



Issue 1.1  
January 2019

# HUMAN/KIND

Journal of Topical & Contemporary  
Japanese Short-forms & Art

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Journal of Topical and Contemporary  
Japanese Short-forms and Art

Issue 1.1  
January 2019

Founder/Chief Editor: Robin Anna Smith

Assistant Editor: Christine Taylor

Assistant Editor: Shloka Shankar

Assistant Editor: Aparna Pathak

Cover Art: *Wading through the Clouds*  
by Shloka Shankar

*Special thanks to Mark Gilbert for his assistance with proofreading.*

Dear Readers,

I hope you enjoy the collection we've put together for our inaugural publication. I know a lot of people have wondered exactly what form the vision for Human/Kind (H/K) would take. I hope you will take the time to read it cover to cover, in order to fully appreciate the connections between the various works.

While there is a feeling of cohesion as one moves through the issue, there is quite a variety. Not only is there a range of forms, styles, and topics, but there is a spectrum of experience, with writers featured who are brand new to the forms, well-known haikin, and everything between.

We're very happy with the submissions we received. I know it is hard to know what to submit to the first issue of a journal, not knowing what will be a good fit. My hope is that as we go forward, the connection people have with the journal will strengthen. This will help us evolve and fine-tune the overall voice of H/K.

It was a pleasure to receive such a diverse array of work in our inbox. We'd love to receive more submissions on topics not frequently discussed in these forms, including sociopolitical subjects and news article responses. It's my belief that these types of issues can be tackled while still maintaining the basics of the forms, and also perhaps expanding on them. We also desire more experimental formats used to enhance the genres: visual poems, found poems, collage, varied formats. For visual art, I'd love to have more in every issue. I recently updated our submissions page with additional details, so please have a look before sending your next submission.

I'd like to express my gratitude to everyone who submitted for making this all possible. Thank you for trusting us with your work! Thank you to the contributors who shared personal stories, feelings, and experiences, and those who stretched themselves to try new things. To my co-editors for all of your help and patience as we've worked to get our processes set up and running smoothly, thank you, your input has been invaluable. Thanks to everyone who helped along the way, from the initial conception of the idea of H/K, to this point. I consulted many friends in regards to how to get started, brainstormed with them about various details, and had help with beta testing and proofreading both the issue and the site. They don't all want to be named, so I will not make a list, but they know who they are and I hope they know how appreciative I am. Lastly, thank you, readers and supporters. Without you, there would be no H/K. I love this community of creatives!

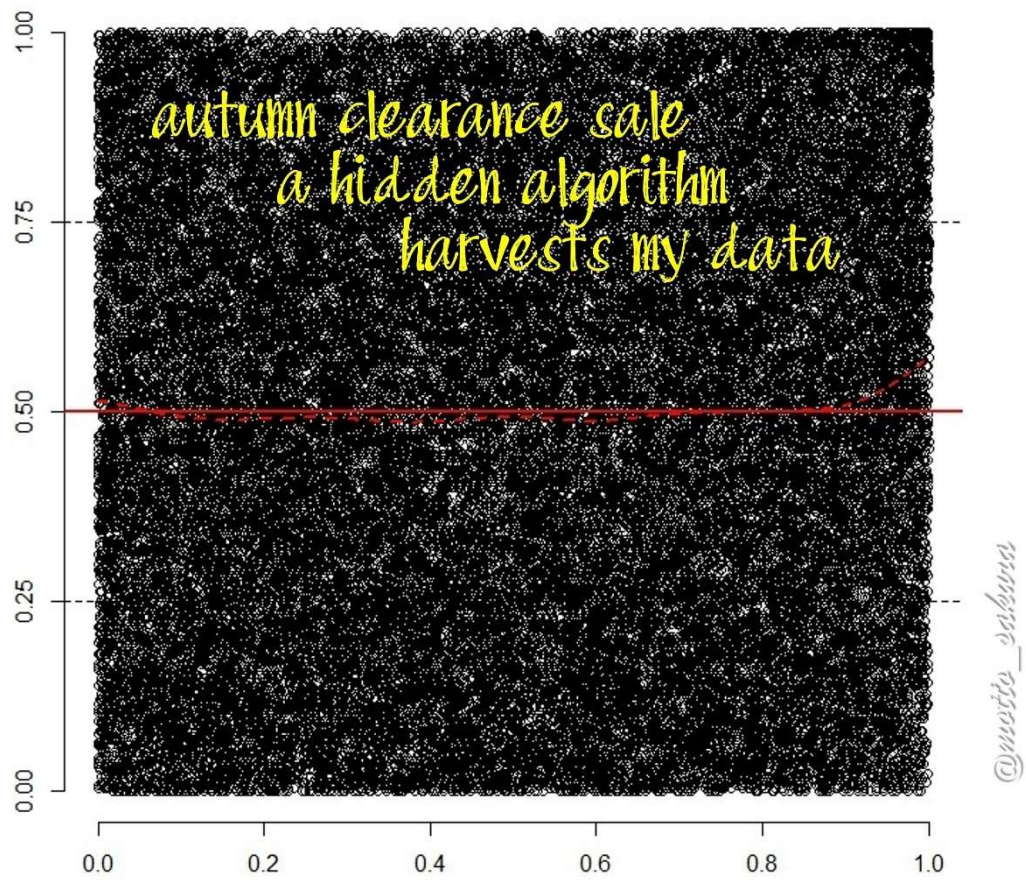
Enjoy perusing the issue and do send us something of your own in the future!

