

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

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Lisa Alexander Baron, A Cranking Up Of Flim-Flam by Christopher Barnes, Gene Doty, C W Hawes, Vladislav Hristov, Ruth Holzer, Alegria Imperial, Howard D. Moore, June Moreau, MANUAL DEXTERITY by G.A. Scheinoha, R.K.Singh, Spiros Zafiris and Joanna M. Weston

BOOK REVIEWS

D'ÂMES ET D'AILES of souls and wings by Janick Belleau. Perfect-bound, trade-cover, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 154 pages, illustrated with black and white photos, French and English. \$20. Les Éditions du tanka francophone, ISBN: 9782981 077059.

Head Wind Tail Wind by Ikuko Kawamura. Gated color cover, 6 x 8 inches. 80 pages, full-color photos, Japanese with the poems translated into English. ¥1300.

Recycling Starlight by Penny Harter. Mountains and Rivers Press, P.O. Box 5389, Eugene OR 97405 <http://mountainsandriverpress.org>. Hand-tied, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 28 pages, gated cover, cover design, printing and binding by Ed Rayher of Swamp Press. \$15.00.

Shelter| Street Haiku & Senryu by Karma Tenzing Wangchuk. Minotaur Press, P.O. Box 272, Port Townsend, Washington 98368. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 36 pages, \$10.

aN ABunNDaNce of GiFts by Stanley pelter. George Mann Publications, Easton, Winchester, Hampshire SO21 1ES England. Perfect-bound, 6 x 9 inches, 134 pages, £8.

LETTERS TO LYNX

Darrell Lindsey, Sasa Vazic, Don Ammons, Janick Belleau, Fay Aoyagi, Marlene Mountain, Penny Harter, Luciano Costa, Steffen Horstmann, Alegria Imperial, stacey dye, Gino Peregrini, Udo Wenzel

CONTESTS

ukiaHaiku festival

MAGAZINES

BlueBerry Haiku, mango moons, Roadrunner, SHOT GLASS JOURNAL, cho, Sketchbook, Journal of Renga/Renku, Shamrock, Haiku Reality, Haiga Online, The Ghazal Page, JUXTA, THE TEMPLE BELL STOPS: CONTEMPORARY POEMS OF GRIEF, LOSS AND CHANGE, The Heron's Nest

COLLABORATIVE POETRY

TASTING PISTACHIO

David Bingham

Chloe Bingham

Glastonbury –
hoping her daughter won't make
the same mistake

in a field
mournful cows

his diary tells
a different story from the one
they knew

.....

tasting pistachio
for the first time

by moonlight
the fledgling barn owl
tests its wings

swirls of wood-smoke
drift through the hedge

.....

on a bench
with the Racing Post
he lights another fag

collars up, arm in arm, they take
a short cut through the park

the dog pulls
on its lead as they pause
by the kissing gate

.....

nothing to declare
he waits expectantly at arrivals

in a suburban garden
cherry blossom swirls

around the 'For Sale' sign

unforeseen rain
floods the boule court

Started: 18.8.10 Finished: 8.11.10

A COLLECTION OF DAYS

Jean Brasseur
stacey dye

summer
crumbles underfoot
crushed leaves
memories
scatter in the wind

Canada geese
turn south
brisk autumn wind
never changes course
feather grabs my sweater

grandma's quilt
ripples on the line
gunmetal sky
threatens rain
I take cover

tumbleweeds zigzag
across the badlands
wind driven
hawk circles overhead
playing solitaire

missing gate
eroding mortar
the old stone fence
a border
between ages

sunflowers
woven among cornstalks
catch my eye
gilt trim

on burlap sacks

faded barn
white trim peeling
under the gray roof
an owl roosts
patiently waiting

full moon blossoms
through a hazy veil
night birds murmur
their world always
shades of autumn gray

DREAMS OF FLYING

Owen Bullock
André Surridge

this is the day
our lives begin
born again
and again and again
just like the sun

in the perfect city
of my imagination
I open my eyes . . .
everything is
as it should be

raindrops in puddles . . .
the Johnny Cash impersonator
walks a dog . . .
his mother calls out
as we pass her door

another
cold snap on the way . . .
I head
into town to buy
a thicker duvet

light pierces
curtains and glass
day appears

and spreads in circles
like a guardian's influence

stirring tea
something magical
about this
first cup of the day
every day

a distressing call
precipitates a walk -
nothing out there
is agonising, or trying
to defend itself

my footsteps
join the song of the street
riff & rhythm
of an ancient mantra
"this too will pass"

garlic on my fingers
wine on my lips
longings
evaporate with the
juice for the casserole

the body hungers
for so many things . . .
happily
most are never
out of season

Saturday market
a leek and some mandarins
catch my eye -
I won't even mention
all the women

ninety-year-old
on a mobility scooter -
I ask about regrets
her blue-grey eyes squint
"could have taken more risks"

small scars
from the bike crash
when I was thirteen . . .
I remember the rush of air

with such fondness

time seemed
deliciously long back then
& the future
an open highway
lost in the distance

the self
engrossed in work
can finally
have a break
from its incessant selfness

labour of love
in return I receive
nothing
but the satisfaction
of a job well done

the only time
he came to watch me play
he said
"you had the best boot
on that field"

mum said
dad had no heart . . .
I told
school friends he came
from another planet

daffodils
on the bank
and earts *
in the hedgerows
picked for mother, and pies

gran was the one
who taught us about birds
trees and flowers . . .
she kept a finger
on nature's pulse

somehow
I helped the nurse
with granfer's injections -
much later I was given
his unused ledgers for notebooks

the future
unfolds what is hidden
from us . . .
so many stars
waiting for their light

with dusk,
thunder and rain -
loved ones
who are about to leave
still under one roof

she sings
we are not long here . . .
voice and strings
tremble with the echo
of vulnerability

'Tunnel of Love'
yes, it's dark & deep
through caves,
the heart of the mountain
& the jaundiced city

it's hard
to remember
how we got here
as if someone were
stealing our yesterdays

branches are bare
seed heads still falling
the frost
wakes old feelings
cracked ice, shining faces

I hang
my coat of cares
on the hook
of a winter moon . . .
ah, this magic potion, sleep

today
we go to the circus
we couldn't afford
when you were little
and we meet a future wife

so many
of the best things in life
are still free -
this view out over the lake
to a purple mountain

I can see
a bush-clad hill
from my bed
Spring is coming
though a long way off

further still
one cloud framed in blue . . .
a westerly
is bustling the rain -
there will be a frost tonight

camellias in bloom
and scenting the air
pink, purple
all these skies
taking off

contrail
of a jet going
who knows where . . .
I used to dream of flying
oh that joy of weightlessness

I turn
a blank page
and write
in the middle of it
the word 'potential'

imagine
a flock of blackbirds
on a field of snow . . .
up they go and when
they return the word is there

* earts - Cornish wild fruit related to blueberries



Haiga by Yu Chang and John Stevenson

EARTHQUAKE

Catherine Mair

Patricia Prime

the gale has stopped
we talk about the flight
to Norfolk Island
her first overseas trip
each day she counts the sleeps

I can't get it off my mind

I'm still thinking about
the South Island -
the terrible beauty of mountains,
bizarre shapes of rocks and swollen rivers

imagine the quake
two thousand chooks
going berserk
all those smashed eggs
& a yard full of feathers

reconstruction -
music rings around
Cathedral Square
where a crowd gathers in the rain
for the gift of a free concert

another birthday-
he describes the card
he has created
on his computer
to lighten the mood

beyond the window
a final flourish
of storm clouds
above the new spring growth
of oak trees

RAINDROPS
Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

'Wanderlust' -
after the cloudburst
the backpackers'
clotheslines empty
except for coloured clothes pegs

at the rest home she wakes
reaches out to touch my hair-
on the way home
we watch little diving ducks
ruffle the river

from the bushes
the chatter of boys' voices
as they collect branches
to make catapults
for their war games

the stone seat
is cold through thin cotton
children dig out mortar
and slash at shrubs
with long sticks

gliding beneath
the new metal footbridge
a fallen log -
over the Kamai ranges
weighted clouds

a sudden squall
we stop at the video shop
select four
& a western
'especially for him'

SUMMER
Sharron Reid Crowson
Dawn Reid Ward

sprinkler chattering
arc of rainbow water
heaven for tiny frogs
each sparkling drop a crown
no need for a princess here

dragonfly duo
silhouetted in flight
by summer's sterile sky
everything in pairs today
my shadow walks alone

white cloud pile-up
so much drama
little chance of rain
all the times I've held my tongue

no need for seeding arid ground

cafeteria doors
cold air smacks into the heat
instant fog
without glasses still foggy
blind either way

summer bay
glimpsed between oaks
sunlit scales
hiss of cool relief
deceit shared by tepid shade

bicycles wait
some lean, some stand, some fallen
the sun wheels overhead
glaring down daring us
to take to the road

hummingbirds clash
around the red feeder
jeweled warriors
protecting the empty bottle
as fiercely as the full

cobwebbed corners
sticky threads embrace the broom
hunger left behind
tomorrow another web
soon another broom . . .

Vier-Elemente-Zyklus
Four-Elements-Cycle

Claudia Brefeld (CB)
Heike Gewi (HG)
Walter Mathois (WM)

Luft/Air	Zerteilter Wind – Cleaved wind
Erde/Earth	Tiefe Risse – Deep cracks
Feuer/Fire	Aus der Glut – Out of the embers
Wasser /Water	Zur Quelle – To the spring

Zerteilter Wind

Alpenglügen ...
ein Steinadler zerteilt
den Wind

Pfeifen -
ihr Unterrock flattert

Stau
am Fliederbusch
tief einatmen

Wolken ziehen auf
Salzküsse an der Reling

Kopfschmerzen ...
das Donnerglas
anstarren

Der Laubfrosch erklimmt
den höchsten Zweig - Schweißperlen

Cleaved wind

Alpenglow ...
an eagle cleaves
the wind

Whistling -
her petticoat flutters

Traffic jam
at the lilac bush
breathing deeply

Gathering clouds
Salt kisses by the ship's rail

Headache ...
Staring at

the barometer

The tree frog climbs
up the highest twig - sweat beads

CB: 1, 4 / WM: 2, 5 / HG: 3, 6

Tiefe Risse

Ach, dieser lange
Kieselweg - nach Rotwein
schmeckt er

Ausgestreckt auf dem Felsen
Sommerwärme

Modriger Duft -
der Scheibe entwächst
eine Vase

In meinem Schatten
tiefe Risse - Flussbett

Wüstennacht
ich lausche dem Wandern
der Dünen

Hüttenfeier - Wechselschritt
zwischen dampfenden Fladen

Deep cracks

Oh, this long
pebble path - it's got a taste
of red wine

Sprawled over the rock
warmth of summer

Musty smell -
growing out of the throw
a vase

In my shadow
deep cracks - river bed

Desert night
I listen to the shifting
of the dunes

Cabin party - crossover steps
between steaming cow pats

HG: 1, 4 / CB: 2, 5 / WM: 3, 6

Aus der Glut

Gelöscht -
der Feuerschlucker nippt
am Rum

Sie kocht auf kleiner Flamme
Ausgeträumt

Brandrodung
bis zum Horizont
Die Augen tränen

Weihrauchstäbchen -
durch den Nebel schwebt ihr Nabel

Er zieht
Eisen aus der Glut -
ängstliches Wiehern

Eine Tür fällt ins Schloss
schwelender Docht ...

