

**LYNX**  
A Journal for Linking Poets  
XV:3, October, 2000

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Books Reviewed: Oriori no Uta (Poems for All Seasons) Ôoka Ma. Translated by Janine Beichman. Ryôkan: Selected Tanka Haiku translated by Sanford Goldstein, Shigeo Mizuguchi and Fujisato Kitajima. The Perfect Worry-Stone: haiku, senryu, tanka by Francine Porad. The Wail of Gaea by Fujio Tachibana. Dah Vjecnosti - Breath of Eternity by Marijan Cekolj. Spindrift by Edward Baranosky. For My Brother Victor & Elsa, His Wife by Gerard John Conforti. Young Leaves: An old way of seeing new; Writings on Haiku in English by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Haiku International 2000 by the Haiku International Association of Japan. Toetssteen / Keywords by Gerla Brakkee, Fred Flohr, Wilhelm Haupt, Emile Mollhuysen, Jan-Berger Troost, Max Verhart, Arnold Vermeeren. Oneself: Haiku by Poets from Rochester, New York by Pamela A. Babusci, Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa, Donatella Cardillo-Young, Michael Ketchek, Tom Painting, Sue-Stapleton Tkach. HAIBUN: Wort und Bild von Vladimir Devide und Nada Ziljak.

**Articles and Letters** by: Werner Reichhold, Larry Kimmel, Gene Doty, Dan Stryk, Melissa Dixon, David Bachelor, John Barlow, M.L. Harrison Mackie, Neca Stoller, Press Release: Galaxy Haiku/Tanka Club

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

**TAN RENGA**

Carol Purington

Larry Kimmel

marriage counseling  
I should have seen  
it coming

those wild clouds even before  
the hurricane watch

---

the inheritance -  
this late in the game  
what matters?

rose petals  
in a paper cup

---

frosted -  
the tall tumbler  
of ice tea

bare legs sweaty  
against the vinyl kneeler

---

farmers' market  
children  
every-which-way

a fiddle and a caller  
and the contradance begins

---

getting the grit  
out of my eye  
her sweet breath

almost dizzy down  
the hotdog skier's trail

---

in the dust  
under a scorching sun  
a dilapidated dog

"patch the rust spots  
and put in a new engine"

---

Year by year  
the same memory  
different emotions

a black brush stroke  
on white paper

---

## **FRESH OUT OF THE NEST**

Betty Kaplan  
Heather Madrone

twittering ~  
the rush of the river  
over stones

in the heart shaped box  
a ring for valentine's day

beach umbrella ~  
the colored stripes in its shadow  
are all black

behind his sunglasses ~  
he waits for a blind date

ribbed saguaro ~  
coyotes deaf to the call  
of the summer moon

barbecue sauce on her chin  
she orders dessert

U-Pick-It Farm  
they buy strawberries  
for the pie

in the old recipe book

a love note from another man

remembrances ~  
pictures  
clutter the mantel

the rattle of the truck ~  
a drink of dust

sign on the mountain  
California Poppy Trails  
watch out for snakes

crossed ski tips  
snow down her parka again

Harvest Moon Ball  
their steps  
intertwine

falling star ~  
she trips on her high heels

caught in the spotlight  
a moth  
circles the stage.

after the debate  
he concedes the race

second place ribbon ~  
white snowflakes on  
the blue crocheted afghan

grandma's menorah  
eight candles flickering

scent of lilac ~  
clean Passover linens  
flap in the breeze

fresh out of the nest  
a robin...oh to fly!

Begun: 25 May 2000 ~ Completed: 10 June 2000

## 15 BILLION INCHES

Marlene Mountain

Carlos Colon

15 billion inches to the moon when does a year really begin  
damien with a meteorology degree 'el niño'  
bone scan step on a crack & break your back or take fosamax  
e-mail i miss the sight of your handwriting  
give a man quill & infinity he'd create shakespeare's stuff  
at the straining point my quality of mercy

thirty-ninth chin-up distorted face of the field day competitor  
flashlight in bed have air strikes begun  
fallout shelter a brawl at the pinochle table  
protest haiku 'outed' on the net  
trapeze act spotlight shadows nearly touching  
just not qualified to be myself anymore  
in the same blue power suit her new assistant  
dead-locked over the death penalty  
execution evening the sound of the phone not ringing  
mother nature slip: global warning  
ready to test-drive a new haiku but where did my kigo?  
'free speech not only lives it rocks'

boxers beat shit out of each other hug at the final bell  
counting to ten before kissing you again  
wildflowers behind 'the therapy center' stolen for home  
in the rubber room gumby  
library conference yard rooster gets the name crowbar  
redheaded storyteller how wide the children's eyes  
graf & davenport on espn fire dies down 10-degree night  
white roses and baby's-breath on her ivory casket  
nothing spent at salvation army from salvation army purse  
mercury dime on the railroad tracks  
'be prepared' for 'boy scouts of america' discrimination  
jonesboro ambush i can't stop crying

discolored spot on the wall where the fire alarm was  
spring-cleaning nothing in the house  
funniest home videos a white dog used as a twirling dust mop  
paula jones goes down in defeat  
crossfire, geraldo, larry king live the court of the last retort  
one good thing about poor memory another the perennials

Notes: 2c. the omen; 16m. by 2 or 3 newscasters including peter jennings;  
18m. oprah winfrey, 2/26/98; 22c. flexible toy doll based on the 1950s tv  
character; 29m. re court decision against gays and atheists

December 31,1997 - April 8, 1998 (Hampton, TN and Shreveport, LA)

## TREES

June Moreau  
Giselle Maya

Tangled in the branches  
of a black willow-  
the wolf moon  
clumps of red osier  
against a drift of snow

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

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

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

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

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

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

dreaming of a hut  
under the whispering oak

Icarius cliffs where eagles nest  
impenetrable mists  
pierce and chill my heart

I am sitting here  
with my back  
against a young tree  
feeling the wind  
in its branches

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kimamori  
left to protect the tree  
one last persimmon -

a prayer for fruit  
from next year's harvest

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

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

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

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

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

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

January 1999 to January 2000 - the Year of the Rabbit - New England and Province, France

## **DEEP DAYS**

Jane Reichhold  
Dennis Dutton

the depth of days  
beginning the summer

with a friendship

two yellow butterflies  
whirl over the street

above her knees  
wind in the skirt's colors  
and rising

dance studio  
the janitor's plie

bending the branch  
now bare of leaves  
the fullest moon

on the porch to cool  
two pumpkin pies

jack-o-lantern  
the flickering light  
of the candle

only shadows moving together  
will they be compatible?

after she leaves  
he stands for a while  
where she stood

that mile in his moccasins  
the blister rubbed open

the arrowhead  
her father gave her  
no child of her own

in her medicine bag  
cures for everyone else

early morning frost  
his shaky hands hold the moon  
in a teacup

are they also shivering?  
tree limbs in the fine-snow storm

on a journey  
of one thousand miles

willow staff

crowned with streaming ribbons  
the Maypole raised in the village

an empty church -  
by saint barbara's icon  
a red poppy

and the dream flings down  
the springtime glow of dawn

sky-high river  
alders in flood waters  
outflowing the earth

for the one still out to sea  
she builds a fire on the beach

a woman's place  
within the stone  
within daughters

from the baby's chubby palms  
mashed apricots for the dog

a gentleness  
warming the night's darkness  
summer stars

under the milky way  
a cricket for company

in the dairy barn  
the farmer's youngest son  
wishes wishes wishes

buildings fall to ruin  
why should love be different?