***-Robin Anna Smith***

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*autumn clearance sale*

**David J Kelly**

looping static  
Pangea breaks apart  
over and over

***-Mike Andrelczyk***

fishing within fissures  
3/4 of us made  
of floating fragments

***-Kyle Hemmings***

shared jigsaw  
pressing our pieces  
together

***-John Hawkhead***

across my leg  
your leg  
building bridges

***-Jan Benson***

## Hidden

my childhood

above

wish to live

beneath

her Holland Park flat

its kitchen

eye level

below

a scary dash

from house to

(shelter)

imagine

walk-up

a New York

chandeliers and trains

(Russian)

nesting

dolls

remember Paris Métro

together

under Montmartre

***-Marietta McGregor***





*emma rails*

**Stephen Briseño**

## World Bank

The unfamiliar is a drug on which I've been known to overdose. Take my visit to the World Bank in Washington—lunch date with a friend whose partner works there. The bank's main complex includes a cafeteria with a bewildering selection of dishes from a score of different national cuisines. We carry our trays out into the hollow core of the building, which is illuminated by a skylight many storeys above with glass too thick to permit a view of the clouds. In between catching up with my friend, I luxuriate in the multilingual hubbub around us. It's sometimes such a relief not to understand.

moonflower  
is the sky still available  
in all languages

Forty-five minutes later, on our way out, I pause to admire an obelisk made up of video screens broadcasting TV stations from around the globe. It's mesmerizing. When I turn around to say something to my friend, he's gone, hurrying back to his office down the block, and I realize I haven't the least notion which way we came in.

Back home, I always enjoy getting lost, so I search half-heartedly at first, trying to maintain a brisk enough pace so I won't stand out as an obvious interloper. But soon I start to panic. Which is the ground floor? Why don't there seem to be any exits? I query a pair of janitors in a stairwell, but they merely laugh, whether from contempt or polite lack of comprehension I can't tell. I'm a hayseed in the big city; I don't know how to navigate corporate space.

groundless  
this fear named after the god  
of wild things

where better  
to panic than a bank  
where worse

I start opening doors at random, interrupting two meetings and backing away from half a dozen soft-walled labyrinths filled with the humming of office machines. Everyone I pass

is giving me strange looks. When I finally guess correctly and see a door to the street down at the end of a broad corridor, it's all I can do to keep from breaking into a run.

Outside, I keep up my frightened scurry for half a block before I remember I'm still wearing my visitor's lanyard. I glance around to see if anyone's watching and stuff it into a rubbish bin. Relax. Breathe deeply. Look up at the familiar clouds.

trapped inside  
a moth's day-time dream  
of being human

*-Dave Bonta*

fsrit caccdia

*itno slnecie*

oahrveerd in the haet

*my nrueo-cinvgoite  
reaindg*

of the mnmeot

*of the hkiau*

***-Hansha Teki***

I improvise. I sin.

I dress the sin up  
in duckcloth and lace.

I'm disappointed when,  
thus dressed,  
it speaks only perfect English.

***-Laura Page***

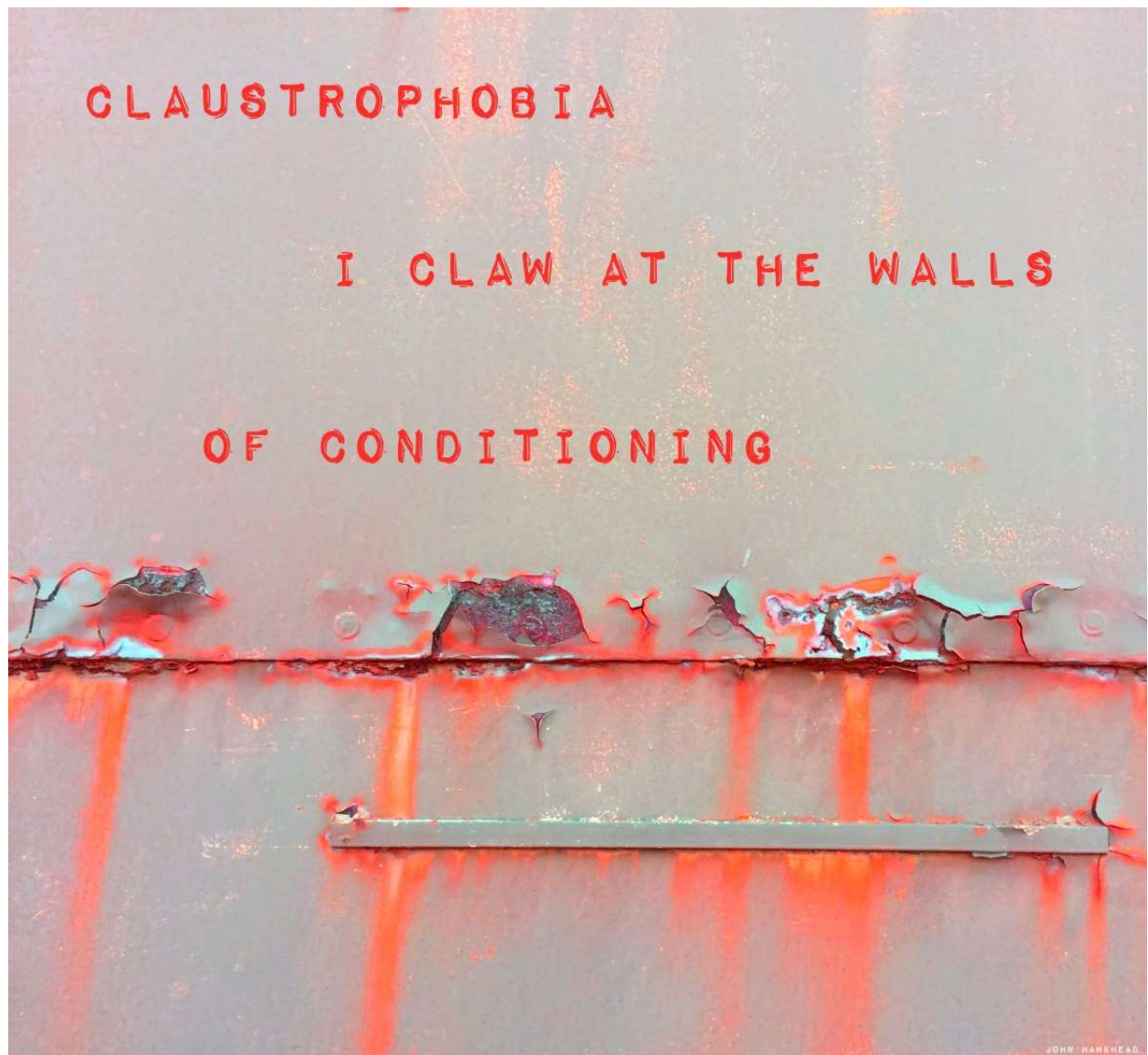
## **crushed**

There is a confusion to words. A single set of letters can offer different sounds and meanings. Then there are other words; everyone agrees they're understood, but each of us understands something different. While these personal definitions can share borders, and even overlap, they never seem to fit perfectly on top of one another. If blue is a colour, which shade is it? Is there a place for a blue so deep and dark it falls off the edge of the rainbow? Maybe we need another word. Love is a word which many of us claim to be familiar with, but what does it feel like?