Out of the embers

Extinguished -
The fire-eater sips
at rum

She's on the simmer
A dream has burst

Slash-and-burn
up to the horizon
Watering eyes

Frankincense sticks -
her navel floats through mist

He pulls
iron out of the embers -
fearful neighing

A door snaps shut
smouldering wick ...

WM: 1, 4 / HG: 2, 5 / CB: 3, 6

Zur Quelle

Stromschnellen
mein Lachen reißt sich
von mir los

Zur Quelle, zum Enzian
gebeugt

So dürr das Riedgras
Die Kälte des Sees
erreicht mich leicht

Zwischen Schneeflocken

tanzt dein Atem

Rasensprenger -
Pauline schnappt nach dem
Regenbogen

Ein Tautropfen fällt
in die Stille - Morgentee

To the spring

Rapids
my laughter breaks away
from me

To the spring, to gentian
bowed low

Sedge so dry
The lake's coldness reaches me
easily

Between snowflakes
your dancing breath

Lawn sprinkler -
Pauline snaps at
the rainbow

A dew drop falls
into the silence - morning tea

CB: 1, 4 / WM: 2, 5 / HG: 3, 6

DOORS

June Moreau
Giselle Maya

for my shelter
made with branches
of sweet birch and pine
I fashion a door

and a window for the moon

dark crown
of winter mountain
whose hands made
this wooden door
shielding me from frost

Keeping
my tent flap open
so the mountain
may not keep to itself
its many secrets

chickadees
come for seed
I open the door
to see Rabbit pounding rice
in the winter moon

doors, doors
what would life be
without doors
a butterfly opening
and closing its wings

doors separate us
saying goodbye
to you
I wonder when
we will meet again

I come to the door
of my old cabin
in the forest
and I hear
music within

the dark wood
of the door shines,
rubbed and polished
with a brass knob -
it makes me feel at home

the huge barn door
of winter
is closed behind us now
and the bright door
of spring opens

old door
collaged four season panels
no handle
a little bell on a red ribbon
jingles when it's pushed open

the moon
just an old knob
on a door
to a room
beyond the stars

might
there be a door
to one's heart
if so, who in the world
could open it

I opened
the door this morning
the whole sky
came in and fields
of white clover

doors of illusion
I dream that he would come
on a trip with me
a sailing ship criss-crosses
the Mediterranean

he opens the door
and hears
the secret sounds
he left
footsteps ago

the door
to the guest room
glass paneled
with a cicada linen curtain
for guests to dream and rest

on my doorstep
this morning
the tiny paw prints
of a chipmunk
in the snow

chapel door
massive oak wood
hard to open
inside a magical space
for music, paintings and poetry

the name
I was trying to remember
came to me
just as I put my hand
on the doorknob

door to the cellar
painted in apricot
inside
an earth floor with fire wood,
boxes where stray cats shelter

MAKING SOUP

Alex Pieroni
Jane Reichhold

I made miso soup
for the empress of haiku.
will she ask for more?

how to publish
less of more

along the road
the thistle blooms
every year

smooth on my tongue
the first of this harvest

only the best tea
is drunk
from an empty bowl

the moon tonight
a flat curved crescent

soldier on
and sing to the death,

brave October cricket

getting dressed in a fog
to go to another funeral

along this muddy path
one plant remains evergreen
sprigs of wild thyme

shiny white smiles at the reunion
we were that class of 1955

the best ones
are picked in the fall
strawberries

"the most important sex organ is the brain"
today's email from an old lover

at 3 am
the sun shone
from a cold white box

his face aglow with desire
in the light of the fridge

I dreamt of dry toast
and awoke to crumbs in bed
sleepwalking snacking

confused by the time change
habits are now ha-bitch-ual

without thinking
I pluck a cherry blossom
and think of the moon

may all good things
come to the open heart

AS FAR AS THE HORIZON

Ramona Linke

Helga Stania

Mount Schabell

autumn moon looks
through the Martin's hole

harewood throws its leaves
onto the church stairs

a stranger -
horn blowers are practicing
Le Rendez-vous de chasse

as far as the horizon
forests filled with smoke

Java
a bamboo raft
drifting into the sea

light blue the room
it will be a boy

reunion
after many years
remaining silent

at family dinner
serving rumors

dark beer on tap
the evaluation
of the field walking

red poppy interweaves
neighbor's paling fence

escape attempts
in the container
air shortage

to the Klezmer Concert ...
the NAVI: bear sharp left

archery

giving away victory
for a kiss

honeymoon. Above Tokio
the first sky

pale crescent
wolves roam
through frozen lands

pictures of the pavement artist
auctioned for needy children

Roulette.
Homeward bound
microsleep

up to the middle of the pond
brittle ice

from the south
wind carries
the scent of hyacinths

moving on unsteady legs
first Easter lambs

HORIZONTWEIT
Ramona Linke
Helga Stania

Am Schabell ...
Der Herbstmond schaut
durchs Martinsloch

Bergahorn wirft sein Laub
auf die Kirchenstufen

setzt sich eine Fremde –
Bläser üben
Le Rendez-vous de chasse

horizontweite Wälder
erfüllt von Rauch

Java
ein Bambusfloß treibt
aufs Meer

hellblau der Raum
Es wird ein Junge

nach vielen Jahren
das Wiedersehen
gemeinsam schweigen

beim Familienessen
Gerüchte servieren

frisch gezapftes Schwarzbier
die Auswertung
der Feldbegehung

klatschmohndurchweht
Nachbars Staketenzaun

Fluchtversuche
im Container
fehlt es an Luft

zum Klezmer-Konzert ...
das Navi: scharf links halten

Bogenschießen
für einen Kuss
den Sieg hingeben

Flitterwochen. Über Tokio
der erste Himmel

blass die Sichel
Wölfe streifen durch
froststarres Land

Bilder des Pflastermalers
versteigert für Kinder in Not

Roulette.
Während der Heimfahrt
Sekundenschlaf

bis zu des Teiches Mitte
brüchiges Eis

von Süden her
Wind trägt
Hyazinthenduft

unterwegs auf wackeligen Beinchen
erste Osterlämmer

gedichtet in e-mail-Korrespondenz vom 22.10. 2010 bis 05.12. 2010

THE MAGICIAN'S HAND
Kala Ramesh
Barbara A Taylor

palace gate
two watchmen crisscross
their shadows

puzzled by alien tracks
in sand dunes

a white rabbit
at the flourish of
the magician's hand

cutting the tarot cards
on the kitchen table

AGAINST THE FLOW
Kala Ramesh

Barbara A Taylor

in the folds of
my mothers sari . . .
memories cocooned

flashes from the lighthouse
stream against the flow

his arms circling mine
we talk of the tomorrows
that are yet to come

a b r a c a d a b r a!
cheeks of full moon at midday

A DRAGONFLY HOVERS

Frank Williams

Doreen King

receding green pond—
a dragonfly hovers
in a shaft of light

when the hot sun sets
mountain ice is candy

dotted here and there
on the pavement
a few copper coins

playing chess
he only takes my pawn

by moonlight
a Knight rides swiftly
towards Camelot

greylag geese leave the valley
with unbearable silence

the leaf that dropped
into his gloved hand

is presented to her

their ticket for two
is stamped by the doorman

on its earth mound
a Meercat stands guard
as the group forage

she goes far in shoes
that took me nowhere

after nana's goodbyes
the whiteness of snow
outside the window

in the sky a full moon,
below the shortest day

monday morning,
while washing smalls
all the greatest hits

from a dear friend
the gift of a rare record

during a sad day
she saw more clouds
than she should have

all through the air show
coloured contrails amaze

dad's old roadmap,
our destination covered
with a splodge of jam

on the lost kitten's whisker
a touch of dew

damp blossom
covers the garden gnomes
from head to foot

after planting beets
I have to clean my coat

A Summer Nijuin Renku Composed via snail-mail
Started: 01 July 2010 Finished: 09 December 2010

UNRECOGNIZED FRIENDS

Jane Reichhold

Translations by Aya Yuhki

syohgai to wa
kabe de wa nakute
aratanaru
takami ni ayumi
iru tame no doa

obstacles
not seen as walls
but doors
to walk through
to a new height

koutai to wa
sukete hatsukiri
miyuru made
te wo yogoshi tsutsu
mono migaku koto

the setback
something to polish
'til hands blur
to see more clearly
reflection and transparency

hanten to wa
wasuraeshi mono ga
matsute iru
furuki michi yuku
toki atafuru koto

the reversal
grants time to tread
the old path
the forgotten thing

lies in wait for us

shitsubou to wa
yume to gugen no
chikasa shirazu
yuki sugiru koto
deai wo sadamen

disappointment
dream and manifestation
by-pass
not recognizing their kinship
time to set a new date

kanashimi to wa
tachimachi sugiru
tomo ni aru
jikan no nobasu
ai no tonneru

grief
the tunnel of love
lengthened
by our moments together
swift passing days

THE SYMBIOTIC ALPHABET

Werner Reichhold

Jane Reichhold

Accommodating something astronomically. Partly subject to a season. New Year, the word ablaze celebrated in abundance. No, not asking for rain, but yes, from afar gaining acceptance acoustically. If it's warm it's sisterly; if it becomes surveyed affliction grows

Balanced sideways two sunny eyes with raised brows browsing the backroads of the future

Centralized, almost an oval including a true way out, socializing. Good morning critical mood, on my own shape's horizon tiny red hairs learn to be aware of what they first may fear but what turns out to be another desired experience

Decentralized, a tiny snail descends the window glass, feelers fully extended into my room where the storm exists only in my frightened insides

Embossed wallpaper shows gray zones of pulverized skin. Was a body tired of wearing skin that refuses to take on new messages? On its journey through the air, light beams picked it up occasionally. Choosing a flight in silence, it places itself in a position where new shapes are passing by

F! Emphatic- the F-word- from the tongue frustrated fowl-mouthed chicken- the fox in the hen house full of sour grapes- fine wine- its label selling it to the fabulous rich- smiles into giggles

as a Group of five gamblers we share tonight's full moon equally between us being a dancer, a deep-sea diver, a black smith, a beekeeper and his pregnant woman. To become a community of seven both, the dog and the cat release the pale light and themselves on the roof of our Jeep Cherokee

How half hunched over the scared heart pulls a person as a cart is drawn by the sacred horse. Hurt harmed and then horned – now holy

Immigrating willingly into acreage of question marks building a maze. Now in the sound of words breaking territory, a stringed center in mind

J The powerful letter to introduce a name. The Jews have chosen for their god. Grandmother borrowed it for my father and he for me. So what joins us?

