, this is the first book of tanrenga to be published in English and perhaps in any language. Purington and Kimmel have certainly held the throne of tanrenga writing in Lynx and now they have a book to prove the worth of their pioneer status.

When you read a spill of apples you will wonder why you have not done more with tanrenga. This couple makes the form look so easy to do and so much fun, why don't more people try it? It is a marvelously generous way to complement a person's haiku – by writing a two-line response to it. And tanrenga is great practice for any of the other collaborative forms: renga, rengay, and linked tanka sequences.

In case the reader needs more encouragement to buy the book, Purington and Kimmel include in a spill of apples examples of how they can also write in these various forms. Here is the rengay that opens the book.

late snow
a shadow orchard moon-made
for the two of us lk

bees and blossoms
and a day without plans cp

a thump
in the orchard – the cat
ducks her head

shadows of deer
drift through shadows
of twisted old trees

a spill of apples

down the cellar stairs

faded handwriting
the pie recipe that won
a train trip to Chicago

The professional pen-and-ink drawings by Merrill Ann Gonzales add the richness of the real world from which the poetry has journeyed so the readers have pictures for their minds' eyes while reading the down-to-earth tanrenga.

Carol and Larry are neighbors living just down the road from each other. Larry has been publishing poetry for the past twenty-five years and has four collections of poetry: *alone tonight*, *the inadequacy of long-stemmed roses*, *Cold Stars White Moon*, and *the necessary fly*. He has also published Carol's other books of haiku (*Family Farm*) and of tanka (*The Trees Bleed Sweetness* and *A Pattern for This Place*).

Four Seasons: Renga by Ed Baranosky and Jen Finlayson. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 32 pp., full color cover, illustrated by Holly Briesmaster. Contact Ed Baranosky.

Ed Baranosky you know from his many chapbooks reviewed on these Lynx pages but his partner for this work, Jen Findlayson may be new to you. Jen comes from a background of tightly rhyming poetry so his challenge was to learn (from Ed his teacher) how to renga in four sometimes not so easy steps.

The pair outlined their work by using the kasen renga forms for each of the four seasons (which are then generously given in the back of the book so readers can try the feat themselves). The first renga in the book is the one for winter, "Windigo" (which was published in the last issue of Lynx).

The renga are printed, not in the usual three- and two-line stanza, but are set as if tanka, in five lines. By using indentation they are able to show who authored which lines without resorting to italics. It seems each author wrote both sets of the two- and three-liners instead of trading off after each normal renga stanza. Findlayson comes up with many beautiful ideas and images which greatly enrich the poems.

There is a lot of far-north magic, fable material and flights of fancy but all securely nailed down to the seasons on earth. The couple proved that by keeping to the discipline of moon and flower verses, and in addition, the movement of the four seasons, they were able to allow their fantasies the widest possible range. In an appendix the references to obscure and arcane information are explained so you can learn that "falcons mate in plummeting from mid-flight" and "Shanti. . . Sanskrit blessing to all".

The Japanese technique, "honka-dori", in which the author makes reference to or uses an image or actual words from well-known literature, is very often ignored in English renga writing. These two authors, however, introduce and use the method with such a vengeance that it almost feels like a case of over-compensation. If you aren't up on your Greek, Nordic and English literature, you will find yourself following those italicized lines to the back pages for explanation.

From the liner notes, it sounds as if the trio (including the artist, Holly Briesmaster) had a good time collaborating on this effort.

ARTICLES AND LETTERS

WRITING RENGA WRITING

Jane Reichhold

The adage has often been quoted from the Japanese that "it takes a minimum of twenty years to learn to write renga" and yet we writing in English have proved that if you discard enough of the rules, you can be writing renga with almost no instruction in the shortest possible time. And if you discard inner-stanza linking, as in rengay, the process is even more effortless. Still, with the work and skill needed for regular renga there is something fun and refreshing gained from a simpler approach that allows our penchant for stream of conscious writing in a form that lets us exercise our sociability and enormous desire to invent and innovate.