jumping from a swing  
the freedom of the chains  
as they release me

*-David J Kelly*





*claustrophobia*

**John Hawkhead**

## Sweet Home

My brother's birth relegated me to the lowest rank of my family: *not worthy of special attention*. I was a stranger in my parent's house. I holed up in books, finding places willing to take me in.

I moved into a large and complicated house with many interesting rooms and antiques. I was drawn into a magic wardrobe, pushed my way through mothballed fur coats, and found myself in an always-winter-and-never-Christmas land, full of fauns and dryads and naiads and dwarfs and animals and a black-hearted White Witch.

Things got interesting when I followed a White Rabbit with pink eyes down a rabbit hole, often changing my size unexpectedly.

Nothing could stop me in Villa Villekulla, as a strong and independent, red-haired in plaits, freckled little girl, who lived by herself with a monkey, a horse, and a suitcase full of gold coins.

And I didn't forfeit the boating and bathing in the afternoon, deep in green undergrowth with my friends, Water Rat and Mole, or dropping in for a chat with Mr. Toad, owner of Toad Hall, who possessed large amounts of money but not much brain.

mother's apple pie . . .  
I question  
the mirror

- *Antonietta Losito*

living behind glass  
my mother raises me  
without looking

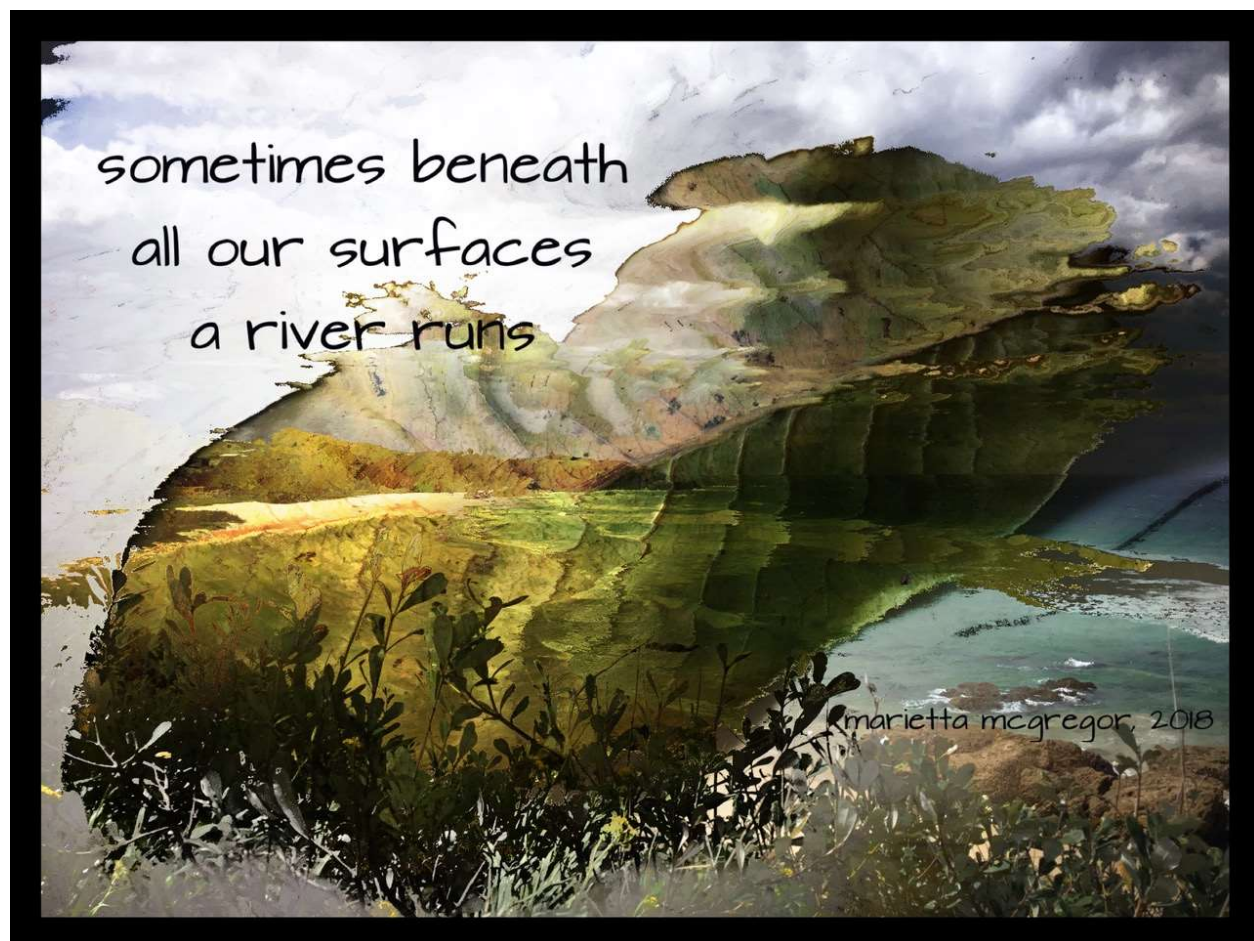
***-Kyle Hemmings***

blister pack  
focusing  
on the personal

***-Mark Gilbert***

in the mirror  
a leaf  
already fallen

***-Erin Castaldi***



*sometimes beneath*

**Marietta McGregor**

surface tension  
you dip a toe  
into my silence

***-John Hawkhead***

first cut I love everything nobody says

***-Norman Darlington***

tachyon  
my love for you  
only hypothetical

***-Kyle Hemmings***

afternoon with an old friend linear regression

***-Sondra J. Byrnes***

the rain  
gathering  
whiskey  
& tobacco  
this cast of ghosts

*(after Arwyn Evans)*

***-Alan Summers***



summer grass . . .  
a friend slowly  
an acquaintance

**-Nicholas Klacsanzky**

morning walk  
car by car  
whittling silence

**-Madhuri Pillai**

striated butte  
a slice of wedding cake  
in the freezer

**- Sheila Sondik**

sky-clad equinox  
more than the need  
of need

**-Jan Benson**



*social status*

**Lori A Minor**

## Izzi Is

Izzi runs sky-clad in the woods each solstice, chants starsongs, and swallows the sacred.