Knee-length shorts for summer and a kinetic ability of mist getting pierced by a flock of blue jays. There must be a gathering elsewhere – bells joining singers

La — fa-la-la-la the letter linked to larynxes to lungs, lunges lower than the libretto lets a libertine Lolita lick her lips while lisping loud her love

Minimizing meteorologically the influence of April rains, the meandering of her mind materializes spring a time moving minuscule muscles unwillingly - offspring in a pickup?

Nursery rhymes with her story. And we do that. Continue our inner dialogues - our scripts - etching them, emb-e-d-d-i-n-g them in kids. Our attitudes — the highest they reach for – until

an Oscillation on the ocean takes on the viewer's eye. With a more earthly approach and calculated obeisance my son opts to become an optometrist

Please thank you for your consideration to please you. My pleasure makes a plea for the p-ease of appeasement

Queen Elisabeth was quite bogged down in a quagmire of tiny details when she, smirking, lifted her right glove up to a diamond earring and the British took it — believe it or not — for a qualified greeting

the Rolling sound in the back of your throat - the deep thrill of joy that vibrates on the tongue - the verbal signature of Ireland - 3/4 of a cat's language - the pitched roof with the curved finial

it's a Sexploitative to do it sequentially. The session goes about sesame oil and with the serenity of sexagenarians, we unequivocally insist to discuss homosexuality, the way it is experienced but rarely reflected spiritually

Two twined, briefly our need forces body to body for the exchange, the seconds which banish aloneness- when we're children again at home in the moments before our own conception

Ultramarine umbrellas in abundance along the sunny path around the Fuji. This family reunion seems utterly beautiful; none wants to appear unfashionable, let alone undependable

V - a V of geese- a wedge of sky migrating in their wings the lonesome cry of every traveler

Wouldn't hurt more than usually. In the worst case she was unobtainable, tired of my wordiness, simply ready to drink from her own wishing-well

X - the mark we sign our names by buying a new house, the commitment to each other and windows on an altar of rocks. X the unknown. Tonight we do not know yet, if

Yachting is the goal, we yearningly give the mast a new finish, invite a skipper from the yippee-generation. Doesn't matter if it's a youthful mistake or not, it's what we're feeling the winds are blowing us to

Zeros, slender circles, stacking up. The pile of round coins, the price of a place. Will it want us? The shape of our planet encloses us empty or rich



SOLO POETRY

GHAZALS

MAGNIFICAT FOR THE NEW YEAR

Sheila E. Murphy

Scat-sung cadenzas festoon open staves
in feasts transcending four-four time.

A curvature of instinct rescues selves
from the erosive reflex of obedience.

We rise to the occasion of each other,
toward a more palpable compassion.

In a world of neighborly non sequiturs,
we celebrate new hinges of awareness.

Legato moments lift into syllabic flight,
resilient pathways to imperatives.

The body's best defense, unbroken skin,
a hush of snow light upon winter roses.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE OF STONE

Bernard Gieske

"You will, little man," said the giant, "build me a mountain house of stone."

"I cannot," replied the little man, "lift such a mountain of stone."

"You must," repeated the giant, "build me a mountain house of stone."

"But how?", the little man was heard to say taking leave with a moan.

Over and over the man pondered how to fulfill the command.
Louder and louder grew his moans sinking deeper into groans.

A simple poet am I and all I ever do is juggle words.
So off he drove in his plain Nissan; his mind never ceasing to churn.

With wheels turning he slowly began to formulate a great plan; How to
build the giant's mountain house gradually taking outline.

A poet am I and I will build a house of stone in a poem.
I will collect some building blocks and commence to lay the first stone.

GHAZAL OF THE SACRED GROUND
Steffen Horstmann

The night's dark wrapped its cloak around me.
From every direction voices spoke around me.

I had sought to pass this place in silence
When an ocean of wind broke around me.

Here the turmoil of the past remains.
Dead fires emit their smoke around me.

Did I wake you, dark god? What intent
Compels the spirits you evoke around me?

They slept for centuries hidden in black Crypts,
but suddenly woke around me.

Lord, grant me means to repel specters
I unwittingly provoke around me.

I see a battle's aftermath, heads raised on lances –
Their voices swirl like smoke around me.

May this be but a dream that vanishes
& sleep wraps a silent cloak around me.

THE WORLD YOUR WORD KEPT BETWEEN US
Steffen Horstmann

Tell me of the world your word kept between us –
Of our strife, like sudden flames that leapt between us.

Tell me of what lay dormant, in our bed
A body of silence that slept between us.

A disturbance billowed drapes in the vacant chambers,
Revealed as a ragged shadow that crept between us.

You saw notes of music whirling in the air,
A symphony of leaves the wind swept between us.

Tell me of what lingered for years without being spoken of,
The phantom in our room that wept between us.

Tell me of the word that quivered in your breath,
That took shape as a presence & stepped between us.

We sleep, we wind ourselves in cool sheets.
Tell me of the world your word kept between us.



Haiga by Martina Heinisch

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

THE ENDLESS SNOW

Ruth Franke
translated by David Cobb

To: Rose Miller
Date: Monday, March 8, 2010
Subject: The Endless Snow

I carry my light
into darkness
sometimes it flickers
then I slow my pace
and avoid draughts

Dear Rose,
do you remember I put this poem at the end of my Christmas letter? Had no idea at the time what this winter had in store for us. The 'cold spell' has not been a spell at all, but has gone on and on, creating chaos for trains and traffic on the roads, grounding planes, bursting water pipes. Places out in the sticks need helicopters to supply them. All day it snows, everywhere there's an icy silence.

long winter –
snowflakes falling
on the buzzard's corpse *

No need to worry about me, though – I'm absolutely fine and well stocked up. Only sometimes I can't stop my thoughts drifting enviously towards you in California, imagining you working in your garden, playing tennis, strolling along a beach, breathing in the balmy ocean breezes!

Time will arrive, I know, when the first crocus will pop its head up, then narcissus and primroses appear, opening their buds, and the first birdsong of the year will wake me up in the morning.

Looking out at the endless snow, there's some comfort in a PC that doesn't let me down.

Take care,
Ruth

wind from southwest
the bamboo shakes off
its snow *

*both haiku were first published in Blithe Spirit No. 20-1/2010

HAIBUN 26
Shirl Cahayom

Many years ago on one of the beaches in Safat, Kuwait, I wrote upon the sand:

SHIRL WAS HERE

WHERE ART THOU?

The waves came and washed my name away but the question remains: WHERE ART THOU? 20 years on, i am still asking the same question. i don't know where you are Kuya Romy. i don't know if you are in saudi arabia, in the philippines or here in america. all i know is that you are still in my heart, in that special corner where neither time nor space can shatter. The past is over now.

but its
memories
linger on and on
like the scent of jasmine
that permeates in the night

SUMMER
Gerard John Conforti

The rain pours into my eyes as I gaze at the clouds above the wet meadows. The sunlight pours though between the clouds swaying upon the earth and receding into clouds again. I stand in wonderment at the beauty nature offers in all its glory like the morning glories opening and closing; opening and closing.

She comes to hold my hand again and we stroll in the woodland down many paths of life in and out of shade beneath the summer tree leaves. We stand firm and gaze into one another's eyes. As we embrace we kiss until our lips are moist and wet.

From the clouds, the day brightens into a beautiful evening and she and I sit upon a hill of grass and watch as the sunlight fades away upon the sea.

shade of trees
and a cool warm breeze
tightens our clothing

EVEN HERE

James Fowler

An hour out on a hike, crossing through a large stand of hemlock, I enter a small clearing where British Soldiers stand at attention in three platoons on a Map-Lichened rock outcropping. One low-bush blueberry claims a pocket of soil between the ledge and trail. A wren bobs on the shrub and gives me hell for intruding on her island of sunshine. Then she flits to a hemlock branch on the other side of the trail, peers past me and falls silent. I look over my shoulder into the eyes of a cow moose, so close I could turn and pat her nose. She unfreezes first and ambles away. The wren swoops, lands and snatches a caterpillar off the blueberry.

the last of twelve
faded beer cans
angry ants

HUSBAND

James Fowler

Two months after my wife flies to New Mexico, I decide to clean the house, so I strip the bed, wash the sheets and blankets separately; dust all the horizontal surfaces, file my papers, shelve the books; sweep the window sills and slider rails; wash the windows inside and out; vacuum the carpets, scrub and polish the hardwood floors in the living room and hallway; remake the bed (the way she taught me, not the way the Navy taught me). My wife flies home in four days.