the house  
not made by hands alone  
a heart

following my breath  
traces of this and that

the moon shining  
in your eyes

the most ancient light

on the scarecrow's head  
dad's old go-to-town stetson

daybreak  
the catch rope cold and stiff  
in the wrangler's hands

goose bumps in the Bijou  
spaghetti westerns still a thrill

lightning fast  
the little boy  
draws down on his mom

small puffs of white clouds  
spring comes to the lone mountain

the trail at dawn  
filled with the scent  
of wild blue lilacs

meeting a young old friend  
the sun rises even earlier

Started - July 6, 1999 Finished: July 24, 1999

## **A FLOW OF FLOWERS**

June Moreau  
Jane Reichhold

on the old pond  
water lily swirls  
in the snow  
lion-like clouds  
with jowls lighted by the sun

just for the patchouli  
scent crumbles the foliage flame  
smoke among visions  
the invisible box of spirits made  
square-edged by the moon

tiger lilies  
closing their petals  
in the darkness

if only I could know  
their dreams . . .

a woman's own  
priest-craft of magic  
fragrant and equal  
morning glories awaken  
days when I was a virgin

at midnight  
the sun decided  
to come back  
I thought it were  
a huge marigold

center of the core  
sweetening the bite of almond  
calyx in memory  
the husk of infinity stands  
to assist the radiance

moon of flowers  
how delightful  
to have  
the plum tree's shadow  
as my coverlet

evening gentle  
eternal things come to us  
in our hands  
signs of exchange are fated  
on a scrap of wall flower

the table adorned  
with forsythia,  
sunbeams falling  
where they will –  
the taste of tea

filled up swiftly  
as a disturber of the peace  
the pregnant woman  
walked the line to prison  
malachite spilled from trees

seven ducklings  
catching up  
with their mother  
raindrops wobble

on the lily pads

once wheat  
was the small round girl  
as a wound  
the doom-laden years  
could not kill my mouth

even more delicate  
than tiny sunbeams  
the flowers  
dancing in the blue  
near Fairy Spring

joyous April  
the zone was cheated  
by brake lights  
in the loosestrife a flag  
of truce is top story

after being ill  
for a long time,  
how unreal they seem –  
the red blossoms  
of geranium

night nest  
ringed by the musky odor  
of moon-sage  
rosemary and her friends  
lifting their love songs

so many  
white blossoms  
the clouds could make  
if only  
they knew how . . .

days deep with patience  
of sunflower buds opening  
starfire and scripture  
long journeys of burnt umber  
the scents of sacrifice with love

January 14, 1999 - March 18, 1999

## **BALCONY LIGHT**

Steve Mason

Ed Owen

all day  
the balcony light  
flickers in the mist

outside the door  
the smell of red paint

an inspiration –  
the theory that links  
colour to sound

her face cracks a smile  
she sinks deeper in the chair

this strange cigarette  
brings on a feeling  
of contentment

the journey home  
seems quiet tonight

glaciers melt  
water from the mountains  
rushes to the sea

tangled in a net  
the shark slowly drowns

a year in prison -  
his immigration papers  
not in order

forced into exile  
because of his beliefs

knocking on doors  
missionaries  
told to f off

troubled sleep  
murmurs from the bedroom

the vice squad  
sent into the district  
by the dream police

uniformed guards  
sweat in the midday heat

scientists study  
local insects to predict  
the next eruption

lava sculptures win  
the modern art prize

the angle grinder  
turns all the sharp bits  
to dust

cosmic debris  
gathers to form stars

shafts of sunlight  
fall on the rabbit burrow –  
a big doe blinks

his good eye pressed  
against the telescope

in ten seconds  
the evening primrose bud  
becomes a flower

child with a mower  
plays havoc in the garden

school closed–  
no money to pay  
the heating bills

sparks from the campfire  
land on his straw hat

around the city dump  
canvas shelters  
flap in the breeze

the tugboat's horn  
just louder than the gulls' cries

"gone to sea"  
a message from the captain  
"may be home late"

neon slogans  
half the letters don't light up

bad weather  
brings the party rally  
to a close

after heavy rain  
snails crawl all over the path

Brighton beach –  
the crunch of pebbles  
underfoot

remains of candy floss  
stuck firmly to my beard

late at night  
the cat returns  
with red whiskers

the surgeon makes a first cut  
then asks for his glasses

in the greenhouse  
plants think  
it's already spring

we get up early  
to catch the first train home

Summer,2000

## **SIX TAN RENGA**

Jean Jorgensen  
Janice M. Bostok

almost too heavy  
the birdseed bag dad carries  
to fill bird feeder

the cat's belly  
scrapes the snow

---

ancient radio  
amongst kitchen sounds

a swing band

woman at the kitchen sink  
dances as she sings

---

unpredictable  
last night's snowfall  
covers lilacs in bud

white crocheted edging  
centers the tablecloth

---

unnoticed  
on shady pathway  
a dove pecks

high in the sky  
long tail of the dragon kite

---

too hot to sleep  
she watches the jet's blinking lights  
recede into moonglow

soon tunnel vision  
may be all that she has

---

morning light  
flock birds hang  
above the river

through the mist  
sounds of girls splashing

## **COMPETING WITH THE PRIEST**

Carlos Colon  
Alexis K. Rotella

Competing with the priest  
a choir

of birdsong.

House wren -  
or is it a finch?

Eenie, meenie,  
minie, mo -  
police lineup.

On a road never traveled  
a golden looking for a home.

Broken window  
the key he didn't see  
under the doormat.

A rabbit through the slat  
of our garden gate.

Rusty hinges  
my old high school  
locker.

Detention -  
I read the dictionary.

Wind-riffled field guide  
now only the butterfly's  
photo remains.

Home from vacation -  
tiger lilies light our path.

Japanese lanterns  
the ticking of  
soft rain.

Slowly I sink into  
bath bubbles.

Old neighborhood -  
familiar faces  
now wrinkled.

On top of my head  
an ironing board.

The guy next door  
threatens to flatten

my husband.

The strength of a fist  
opening.

Early dawn—  
a blast  
of Beethoven.

Kennedy Airport  
the roar of Beatlemania.

Showers again -  
triplets at the window  
wearing stripes.

in ter mit tent  
wip ers

Wonton soup  
to go -  
far away.

Eggdrop dripping  
from chopsticks.

Our walk begins  
with the smell  
of phlox.

Clorox down  
the front of my shirt.

In his baby moons  
I check  
my seams. \*

Guessing her age by  
the shape of her taillights.

He spends more time  
with his Impala  
than he does with me.

For sale: The Mona Lisa  
of all trading cards. \*\*

To my poor mom  
we run

with fool's gold.

Diamond ring trembles  
between his fingers.

Fanatically  
fuchsia—  
the waitress's nails.

Raspberry sound from  
the baby's stomach.

I thought it was  
a dummy—  
old woman hung from a tree.

Junior Klanner's name  
on the edge of his sheet.

Nothing said  
but her anger  
fills the room.

Farmer pointing the way  
with a shotgun.

\*hub caps  
\*\*a 1909 Honus Wagner (baseball card)—CNN

May 24 - August 31, 2000

### **REROUTINGS**

(Where the addition or deletion of a single letter reroutes semantics.)