Izzi gathers friends the global way, and not for the merit of DNA. She camps and tramps the beaches of Malaysia, knows fire, winds and clouds.

Izzi travels way away, returns only a bit to catch up on the twit of weddings and other traditional chit.

They call Izzi a "lizzy", because she's not a fembot; not in the Greek or Romany way.

handheld drum  
a syncopation  
on the down beat

*-Jan Benson*





*drum beats*

**Marianne Paul**

## Away and Within

Youth. Idealized freedom, a time of rustic camping among trees, mountain vistas, the breath of earth—when nature held me closest to rapture. Did I consider a Maker? In retrospect, what held more sway was power of away and within; a ritual of trees and sky, and experimentation, when raw euphoria was key to my spiritual experience.

We were, after all, flower children. Once, on a mountain hike near Aspen, when all ingredients were conducive, my heart sang. Mescaline heightened my senses. Roar and ripple of creek, ethereal mid-day mountain-light, and warmth of baking grasses and stone; thrill of a new birdsong, and a community of peers. In that illusory moment I only received. Much later, I might learn to return the blessing.

my life within gardens  
was it escape,  
or deeper digging?

*-Mary Ellen Gambutti*

## In Deeper

Perhaps the most terrifying experience of my life came about from wanting to know what existence was like for my eldest daughter who was then aged seven. She was diagnosed as suffering from an extreme form of autism that left her almost completely in the world but not of it to the extent of being completely non-verbal—the classic changeling child of legend with a fairy-like beauty to match.

At that time, she was having ever-so frequent tantrums that manifested in screaming, banging her head with her hands and against objects, arm-flapping, finger-twirling, scratching others and so on. Information on autism in New Zealand was then all but non-existent and there was absolutely no place to turn for ways to support her apart from just loving her just as she was and coping with the tantrums, meltdowns and the way others judged, rebuked, shunned and ostracised her and, by extension, us.

The sense of helplessness was almost overwhelming and instead of asking the Creator, "Why?," I asked that I may experience in my own being what it was to be her and how she experienced existence that manifested in her full-body meltdowns.

My rash prayer was answered immediately. Everything that could pass through my five physical senses stampeded into me without any filter. Everything that could pass through the senses to be processed by the brain entered all at once, without distinction, without order, a complete and utter experience of chaos in sight, sound, smell, taste and touch without any filtering of intensity. It was impossible to even begin to process the most minute fraction of what my senses were taking in to feed my brain. The sensory overload was extreme and to regain any sense of control I had to will myself to snap out of it.

Mercifully it stopped as quickly as the experience began.

Without that effort of my will I am sure that my identity would be submerged in a swirling chaos of undifferentiated sound, colour, smell, feeling and taste. I knew in the depth of my being now why my child had to withdraw into a world she could control.

I adopted all reasonable measures to limit and control the flow of sensory input to her brain. I think that I somehow decided that if her synapses could not filter neural impulses, I would have to set external processes in place to apply a measure of filtering. Thirty-eight years later she is still in this world but remains not of it.

My youngest child had his 23rd birthday yesterday. He is also afflicted with neuroatypical sensory perception but nowhere near to the degree of his older sister. In fact, he is very intelligent with remarkable awareness of his neuroatypical functioning and can communicate on a vast range of subjects that a vast number of neurotypicals have little inkling of.



Last night we had a heart-to-heart conversation about what it is like to be him. When I told him about my experience many years before with his sister he said, "Yes, that is it."

It is what it is.

sun and moon

*flaming bush*

far from  
the juniper shade

*I am  
being*

a gentle breeze

*who I am*

***-Hansha Teki***



*on the spectrum*

**Marianne Paul**

shattered family  
a six-year-old invents  
another planet

***-Lucy Whitehead***

black-hole moon  
i'm still dying  
from a childhood disease

***-Kyle Hemmings***

double-recessive  
the permanent scars  
of conception

***-David J Kelly***

before we had hands  
Iapetus

***-Mike Andrelczyk***

## **Lifelines**

When you give birth to a baby that you know is going to die, an entire lifetime is measured in moments. The one time she grasps your hand will be a lifetime of hand holding and when she's gone nothing but moments and dreams remain.

wet snow  
our useless attempt  
to hang on

***-Bryan Rickert***

notions of the absolute green tea

***-Eric A. Lohman***

death anniversary  
I remember  
the day after

***-Tia Haynes***

stories that we tell ourselves    dustmotes

***-Lucy Whitehead***

my search  
for meaning . . .  
rock cairns

***-Deborah P Kolodji***



*rage of directions*

**Matthew Yates**



## **The Green Lady**

Under the stairs in a small space lies a dog and a boy, and one of them is dying.

This is his parents' house,  
and everything is still the 1970s.

The boy locks eyes with the dog, and they share a pact, and a few quiet whimpers.

A Chinese girl looks down on them, her skin blue-green;  
her shoulders gold from the robe she wears.

Her hands are folded out of sight  
but the boy knows they're not cold.

He could remember this image forever.

The boy buries his parents' last ever dog  
in the family home's garden,  
they couldn't bear to have another one.

I cried solid for a week.

He wishes his mother, now a widow, would get one more, just one last dog.