What is so great about the many Japanese rules is that as a writer's abilities progress, there is always something new to learn, another technique to try out or idea to experience. It is beginning to seem that twenty years is no time at all and one needs a long life to try out everything.

Though I have discussed, in writing, the Japanese musical concept of "jo-ha-kyô" and how it relates to a renga, it seems the message has been falling on deaf ears. Most contemporary renga writers are so busy and delighted with bouncing ideas off of each other in a one-upmanship manner that they do not seem to be interested at all in the tempo or progression of the links that gives shape and dimension to the renga as a poem. For persons for whom the renga has gotten too "easy" or too much the same, it seems that studying this concept and attempting to use it in their renga might add another dimension to their ever flatter work.

To review, the three parts of a renga are: the quiet prelude (jo), the breakaway (ha) where much happens often in a chaotic way, and the exciting finale (kyû) which is much like a rousing climax as in film music and other intimate experiences.

I have previously equated this pacing theory with the actuality of a social evening among friends beginning with the host opening the door and inviting in the guests. The first "page" or six links of a kasen renga should flow as smoothly and politely as the remarks of the people as they get reacquainted with each other. The next twenty-four links on the inner two "pages" are like the conversation when the wine has been tasted, the first course has been enjoyed, when the group is warmed up and talk is flowing from subject to subject, almost on its own. The last page of six links the tempo is then speeded up as do the comments, reminders, and last-minute jokes as when the guests prepare to separate and leave.

I was also thinking about the similarity of this movement in the renga with the pacing of a mystery novel. Both have the very same features with about the same amount of story-time spent on the same three aspects. In the beginning the characters are introduced, the conflict is stated, the situations are carefully and slowly defined. Then in the middle of the mystery book are all the wild and disjointed happenings, surprises and horrors. Here, too this is the longest part of the book. Then comes the conclusion when events move very fast with the detective getting in a tight-spot, getting out, and in the process discovering who the perpetrator is. It was rather a surprise to find out how many mystery books are built on the very same principle of the renga, and yet how little we renga writers are able to use this tempo pattern, perhaps because we do not have the structuring of a narrative to hold our ideas in check enough to follow the master plan.

People have occasionally grumbled that I have been dismissive of renga and some of the other shorter irregular renga forms. My main argument against them, aside from not linking, is the fact that there is not time to develop the "jo-ha-kyû" that I feel a good renga needs. Not only does it take time for a set of renga partners to work into writing together, each renga takes a certain back and forth of exchanges to define voices and attitudes or positions for the various voices. With a good renga partnership of mature writers, the reader should be able to almost tell who is writing which link without an indication of authorship. For partners to adjust to each other and maintain the "jo-ha-kyû" I am beginning to think that even the 36-link kasen renga is too short.

Remember it was Basho who shortened the 100-link (hyakuin) haikai no renga down to only thirty-six stanza, as some have said, to honor the 36 poetic sages (kasen) of Japan. Probably 99% of English renga have been done in the 36-link, or other even shorter forms. Is this why we have never gotten the "jo-ha-kyû" thing right? We simply have not worked long enough on one renga to make this aspect an active part of the poem?

In studying the various masters' concepts of how the links should be divided into these parts, Steven Carter in his book, *The Road to Komatsubara*, presents the following graphic example of the differences they proposed or used in their work.

links 1 10 22 50 78 92 100

Yoshimoto /---jo----/-----ha-----/-----kyû-----/

Senjun /-jo-/-----ha-----/---kyû---/

Sôboku /-jo-----/-----ha-----/-----kyû-----/

This delightful table, does not truly reflect the comments made by these three experts nor the ways they worked but it does give one an idea of the variations possible for these three pacing parts of a 100-link renga. Even though they vary widely in their divisions, the three parts are so vital to the form that they are always included.