Richard Kostelanetz

### **SEPARABILITY**

(Shows how language may hide hidden meanings)

Werner Reichhold

LONG ALONG a swans down TO TON TONE TONEY sweet band ON ONE GONE sculp tur al INK  
LINK CLINC sei smog raphy IN WIN WIND sales man ship ILL PILL SPIL scup u lously UDDER  
RUDDER tac tician WIPE SWIPE tam eable USE MUSE tank ard TUMBLE STUMBLE top i cality  
ALE HALE WHALE un a man able PILE PILES un shape roned TRAM TRAMP va moose RUSH  
CRUSH velour samt RABBI RABIT

var i gated HEAP CHEAP va sect omy RUNG WRUNG wo man liness EITHER NEITHER wors  
hipper BASS BRASS Quing qua gesima AIR LAIR FLAIR phil andering MOTION EMOTION phant  
asmal HE HEN THEN pork u pine AT LAM CLAM o nami sm ON CON CONE met all urgical REAM  
DREAM Sat is fact orily ARM HARM CHARM nice ness ITS HITS SHITS noct urnal GIN GRIN Ma  
da gas can AN ANT ANTI ANTIC ma mary

AIL NAIL SNAIL knowingly HE HERE THERE labour intensive OUT FOUGHT leakage ILL  
HILL CHILL secretiveness ID RID RIDE DRIVE sea son able ONE ZONE OZONE september AM  
RAM CRAM SCRAM SCREAM Lice used APE CAPE CRAPE sexagenarian MAR MARS MARSH  
knock together PAIN PAINT journal AT PAT PATE schoolastic TOT TOTE TOTEM hyphen AS  
ASS CLASS grab by IT BIT BITE fertility EL EEL HEEL WHEEL.

## **THE FLEMISH COURT**

Jacques Verhoeven

Silva Ley

(Written in the inner courts of "Het Markiezenhof" - a complex of castles built for the marquis of Bergen op Zoom, around 1500. Now, it is the Townpalace Museum of Arts and Library.)

A fortress for books  
centuries for letters  
the Flemish court

relics of battle turmoil  
a rigid rearing horse

nobility honored  
bronze for old gentlemen  
a house full of pride

accused of madness  
the marchioness in prison  
power for broken roses

her eyes full of storm  
slates under the sockle

the granaries filled  
doves coo in the beeches  
hours of dalliance

no kitchen ranges smoke  
nor carriages rattle  
gardens enclosed

statue of the architect  
the chisel in his hand

children on the lawns  
games in the castle  
fight with a yellow ball

fashions in the halls  
bodices and crinolines  
the spirit caved in

a dance of puppets  
a reign of purslain

the secret cabinet  
the musky perfumes  
pregnant from the groom

rummaging around  
signals of custodians  
the bride is coming

all colors mingled  
the mare in the show booth

verandahs let out  
everyone 'his majesty'  
marquis in 2000

the dinner ordered  
gothicly in the saddle  
telephone on the ear

windows separate old and new  
tourists step in and out

our passion to save  
an indigestible rampart  
ruminated to delight

## **SUMMER Renga**

Lorraine Schechter  
Marcia Starck  
Sudasi Clement

Cool garden bird song  
morning sun heating walls  
mountains sleepy

spikes of pink and red  
hollyhocks in bloom

cat under covers  
how can she stand the heat  
ice cubes melting

next door a lawnmower buzzes  
neighbor shouts hello

laziness passing  
to cook? to shop? to play?  
the telephone rings

O'Keeffe lay under her car  
at noon the desert blazing

mini volcanoes  
rise between porch bricks  
industrious ants

thunderheads to the west  
ev'ryday at four o'clock

lovers singing praises  
to mid-afternoon madness  
he tastes my tea and cakes

tongue licking edges  
sweet chocolate icing

ah sweet cool!  
clouds bursting open  
rain falling hard

running through arroyo  
laughing bare bottomed

slipping, sliding, mud  
bodies covered  
like snakes entwined

wine poured, cheese and bread  
fresh baked scones spread with butter  
salmon, salad, fruit

light breeze playing chimes  
mesa sunset red

Oye como va  
Santana rocks the club  
hips and breasts shaking

dogs in heat howling  
midnight a lone candle burns.

## SOLO POETRY

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

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

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

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

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

Stephen S. Engleman

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thelma Mariano

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

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

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

Again our neighbor  
dries his  
Mercedes

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

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

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

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

Alexis K. Rotella

### **PRAIRIE RAMBLE**

Melissa Dixon

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

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

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

small daisies  
in the meadow where I walk  
cling in clusters  
in intimate empathy  
I give them their space

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

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

### **TANKA FROM THE SPANISH**

by José Juan Tablada

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

translated by Ty Hadman

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **DEMENTIA**

Doris Horton Thurston

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

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

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

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

\* \* \*

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

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

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

Dave Bachelor

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

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

Connie Meester

chill wind  
the delicate brown leaf  
breaking from the tree  
an urge to see

my old mother

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

Elizabeth St Jacques

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

that pasture  
just there  
in the winter sun  
promises  
promises

John Barlow

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

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

You said farewell to me  
with violets those years ago -  
they withered

I didn't keep them  
only their fragrance

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

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

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

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

Carol Purington

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

Kirsty Karkow

## **RAVEN**

David Clink

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

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

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

## **FIVE JAPANESE TANKA**

Inaba Kyoko  
translation Kawamura Hatsue

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

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

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

to be a person  
or even a tree  
fortunately  
falling through space

a rain of petals

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* \* \*

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

Michael Blaine

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

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

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

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

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

Henry Bose

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

a mourning dove  
stands softly by the window  
an hour past sunrise  
I breathe in the rhythm

of your beating heart

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

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

Marc Thompson

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

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

William M. Ramsey

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

Donatella Cardillo-Young

## **A HAMMER PRODUCTION**

Carl Brennan

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

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

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

\*Jenny Hanley in Scars of Dracula (1970)

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

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

## **STANDING STILL, TRAVELING**

Doug Bolling

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

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

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

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

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

\* \* \*

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

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

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

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

Giovanni Malito

outdoor restaurant

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

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

Elizabeth Howard

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

Jack Galmitz

SPINDRIFT  
Edward Baranosky

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

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

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

Casting my shadow

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

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

### **BY A BLUE TRAIN**

Yuhki Aya

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

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

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

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

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

## **AEGAEIA**

Gary LeBel

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

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

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

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

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

## **SOMEONE ELSE'S RELIGION**

Laura Maffei

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

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

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

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

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

\* \* \*

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

Kam Holifield

## **OBELISK**

Larry Kimmel

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

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

## **SIJO**

Debi Bender

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

daydreams with cicada trills rise and peak then quickly fade

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

## **FIREFLY LANTERN**

Dan Stryk

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

their smell like grassy wine ...

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

Dan Stryk

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

### **BIKE ACCIDENT**

Dan Stryk

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

### **EUGENICS**

Dan Stryk

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

### **ACHING TIBIA**

Dan Stryk

after 37 years . . .