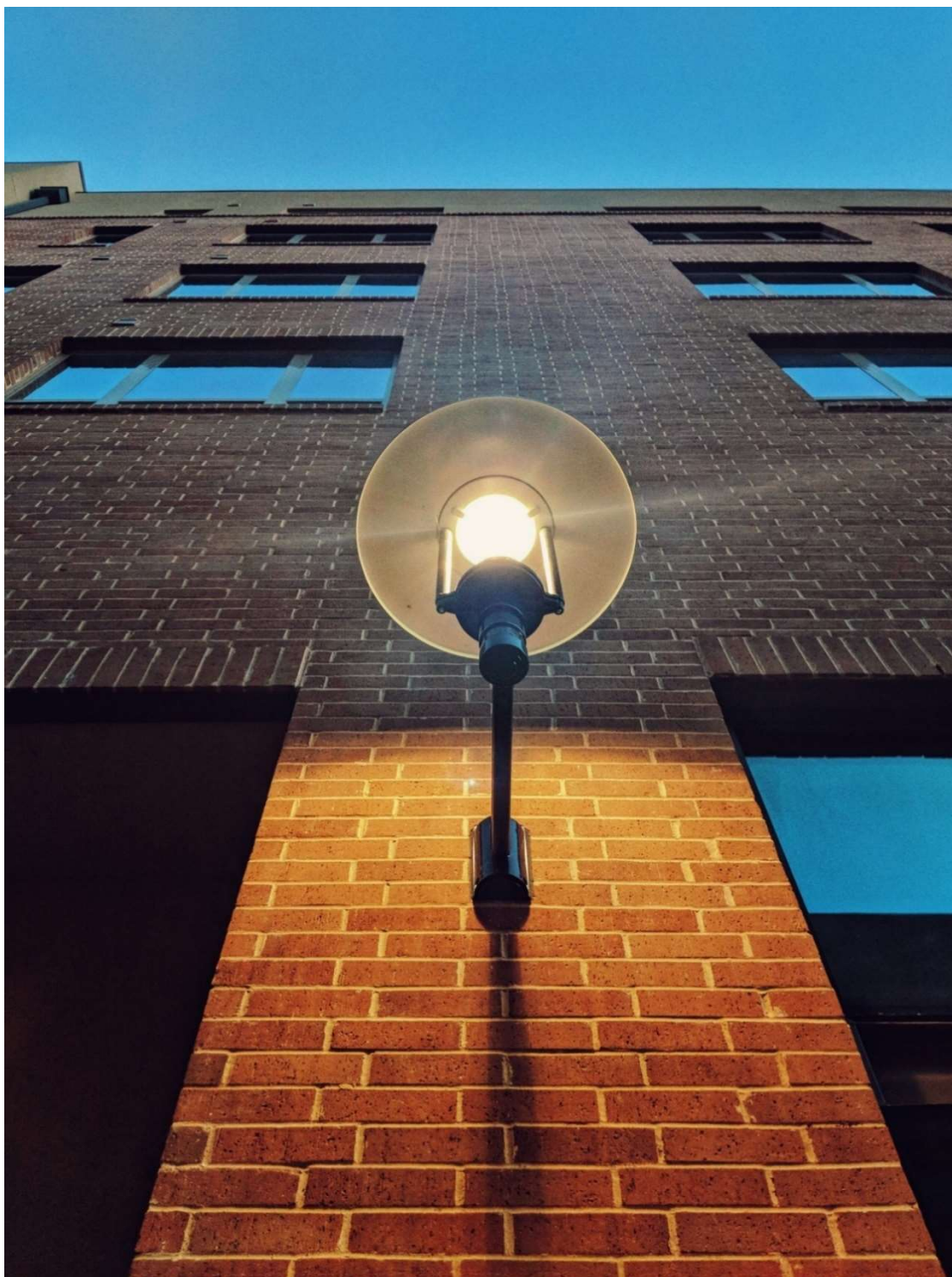
Now the boy is a man, and one of them is dying again.

mother's sepsis . . .  
I help the undertakers  
wrap her away

*-Alan Summers*

out of my thoughts  
into the flame  
of a lit candle—  
all throughout dinner  
we speak of the past

*-Akane*



*throckmorton 2*

**Stephen Briseño**

## Immaterial Matters

Lots of children in the waiting room today. It's been a year and there have been some subtle changes. No more game shows on the tv. Instead there is a loop of meditative music set to nature images. A couple more plaques under the doctor's names. Some new photo books. Just enough to remind me that my children have grown and it'll be another year before I'm back here again.

turning gray I see myself in every mother

The nurse rattles off some questions. Any changes to your medical history? No. Any changes to your father's health? Cancer. Your maternal grandmother still alive? No. Any concerns today? Yes. And she packs up and leaves. Business as usual.

exam room smoothing out the paper gown creases

I stare at the wallpaper while I wait. During one prenatal appointment my husband pointed out how the design looks like rows of uteruses. It's all I can see now.

empty womb the distant cry of a hungry baby

My IUD has slipped and needs to be removed. The biggest question I face is who will watch the children.

stay-at-home mom asking permission to take a shower

On my way home, I joke about close calls with my friend who miscarried two months prior.

between black and white a story in every shade

*-Tia Haynes*

## **Red**

If I were a color, I'd be red. Red is a woman's color. It's vibrant, radiant, bold, and all the things we're not supposed to be. It's the color of my nails, the lipstick that makes my eyes pop, and even my period. How can I not be red if I'm constantly surrounded by it?