the cat
dumps over the trash
thawed bee

LEAVING SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

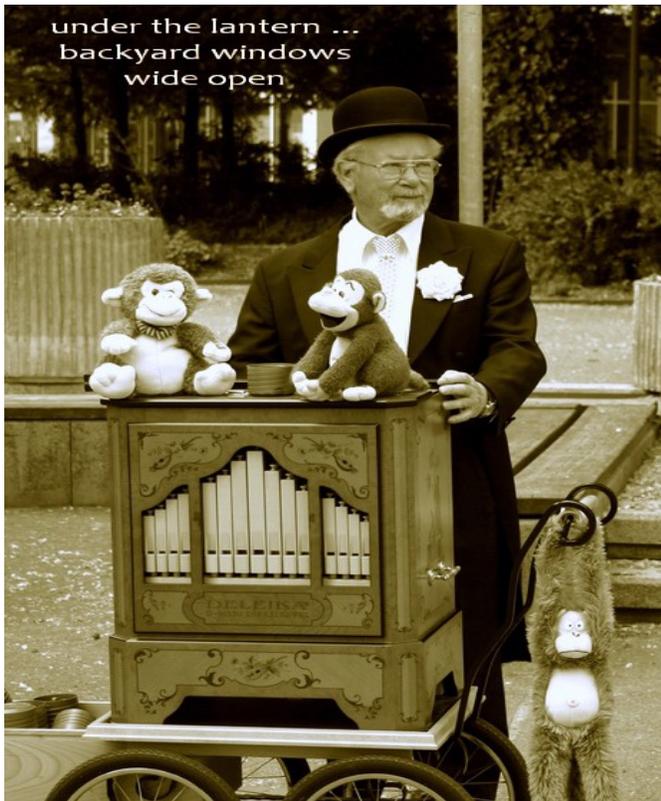
Ruth Holzer

When the morning fog lifts, what should appear in the harbor, but a mammoth white cruise ship. Passengers are already disembarking, descending the ramp in various degrees of fatigue and bewilderment. They mill around the customs tent, taking pictures of one another with their cell phones.

a following wind—
two women
sail away

I pack quickly and drive north. At Belleisle Bay, the river widens, reflecting billowing pink clouds and the vibrant green of the peninsula.

bits of glass and shell
pressed into the local clay—
a tea bowl



Haiga by Martina Heinisch

MILESTONE

Jeanne Jorgensen

I don't think that my mother told me anything about menstruating because when I found blood on my panties (luckily at home) I remember running to her terrified. I guess I learned the hard way that from now on there would be 'rag days' since my mom could not afford things like kotex pads (if they existed) for many years. I sometimes wonder how we grew up without being completely emotionally traumatized.

When our daughter, Shelley Anne started, i went out and bought a dozen red roses and they were

in a vase when we all sat down to eat supper (a school day) I stood up and quietly announced to the 'men' that, today, Shelley Anne became a young woman. Not another word was said during the meal but we all understood and the brothers and dad had a new respect for Shelley Anne from that day onward.

junior high recess
girls come to our daughter
'you're just growing up'

GROW, YELLOW AND DIE Liam Wilkinson

We have restored the familiar painting of our home, breathed air into the mouth of our quiet living and shaken out the cloth that has covered contentment for a lengthy buffet. We call it Sunday. Late autumn sun projects cult films onto leaves and we watch, though our hands hold hourly ambitions ajar on our laps. Ah, to flirt with simplicity and, like a fence, stand in a moment devoid of our years

again and again
the leaves grow
yellow and die
whilst we shout for more
from the stalls

THE BLUE FLAME OF NIGHT Liam Wilkinson

This nearly-new day wobbles like a plastic duck and falls into sunlight. How agreeable to leave you in your sleep and zip up a smile, to walk dogless into morning and hold myself by the pockets. Distant cousins may call out of nostalgia and the thought of a long-gone chocolate wrapper will skitter across my mind. Even work with its many stone heads still to be carved looks like a monument and quacks like a monument. You know, it's almost as if I meant it

and now
the blue flame of night
goes out
with all
the old fashions

JOY

Liam Wilkinson

I have discovered, at last, a way of using lies to find the truth in things. It's the same with lamps, only they are very much a part of autumn. My beautiful round lies will keep floating all year and even in the snow will simply expire as one removes a hand from a glove or a statement from a scandal. This year I intend to show you who I truly am and, in doing so, sharpen my tongue on clattering falsehoods as they make their way to the light of my mouth.

joy
how you light
a joss stick
in my belly
only to blow it out

EVEN THIS YOUNG MAN

Liam Wilkinson

Somehow it seems necessary to react to myself as though I hadn't felt the spark of the thought or the rumble of the roll on its way to the doing. I toss the notion, quickly, into the gap – perhaps I should raise my eyebrows or let out a 'my!' as I tumble, again, toward sure uncertainty.

even this young man
spots the old codger
he'll become
as his body comes away
from his being

SEQUENCES

SEEPING IN

Michelle V. Alkerton

slow drips
from the faucet
echo light rain

hosing down the driveway
grass clippings back in the lawn

early evening
playing games
shoes wet with dew

full moon
our bodies glide
beneath a wave

muddy cattails
sway along flooded ditch

tanned legs
practice the long jump
over puddles

THE WOODS ROAD
Jenny Ward Angyal
for my mothers

Sunday morning
jack-in-the-pulpit
his silent nod

climbing the gate
into no-sound
thick under hemlocks

birch and boulder
around the hill or over it
the path

on the granite boulder
tongues of lichen
the scraped knee

stony hillside—
even the cow paths
drenched with light

mother and child
the cows
always at home

sweet fern
crushed between fingers
the scent of time

blackberry tunnel
round the oak's bones
emptiness

empty acorn
under one white oak
a whole new forest

shades of green—
hairy-cap moss
five fingers deep

filling
her picnic basket—
seedling, shadow, leaf

scarlet
wintergreen berries
for winter's glass house

red-headed
soldier moss marching—
the far end of a twig

pipsissewa—
holding its name
in her hands

bracket fungi
in earth-scented duff
concentric circles

the woods road
never going
to the end of it

WITCH HAZEL
Jenny Ward Angyal

autumn
a handful of berries

opening
a blue glass bubble
of remembered light

burnishing
the trunks of birches
sorrow
the old crone's shadow
on the white moth's wing

dust motes
in a circle of light
the bubble
shrinking to a stone
inside the chest

stone
to build a fire ring
kindling
flame from ashes
before dusk

the scent
of apples—
bubbles rising
each a different mirror
to a changing face

hearthstone ashes
the price of wisdom paid—
but
can witch hazel bloom
so deep in winter

firelight fades
the old crone follows
the glint
of drifting bubbles
through the dark wood

FIRST SNOW
Melissa Allen

one
empty barn

first snow

first snow
the footprints of the neighbors
we've never seen

first snow
and again
the owl

THE COLD
Melissa Allen

the cold
our shadows
shiver

a field
of wind and deer
the cold

the cold
moonlight
and snowlight

PLEIN AIR
Ed Baranosky

no tracks in the snow
only incense still mingles
with the valley mists
Wei Wangyu

far wild hills flatten
in the receding distance

a mutiny of winter
a cardinal's crimson splash
leaving optical burns

my inflexible brush
turns and returns frozen
to the snow crusted easel
the arching sky threatens
a last stroke of color

creating mound and hill
where light and shadow meet
pine and birch and oak
so like us I wonder where
our differences may lie

what far-off light falls
rebuilding and remaking
across your frozen face
the evening sun melting
a brief warm sigh

the way back forgotten
covered with new snow
a plow could not cut
as the night wind sweeps
mindless being dances



*Bach-Matinée
the voice behind me
dies away*

Haiga by Ramona Linke

VOYAGEURS

Ed Baranosky

a few chosen words
speak the lineage of dreams;
take the shamans' advice
to blaze a trail of stars
among the deep shadows.

a last portage
stalks the swelling waters
of spring-fed sap runs
through the unfathomable land
towards a Northwest Passage.

you will always return
to the loons' long-drawn lament
carried on the wind.
let no one tell your fate
when the voyageurs embark

CAPTIVA

Bill Cooper

coconut milk
the soft smile
of a daughter

sun glare
the palmist
reads a frond

beach dance
banana leaves
artfully shred

shrimp bait
a pelican squawks
at the toddler

raccoon tail
so near
the frond tip

after the gale
weaving
a basket

RECONNECTED
Luciano Costa

*** Setting Out:

lonely thoughts –
the same trains departing
to all destinations I missed

desert road–
an old fashion magazine
torn out by gusts

*** On the Road:

ruins at dusk–
the gold and blue
chartreuse

autumn wind–
along the pond surface
stars fire flight

ancient church–
the unique lamb grasses
in the roofless nave

*** Awareness:

silent night–
out of the angel's trumpet
scented moonshine

once in a lifetime
into the void of night

I understand infinity



Haiga by Emily Romano

I LIFT FROM STONE
Claire Everett

Poetry must be as new as foam, and as old as the rock.

(Ralph Waldo Emerson)

this blue hour of dawn
when words are breath
reaching
for the candles
of the stars

ink pooling
in the nib of my pen
I wait
for a dragonfly
to rise from amber

was it yesterday
we passed through that insect wing
of a moment...
I remember
every cell and vein

a swan
graceless on dry land
pen to paper
ink flows
I glide on clear water

moments spiral
into thin air...
dust on the page
I breathe
the legacy of scent

sea breeze
morning twilight
mind-span
lighter than foam
I lift from stone

BELOW ZERO: NOCTURNAL
Eduardo N. del Valle

twilight in cloudland
moonlight glistens
in eyes too distant

silica-laced
dust soup
ripples ring my boots

H-beam moondials
marking nighttime
on glacial bedrock

half-gam long column
remains on mica heel
reminders unsung

off the slurry wall
one creviced sprouting
sapling stoops

moonbreeze rising
swells the vale
over the bulwark

gritty spindrift
strung bulbs quiver
smarts the jowl locked

drilling still
deeper past midnight
into eternal rock

glowing cloud
cuts a parabola in
torched shadow

beholding they
from sycamore boughs
our lunacy below

rising below zero
in nightlight
they watch

THE SCENT OF HERBS Bernard Gieske

changing
the baby's diaper
mint sprig in her hair

April birthday
vanilla sprig her bouquet
twinning her name

May dance
hand in hand
minting together

open window

spring breeze
peppermint sweet

poem book
her sprig of sage
"Spring Blossoms"

LIGHTED MIRRORS
Elizabeth Howard

chiseled from granite
the elderly schoolteacher—
in icy dawn, she shuffles
up the garden path,
teeth gritted against pain

she clips the item
with precision
he places it in the laden box
nodding as if to say
it's a husband's duty

in the lighted mirrors
the starched white shirt
blinds her
to his ashen face
and palsied hands

hearing the old lady's words
it's easier being his widow
than it ever was
to be his wife
I fill in the details

in her feverish dream
he placed in her hands
a shattered redbird
when she came to herself
she knew the bird bore his name

WINTER MOODS

Alegria Imperial

November sky
rains into stray runnels
into cesspools

drenched in the rain
city pavements let no step
leave a sign

on paved walls—
I trace the patchwork
by the moody rain

catching winter clouds
shielding for themselves alone
the marine blue sky

up frosty mountain peaks—
i wonder about the lily
in a summer pond

IF ON A WINTER'S MORNING, AN IMMIGRANT:

Chen-ou Liu

the bird
of my dreams was shot
dead
my shadow
wanders aimlessly

breathing
in unison with my shadow
I wait
for his time
slain by night

my life
has withered
verse by verse
in the rhythm
of short, long, short, long, long

if I die
without footprints left behind
I will be lost
among floating snowflakes
in a world of one color

TIME, CHANGER OF SEASONS
Chen-ou Liu

don't touch me
your hand looks dirty...
I feel
something inside me fraying
something I drape spring dreams in

the inner voice cries
jump as high as you can...
summer heat
makes my feet stick
in white asphalt

accidentally
stepping on my neighbor's shadow...
he yells
at me, illegal alien
I see southbound geese fly overhead

first snow
a black boy gazes up at the sky
until his face
is covered with snow...
time to dye my hair blond?

unemployed
due to no Canadian experience
my little brother
stands at full attention --
writing poems needs nothing but time

BEATS OF EROS AND DEATH:
For Yosano Akiko and Martin Heidegger

Chen-ou Liu

mesmerized
by Akiko's Tangled Hair
I encounter
eros as infatuation
blooms into love

dumbfounded
with Heidegger's Being and Time
I view
death, shadowy confessor
as a kindred spirit

eros'
tangled hair's breadth
separates
me from poetry
the mind wanders on the page

I am
in a stew over death's
bad breath
my poems suck up all
of its decay odor

roaming
the lanes of my mind
I can't find eros
back in the hut of my poem
I smell death

death sighs
there is no room for my misery
in this hut
you and eros have left no space!
I cry in silence

my mind
is empty while something dangles
between the legs
where is eros
my muse of poetry?

death lurks
about the room
taunting
how can I stop him
from reading my poems?

the moon spills
her light upon eros' face
I see
the red shades of her longing
expressed in a poetic form

placing himself
beyond the pale of humanity
death casts
his frosty gaze at me
while I write poetry

eros sways
her body before my eye
I want to talk
men here watch or talk me
into something else... Poetry?

death sits
on my shoulders with feet crossed
pushing me
six feet under
I'm writing my jisei

eros winks at me
licking her lips
I can't wait
and lunge at her on paper
moaning poems in the making

death smiles
flashing big yellow teeth
and asks, how are you?
I ignore him
and keep writing poetry

moonrays
reveal our coupled body
eros and I
pulsate to the rhythms
of our gogyohka

Augustine claimed
there is a hole in the soul
I decide
to fill it with poetry
death gives me a cold look

into the depths
of the long dark night
eros and I
make love on the page
the birth of a poet

under
the burning gaze of death
I am nothing
for I've been living
through paper

moonstruck
eros snoops through my drawers
trying
to find poem-scented lingerie
worn by my "other women"

I can't believe
I still see you
death!
You've reached your expiration date
I dumped you one poem ago

at the end
of Are You Lonesome Tonight
I kneel
and propose to eros with poems
poor thing! she laughs

I stare
into somewhere for hours
death clears his throat
bringing me down to reality
I am just a silverfish

eros sighs
no use in figuring me out
everything
I say to you is poetry
I lament, what kind?

death answers
you can't hide from me
in poetry
for I am your reader
I cry, the only reader!

when kicking

at the embers of my life
I see
the sparks in eros' eyes
my poetry title

CANADA DREAMING ~
in memory of my sister Janet
Rodney Williams

wild ducks migrating –
dreams shared in a foreign land
named childhood

city skyline
across the bay
bursting
from the water's edge
a pair of sandpipers

totem-pole shadow ...
beneath the wood-pecker's beak
sawdust drifting

first-nation shore ~
a shard of beer-bottle glass
tumbled
smooth and sharp
as an arrowhead

spring water purling ~
a bull elk in velvet
rubs antlers

in the shallows
a great blue heron
alert
ready to snap
with this lens

from a pine
the red-tailed hawk alights ...
gondola drop

twin members
of a first tribe gazing
in sepia

beyond the far shore
canada geese head south

on gnarled trunks
ferns sprout from moss –
beaver dam

a raft of logs
forming up on the river
as lumberjacks skip ...
too late to see canada
together now sister

maple leaves falling ~
this rocky mountain stream
red with salmon

SINGLE POEMS

my mother and I
in fading summer light—
stand still, she says
adding a pin
to the jagged hem

Lisa Alexander Baron

A Cranking Up Of Flim-Flam
Christopher Barnes

Within light-squall
In each star-gazer's head
Flickers a whirl of suggestibilities
- Black's white, torpedoes are a buried hatchet,
The emperor is wearing colour-bubble clothes.

We float reality stores

But it's starkly a movie
Rehearsing a chub-faced menace,
Schooling us to fear.

qi gong—
house-finch on the power-line
and I inhale
exhale together
living spirals

Gene Doty

wands of gold
waving in the wind
the irises
as though Midas walked
trailing his fingers

C W Hawes

not a single sound
competes with my tinnitus
while gazing
at the moonlit pond
from the window

C W Hawes

village wedding
the donkey too cries
for the maiden

Vladislav Hristov

good friday
my cut finger brings together
all relatives

Vladislav Hristov

daybreak –
on the escalator before me
a peppermint sweet

Vladislav Hristov

at the table
with his glass of red medicine
and a heel
of black bread:
the silent father

Ruth Holzer

on the southern shore
of Lake Ontario
we find
green glass and shells:
our jade and pearls

Ruth Holzer

a flock of geese
flits north across the full moon—
too late for goodbyes
in the snow drift the last rose
turns copper and sheds its name

Alegria Imperial

first frost—
the last of the roses

have lost their names

Alegria Imperial

winter night
the moon lights...
our breath

Howard D. Moore

walking over the bridge
with a jar of honey
in a basket of apples
yes, I did find them
at the rainbow's end

June Moreau

my solitude
what a good gift
it would make
if I could give
some of it away

June Moreau

MANUAL DEXTERITY
G.A. Scheinoha

These are the hands that
choose wood, shaped sanded, glued, then
wound strings and now, pluck
wire into a hot blooded

frenzy of flamenco beat.

Leaves fall
wearing more layers –
flu season

R.K.Singh

Time to talk
to the inner child –
baby sitting

R.K.Singh

it was obvious
this was her big, black, death book
she cracked it open
and asked me to spell my name
it wasn't too long a list

Spiros Zafiris

Muttering prayers
in the silence of exam hall
a new comer
with seized wit:
teachers delight

R.K.Singh

Labour Day

my neighbour
fixes his roof

Joanna M. Weston

BOOK REVIEWS

D'ÂMES ET D'AILES of souls and wings by Janick Belleau. Perfect-bound, trade-cover, 5.5. x 8.5 inches, 154 pages, illustrated with black and white photos, French and English. \$20. Les Éditions du tanka francophone, ISBN: 9782981 077059.

D'ÂMES ET D'AILES of souls and wings is the book that in October, 2010 The Canada Council for the Arts announced as one of the winners of the 2010 Canada-Japan Literary Awards and granted the prize of \$10,000. Not only are applause and kudos due to Janick Belleau for her work but also the Canada Council of Arts for so honoring a book of tanka.

Janick Belleau, poet, cultural writer, and lecturer, has been interested in haiku and tanka since 1998. To date she has edited three anthologies of haiku in French and English and has two personal collections: *Humeur. . . /Sensibility. . . /Alma. . . haiku and tanka* and *L'En-dehors du désir – short poems, du Blê*. Her feature articles and presentations deal with how women poets have contributed to the advancement of tanka and haiku in Japan since the 9th century and in Canada and France since the 20th century. Twice she has given talks at the Haiku Canada yearly meetings on the work and influence of women writing haiku and tanka in French. Translations of these talks, by Dorothy Howard are now available online at *Women and Haiku in French, Thematic Evolution*, talk for Haiku Canada, 2008 and *Canadian Haiku Women and Inner Thoughts*; talk for Haiku Canada, 2009. Before getting to the 91 tanka of D'ÂMES ET D'AILES of souls and wings, 42 pages are given to a well-annotated and scholarly essay, in both languages, *TANKA BY WOMEN SINCE THE 9TH CENTURY* in which Janick Belleau traces the her-story of tanka with brief biographies of the better-known poetesses. Her study and examples are taken from books on the subject that have appeared in French and it is very interesting to note how the tanka story has come down through the French river of books.

So, the poems. The tanka are sectioned into seven divisions titled *Between Culture & Nature*, *Burning Fire* (with a photo of 'burning' water), *Walking toward Winter*, *Roots* (showing tree branches), *Solitary*, *The Last Sleep* and *The Beyond* (which interestingly enough is prefaced with a drawing of Ono no Komachi). The section, "Roots" which is dedicated to Ms. Belleau's father, curiously contains most of the heartfelt poems about mothers. As with many of the tanka, I felt the author was dancing around very upsetting material without the courage to say it outright. There was too much of the 'good little daughter' unable to speak her truth. Maybe love poems, as tanka are often labeled, were not the genre for this section. Or does Ms. Belleau get kudos for trying? The actual love poems for her mate are much more open and precise. The honesty of feeling comes through and the tanka carry it on open arms.

along the green road
on a midsummer day
a bay of diamonds
wild with joy I go to you
wearing red lipstick

Baie de diamants
longeant la route verte
au milieu de l'été
le coeur fou je vais toi
du rouge sut mes lèvres

From the French version one can see how the lines 1 & 3 have been inverted. Ah, a search of the information page, I see Claudia Coutu Radmore has “révision des tanka en anglais.” I wish I had someone here at my elbow to discuss which version is stronger; or even if there is a difference. As I, in this solitude, read the poem again, I delight in the connection between the “bay of diamonds” and the author’s joy and for me that is the crux of the poem. And I admire the contrast between the green road and the red lipstick. Very fine! Why is the poem left so different in the French?

Ah, one more question before I leave this. I am wondering why the English versions are all in lower case (hooray!) and why each of the French poems begins with a capital letter. Is Ms. Belleau adhering to some French tenet that refuses to be moved?

Comfort for the author. Remember any time a critic jabs you with a worded spear, he or she has recently pulled the bleeding side the same and equally painful weapon guided home by someone else aimed at his or her work. How can we use love poems to describe a period of our lives still so outlined in pain due to a lack of love? What is going on with us, the women of imperfect childhoods when we write poetry?

Head Wind Tail Wind by Ikuko Kawamura. Gated color cover, 6 x 8 inches. 80 pages, full-color photos, Japanese with the poems translated into English. ¥1300.