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

## **SIJO**

Elizabeth St Jacques

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

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

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

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

## **THRIVE**

Sheila Murphy

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

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

## **NARRATION**

Sheila Murphy

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

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

### **Repertoire**

Sheila Murphy

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

Birthday of the father, a monsoon, surprising interruptive sunlight

### **Prayer For, Therefore**

Sheila Murphy

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

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

### **An Excuse for Milk**

Sheila Murphy

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

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

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

Sheila Murphy

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

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

## **EAVESDROPPING**

Connie Meester

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

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

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

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

## **Homeless**

Debra Woolard Bender

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **WATCHING**

David Clink

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **INTROSPECTION**

William Houston

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **Clay Pots**

by Ferris Gilli

hillside meadow  
a backpacker lingers  
with the day

the mare's soft whinny  
leading a foal

Mayday parade  
all the little girls  
in patent leather

company coming  
rag rugs on polished floors

masquerade ball  
peg-legged pirates  
dance in moonlight

buried in clay pots  
this year's acorn stash

navy beans simmering  
through the long night  
a shutter bangs

port of call  
a doxy shares the bed

the bride blushes  
revealing her body  
swirls of steam

forgotten anniversary  
doors barred from the inside

dusting souvenirs  
with a far-away look  
that Sixties photo

backyard fireworks  
smoke hangs in a tree

bats prowling  
beneath a pale moon  
glint of barbed wire

trout on a string  
so soon the rainbow fades

noon hangover  
shriveled olives  
in the soap dish

X-rated comic  
every other word bleeped

vows of friendship  
on the cherry-blossom path  
distant laughter

cheating on tax returns  
the coffee's bitter taste

sudden gale  
striped butterflies  
cling to the vine

ebb tide  
slow erosion takes the dunes

going steady  
again Dad forks over  
gas money

green bower's shade  
a hunt for erogenous zones

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

a cough that's faked  
to avoid math homework

rock-climbing practice  
decorator Band-Aids  
on skinned knuckles

saloon brawl  
tattooed barmaid kicks butt

gum wrappers  
filling each ashtray  
toothpicks chewed to pulp

tucked in her cleavage  
a scarf she folds just so

cracked car mirror  
two harvest moons  
follow the road

he shades his eyes  
to watch departing swallows

postman delivers  
in time for state fair  
the boar's satin bow

long sweet breaths  
of fresh cedar sawdust

all these craft books  
that were never used  
faded print

grandpa's rusty plow  
good for another season

the tiny snaps  
of a mole breaking roots  
first pear blossoms

hometown weekend  
dibs on the porch swing

Started March 30, 1999 - Finished June 2, 1999

## BOOK REVIEWS

Jane & Werner Reichhold

Oriori no Uta (Poems for All Seasons) Ôoka Makato. Translated by Janine Beichman. Kodansha Bilingual Books, Japan: 2000. ISBN: 4-7700-2380-4. Perfect bound with dust jacket, 4.5 " x 7.5", 300 pages, Yen 1300.

Since January 25th, 1979, Ôoka Makato has written a column for the front page of the Asahi Newspaper (one of Japan's leading papers) on and about poetry. In each column he selects either a short poem or a few lines from a longer poem and then explains his choice and clarifies any unusual terms or difficult phrases. For the past ten years Janine Beichman has translated the column into English. In the interest of international poetry, Ôoka is attempting to break out of the superficial boundaries that divide poetry genres, especially in Japan into the camps of the tanka and haiku writers. His idea is that poetry is poetry and the quicker these artificial borders disappear, the better the poetry and its appreciation will become. With this selection, made by the editors of Kodansha International, he says that they wanted to submit a compendium of Japanese literature ranging from Chinese classics to folk songs and modern poetry. Especially they wanted to appeal to young readers, but there is a wealth of interest and enjoyment for readers of any age.

The son of a tanka poet, Ôoka is at home with all the Japanese genres and his commentary reads, at times, almost like poetry. The excellent translations are by Janine Beichman, who has aimed at concise, accurate, minimal rendition of the poems and the commentaries.

The poems are arranged by seasons. On the left-hand page is the kanji version, written in lines that reflect the sound unit counts with generous spacing. Under the kanji is written the romaji. In the box below, in kanji, are Ôoka's comments. On the right-hand page is the poem or poem selection written with the author's name below. In the box below that is the English translation of the comments. In the back of the book, on facing pages are brief but adequate Japanese and English biographies of the authors. The range of selections extends from poems taken from the Man'yôshû (Collection of Ten Thousand Leaves), the first imperial anthology of Japanese poetry, to works from living poets. The majority of the picks are either haiku or tanka with these genre sharing about equally.

Honored to be included in this elite collection is Hatsue Kawamura. Her chosen poem:

tsutsumashiki  
gishiki no gotoku  
asanasana  
ringo ikko wo  
tsuma to wakateri

each morning  
in humble ceremony  
between us we  
divide a single apple:  
my husband and I

To quote the complete commentary from Oriori no Uta written by Ôoka Makoto:

"From Kujakuao, 1994. This is the third collection of tanka in Japanese by a writer who occupies a

central position in both the creation and study of tanka in English. For her most recent book *Tanka no Miryoku (The Appeal of English Tanka)*, she received two prizes. She has also made notable contributions as translator of Aston's and Chamberlain's histories of Japanese literature and Waley's critical works on classical Japanese poetry. Another tanka by her is: "I bought a chopping board / of cypress from Shimokita / and at night / the autumn water quietly / flowed down its sides" (shimokita no / hiba no manaita / kaishi yo wa / shizuka ni aki no / mizu nagashi ori). Her poetry combines a reverence for everyday life with a refreshingly down-to-earth feeling."

It has been interesting to watch the development of Janine Beichman from translator-scholar in her handling of the haiku in her book, *Masaoka Shiki* (Kodansha:1982) and her now more experienced translations of tanka and modern poetry in *Poems for All Seasons*.

Ryôkan: *Selected Tanka Haiku* translated by Sanford Goldstein, Shigeo Mizuguchi and Fujisato Kitajima with drawings by Kazuaki Wakui. ISBN: 4-87499-574-8C0092, perfect bound with dust jacket, 7.5" x 5", 220 pages, Yen:2000. Kôkodô Co., 4 Furumachi-dôri, Niigata, Japan 951-8063. Fax:81-25 224-8654.

Ryôkan, (1758 - 1831) has always had enormous appeal for the Japanese, and now with this translation and generous introduction to the man and his work, English readers can expand the horizons of their understanding of Japanese poetry, culture and religion. Though, at the time Ryôkan lived, he was an itinerant monk, living often in barely minimal housing, begging daily for his food, his poetry and his examples of calligraphy but especially his spirit carried by these media, show a man of exquisite taste and spirituality. Thus, the admiration for his life has increased with the passing of time.

wondering  
how you are  
these days -  
a wind foretelling snow  
gets colder each day

As is often with genius, Ryôkan's life was one of contrasts. Within his deep spirituality he enjoyed playing ball with the mountain village children, he found humor in the most revered acts and beliefs. As we get more accurate translations of his poetry, as Sanford Goldstein is highly qualified to do, we find out how very 'earthy' Ryôkan truly was.

easy it is  
to express "diarrhea"  
in words,  
but in truth  
it is really hard to bear

It seems Goldstein divides the poems into two sections: tanka and haiku and each section has its individual section of notes and commentary. The poems are presented, one to a page, with the kanji vertical on the inside margin and romaji given in three or five lines. Above this is the English printed in a large, easy to read font. As in Goldstein's other translations of Akiko Yosano, Takuboku, Mokichi Saitô, and Masaoka Shiki, his notes and explanations of the poems are most helpful, valuable and enlightening.