PMS  
I blame Eve  
for eating the fruit

***-Lori A Minor***

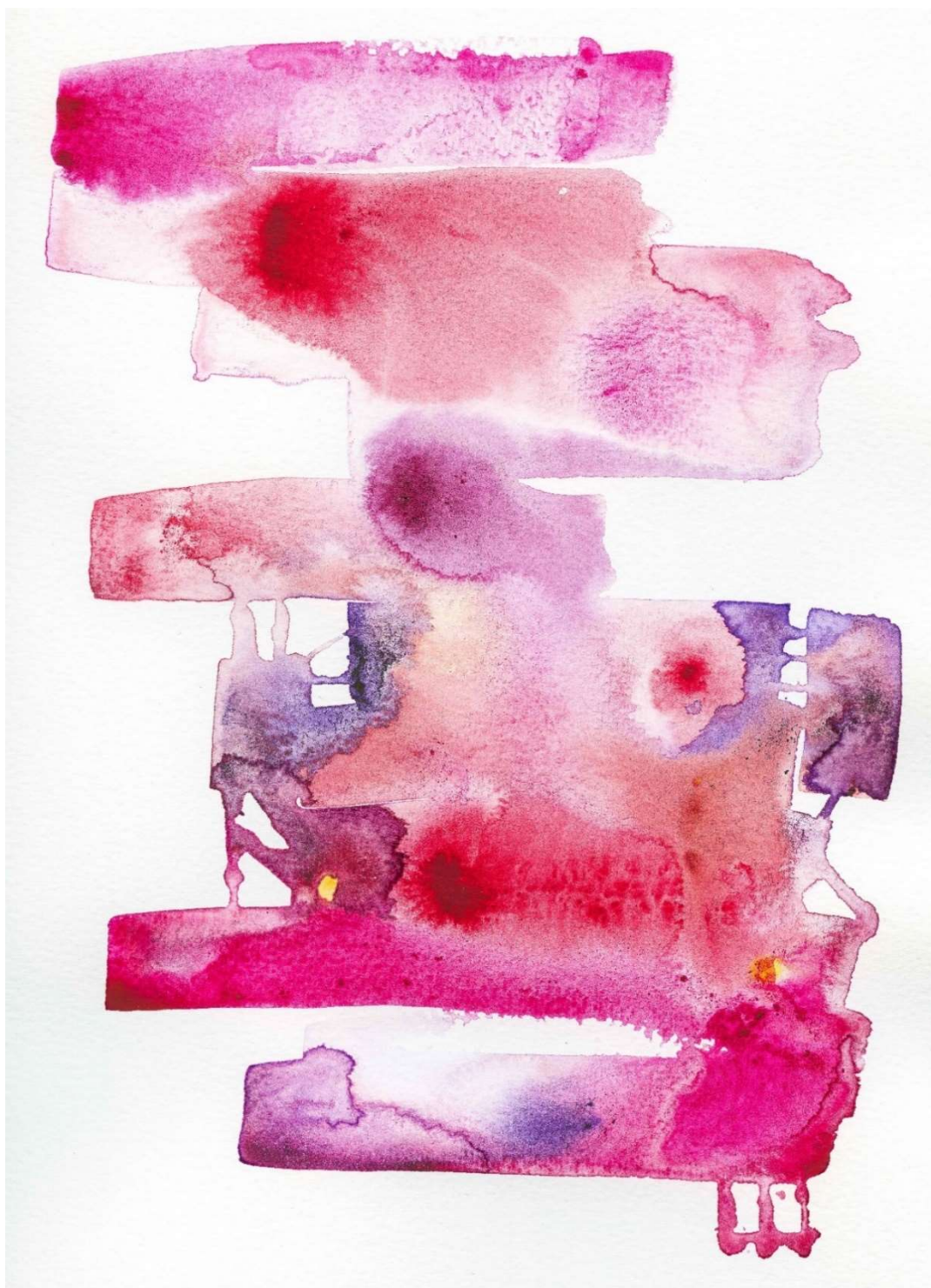
leaning against the door

you watch me  
take off the red pumps . . .

a brief chill passes through me  
suddenly aware that  
something is ending

*-Akane*





*watch me escape*

**Tiffany Shaw-Diaz**

## current participants

they're fighting again and it's dark again. they're not yelling but they're at home. they can't help but do the talking in breathy whispers. her breath smells like fresh mango and fresh mango tastes like motorcycle exhaust and the loud music of the islands. she's speaking in words that are too used to being thoughts to make sense. no one is listening. a car door slams outside and feels like part of her sentence. he's not listening, maybe the carpet is. shagged up pieces of thought that he'll step on like invisible legos until the vacuum runs over them. big breath mid-sentence. and another. and another. closed eyes then no words until tomorrow.