If you would like to give the 100-link renga a try, here is a form with the topics indicated, which you can, or not, follow. However, it is important to have a picture in one's mind of the four "sheets" of paper on which a renga was written on in ancient Japan. Each of these four sheets had two sides and the number of links per side was divided up as:

sheet 1 side one – 8 links
 two – 14 links
 sheet 2 side one – 14 links
 two – 14 links
 sheet 3 side one – 14 links
 two – 14 links
 sheet 4 side one – 14 links
 two – 8 links

If two people are writing, it is common that the person who writes the last link on a side, or page, also write the first link on the next side or page. This practice avoids one person getting all the three-liners. In this form I've compiled this "doubling up" is indicated with a "+" on the link that needs a second

one written to it. Not indicated, but assumed, is that the alternation between 2- and 3-line links.

The first link should have a mention of the season at the time the renga is begun and should be a compliment to the partner or express something of the reason for the work. Therefore the beginning ought to be kind, gentle and uplifting.

It is very important to understand the jo –ha – kyû process as stated above. For renga it means the verses should be in the Jo calm, as in a prelude, smooth, simple, not surprising. No mentions of love, lamentation, religion or travel. The Ha should be experimental, with vitality, using a variety of techniques and personages. The Kyû should contain outstanding verses, one piled upon another, swift, concluding, a "grand finish" as in music. Use of travel verses makes the kyû move faster.

Any use of moon implies the verse is in autumn unless the author indicates "spring moon" or "winter moon."

Most vital to renga is that one verse not be followed by a verse with repeated or associated links. A link with the word "snow" should not have "icehouse" in the following one. It is in the leaps between the verses where the beauty of the renga truly shines. The links must be close enough for the reader to follow but far away enough to avoid a repeat.

No link, except the last one, can refer to the hokku or beginning link.

Try to avoid repeating nouns and verbs on any page. Use a thesaurus if you must. Some words should only be used once in a whole renga: woman, insect, demon.

To give the renga variety, and especially if one is writing a solo renga, the use of "masks" is vital. This means writing the verse as if spoken by someone else: an old man or woman, a nun, a young girl or boy or even animals or objects. Occasionally use the links to have a dialogue with your partner, using the "you" form so the whole thing is not descriptive.

It is also possible to use quotes from signs or proverbs or songs or from literature to spice up the work and to serve as linkage. By mentioning a song or poem, the other partner is reminded of a personal memory associated with the shared literary history.

In Japan the love verses never admit to the joys of love in traditional renga, but there love is expressed as desire, longing, waiting, unfulfilled, or wasting away. Thus, physical sex never entered the picture. Thankfully we are changing this as our renga repeat our lives.

To the Japanese the concept of ji = background verses and mon = design verses is also very important. Think of the renga as a tapestry with the majority of threads of a similar hue with only spots of gold or highlights. This means that the renga should have surrounding the outstanding or design verses, calm ordinary rather blah verses so the great link becomes more miraculous. Only on the last page should each stanza be more brilliant than the previous one. If one cannot make a design verse by great wit, opulence or a surprising thought, it is possible to introduce horror, fearsome images, or shock value.

As you become more expert in renga writing consider doing what the Japanese call torinashizuke or "recasting" – this means writing the two-line by using the third line in the link above as if it is containing the information one could put in a first line. An example would be:

in the dark
a farmer guards his rice-crop
eyes wide open

(eyes wide open)
she comes out of the house
as if running from the devil

For me, the very most important part of doing a renga is to have fun and enjoy learning to know and work with someone else. Therefore it is important to understand in the beginning which of all these "rules" you want to use or not. In our democratic society, one partner should not be placed over the other by reminding him or her of rules, missed cues, mistakes. During the writing such behavior could threaten to destroy the work.

Don't get into arguments of whether a spider is an indication of spring or autumn. But if you do need a reference, my saijiki is online at [as A Dictionary Of Haiku](#). Or get William J. Higginson's [Haiku World](#).