In case Goldstein has been moving too fast for you to catch up with him, he has also translated novels

by Ogai Mori (The Wild Goose, Vita Sexualis, Youth), Soseki Natsume's To the Spring Equinox and Beyond, Takeo Arishima's Labyrinth and Harumi Setouchi's Beauty in Disarray. His own book, At the Hut of the Small Mind is online, complete, with AHA Books. Sanford Goldstein has now been a Professor of American Literature at Keiwa College in Niigata Prefecture for the last seven years. You could not have a better guide showing you the marvels of the poetry of the crazy-like-a-fox monk Ryôkan.

The Perfect Worry-Stone: haiku, senryu, tanka by Francine Porad. Vandina Press, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324. Saddle stapled, 8.5" x 5.5", 30 pages, \$6.50.

As this is the 22nd collection Francine has published of her work, the reader has a feeling of comfort, assurance and quiet acquaintance. Her techniques are securely in place, her skill and facility seems to flow without effort even though the poems are quite polished. She portrays the life of a modern grandmother - one who thinks for herself as she finds her way among family and friends and a world still exciting and new to her.

clink of coins -  
a con game  
it may be but  
I prefer to trust  
the beggar's need

There are five more tanka in the book for you to discover for yourself.

The Wail of Gaea by Fujio Tachibana. AHA Books Online.

Fujio Tachibana, who is Yukiko Inoue in real life, is a professor at the University of Guam. This year she has also had published in Japanese only, in a beautiful hardcover book by Nihon Kindai Bungei-Sha where you can read more about this book and Tachibana's tanka poems.

The foreword to Tachibana's The Wail of Gaea, written by Akiko Ishimaru, Professor of Japanese Literature, Tokyo Keizai University states: "Widely different from the snugly united tanka poems, Fujio's tanka poems devotedly continue to pursue the arrogance of roses, and at the risk of her life, to involve a kind of danger and distress. Fujio has a natural talent to compose tanka poems."

shall I take off  
the heavy evening gown  
called Love and  
wrap my naked self  
in a shawl of mist?

ai to iu  
omotaki doresu wo  
nugi sutete  
kiri no shôru wo  
rashin ni matou

While Fujio does not follow too closely the techniques of the other most famous Japanese tanka writers, Akkiko Yosano and Machi Tawara, her emotional stance is securely within the parameters of

feeling and expose which these two pioneered in this last century. She portrays the life of a woman living alone, strong and sad, yet not to be pitied but admired. Still very young and extremely competent, her name is one to watch in the future. Competent in English, also, Yukiko Inoue has translated the poems into English herself. This online book contains both the romaji and English versions of the poems.

Dah Vjecnosti - Breath of Eternity by Marijan Cekolj. Book # 28 from the series of publication by the Croatian Haiku Poets Association. ISBN: 953-6677-12-1, perfect bound, 8" x 5.5", 200 pages, color illustrations of paintings by Vesna Cekolj, bilingual. Write to Marijan Cekolj, Smerovisce 24, 41430 Samobor, Croatia for prices and payment policies.

Marijan Cekolj, founder and president of the Croatian Haiku Poets Association, has been the fount of an astounding number of publications to acquaint the English-reading world with the haiku of the Croatians. And now Marijan brings out his own impressive collection of tanka. Most of the poems seem spoken to a lover or instructions on how to live one's life.

Sam sam nedu ljudima.  
Hladnoca u kostima  
i usijana dusa  
zeljna ljubavnog zanosa  
u danima kada te nema

(unfortunately, the critical marks cannot be reproduced here.)

I am alone among the people.  
Coldness in the bones  
and red-hot soul  
desirous love ecstasy  
in days without you

On the page across from this tanka is a swirling abstraction in hot reds, blacks with touches of spark-white which makes one wonder which came first? the painting or the poem. This book is a husband and wife team effort.

Reading all the poems one sees that Cekolj is of the school that doesn't make an attempt to construct his tanka as a bridge between nature and emotion. Following the schools in Japan that concentrate on pure emotion, Cekolj seems to have found a form for his passion. Many of the poems reveal his new understanding of life, living and loving. For example:

With the yearning  
the selfishness disappeared,  
and at the very peak  
I've realized that love,  
lover and beloved are one.

Spindrift by Edward Baranosky. Saddle-stapled, 8,5 x 5.5", 40 pages, illustrated, US \$5.00 or Canadian \$7.00 postpaid. Order from EAB Publications, 115 Parkside Drive, Toronto, Ont., M6R-2Y8, Canada.

From the Foreword: "This collection involves the appearance and disappearance of the "other"." The poetry genres are mixed between glosa, sijo, ghazal, haiku and tanka in vintage Baranosky. The series "Spindrift" in this issue of Lynx is taken from this book so you can have a generous sampling of Edward's style. Illustrations in pen and ink of swirling seas, and massive rocks, also by Edward, further animate the pages. For those of you out there, thinking of someday 'publishing a book' of your poems, you could take lessons from him on how to accomplish this feat with panache.

For My Brother Victor & Elsa His Wife by Gerard John Conforti. AHA Books Online.

As Pamela Ness Miller so competently states in the preface: "Living for over half a century with overwhelming loss and loneliness, Gerard John Conforti turns to his powerful gift for words to write "poems gathered from my heart." In 1999, he learned that his last surviving brother, Victor, was undergoing treatment for cancer. Having already lost his brothers Eric to a traffic accident and Anthony to AIDS, Gerard reached a state of panic and despair in which only his ability to write tanka kept him in his days. " The complete preface and all of the poems by Gerard John Conforti are now offered to you for your perusal online at [AHApoeetry.com](http://AHApoeetry.com)

## **HAIKU BOOKS**

Young Leaves: An old way of seeing new; Writings on Haiku in English, compiled to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Edited by Patricia J. Machmiller and June Hopper Hymas. Perfect bound, 11" x 8", 130 pages, archive photos, \$19.50 plus US postage of \$3.50 or \$5.00 elsewhere. Order with checks on American banks made out to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, from Jean Hale, 20711 Garden Place Court, Cupertino, CA 95014.

Young Leaves contains essays by Kiyoko Tokutomi, Makoto Ueda, James Hackett, Yoshiko Yoshino, Patricia Donegan, Clark Strand, George Swede, Jane Reichhold, Emiko Miyashita, Patricia Machmiller, Jerry Ball, June Hopper Hymas, Teruo Yamagata, David Wright, Patrick Gallagher, and D. Claire Gallagher. In addition, for this festive gathering, are the haiku of 56 other writers. If you weren't 'there' in these 25 years of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's history you must have this book to see what you missed, and if you were 'there' this book surely stands with pride on your bookshelf. What a wealth of history and never-forgotten times. What a wealth of information about haiku and haiku writing. You will see the genre anew with this book.

Haiku International 2000 by the Haiku International Association of Japan. Preface by the President, Kogure Gohei, Editor: Nagato Ryûtarô, Translation by Kinuko and Richard Jambor, perfect bound with dust jacket, 7.5" x 5", 208 pages, published on June 30th, 2000, US\$27.00 or Yen 2,857. Contact distributor: Librairie Nagata 3-7-13, Takaban, Meguro, Tokyo, 152-0004 Japan, or fax the Haiku International Association at 03-5228-9004.