fire-flooded nights the glare of self-doubt

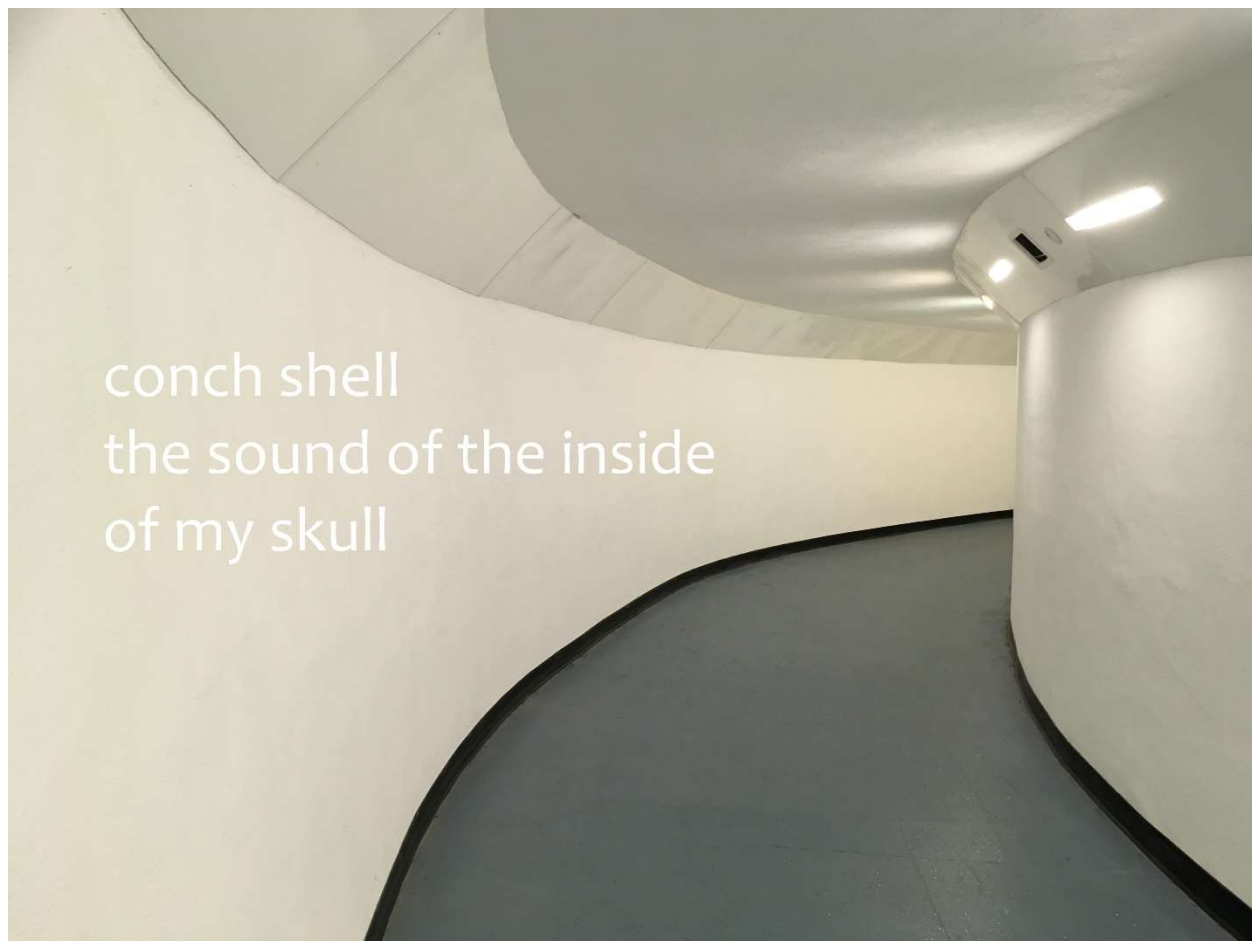
*-Jacob Fowler*

Somatics are ferrying

into the future perfect tense,  
and I flee reality.

Today, I'm a photograph you shot  
of a mermaid swimming  
in gloaming alfalfa.

***-Laura Page***



*conch shell*

**Mark Gilbert**

unquiet synapse splattering the wall with thoughts

***-Matthew Yates***

dappled light the glint of gun

***-Alan Summers***

the goddess pose arrested in daylight

***-Sondra J. Byrnes***

# Biographies

**Akane** is a fan of Japanese short form poetry and has been writing since 2006. Akane currently lives in the Southern USA.

**Mike Andreleczyk** lives in Strasburg, Pennsylvania, with his wife. He is the author of a chapbook called *The Iguana Green City & Other Poems* (Ghost City Press, 2018). Twitter is @MikeAndrelczyk.

**Jan Benson** is a Pushcart Prize-nominated haiku poet living in Texas. Benson's haiku are anthologized in world-leading haiku journals and magazines. Jan is a member of The World Haiku Association, and Poetry Society of Texas. Profiles at The Haiku Foundation "Poet Registry" and "The Living Haiku Anthology." Twitter: @janbentx.

**Dave Bonta** <http://davebonta.com> divides his time between the mountains of central Pennsylvania, where he grew up, and London, UK, where his partner lives. He's the author of the poetry collection *Ice Mountain* (Phoenicia Publishing, 2016) and his videopoems have been screened at film festivals around the world.

**Stephen Briseño's** writing and photography has appeared or is forthcoming in *Memoir Mixtapes*, *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, *L'Éphémère Review*, *formercactus*, *Barren Magazine*, and *Rabid Oak*. He lives in San Antonio with his wife and daughter, teaches middle school English, and drinks far too much coffee. Follow him on Twitter: @stephen\_briseno.

**Sondra J. Byrnes** primarily writes haiku. Her poetry has been published in *Prune Juice*, *Frogpond*, *A Hundred Gourds*, *Ribbons*, *Modern Haiku*, *The Heron's Nest*, and *Moongarlic*, among others. Along with short form poetry, Byrnes is interested in ikebana and chanoyu. Byrnes is a retired law and business professor from the University of Notre Dame; she lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Twitter @SondraJByrnes.

**Erin Castaldi** has been published in over a dozen journals and anthologies including *Blithe Spirit*, *Presence* and *Akitsu Quarterly*. Instagram acts as a showcase for her haiku set to the pictures inspiring her art. Erin's work can be found on Instagram @haiku\_gurl and [www.facebook.com/ErinCobb-Castaldi](http://www.facebook.com/ErinCobb-Castaldi). She writes from Mays Landing, New Jersey.

**Norman Darlington** is a past editor of *Simply Haiku*, *Moonset*, *Whirligig* and *Journal of Renga & Renku*. He has been awarded for his work in haibun, renku and translation, and has penned collaborative poetry with William J Higginson, John Carley, Nobuyuki Yuasa and Hiroaki Sato among others. He lives in rural Ireland.



**Jacob Fowler** is an elementary school teacher living in Oakland, CA. He recently graduated from Pitzer College with a BA in World Literature. His poetry has appeared in *Barren Magazine*, *Selcouth Station*, *Ghost City Review*, and *Riggwelter Press*, among others. You can find him on Twitter @jacobafowler.

**Mary Ellen Gambutti** (Sarasota, FL) Mary Ellen's work appears in *Remembered Arts Journal*, *Modern Creative Life*, *Thousand and One Stories*, *Halcyon Days*, *Memoir Magazine*, *Haibun Today*, *Contemporary Haibun Online*, *Amethyst Review*, *Soft Cartel*, *FewerThan500*, *BellaMused*, *Writing In A Woman's Voice*, *Quiet Storm*, and more. *Stroke Story*, *My Journey There and Back* (Amazon), *Permanent Home* (Jan. 2019).

**Mark Gilbert** writes poetry and prose and his recent work can be found in *Haibun Today*, *Presence* and *Failed Haiku*. Occasionally his poems are displayed on the streets of Washington DC or Nottingham, UK.