When the renga is done each partner should go over their own work making any changes or corrections. These should not interfere with the sense or link of the partner's stanza unless it is agreed upon. After everyone has had a chance to revise, if there are places that need correction, then, and only then, should these problems be addressed in a polite and caring manner.

100 LINK WINTER RENGA FORM

Devised by Jane Reichhold following the 1501 precepts as presented in Steven D. Carter's [The Road to Komatsubara](#).

1. winter
2. winter Moon
3. misc.
4. spring Flowers
5. spring
6. spring
7. love
8. love +
9. love
10. summer
11. summer

12. autumn Moon
13. autumn
14. autumn
15. travel
16. travel
17. lamentation
18. autumn
19. autumn
20. autumn
21. autumn
22. winter +
23. lamentations
24. lamentations
25. misc.
26. misc.
27. spring Flowers
28. spring Moon
29. spring love
30. love
31. love
32. love
33. misc.
34. travel
35. autumn travel

36. autumn Moon +
37. autumn
38. love
39. love
40. lamentations
41. lamentations
42. misc.
43. misc.
44. misc.
45. misc.
46. misc.
47. travel
48. travel
49. love
50. love +
51. love
52. religion
53. religion
54. autumn Moon
55. autumn
56. autumn
57. travel
58. love
59. love
60. love

61. spring Flowers

62. spring

63. travel

64. lamentations +

65. autumn Moon

66. autumn

67. autumn

68. lamentation

69. lamentation

70. misc.

71. spring Flowers

72. spring

73. spring

74. travel

75. travel

76. travel

77. love

78. love +

79. love

80. misc.

81. autumn Moon

82. autumn travel

83. autumn

84. travel love

85. love
86. winter
87. win
88. misc.
89. misc.
90. misc.
91. autumn
92. autumn Moon +
93. autumn
94. misc.
95. spring Flowers
96. spring
97. spring religion
98. spring religion
99. misc.
100. misc.

LETTERS TO LYNX

Gracious good greetings and Happy New Year to you and Jane... I am very grateful (if not a bit spoiled too!) to get your kind reminder about Lynx... and really appreciate your continued and sustaining encouragement to keep at the tanka... Please know that I will keep writing as a form of levity, perspective gaining and even as a therapy and tool of personal salvation and whether any of my poems get published is not so important... by that I increasingly worry that what I am writing is not particularly worthy of attention unless to a few tanka friends ... I like some of what I write and am delighted that of what I've sent before you've found a good bunch to publish so in that spirit I will send what is in my little pocket notebook now fully aware that there may not be anything worthy but you and Jane are best at deciding and whatever please know I am very appreciative of your generous editor friendly being just as you are! Hope your new year is starting out well... Here are those from my little book that seem sort of OK! - tom clausen

Happy New Year to all! Here is a page just put up from which you can enter a gallery of work produced

by children with me: <http://www.cddc.vt.edu/host/haikumania/bigartday2003cover.html>

We used phrases and fragments (words) and actual physical fragments from their homes and the surroundings of their school - the garden etc - including litter. I hope that you enjoy them. Paul Conneally <http://www.cddc.vt.edu/host/haikumania/> haikumania hosted by center for digital discourse and culture virginia te

I have just heard today in a letter from Suzanne Malito that Giovanni Malito died on October 19th after a long battle with lung cancer. I met him twice in Cork and corresponded with him for many years. In August he told me that he was off to Canada for a month to visit relatives there, and that was the last news I had from him. Reviews of some of his books can be seen on the web. Three poems in Italian and two in French can be found at this place. I shall miss him very much. - Gerald England