This is the third in the series of anthologies of haiku produced by the Haiku International Association in the past ten years of its existence. Having found a successful format and design, this book fits in on the bookshelf with the ones done in 1992 and 1995. In the beginning of the book are the haiku in kanji and English by Japanese members with two to a page. The last 30 pages are given to writer-members from other countries; again with each page bearing the work of two authors in Japanese kanji and English. The book reads like a who's who of haiku as well as showcasing the level of work done by poets in

different nations.

Toetssteen / Keywords by Gerla Brakkee, Fred Flohr, Wilhelm Haupt, Emile Mollhuysen, Jan-Berger Troost, Max Verhart, Arnold Vermeeren. To quote from the Colophone: This volume of 7 x 7 cm (2.5" x 2.5"), designed by Emile Molhuysen, printed by Wim Lofvers, and multiplied by Dieuwke Meichers was bound by the poets in 400 numbered copies during the spring of 2000. The type is 6 and 9 points Hamanist, on ivory papers. The booklet can be ordered from Wim Lofvers, Rijsterdijk 25, 8574 VW Bakhuisen, The Netherlands, fax (0031) 0514 582083 for \$5.00 postpaid sent in bills not checks.

For those of you interested in unusual small books this is a "must-have". I still have to figure out the intricate folds that makes each author's name appear as a tabbed table of contents and then unfolds to hold all of their poems together so you get a generous sampling of each poet's work all tied up with red string in one marvelous packet. You can read this book without a degree in origami. Poems are in both Dutch and English. The tiny, but very clear, print allows each page to surround the haiku, one to a page, with the all the empty space a poem could ever want. There is a subtle joke in the title that is 'explained' by a graphic on the cover. Hint, all of these Dutch-speaking poets are active in online poetry lists and pages where they got the idea for the book. Hint #2 - the mysteries of the folded book are Wim Lofver's idea so contact him if you wish to follow in his footsteps.

Oneself: Haiku by Poets from Rochester, New York by Pamela A. Babusci, Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa, Donatella Cardillo-Young, Michael Ketchek, Tom Painting, Sue-Stapleton Tkach with cover art by Pamela A. Babusci, designed by Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa with a foreword by Michael Ketchek. Saddle-stapled, 12 pages, \$5.00 postpaid. Order from Tom Painting, 40 Huntington Hills, Rochester, NY 14622.

We have been so often told haiku should be written as if the author did not exist and if there must be one, the person should be covered up, hidden and disguised. This group has made a strike for honesty and freedom by publishing a collection of haiku that say, loudly and clearly, "I am!"

HAIBUN: Wort und Bild von Vladimir Devide und Nada Ziljak. Galerija S'IVAN ZELINA., 1999, Hardcover 6" x 11", 80 Seiten., farbige Illustrationen. Contactpersonen: Vladimir Devide, Vinogradska 10, 1000 Zagreb, Croatia.

Vladimir Devide ist ein wohlbekannter Dichter in Europa. Er überraschte uns 1997 mit einem in Leinen gebundenen Band seiner Haibun, sehr künstlerisch farbig illustriert von Nada Yiljak. Nun hat er, kaum zu glauben, eine Übersetzung ins deutsche, wiederum als hardcover, herausbringen lassen. Professor Devide schreibt eine vorzügliche Prosa und überblendet die Texte mit seinen besten Haiku und anderen Gedichtformen. Immer entsteht dabei ein in sich poetisch vollkommen neues, selbständiges Gebilde. Es sollte niemanden wundern zu sehen, daß Devide's poetische Ideen nicht nur in Europa Schule machen werden. Seine Arbeiten bieten Anregungen in Hülle und Fülle. Man ist gespannt, ob auch in Europa sich Schriftsteller finden werden, die Prosa und Gedicht, ähnlich wie wir es in den USA erlebten, mit mehreren Personen gemeinsam schreiben werden mit dem Ziel, symbiotische Dichtung weiter zu entwickeln.

## ARTICLES AND LETTERS

### BLENDING

Werner Reichhold

As we have become more familiar using poetic techniques as metaphor and simile, juxtaposing, shifting and leaping in poetry, should we not be looking for a term that seems to have the potential power to unite these techniques? I'm suggesting that we use the word 'blending'.

The poets from India and the Middle East created their ghazals by blending images in a way we learned to appreciate under new aspects. Almost all of Europe's poetry, beginning from the early mythological stories, the sagas till today's attempts toward language looks, from a certain point of view, as it is based on blending. Studying literature of the second half of the 20th century, we're sharing the pleasure finding more and more translations of Japanese works. It's no surprise that the Japanese genres fit right into the basic techniques composing poetry through the centuries in other regions of the world.

The oldest form of Japanese poetry, the tanka blends two images with the use of a pivot line. Linked verse means basically 'blending collaboratively', putting the energies of two or more writers together creating symbiotic poetry. The haiku, in all of its variations, is on the way as a usable form to be adapted and changed through other languages than Japanese, presents at its core two images open to the inventive powers of a poet to blend them. Also composing prose and poetry, in Japan called haibun, has a good chance to be integrated as an addition to the countless western works on display.

Here, one wants to add one more thought on the Japanese form of haiga (artwork plus writings). At the time it appeared and earlier, all around the world in a more or less developed form, text and art was blended together producing synergy. The examples range from works in stone and wood to works on papyrus, silk, paper, plastic and other materials. In all of its variations it was a valid form throughout the history we can trace back. I'm not saying one can't go on adding ideas and works to the existing techniques. But at the same time we have to realize that after the possibilities we explored performing plays, music, dance and video appearing together as multimedia shows, the word blending reached into a new dimension, meaning in its very essence: it became three-dimensional, a holistic art form. And please look at the fact that we get it delivered on screen right into our homes. Is it supposed to blend our daily lives? A question heavily loaded with challenges in our perception of the arts.

We're glad to see that more and more Japanese writers are able to study world literature and feel free to blend it with their own rich cultural background. It may take a few more years and we'll probably see more Japanese poets getting involved with longer forms of poetry. Here, I mention three of some poets who already explored the field of sequencing after western concepts: Shuntaro Tanikawa, Makoto Ôoka and Ito Hiromi. All three of them are proof how the changes of viewing the poetry of foreign cultures may result in success. Their individual point of view depends on a new vision blending the old forms of short poetry, linked verse and haiku and at the same time freeing their works from an overload of seasonal aspects to reach out for the open minded reader worldwide.

The English speaking public, the writers and publishers have been watching carefully the different magazines appearing in North America. AHA Books, publishing the former magazine Mirrors International Haiku Forum and now the magazine Lynx, took on the leading role focused on all of the Japanese genres and not separating them the way they're handled traditionally in Japan and in other English magazines. Making it more easy for a global participation of poets and readers who want to get

informed about all Japanese genres plus western forms of poetry, we moved the magazine Lynx here on the Internet. The valued technique of blending within a poem continues into the beyond as the various genres become blended in a new way as part of mainstream poetry. Thus, you will notice new ways of indicating the diverse genres presented by Lynx.