**John Hawkhead** (Bradford on Avon, UK) is a poet and artist from the south west of England. His book of haiku *Small Shadows* is available from Alba Publishing. You may like his twitter feed of haiga and haiku at <https://twitter.com/HawkheadJohn>.

**Tia Haynes** is a stay-at-home mom from Lakewood, Ohio. Her work has appeared internationally in journals such as *The Heron's Nest*, *Frogpond*, *Blithe Spirit*, *Presence*, and *Chrysanthemum*. She holds a B.A. in French from Wright State University.

**Kyle Hemmings** lives in New Jersey, and has prose, poetry, and art work in various online and print publications. He loves street photography, French Impressionism, and obscure 60s garage bands. His latest collections of work are *Split Brain* (2016) and *Paper Girl and Other Tales* (2017, formerly *Phantasizer*).

**David J Kelly** (Dublin, Ireland) Despite a scientific training, David has a fascination with words and the music of language. He enjoys writing Japanese short forms and has been published in a number of print and online journals. His first collection *Hammerscale from the Thrush's Anvil* – Alba was published in November 2016.

**Nicholas Klacsanzky** is a meditation teacher first, and content specialist next. He lives in Kyiv, Ukraine with his wife and pug. Nicholas is the host of Haiku Commentary at <https://haikucommentary.wordpress.com>.

**Deborah P Kolodji** moderates the Southern California Haiku Study Group and is the California Regional Coordinator for the Haiku Society of America. Her first book of haiku and senryu, *highway of sleeping towns*, won a Touchstone Distinguished Book Award from The Haiku Foundation.

**Eric A. Lohman** Christian, husband, father, psychiatric socialworker @GradyHospitalER, composer, poet, cyclist, co-editor @FreshOutMag, the least Republican Republican I know.

**Antonietta Losito** was born in Mottola, Italy, and has lived in there all her life. She has a degree in philosophy. She has been writing haibun since 2017. Some of her haibun appear in *The Other Bunny*, *Contemporary Haibun Online*, *Chrysanthemum*, *World Haiku Review*, *Incense Dreams*, *Euterpe*, *Le Lumachine*, *Bonsai: A Journal of Haiku & Other Small Poems* at *The 13 Alphabet Magazine*.

**Marietta McGregor** is a retired Australian botanist and Pushcart-nominated haiku poet. Her poetry appears in international journals, anthologies, and on Japanese television. Her achievements include the Excellence Award, Setouchi-Matsuyama Photo/Haiku Contest 2015, Sakura Award, 2017 VCBF Haiku Contest, and An (Cottage) Prize, 2018 International Genjuan Haibun Contest.

**Lori A Minor** is a feminist and mental health advocate who dabbles in visual and literary arts. She is the editor of the new e-zine #FemkuMag and co-editor of *Scryptic Magazine*. Lori is currently wrapping up her second book *inkblots: revealing my story to the therapist*.

**Laura Page** is a poet and artist from the Pacific Northwest. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Rust + Moth*, *Crab Creek Review*, *Tinderbox Poetry Journal*, *The Fanzine*, *Bone Bouquet*, *Maudlin House*, and others. Her chapbook, *epithalamium*, was selected the winner of Sundress Publications' 2017 chapbook contest. Laura is the founding editor of the poetry journal, *Virga*.

**Marianne Paul** is a Canadian poet, novelist and, recently, an amateur bookbinder. She has won the Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival haiku contest and the inaugural Jane Reichhold Memorial Haiga Competition. Marianne posts her words and art on Instagram @ms.haiku, Twitter @mariannepaul and on her websites: [www.mariannepaul.com](http://www.mariannepaul.com) and [www.literarykayak.com](http://www.literarykayak.com).

**Madhuri Pillai** has a journalistic background, she discovered the Japanese genre of poetry in 2011. Her work has been published in major haiku and tanka journals. Madhuri lives in Melbourne. She is also an animal rights activist.

**Bryan Rickert** Bryan lives with his family in Southern Illinois and has degrees in art and education. After teaching in urban schools for fifteen years, Bryan changed careers and is now a roaster in the coffee industry. He has been studying and writing the Japanese short poetry forms since 2012 and been published in many fine journals and anthologies.

**Tiffany Shaw-Diaz** is an award-winning poet and artist living in Centerville, Ohio. To learn more about her, please visit: [www.tiffanyshawdiaz.com](http://www.tiffanyshawdiaz.com). She can be found on Facebook (@tsdartist) and Instagram (@tiffanyshawdiaz).

**Sheila Sondik** is a poet and printmaker. In both her writing and visual art, she explores the sublime hiding in the everyday. Her haiku and tanka have been widely published. Egress Studio Press published her chapbook, *Fishing a Familiar Pond: Found Poetry from The Yearling* in 2013. Her website is [www.sheilasondik.com](http://www.sheilasondik.com).

**Alan Summers** was born in London and now lives in the South West of England. He likes dogs and cats, and birds, and Christmas. Alan is co-founder of Call of the Page, with Karen Hoy, and teaches haiku and related genres. Website: [www.callofthepage.org](http://www.callofthepage.org).

**Hansha Teki**: unearthed from the kauri gum fields of New Zealand a few years after the end of WWII, he survives to this day as a geographical, societal and poetic fringe dweller.

**Lucy Whitehead** (Essex, UK) Lucy's haiku have been published in numerous international journals including *Akitsu Quarterly*, *Blithe Spirit*, *Cattails*, *Frogpond*, *hedgerow*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Otata*, and *Under the Basho* and appear in two anthologies. She came first place in the Australian Haiku Society's Spring 2018 Haiga Kukai and had an honorable mention in the Golden Haiku Contest 2018. Her Twitter handle is @blueirispoetry.

**Matthew Yates** is an artist & poet from Kentucky. His work can be found in *Barren Magazine*, *Rhythm & Bones Lit*, *Memoir Mixtapes*, *awkward mermaid lit*, and *Epigraph Magazine*. He currently resides in Indiana, USA.