I often feel like a protectionist, as if I want to put my arms around a poetic term when I feel it is endangered by an adjacent or new diminutive term. It seemed to me that tanka would become an endangered species if I accepted the word gogyohka into my vocabulary. The gogyohka is a modern Japanese devised term for a derivative form of tanka, written in five lines like the tanka but without the employment of the pivot, change of voice or any of the other signifiers of linkage and leaps within a tanka. It is basically a sentence broken by uneven right margins into five parts. Is my distaste showing yet?

For someone who has to really work to get a tanka do all the many techniques for which the genre is so rightly known, it seems criminally easy to simply think of a sentence, crack its spine into the form and call the product a tanka. Yet, as I see more and more so-called tanka writers adopting into use this method of writing, I am beginning to appreciate having a term such as gogyohka at hand.

Ms. Kawamura’s book arrived with a lovely bookmark that adds as sub-title, “The Collection of Tanka Poems created in Brazil, Argentina, and Peru having traveled in October, 2008 for only fifteen days”

When I first started reading the poems my ever-present inner critic was screaming, “but these poems are not really tanka.” When I quieted that voice with a calm, “well maybe these are gogyohka.” I was able to relax and let myself be taken on a marvelous trip through cities and countries I never hope to visit.

As tour guide, Ms Kawamura is excellent. Her photos are of professional quality, she introduces each locale with prose (in kanji) and her flow of poems is a gentle narrative of her days. Not only does the reader get to know what she saw or did, but also, thanks to the tanka habit of adding subjective material – feelings and emotions felt – can emote with her during each new experience.

While I greatly admire Ms. Kawamura’s ability to garner her thoughts while on such an intensive trip, and for making a lovely book out of the journey, I quake to think of the influence she might have on neophyte tanka writers in English. Will they think tanka writing is this easy? this facile? Will their tanka of the future be so lacking in poetic technique? I worry.

Recycling Starlight by Penny Harter. Mountains and Rivers Press, P.O. Box 5389, Eugene OR 97405 <http://mountainsandriverriverpress.org>. Hand-tied, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 28 pages, gated cover, cover design, printing and binding by Ed Rayher of Swamp Press. \$15.00.

In a series of 23 poems of various forms and genres, Penny Harter records her feelings and recovery in grief from the death of her husband, William Higginson on October 11, 2008. One cannot help but be touched by the bravery of this woman as her poetry comes to sustain and retain the burden of memory. As John Brandi writes in the back page blurb: “These poems are among Penny Harter’s best, a fine tribute to her late husband, a wrenching presentation of loss, and an incomparable homage to love.” One cannot critique such work. One can only be thankful to be invited by a book to observe, in reverent silence, the work of recovery we all have to make at some time.

Ce Rosenow, at Mountains and River Press, has done a beautiful job with the making of the book by putting it in the hands of Ed Rayher. The dark blue covers, specked with the starlight of mica, and the somber black of the end sheets adds to the serious and subdued tone of the poems. The old-time process of hand-tying the pages reminds one of the many haiku books done by Swamp Press.

For those who may have thought of Penny as a poetic shadow behind William Higginson, a reading of the list of her books and the poetry fellowships (three from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts, and one from the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts -- VCCA), and one award from The Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation and the Mary Carolyn Davies Memorial Award from the Poetry Society of America and the first William O. Douglas Nature Writing Award) at the book should quickly convince all that Penny Harter deserves to be seen as a poet in her own right.

Penny now lives in Mays Landing, New Jersey and works as a visiting poet in the schools through programs sponsored by the New Jersey State Council on the arts and various other agencies.

Riding the Atlantic City Express Train to Manhattan
for the Spring Equinox 2009

in the marsh
beside the tracks, one heron
whitens the dawn

train whistle –
I remember the warmth
of your hand

weak sunlight
lifts the morning haze –
a rusting water tower

red budding
on the maples – I flex
all my fingers

brown leaves clutch
the pin oak limbs –
I whisper your name

spring equinox –
the train rocks side-to-side
on polished rails

Shelter| Street Haiku & Senryu by Karma Tenzing Wangchuk. Minotaur Press, P.O. Box 272, Port Townsend, Washington 98368. Saddle-stapled, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 36 pages, \$10.

I first met Karma Tenzing Wangchuk in the library, where he worked, in El Rita, New Mexico 13 years ago, before he became a Buddhist monk and left behind the name of Dennis Dutton. Years later I met him, splendid in his monk's robes at the ukiaHaiku Festival in Ukiah California. Now, with this book, I meet him as an ex-monk, but still with the amazing name, on the pages from Port Townsend, Washington where I learn I could go to listen to him read at the open mic at The Boiler Room on Thursdays and at Lehani's Deli and Coffee House on Fridays. I am tempted to make the trip just to be in this man's presence again.

For me, Tenzing is the quintessential haiku poet. He lives on the edge and he manages to control the madness bequeathed to him by the Viet Nam war into hard and biting haiku that still have an aroma of sweetness and a glide of gentleness about them.

From page 26

sunflower –
head too heavy
to meet the sun

low tide. . .
the shells
not chosen

summer's end
a swelling of wind
in the pines

See what I mean? Do you know what I am trying to say about his poems? I wish I could lay this gentle booklet in your hands so you could share these moments. Unable to do that, I can only recommend you

buy the book. Wouldn't that be a lovely happening? To have checks and orders pouring into box 272 from around the world asking for Tenzing's book? In my universe that would happen.

aN ABunNDaNce of GiFts by Stanley Pelter. George Mann Publications, Easton, Winchester, Hampshire SO21 1ES England. Perfect-bound, 6 x 9 inches, 134 pages, £8.

Appropriately, aN ABunNDaNce of GiFts arrived in the mail on Christmas Eve. It has proved to be the gift that keeps on giving. Now, well into January, I am still finding gems to admire, delights for pleasure, and new ways of thinking of this old life. I think this is the best of all of Stanley Pelter's books.

Izzy Sharp's cover is certainly his best ever. Just when I am thinking the front cover is superb, I will accidentally lay the book down with the back cover exposed and then I think, "no this is even better." Back and forth I go each time I pick up the book.

It takes time to read one of Pelter's books. You can not simply find a comfortable chair near a heat source and settle in for a read. Pelter has to be taken in small bites, with time to allow the complexity of his thinking to ooze into consciousness. Just when you think you have gotten the prose, the piece has a haiku in it, like a fat Brazil nut that you must nibble at, chew and digest all the while you are still trying to get around it. Pelter takes the genre of haibun to the edge of the cliff, where he tosses it into the air, blows on it playfully and then skillfully catches it in his outstretched hands to hold it before a reader with a chuckle rumbling from his deep chest.

With the same skill that Pelter mixes genres, images and subject matter, the fonts and attributes on the page follow the bouncing ball. He must be a typesetter's nightmare but he proves again that his vision is deeper and wider than that of any one else. This time John Parsons did the illustrations. He must be Pelter's right hand. The same quirky mind seems there also.

May that third operation go well, return him to health, and keep alive this wellspring of twisted thought. We need him to remember the distance of our edges.

LETTERS TO LYNX

. . . This is to let you know that my "our blue bag" tanka is currently in the Prize Round of The Poetry Ark Prize project at poetryark.org, and AHA Books is credited as publisher. The writers and publishers of the top 3 poems are eligible for over \$2,000 in prizes. (Note that this year-long contest was advertised in Poets & Writers) All The Best, Darrell Lindsey

. . . is with great regret that I have to inform you that the great Serbian poet, Slavko Sedlar, passed away. <http://www.thehaikufoundation.org/resources/poet-details/?IDclient=137> (7 July 1932-24 October 2010) Sasa Vazic

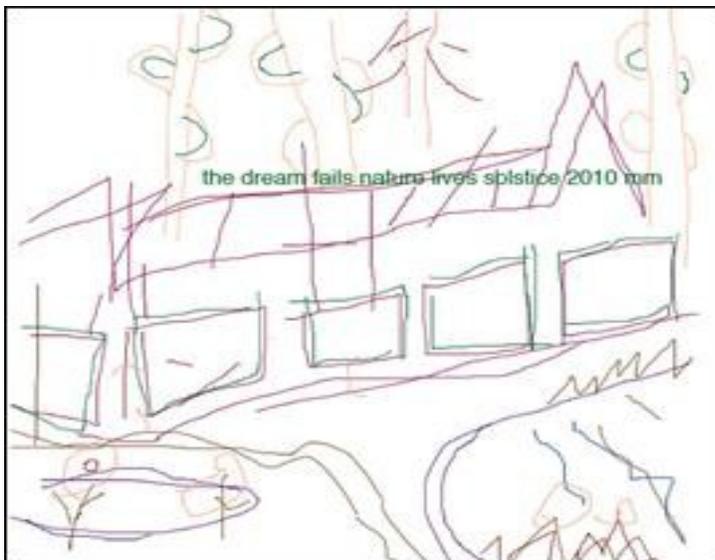
Are you back in the northern woods? I hope the autumn days are sunny, and the night fires warm. It is 9c today, rain falling out of a grey sky, evening is coming on.

I have been busy, trying to trim up a pamphlet competition entry that will, of course, win me fame and fortune. The seasonal tanka that appeared in four separate issues of Lynx I have entered as SEASONAL NOTES, each season with its own page. There have been a few changes, not many, a word here and there. I hope this is OK, and I acknowledge their first appearances in LYNX. I am also entering CUPID'S ARROWS ARE COFFIN NAILS as it appeared in LYNX. As I was working got to thinking, "Isn't it about time..." I tapped up, first, the last issue of LYNX, to see the old number; then tapped up the current issue. I have only given it a quick look-see, will get to it in detail before much longer. My wife- bless her - is in the kitchen making supper preparation sounds. A little later it is bath time for me, which is more complicated than the simple word "bath." I have to go from wheel chair to bath chair, and.....and.....and so on. Tomorrow is training where I will be under the hand of MY blond therapist. Don Ammons

Canada-Japan Literary Awards go to
Masako Fukawa, Stanley Fukawa and Janick Belleau

Ottawa, October 25, 2010 – The Canada Council for the Arts announced today the winners of the 2010 Canada-Japan Literary Awards. The English-language winning work is Spirit of the Nikkei Fleet: BC's Japanese Canadian Fishermen, a 130 year history written by Masako Fukawa with Stanley Fukawa, of Burnaby, B.C. The French-language winning work is D'âmes et d'ailes / of souls and wings, a collection of tanka in French and English by Janick Belleau of Longueuil, Que. Read the complete news release here or by copying and pasting the following URL into your web browser's address bar: www.canadacouncil.ca/news/releases/2010/gh129322599811263515.htm
Images of the winners and their books can be downloaded from the Canada Council image gallery.