Dear Alan Spring, Yes, we will publish your tanka sequence ' Impressions' with our February issue of LYNX 2004. Well, one can combine a lot of different thoughts into a sequence titled ' Impressions'. Why not? Nothing against it. I am personally very open to shifts and leaps by building a sequence. And that is what I feel what you tried to do here. Certainly, in case one chooses a more specific title for a sequence, then some readers will be out to search for closer connections between the verses. After my understanding, the writers in the American tanka scene are often trying to link verses much too tightly, somehow being afraid to challenge the reader. The gifted poet sees the shift or leaps as a main part of his/her work. You often use the third line of a tanka as the pivot line. That's exactly right. Even though this shouldn't mean that a longer sequence doesn't allow the writer to make an exceptions from this so called 'rule'. Sure not, in case one feels the poem needs a different construct here or there, fine, that's totally up to the intentions of the poet himself. We both, my wife and I too, like to leave such important decisions up to the writers themselves. Werner

Dear All, The Haiku Calendar 2004 is now finally available. This year's calendar contains a wide range of excellent haiku. A preview is available at the web site. So why not treat yourself to a year's steady supply of high quality haiku, or give an unexpected post-holiday gift to a friend or relative? In an attempt to encourage you to help raise much-needed funds for what I hope you see as a worthy cause, I am offering a 'buy 3 and get 1 free' offer on the calendar. So it's just US \$13 for 1, or \$39 for 4. If you would like a calendar or two please just respond to this address. While I'm writing, Snapshots 10 and Tangled Hair 4 are at the printers and will be distributed in January. If you are unsure about your subscription status, please do not hesitate to ask. If you do not subscribe and would like to, or if you would like to see a copy of either journal, they can be ordered online or by mail order on the Snapshot Press website. Submissions are also very welcome. Further details, together with information on other Snapshot Press publications, books and haiku and tanka contests, are available on the website. Thank you for reading this far, and for all your support. With all best wishes for the holiday season and the coming year. - John Barlow

Good afternoon and Happy Holidays from soon-to-be-snowed-under Boston! I'm sorry to announce that the email address "haiku@lowplaces.net", my happy home in cyberspace for the past six years, will be retired within the next few days. It is a concession to the persistence of spammers and junk mail peddlers that no amount of technology seemed capable of stopping the runaway train that had become my mailbox. I will be using the address "paul@haikupoet.com" for the foreseeable future. I

apologize for any inconvenience this might create. Low Places will still be around, but its long-term future is also short-lived. Eventually I will be migrating my haiku gallery to, and my personal website to either. All of these URLs work now, but remain in various states of incompleteness. Eventually <http://www.lowplaces.net/> and the lowplaces.net domain will also be retired. I have become tired of my own "Haiku in Low Places" pun and prefer not to explain the website's relevance to Garth Brooks (none). Please feel free to drop a line. Season greetings! Paul David Mena

Links to these book reviews can be found [or here](#). Brushwood 2, the anthology of the Nobuyuki Yuasa International English, Haibun Contest 2003. Haiku Canada Newsletter Vol. XVI #3. Janine Beichman: Embracing The Firebird, Yosano Akiko and the Birth of the Female Voice in Modern Japanese Poetry. Ernest Berry & an'ya: Haiku Wine. an'ya: Haiku For A Moonless Night. Margaret Chula: The Smell of Rust. Publishers and editors wishing to have work reviewed should read this. Gerald England

On Thursday, December 11, 7:00 PM, at Samsung Hall Asian Art Museum, 200 Larkin St., San Francisco, CA 94102. Inspired by San Francisco: An Evening of Haiku and Shakuhachi. Haiku is rooted in the courtly poetry of seventeenth century Japan and to this day is a treasured art in that country. Japan's greatest haiku poet, Basho (1644-1694), has been compared to Shakespeare. In the West, however, this art form is often misunderstood. Almost any clever phrase of seventeen syllables seems to be categorized as haiku. But, in truth, writing effective haiku is a rare talent that requires a Zen-like attention to the subtle ways of nature. Fortunately, a number of extraordinary poets have carried on the haiku tradition in English. They write poems that combine depth with simplicity, poems that can actually bring the listener into a moment of awakening. Join four of America's finest haiku poets—Garry Gay, Paul O. Williams, Ebba Story, and Jerry Kilbride—as they read haiku and poetic stories inspired by the city of San Francisco and its natural surroundings. Dr. Gerard Yun—conductor, composer, and ancient music specialist—will accompany the poets on Japanese flute (shakuhachi).