**THE JAPAN POETS' SOCIETY** (Nihon Kajin Club) will hold its 3rd International Tanka Convention in Vancouver, BC, Canada on the afternoon of September 27th, 2000. The meeting, held at the Renaissance Hotel on 1133 W. Hastings Street, beginning at 1:00, will be moderated by Hatsue Kawamura and Mitsue Kurahashi. The affair will be opened by a speech by Takao Fujioka, President of the Nihon Kajin Club. The main speeches will be made by the Deputy Mayor of Vancouver and the Consulate General of Japan in Vancouver. A large contingent of Japanese will be flying in from Japan in addition to the Japanese from Canada who will attending, thus the meeting will be in Japanese. One of the highlights of this meeting is the awarding of prizes in the tanka contest which was judged by Chiuko Kawai, Tsunehiro Hayashida, Heikichi Mitome and Miroshi Matsuzaka. For the first time this year, the Society also held a contest for tanka in English. The judges for this aspect were Hatsue Kawamura, Hiroshi Shionozaki with Jane Reichhold, who wrote the comments on the top three winners. Out of the 189 English entries were the following prizes awarded: First Place: Margaret Chula (USA); Second Place: Laura Maffei (USA); Third Place: Melissa Dixon (Canada); Fourth Place: Koichi Watanabe (UK); Fifth Place: Amelia Fielden (Australia); Guest: Fr. Neal Henry Lawrence (Japan) plus 25 Runners-up. Afterwards, at 6:30, a reception will be held for socializing. Additional information can be requested from the Nihon Kajin Club.

The first newsletter of the Tanka Society of America, edited by Pamela Miller-Ness has made it fall appearance. In it is a report of the society's organizational meeting on Friday, April 14th during the Global Haiku Festival at Millikin University in Decatur, Illinois, at which time the following officers were elected: Michael Dylan Welch, President; Paul O. Williams, Vice President; Larry Lavenz, Treasurer; Job Conger, Secretary; and Pamela Miller-Ness, Newsletter Editor. The organization plans a tanka contest with the deadline of November 30, 2000. Prizes: First Prize - \$100; Second Prize - \$50.; Third Prize - \$25. The prizes may be reduced if an insufficient number of entries is received. Payment of \$1.00 per entry is required. Unlimited number of entries can be typed on 8 x 11 sheets of paper (in triplicate) and sent with your check (made out to Larry Lavenz), and SASE to Job Conger, 428 W. Vine Street, Springfield, IL 62704-2933. Questions can be addressed to Job Conger. The name of the judge will be revealed after the contest.

## **LETTERS TO LYNX**

. . . I like the format of Lynx on-line, it is neat and easy to use. I have to admit I sympathized with all those who wrote letters lamenting the end of Lynx as a paper magazine, but I think the future of both tanka and haiku are going to be much affected by on-line publication. One of the advantages, I think, will be a wider international readership. It is so easy to surf around the net and see what is going on, and to me that is the thing I want first for a work I've written: a reader, many readers, to share it with. Carry on - and all best wishes, Larry Kimmel

. . . How sorry I am that I lost track of Lynx until a few days ago. However, the e-Lynx looks good-- clean and simple and accessible. I will I will I will I will get stuff (participation links, ghazals and/or

sijo) for the next ish. If you haven't yet, would you be willing to link to The Ghazal Page on your site along with a note in next Lynx inviting submissions to TGP? I'm planning to add some external links to TGP next week. (I'm working on my Linux configuration, learning more than I thought I would about esoterica like Emacs, the BASH shell and tarring and zipping. Yeehaw!!) Thank you for all the good work you do for poetry and for your past and, I hope, future submissions to The Ghazal Page. Gene Doty

. . . I teach world literature (including topics in Asian philosophy and poetry) and creative writing at Virginia Intermont College in Bristol, and am the author of five collections of poetry and creative nonfiction, including THE ARTIST AND THE CROW (poems), Purdue University Press. I also publish my poems and prose parables widely in such journals as "TriQuarterly," "Western Humanities Review," "Commonweal," "Poetry Northwest," and "Tricycle: The Buddhist Review," and am the recipient of an NEA Poetry Fellowship. I've recently completed a small collection of Western tanka and sestets in the Italian form, called FIELD NOTES, which will be published in letterpress format (with original woodcut illustrations by Anita DeAngelis, a local professor of art) at a small press connected with East Tennessee State University, in late 2000. I'd greatly appreciate your considering five of the informal tanka drawn from that forthcoming collection, which vary considerably in-line-length, but hopefully render some natural observations in a concise and lively way, striving for a fusion of Asian/Western expression and ideas. P.S. As a youngster I lived for a number of years in the Japanese Zen Buddhist communities of Niigata and Yamaguchi. Dan Stryk

. . . In Canada for over forty years I had a career (under the name Peg Dixon) as an actor and sometime-journalist in Winnipeg, Toronto and Vancouver. I am now retired, living happily on Vancouver Island, close to two sons and daughter on the Lower Mainland, B.C. Since 1992, I have had a number of haiku published in Canadian and American magazines, one which gained a "Best-of-issue Award" in Modern Haiku, ("valley sunrise" from Vol. XXVIII, No.2, Summer, 1997); was also awarded "Best-of-Issue" for a haibun, again in Modern Haiku, ("the caves of Kanheri" from Vol. XXX, No. 1, Winter-Spring, 1999); plus I had a small selection of my poems, (titled "gazing at galaxies") published as a Haiku Canada Sheet last autumn. I have just this year discovered tanka. I am an escapee from the restrictions of haiku! And grateful thanks to you, Jane, for your generous contributions via the Internet! Helpful beyond measure! I will do my best to add to "tanka that stream from the love we can find no other way to express". While I am glad to have first dealt with the discipline of haiku's condensed forms, I now find the more reflective format of tanka, with its open, lyrical approach, more appealing to my nature. It is where I now intend to put my energies! Melissa Dixon

. . . Making LYNX an on-line journal means that you aid tanka poets to become part of the electronic world. Many of us do not care to make the change, changes are always disruptive. In this case the disruption is a constructive one. I have read and studied the first Lynx on-line, enjoyed the experience and, as usual, learned a lot. I will remain a part of the creative community supported and encouraged by the Reichholds. Below are my tanka which I'd like for you to read them and I hope they are worthy of this NEW phase of the old journal. David Bachelor.

. . . I've been meaning to write for a good while, but time in its usual way has been getting the better of me. Contrary to my reservations, I think the online version of Lynx is superb. The layout is such that anything that I chose to print out looked really good on the page - so not only does it look great onscreen but readers will still be able to 'curl up' for a good read :-). Congratulations! . . . I hope you're also enjoying the reduction of hassles that come with publishing hard copies! I was also pleasantly surprised to see my four tanka get a reprise in the first online issue. I've appended a few more for your consideration for the next issue, and look forward to tuning in sometime in October. No postal delays!

Bliss! Thank you for also including details of Snapshots and Tangled Hair in Lynx listings, and for the kind comments on Tangled Hair. After a rocky two years the production is set to stabilize in 2001, both journals becoming semiannual. I don't know how often you change the listings, but would it be possible to list the new subscription prices for these? Both subscriptions are the same price: Semiannual. Subscription: \$20 US check/banknotes. Single issue: \$10 US check/banknotes. Checks payable to 'Snapshot Press'. The address has also changed (though the one listed is concurrently valid until the end of the year). The new address is: Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS, England.  
John Barlow

. . .How is your summer? Perhaps less rushed than previously, now that Lynx is an online cat. Larry tells me that you are finding the switchover very successful. I'm glad for your sakes, and I suppose nostalgic subscribers will sooner or later catch up to changing times! Carol Purington

. . .In case you don't subscribe to the Mendocino Beacon, I wanted to let you know Mary Bradish O'Connor "let go" at home peacefully on May 28th. She will be missed by those of us who knew and loved her. M.L. Harrison Mackie  
P.S. I like the format of Lynx on line, not to mention its reduction of stress on environment.