. . . New Year! I was surprised to see more than 130 hits in my blog where I upload one translated haiku by Japanese contemporary haiku poets per day(<http://fayaoyagi.wordpress.com>) on New Year's Day (still early here in rainy SF!). I also manage to twitter one haiku per day since November, 2010! (Twitter handle name: faysftsuyaku). My high-tech client laughed when I told him I 'copy' haiku I twittered in Facebook for my non-twitter friends! Fay Aoyagi



Marlene Mountain's Solstice greeting

Dear family and friends,

I hope you are happy, well, and enjoying this holiday season. Although much of the rest of the country (and Europe) has already experienced snow and cold, here in southeast New Jersey it was unseasonably warm for much of November. Now, as we approach the Winter Solstice, an Arctic chill is with us. Tonight, stars blaze in the clear depths of the sky.

I continue to enjoy living here in the South Jersey shore area. Of course I miss Bill, but being close to my daughter and son-in-law, Nancy and John, and family (Courtney 10, Conor, 7) really helps. I love being part of my grandkids' lives---they are growing up so fast. Both are excellent students. Courtney is a fine goalie on a traveling soccer team, and a talented singer and dancer. She's also a voracious reader. Conor is reading chapter books, playing soccer and basketball, and enjoying his first year in Cub Scouts.

I'm also in frequent touch with my son Charlie and his wife Ellen, and with Bill's daughter Beth and her family (husband Branin, Will, 22, and Alex, 17). Will graduates from Wesleyan this year, with a degree in computer science and math, and Alex graduates from Westtown Friends School. In the fall, he's heading for Warren Wilson College in North Carolina.

My children and grandchildren bless my life in many ways, and I'm very grateful. I'm happy to report that everyone is doing well.

Also, last June I enjoyed a visit in the Texas Hill Country with my sister and her husband. Darie and Roger are in an RV lifestyle, and I spent a week with them in a beautiful RV park, plus had the opportunity to briefly visit with my niece and nephew, Betsy and John. I hadn't seen my sister since shortly after Bill died.

Locally, since last February, I've been attending the meetings of "H.O.P.E.," an area widows and widowers organization that functions as both a support and social group. Within the group I've found lovely new friends. I've also enjoyed getting to know several area poets better and made a few good friends here in my condo development.

Two professional highlights this fall were my being invited to read at the Geraldine R. Dodge 2010 Poetry Festival, and having a poem mounted on the Scott and Hella McVay Poetry Trail at D & R Greenway Nature Center in Princeton. It was an honor and a joy to participate in the dedication of that Trail.

And *Recycling Starlight*, my small book of poems charting my grief during the first eighteen months after Bill's death was published this past fall by Mountains and Rivers Press in Eugene, Oregon.

Finally, some of you already know that I had a total hysterectomy on October 28th. I am deeply blessed that the results of that surgery have rendered me totally cancer-free, with no need for any further treatment. My oncologist / surgeon said, "That's what happens when we find it so early." I am recovering amazingly well and give thanks daily for this miracle.

If you'd like to keep up with my poetry and occasional personal news, I invite you to visit my blog now and then: <http://penhart.wordpress.com>.

I'd love to hear from any of you with whom I've not been in touch for a while. May the coming year--- and beyond---be filled with light, love, and joy for you and yours.

Love,
Penny Harter

. . . Please let me introduce myself to you. I am a Brazilian who has spent most of his time working in physical sciences; though since an early age I had been very much attracted to arts, in all its forms. I studied piano for 15 years and read extensively about painting, poetry, architecture, and even perfumes. About one year ago, I started reading poetry seriously. About one month ago, I start writing it myself, especially in the haiku format. I bought your book recently from Amazon (Enjoying haiku...), and have appreciated it very much. Congratulations for such an enlightening work! I am really serious about haiku and other oriental poetry genres because I believe they capture the very essence of arts, namely the synergy between truth and surprise through the creative use of sparing words. If you allow me, I have enclosed below a dozen of my own haiku. I would be delighted to receive eventual comments and criticisms. Please be very frank. Would you recommend some specific journal where I could submit them? Very best wishes, Luciano Costa

. . . I'm very pleased to have the ghazals appear in the February issue. And I'm certainly interested in hearing about your trip to Tokyo, as well as Jane's address at the meeting of the International Pen-Club. Will she have updates posted on her blog? Thank you again for your very kind response. Sincerely,
Steffen Horstmann

JR: Thanks for asking! The report is written and is just waiting for a good day for me to do the proof-reading.

. . . A haiku writer and weblog friend calls ours, this new world we are intensely uncovering, a "haikuverse". I call the seeds of haiku spinning in its firmament the "hai-xies". We're inventing every cloud in it and invoke moody winds for the haiku we write, yet still constantly wondering until read so or not if our ku is at all a haiku. The intensity to write a haiku that works for me gets deeper it seems when one or a suite I submit is rejected without a word if but one as to why. Editors and "masters" tell us 'novices' to read, read and read. I've been doing that. One that has helped me understand what I'm doing really is Jane's online lectures and the video of hers I once watched. In it she presents a "haiku world" that seems easier to understand. (By the way, this is late but I would like to congratulate her on her being guest speaker at the 76th International Pen Congress in Tokyo.) In fact, at the Vancouver Haiku Group's last meeting (we formed into a group of five for now, recently), we invoked her words in one discussion where she says in one of her videos that "if you think it is a 'haiku', then it is a 'haiku'." The smoothened our tight foreheads and lit our eyes. Why not indeed? I also added that, it seems to me, Jane embraces a global understanding of haiku, meaning how language shapes not only language as an expression but the nuances of words—nuances that rise as indiscernible as mist from the culture of its birthing. This is how I feel about my writing especially about haiku. I do strive to go by the rules but often, what comes into shape breaks the rules, I believe, and finds its own flow. Still, I have a few that have since been successful, meaning accepted by editors. Your generous acceptance of my LYNX submissions and that you were the first ever who said my lines are those of a poet, has set

me on solid ground. And like home, I do keep coming back. As always with deep thanks, Alegria Imperial

. . .The following renga (A Collection of Days) was our first collaboration together. Jean (Jean Brasseur) and I workshop together at Wild Poetry Forum together and both have a love of the short forms. Recently, Wild was down for maintenance for a couple of days and Jean had the idea of trying our hand at a renga. We were so in-sync with each other, and it came together so beautifully, that we wanted to share it with you and Jane. We hope you are inspired by it and find it worthy of publication in your February issue of LYNX. If not, we just hope you enjoy the read! stacey dye

. . .The issue presenting the GHAZAL book challenge is now officially online. You may go directly to it at http://www.ghazalpage.net/2010/book_challenge/index_book_challenge.html or access it through the main page or the 2010 index <http://www.ghazalpage.net> -- http://www.ghazalpage.net/2010/index_2010.html However you get there, I hope you do take a look. Visually, this issue is based on photos of a 17th century book that David Qution Dauthier sent me. The graphics add a dimension to the theme of books. All the best to each of you, Gino Peregrini The Ghazal Page, <http://www.ghazalpage.net>, <http://ghazalblog.typepad.com>

Hamburg, den 8. September 2010, Liebe Freunde und Haikufreunde, in diesen Tagen erscheint im Wiesenburg Verlag mein Debütband Taubenschlag. Kurzlyrik und Kurzprosa. Eine Sammlung meiner gelungensten Haiku, Tanka, Sequenzen und Kurzprosa der vergangenen acht Jahre mit einem Nachwort von Annika Reich. Es ist gebunden, hat 110 Seiten und kostet 14,90 Euro. Das Buch kann portofrei direkt beim Verlag oder beim Buchhandel, selbstverständlich auch über den Online-Versandhandel bestellt werden. Ich habe gestern bereits einige Autorenexemplare erhalten und biete hiermit signierte Bücher an, solange mein Vorrat reicht. Ebenfalls portofrei zum Ladenpreis. Eine eMail an mich, die die Postanschrift enthält, genügt. Es grüßt herzlich. Udo Wenzel

CONTESTS

ukiahHaiku festival and competition listing

Ukiah is a northern California town whose name, backwards, spells "haiku." In 2011 the City of Ukiah will hold its ninth annual competition and festival. The competition encourages local, national, and international submissions to the Jane Reichhold International Prize category.

Website Address:	www.ukiahaiku.org
Fee:	\$5 for up to three haiku
Limit:	Maximum 3 haiku per person (only 1 haiku/person/category may win an award)
Eligibility:	Age 19 and over
Start date for submissions:	Saturday, January 1, 2011
Postmark Deadline	Friday, March 18, 2011
Festival Ceremony	Sunday, May 1, 2011 (announcement of winners)
Submission Guidelines	

If submitting via the online form:

- 1) On or after January 1, 2011, go to www.ukiahaiku.org, click on "submit your haiku" and then "the online form." Follow instructions on the form.
- 2) If our PayPal payment form is live by then, you can send your payment electronically. Otherwise,

send the fee (US check or international money order) by snail mail to ukiaHaiku festival, PO Box 865, Ukiah, CA 95482. Clearly indicate the author's name of the haiku submission for which the payment is intended.

If submitting via snail mail:

1) On or after January 1, 2011, go to www.ukiahaiku.org, click on "submit your haiku" and then "the printed form (pdf)"; download the form. Follow instructions on the form. Mail along with your fee.

Deadline: Friday, March 11, 2011 (postmark or email date)

Judging: Jane Reichhold will judge the Jane Reichhold International Prize category. Awards: \$100 first place, \$50 second place, \$25 third place, plus a booklet of winning poems.

Festival and Awards Ceremony: Sunday, May 1, 2011, 2 p.m. Winners are strongly encouraged to attend the festival to read their poems (winners will be contacted in advance of the festival date). Out-of-towners might consider visiting the many world-class tourist destinations surrounding Ukiah--inland wine country and redwood forests, or the Mendocino Coast (a 1-1/2 hour drive from Ukiah) before or after the festival.