haunting shakuhachi . . .
the circles of darkness
when his fingers lift

Blessings. It's good to be in touch again. Ebba Story

WANT AD: Looking for Renga partners by email or regular post. Interested in Kasen, 36-verse, form. Please contact me at toki@sonic.net. Thanks, Jim Wilson (aka Tundra Wind to Lynx readers).

On Sunday, November 16th at the Victory Café at 581 Markham Street in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, there was a Two Chapbook Launch at 3:00 pm. One of the books was Four Seasons, by Ed Baranosky and Jen Finlayson, illustrated by Holly Briesmaster. This follows the highly successful Toronto Small Press Book Fair held on Saturday, October 18th at Trinity-St. Paul's Centre where nearly 70 small presses were represented. In the evening, in The Green Room were readings at 296 Brunswick Ave. Edward Baranosky and Jen Finlayson were an active part of both of these events.

In the IX:2 issue of Raw NerVZ is the following announcement: "Raw NerVZ Haiku X:2 (less than a year away) will celebrate haiku and related material of non-traditional form

no
three or five
liners

will be accepted, none (not alone, not in haibun. not in renga. none!) submissions of more than five haiku should be mailed (two page maximum) to: RAW NerVZ HAIKU, 67 Court, Catineau (QC) Canada J9h 4M1.

. . . Furthermore, I want to tell you about a haiku gathering last autumn (of the Haiku Kring Nederland - Haiku Circle of Holland). It started with the article I wrote about A String of Flowers for Vuursteen. The editor asked me to translate the tanka from English into Dutch, and in doing so I often wondered about the exact Japanese words and their symbolical meaning. While talking about this with the Dutch chairman of Haiku Kring Nederland, I thought: it would seem to me a wonderful idea to put this "problem" before the annual gathering, And - as always - in saying such things aloud, you are immediately given the task of organizing it! I found professor Van de Walle, the Japanese expert to translate four tanka of A String of Flowers and four haiku from Hidden Pond word-by-word and the symbolic in the language for me. At the gathering, people were given a piece of paper with these translations, and were asked to write a poetical Dutch version. I hoped this would lead to discussions in small groups about the poems, but above all, about the Dutch words to be chosen, why specifically these, and about the "hidden meaning" of them. To search for what meaning there is behind the words themselves. And that is exactly what happened, Hooray! A great many "new" poems came into being and everyone one attendant had greatly enjoyed the experience. All this because you sent me kindly this wonderful book of yours. So, I thought you would like to hear about this happening. Adri van den Berg.

PARTICIPATION RENGA

AT THE BEACH

Rule: 3 – 2 lines alternating
Ends with 12 links

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
eating ice cream in the dark no more blondes WR
Carrot Top's telephone time travel . . . back in the Rotary Club CC
dark curls from under swimming instructor's suit 1950s lessons GD
watching my years reflected in the sea's mirror WR

on-leave soldiers
ambushed by a wave
of WACs CC

new year's eve
dusty notebooks in a box
hold fading years past GD

~&~

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

sea-spume
blurs the address
on her card GD

~&~

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

electric cord
twitches JMB

Christmas morning
the crumbs of a cookie CC

~&~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind

pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
Irishman explaining the steering wheel in his crotch: "It drives me nuts!" JR
spitting out a shell and a tooth WR
cloud gap clean sting of nothing eating JMB