For several years Mary Bradish O'Connor contributed tanka to Lynx. Some of these poems she included in her inspirational book, Saying Yes Quickly - something she had to do as she fought breast cancer. M.L. Harrison Mackie at Pot Shards Press, in Comptche, CA, was the publisher.

. . .I received your postcard- the "Die Mutter des Mythos" image from the Textilmuseum. I am quite impressed with this work of yours. Also I checked out the issue of Lynx online. Very nice. I am not online as much these days. Just got burned out with the interaction of bulletin boards and other assorted problems. You may be interested in this note I received from my publisher. "I did want to give you updates. red clay is now featured book in amazon.com zshops to #1 position in poetry section and #2 in literature & fiction section. here is the URL for the poetry featured books:

<http://s1.amazon.com/exec/varzea/ts/browse-zshops/194019/103-2041447-9715022>

This spring I published a beginner's How to Write Haiku/Cinquain. It is designed for school teachers, beginning writers with very elemental information. I asked the publisher to send copy to you for review. Also my second free verse manuscript is supposed to be published in June/July of this year. "Piedmont Stubble." Neca Stoller

The Lynx offices received the following letter/press release from ExtaTerrestrial by email:

Announcement of the organization of the Galaxy Haiku/Tanka Club - Taking Poetry into the 4th Dimension. The historical organizational meeting was held in the first dark of the moon of the millennium. In honor of this super nova event, all future meetings will be held monthly at this special kigo time. You can become a charter member of the Galaxy Haiku/Tanka Club by sending a check for \$15.00 (made out to The Man), 15 sand dollars or 12 IRC moonstones aboard the next shuttle space ship. It is planned to have a newsletter called From the Ear of the Rabbit. Be the first in your neighborhood to have your haiku/tanka printed on the moon! Part of the festivities of this first meeting was the proclamation of the winners of the organization's first annual contest. It was quite a surprise to find that the winning poems were written by attendees from each planet.

The First Place tanka was by Anonymous from Venus.

blue-green earth  
from your seas my ink  
is not enough  
to tell how one so old  
can be still so beautiful

The First Place haiku was from Marsha of Mars.

ch ln wmf  
jkbar euck nev turr  
mw ufo lax

You may be surprised to learn that we do have the politically correct distribution according to gender among our two winners. Anonymous is female, as she usually is, and Marsha is male, which reflects current trends beyond the earth. At the next yearly meeting a 25-member panel will discuss whether the use of the word "euck" in Marsha's poem brings it too close to being a senryu. If so, his gold medal may have to be returned. It is hoped that in the future, in the light of the quarter moon, this and other organizations can achieve an even better balance of the genders in officers and winners. The founders of the Galaxy Haiku/Tanka Club are now hard at work on a declaration of the history, rules and future of both genres. As yet, no officers have been elected for the Galaxy Haiku/Tanka Club because everyone is too busy writing a manifesto, edits, dictums and proclamations. A motion was made, however, and seconded, that instead, every member be made president. This was ratified by the agreement that WE ARE ALL STARS!

## PARTICIPATION RENGA

### BE BLANK

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

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

nothing flashy JAJ

with the poems written on the universe JR

~\*~

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

song without end JAJ

~\*~

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB  
a sea of faces JAJ  
:) ] : ( [ : o # 8 ( { : ) x CC  
school skeleton dead tired FPA  
erased blackboard JSJ  
galaxy unspun cocoon () surge JR  
damply in the darkened tree JMB  
white on white dress JSJ

a wall from which ivy was torn GM  
pine ash beech oleander FPA  
waiting for her to blossom GM

faintly a small star falls WR

not even one apple JAJ

~\*~

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

dry arroyo JAJ

absence of an abscess tooth CC

two more pills getting rid of diabetes WR

~\*~

### **GENTLY WIPING DUST**

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

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW  
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ  
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC  
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR  
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC  
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM  
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ  
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG  
meteorite streaks across the night sky  
sudden cool breeze MWM  
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL  
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ  
thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG  
breath suspended overhead ... the northern lights in slow dance JAJ  
father and son pause for a long moment RF

breeze changing course weeds in the dark field bend again GR  
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ  
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife their fiftieth year GR  
finishing the school of hard knocks YH  
digital display counting down the failing heart GD  
she tries to add up all the good times YH  
was never very good at math MHH  
one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR  
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag shadows leaking out GD  
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB  
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ  
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD  
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH  
even the firecrackers refuse to light –a rainy fourth! dht  
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF  
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC  
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA  
mackerel clouds reach every horizon piling the sea JR

broken thermometer  
poisonous mercury  
scatters everywhere JAJ

dancing  
a pas de deux  
for one more night WR

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW  
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ  
last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC  
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR  
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC  
flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM  
mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ  
haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG  
meteorite streaks across the night sky sudden cool breeze MWM  
morning sun on a bayou mist KCL  
first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ  
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even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth! dht  
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blueRF  
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC  
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA  
returning for Easter / without painted eggs / from a far place GM

the rabbit  
in the dark of the moon WR

~\*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph october windsong TW  
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last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC  
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up ahead another hidden curve ESJ  
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finishing the school of hard knocks YH  
digital display counting the failing heart GD  
she tries to add up all the good times YH  
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD  
the new player late for the first game RF  
dealing cards to an empty chair careless of how they land GD  
face-down \$10,000 poorer CC  
richer for the experience bottoms up YH  
"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC  
at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg  
back to the diner waiting tables JSJ  
old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg  
mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD  
runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg

Quiet out at sea the boat sinks JMB

Swirl of your soul  
into the siren's  
whirlpool CC

belly up  
as we like it  
both WR

~\*~

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thickening juice from the black beans can JMB  
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ  
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD  
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH  
even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth! dht  
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War one gray; one blue RF  
turned up by the plow / a musket's firing plate GD  
breaking / in the dustpan / last wedding cup cg  
after three years divorce papers JSJ

Solomon  
sharpening  
his sword CC

## **JUST DAUGHTERS**

7 links

theme: family relationships

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

my thirst is floating back to other liquids WR

mother and son  
discuss making pickles JAJ

~\*~

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

in a dream again  
back to playing hide and seek WR

~\*~

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

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

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

## **MOST BEAUTIFUL GAME**

7 Links

Rule: each link is a question; no answers!

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

If not my link  
then whose? CC

will that be Visa  
or Mastercard? JAJ

~\*~

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

Your shoe  
or mine? CC

what's the joke  
about navel seamen? JR

~\*~

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

Is anything better  
than making more  
nuclear bombs? RF

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

When will you  
make up your mind? JAJ

~\*~

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

Do you see that  
very bright star? JAJ

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

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ  
for how long / this dream? RF

clocks changed again - / spring ahead / fall back GM

Nasira waiting for us  
at the edge of eternity CC

patches of snow  
mound of primulas in bloom JAJ

~\*~

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

both hands point  
in the same direction CC

~\*~

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

shelf life  
of a Susan  
B. Anthony CC

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

**FINIS**