MAGAZINES

In the September issue of BlueBerry Haiku, a magazine of poetry for children there was a page of bookmarks with illustrations from Allison Bruce and D. Diorio to four of Jane Reichhold's haiku. Gisele LeBlanc, editor offers the page for download and printing for any who wish to have the bookmarks. You will find the page at:

<http://www.cobaltcrowproductions.com/bbhsept2010bookmarks.pdf>

BO

Allison Bruce has a Bachelor's of Science degree in Chemistry from the University of California, Davis, in addition to design, illustration, and animation studies at the Academy of Art University, San Francisco. Currently working as a scientific illustrator and animator in the bay area, her work has been published by several journals, including "Cell," "Nature Biotechnology," and "Cancer Cell." Allison is an associate member of the Society of Children's Book Writers & Illustrators. D. Diorio's illustrations have been featured in Crow Toes Quarterly, Berry Blue Haiku, Bedtime Story, and on Guardian Angel Kids online ezine. Her art lessons have been published in Pack-O-Fun's Art Smarts feature, and on Hot Chalks Lesson Page, Schooldays Magazine, K12 Academics, Kinderarts.com, and Artsonia. An art teacher and professional artist, D. Diorio is a member of the Society for Children's Book Writers and Illustrators, the Children's Literature Connection, and education society Kappa Delta Pi. Visit her website at: <http://ddiorio.itgo.com>

mango moons

Muse India, www.museindia.com an online literary journal, is seeking submissions in contemporary haiku, tanka and haibun from around the world. mango moons - would go online on 1st May 2011 Original, unpublished haiku, tanka and haibun, not under consideration elsewhere, are welcome from all writers. Please send submissions of 5-10 haiku poems and / or 5 -10 tanka poems, and / or 2 to 3 haibun for our perusal. Do send your work, duly edited. India is awakening to the world of haiku, tanka and haibun and we would love to showcase your best work in this special edition. Please note: Submissions are only open from 1st February to 15th March 2011 Email submissions are encouraged. Type "Muse India" in the subject line, and do include a short 50 word bio & a jpg photo of yours (optional), in your submission mail.

Please type your haiku, tanka and haibun in the body of the message, formatted as plain text. Attachments will not be opened. Email submissions should be sent to kalaramesh8 [at] gmail [dot] com (please replace [at] and [dot] with proper symbols before sending)

Muse India retains first rights, meaning that if your work is subsequently published elsewhere, Muse India must be cited as the original place of publication

Once your work has been accepted, we reserve the right to publish the chosen poems, in online issue and in the print journal of Muse India. Keenly looking forward to reading your lovely work, and please do pass the word around :) Warmly, Surya Rao

Managing Director, Muse India and Kala Ramesh Editor of mango moons, Muse India

Dear Roadrunner Reader, Issue X:3 (October 2010) is now up:

<http://www.roadrunnerjournal.net/> Featuring: The Scorpion Prize #21 by Tom Raworth, ku, "Peggy Willis Lyles: A Celebration," "Tada Chimako's Haiku" by Hiroaki Sato, —Tom Raworth: An Interview
Thanks for reading, and please do pass this email on to others. Scott Metz

ON THE MUSE-PIE PRESS SITE, Issue #2, SHOT GLASS JOURNAL Our new online poetry journal of short poetry EDITED BY MARY-JANE GRANDINETTI Shot Glass Journal Issue #2 features a special New Zealand poetry section and an international collection of poetry from Hong kong, Italy, the Netherlands, Puerto Rico, the UK, and the US. The wide range of poems includes Free Verse poetry and poetic forms such as ekphrastic, the Ghazal, Pi-archimedes, and prose poetry. Go to www.musepiepress.com and click on Shot Glass Journal in the left margin.

CHECK US OUT AND ENJOY THE POETRY Submissions for The Fib Review are now being accepted for Issue #8 which will be posted at the end of December, 2010. Submissions for Shot Glass Journal are now being accepted for Issue #3 which will be posted at the end of January, 2011. 30th Anniversary of Muse-Pie Press 1980-2010

The new issue of cho is now available for your fall reading pleasure.

<http://contemporaryhaibunonline.com/> Ray Rasmussen, Technical Editor, CHO

Hello Sketchbook Friends and Readers: The new Sketchbook is now on-line:

The November / December 2010 Sketchbook contains poems, art and features from ninety writers living in twenty countries including Australia, Canada, Croatia, France, Germany, Hungry, India, Israel, Lebanon, Montenegro, Netherlands, New Zealand, Philippines, Poland, Portugal, Romania, Serbia, Trinidad and Tobago, United Kingdom (England), United States. The Editors extend a warm welcome to all of you! Here is the link: Sketchbook: Vol. 5, No. 6:

http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook5-6NovDec2010/0_Contents_Sketchbook_5-6_NovDec_2010_Cover_Art_Merry_Christmas.htm

The Sketchbook editors are now reading submissions for the January / February 28, 2011 Issue; the deadline for submissions is February 20, 2011.

Please consider participating in four Sketchbook activities that are appearing in each Issue: 1) January / February 2011 "heart(s)" Haiku Thread:

http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook5-6NovDec2010/0_Contents_Sketchbook_6-

1_JanFeb_2011_heart_s_Haiku_Thread.htm

2) January / February 2011 east wind Kukai :

http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook5-6NovDec2010/0_Contents_Sketchbook_6-

1_JanFeb_2011_east_wind_Kukai_Results.htm

3) JanFeb 2011 Poem This Picture Contest:

http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook5-6NovDec2010/0_ContentsSketchbook_5-

6_NovDec_2010_Results_Poem_This_Picture_Contest_Shanna_Baldwin_Moore.htm

4) In the Sep / Oct issue, Editor Karina Klesko launched the Let US Pray Page; sixty-three writers from fifteen countries participated. Please consider contributing to this new feature. Read the Nov/Dec 2010 Let Us Pray Feature:

http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook5-6NovDec2010/0_IndexLetUsPray_Sketchbook_5-

6_NovDec_2010_Let_Us_Pray_Index.htm

The Sketchbook Editors: Karina Klesko and John Daleiden

. . . We're happy to say that, despite Norman having been snowed in and virtually incommunicado for some weeks now, we're still on track with Issue 1 being available for purchase if not at year's end, then early in 2011. Purchase and pricing details will be available on our website by then too. We'll be finalizing page design and the proofreading stages of the manuscript when Norman's internet connection has been restored and after that, contributors/sabaki can expect to receive a pdf of their section of the content for a last look-over. The journal will run to some 150 large-size pages of renku articles and poetry and the list of contributors is roughly that number too. The listing is available for view on the DR website here:

<http://www.darlingtonrichards.com/index.php/titles/journal-of-renga-renku-list-of-contributors/>

Moira Richards and Norman Darlington

The new issue of Shamrock (No 16) is now online: <http://shamrockhaiku.webs.com/currentissue.htm> It has a big selection of Hungarian haiku in English translation, as well as an international section, an essay on haiku and copyright, as well as a haibun and a book review. It also features the winning poems from the IHS International Haiku Competition 2010. Hope you'll enjoy reading it.

Haiku Reality is Out - <http://haikureality.webs.com/indexeng.htm> Best wishes, Saša Važić, editor

. . . Just to let you know that "Winter Sparrows" Haigaonline volume 11 issue 2 is online

<http://www.haigaonline.com/> Please join us for a wonderful collection of haiga by the following authors and artists--most are haiku-based but we do have a tanka in the issue too.

The December Solstice issue of The Ghazal Page is now online. Here's the URL for the index for this issue: http://www.ghazalpage.net/2010/2010_winter.html I hope you enjoy it! I'll be contacting the poets for the March issue soon. Gino Peregrini. The Ghazal Page, <http://www.ghazalpage.net>
<http://ghazalblog.typepad.com>

. . . Over the past six months I have thought a lot about JUXTA and have decided that it can not work -- or that I can not make it work. It would be just too much work to make it work! However you slice it, I'm withdrawing from the battle to produce a scholarly journal for the Haiku Foundation. I don't think you will be taken aback; my guess is that JUXTA is not really relevant to anybody's agenda. Scholarship has its provinces; haiku writers have theirs. Good pieces of critical and scholarly intentions are published in various haiku journals. But above all, the discourses within the haiku reading-and-writing community while profoundly integrated into the lives of the participants are not open to the kind of debate that scholarship depends on. There are cultural reasons for this. As I said to Jim Kacian, what I do believe in now is the importance of a Loyal Opposition to the habits and models that define American haiku at present. Which is not to say that there are not exceptions to a kind of sameness; there are real artists out there; and perhaps a Loyal Opposition would, along with reservations about current discourse, feel obliged to acknowledge the works and the writers who do deserve a true literary criticism. But that's another story. I'm aware that I may be saying too much, sounding incoherent or defensive or self-deluded -- no doubt all of the above are in play at this moment -- but I felt some sense of why I'm ending my engagement is in order. Tom D'Evelyn, Managing Editor, Single Island Press
www.haikumuse.com

. . . I am writing because I have started editing a new anthology on the themes of grief, loss and change. The working title is, THE TEMPLE BELL STOPS: CONTEMPORARY POEMS OF GRIEF, LOSS AND CHANGE. Please feel free to forward my call for submissions to others who you think may be interested in contributing. I am giving preference to unpublished poems, but published poems (haiiku, senryu and tanka) should be accompanied by full credits. Best wishes, Robert
worldofdewhaiku@gmail.com

. . . Some happy news from The Heron's Nest: we are pleased to announce that Fay Aoyagi and Billie Wilson have agreed to become our new associate editors in 2011! They will observe the process of selecting material and putting together the March issue (December 15 submission deadline) and will begin to accept submissions when we start work on the June issue (March 15 submission deadline). Please do not send them submissions at this time but, if you would like to send notes of congratulations and the like, you can reach Fay at: Cloud.Heronsnest@gmail.com and Billie at: akwilsons@gci.net

BLOGS

. . .I'm taking part in a new project starting on January 1st and I thought you might like to join in. In an attempt to pay more attention, I will be noticing one thing properly every day (a bird eating berries, a child playing in the street) and writing it down. People from across the world will be joining me and we'll be creating a 'river' of these short pieces of writing. I'll be adding mine to my blog an open field, but you don't have to take part online, you could just write them down in a notebook. If you'd like to join us find out more at <http://ariverofstones.blogspot.com> or email fiona@fionarobyn.com for more information. It'd also be lovely if you could forward this email to five friends you think might be interested. I have started this on my blog <http://takingtankahome.blogspot.com/>. And you? \o/ Jane

. . .Jim Kacian is our featured Haiku - Three Questions poet today:

<http://tobaccoroadpoet.blogspot.com/2010/12/jim-kacian-three-questions.html>

I also have a few updates:

<http://tobaccoroadpoet.blogspot.com/2010/12/sunday-updates-december-12.html>

Peace and prosperity to you all, Curtis Dunlap, tobacco road poet

<http://www.tobaccoroadpoet.com>; hcdunlap@gmail.com

FINIS