New Years at the beach
her doctor's face icy WR

~&~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
drilling three holes - the rose quartz bowling trophy CC
in the pub end of September most darts missing the target WR
getting the point everyone laughs at his joke at the wrong time JR
Irishman explaining the steering wheel in his crotch: "It drives me nuts!" JR
spitting out a shell and a tooth WR
no more press conferences let them read the funnies GD

on which beach can we land
and start another war? WR

~&~

fulfilling a last request
gray north wind
pummels with heavy drops - Robert Flannery
in rain the rocks find their colors cg
missing the obvious he slashes his foot on a mussel-covered rock JAJ
coming home quietly broken shells and I WR
her new treasure a wagon full of driftwood JAJ
the stick I threw now in a dog's teeth WR
smushed sandcastle curl-lipped snarl of the 98-pound bully CC
covert photos nude beach GD
shortening shadows the spike of a volleyball CC

no viagra left -
he falls short GD

~&~

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

air a screen
nipple lifts in shadow JMB

on chubby venus
wearing mirror shades GD

BLACKOUT

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

after the blackout
eating all the ice cream quickly
before the power returns Gene Doty

loud-mouthed
the talking scales CC

she changed
from dressed to naked WR

no light
plenty quiet JMB

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

as night falls
still the fires of the two towers WR

~*~

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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father and son pause for a long moment RF
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game RF
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
permeating . . . a stick of sandalwood CC

it's Sunday morning dear
stop – I am praying WR

patchouli reek
his receding ponytail GD

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
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listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
watching a cow's spittle only eating grass WR
smell from next door something stronger than just tobacco JAJ
ashes as the police leave burning marijuana WR
flick. . . flick . . . flick stench of lighter fluid GD
dust behind the radio stiff rubber band JMB

neither shrinking nor growing
my 8-track collection CC

egg cases the spiders left
under the dresser drawers GD

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
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morning sun on a bayou mist KCL
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG
breath suspended overhead, the northern lights in slow dance JAJ
father and son pause for a long moment RF
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game RF
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC
richer for the experience bottoms up YH
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg
Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB
hot songs melt the wax from sailors' ears GD
listening to a star leaving the lake WR
heaving light beneath the wave JMB
fingerprint in the pink birthday frosting cg
bubblegum smack across her face JAJ
wiping her feet at heaven's gate Pat Shelley CC
"wind do not muss my hair" calm skies on the day of her death JR
the dropped marble rolls out of sight GD
Lew Marie: "Give me Marvin Gardens, or give me death!" CC

eminent domain: dog cringing
from master's foot GD

~*~

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 50th year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting down the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
was never very good at math MHH
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking out GD
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH
even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth! dht
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA
mackerel clouds reach every horizon piling the sea JR
broken thermometer poisonous mercury scatters everywhere JAJ
driving through a school zone spray of sparrows RF
waiting at the end of the block police speed trap JAJ
another hole in the cheese CC
small tear in the yellowed love letter folded, refolded cg
anthrax scare the office smart-aleck CC
we go to bed goose pimples appear wanted WR
bare feet find the linoleum CC
grano coffee ground heel thought JMB
splintered edge where the door – sill GD

coin deep in
crack
a pin a clip

JMB

LA RENGALOCA

Rules: This is an acrostic renga. Subsequent links must spell out some haikai-related word by reading the first letter of each word down the lines. Finish with 12 links.

La Renga Loca
Your muses lock horns with
Night Blooming Jazzman
X-treme Poetry – Carlos Colón

She wouldn't be as
Holy
I
F
The neighbor's boy wasn't that shy WR

Kiss
Incenses
Grizzled
Opponent CC

Soon
Even the birds won't

Nest
Right by
Your home you
Ungrateful slingshot wretch JAJ

Turquoise
Egret
Neck
Stretched
Into a knot
On
Niece's Big Chief Tablet CC

Pope
Introduces
Veterans
Of the Swiss Guard
To sharp shooters WR

Military intelligence
Oxymoron

Obfuscates
Normal life JR

For eating
Ribs of
A
Grim
Mad cow
Excellent
New
Tablets available to "get normal" WR

~*~

La Renga Loca
Your muses lock horns with
Night Blooming Jazzman
X-treme Poetry – Carlos Colón

How easy it is
Always writing verbs that end
In ing
Keep it to a minimum and
Use the present tense without JAJ

Talking
Willingly
In the manner of
Stereotypes used for a
Thousand times WR

Proper feelings
Often
Edges
Thrust into a
Reactive
You JR

Right now she's had
Enough of hot weather
No doubt in winter
Going to somewhere warm
All that she will desire JAJ

To
Answer
Notes

Responding
Emotion
Names
Greater
Appetites JR

Love is
Ever waiting
At another
Place you don't expect WR

Even
Newcomers
Join in
On
Yoodles of fun JR

Ready to
Eschew the chains of linking?
No need to.
Garry Gay offers
An artful variation
You'll love it. CC

Only
Nincompoops
Encourage others to
Leave out
Intelligence
No
Energy
Results in
Silly poems WR

SWARMING

6-word links on the
Theme: swarming

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

a handful of ideas to touch JR
flies through broken screen: floor honey GD

sole so slick wave your hands JMB

~*~

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

basil and a pinch of nutmeg CC

without the pill children come too JR

~*~

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

we'll swim until death parts us WR

"watch me, mommy" she said (giggle) GD

~*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
children flipping raisins at the wall WR
flies rest on the burning floor JMB
one victim states he's not Moslem WR

a crowd at heaven's gate fighting JR
monk lifted by two holy sisters ??

music by "? and the Mysterians" CC

sponge soaked in dried stage blood GD

~*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
the case of the pedophile priest CC
memories of a my own shame JR
your daydreams crowding out the cobwebs CC
water the window dry the face JMB
the hokku with one thousand links GD

fantasies given hydraulic help by pills JR

fleeing the earthquake before the war WR

~*~

Storm a hand, shape of wind - John M. Bennett
carrying the birds' idea of food JR
news of doughnuts in the break room cg
children flipping raisins at the wall WR
flies rest on the burning floor JMB
one victim states he's not Moslem WR
a crowd at heaven's gate fighting JR
"somewhere over the rainbow, bluebirds fly" GD

the jet I watch brings "little nucs" WR

VANILLA RENGA

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

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

the chocolate and strawberry
carefully removed CC

crumpling the foil
to make a ball for the cat GD

coin awakes
pulls the sheet up JMB

Firestone shredding
its tread CC

we'll see – for sure
this way it can't go on WR

WITHIN/WITHOUT

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

Theme: interconnectedness

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

cold shower
our noses share a bubble CC

shadows
in all our pockets still JMB

the dream in which a candle's
energy transforms itself WR

~*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC

he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
blue heron passes overhead RF
sky food the gopher learns to fly JR

sky diver and hang-glider
collide at four thousand feet GD

that young -
she hasn't heard about
two mouths WR

~*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
blue heron passes overhead RF
sky food the gopher learns to fly JR
the joke on me echoing into eternity CC

not a word to mail
no paper cut on my lips
once hers WR

~*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
left the hair combed my hand JMB
fair grounds the bearded lady dunks the clown CC
he reaches down to help him up a step JAJ
AIDS the joy of giving turned around JR
at the gulf course hole 18 flooded WR
Sunday the rain clears for a sun day JR
the choir's strange voices make distant harmonies GD

sweaty from her hands
the him book slips JR

~*~

sliding open this bathroom window startling Orion -Robert Flannery
with jeans a belt of stars the radiance of a daughter JR
tied shoelaces tug of war between two teams of Barbies CC
in mirror: the head upside down JMB
jigsaw puzzle factory her missing timecard CC
hissing hose beneath the table JMB
after forty years her breasts still sweet GD

chewing gum
just letting fly
the ball of bubble WR

FINIS