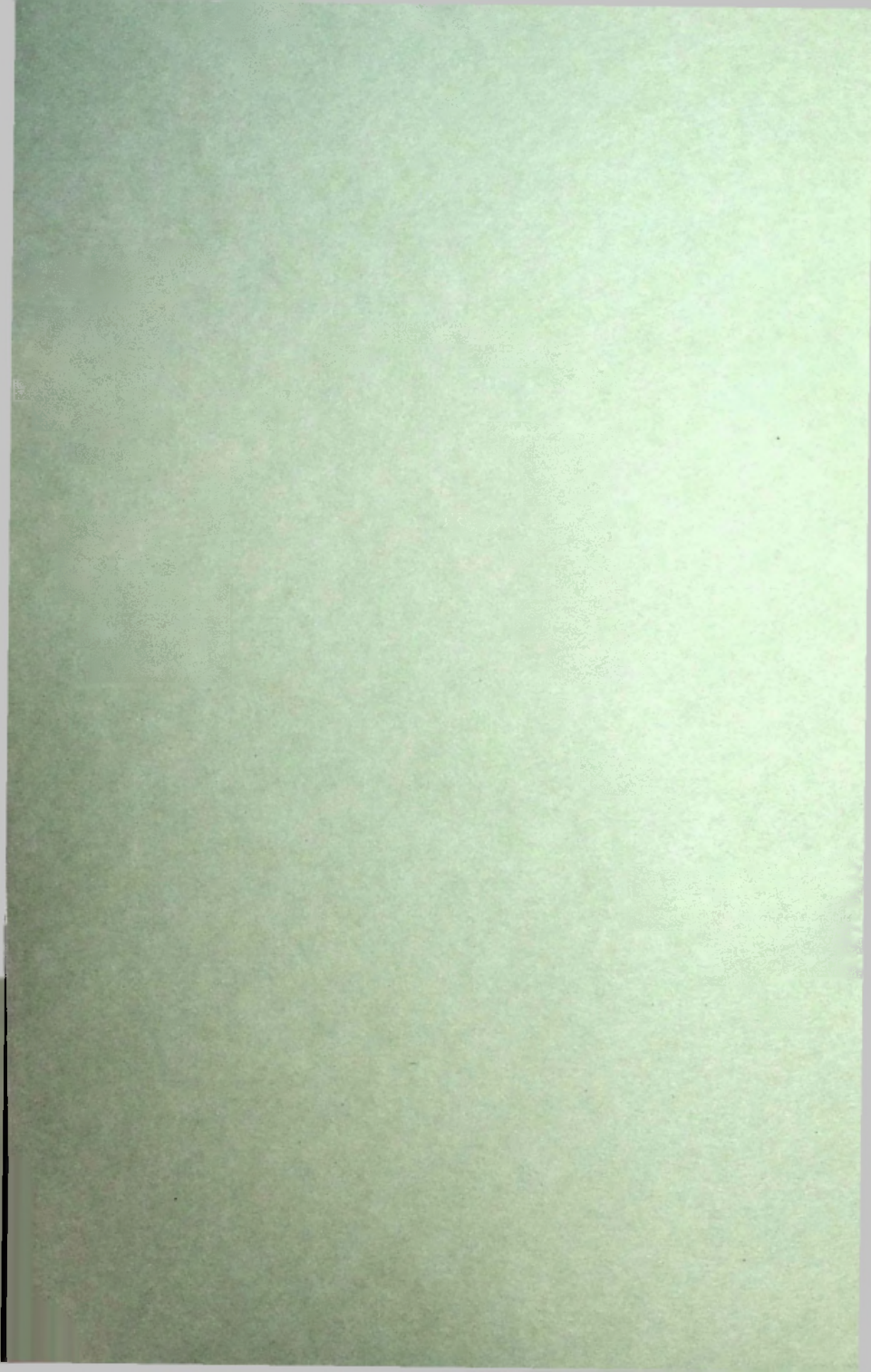


The book cover features a traditional marbled paper design. The pattern consists of large, irregular, organic shapes in shades of light green, peach, and cream, separated by thin, dark, branching veins. A central rectangular area is framed by a thin, light green border, containing the title and subtitle in black text.

Tigers, Temples and Marigolds

Haiku and Haibun Poems



Figers, Nipples and Manicolds

Haiku and Hapjau Poems

by Carvase Giles Banks

Carvase Giles Banks

Wellington, Utah Press

Minneapolis, Minnesota

~~1970~~ of America

Tigers, Temples and Marigolds

Haiku and Haibun Poems

by Caroline Giles Banks

Caroline Giles Banks

Wellington-Giles Press
Minneapolis, Minnesota
United States of America

Wellington-Giles Press
4040 Sheridan Avenue South
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55410
United States of America
wellingtongilespress@gmail.com

copyright © 2013 by Caroline Giles Banks
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Book design by Emma Colón

ISBN 978-0-9645254-5-0

In Loving Memory

Roger Ware Banks
1936-2012

THE
JOURNAL OF
THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

Volume 100, Part 1, 2000
Published by the Royal Anthropological Institute
of Great Britain and the Association of
Professional Anthropologists
100, 2000, 1-100
Published by the Royal Anthropological
Institute of Great Britain and the Association
of Professional Anthropologists

Acknowledgments

Many thanks to Robin Reily and Christine Reily for their companionship in India in early 2013. Pamela Reily planned the itinerary and made all the arrangements. Thank you all for making the trip so memorable.

The haiku, *unable to climb*, appears in *frogpond* 36, no.3 (fall 2013).

Contents

HAIKU	1
HAIBUN	
Pre-departure: Minneapolis, Minnesota to Chennai	3
Chennai	4
Pondicherry	5
Auroville	6
Madurai, Meenakshi Amman Temple	7
Mumbai	8
Chittaurgarh	9
Udaipur, City of Lakes	10
Tiger Safari, Ranthambhore National Park	11
Pilgrims at Sunrise, Varanasi	12
Sunset on the Ghats, Varanasi	13
On the Ganges, Varanasi	14
About the Author	16

CONTENTS

1	THE HISTORY OF THE	
2	3	4
5	6	7
8	9	10
11	12	13
14	15	16
17	18	19
20	21	22
23	24	25
26	27	28
29	30	31
32	33	34
35	36	37
38	39	40
41	42	43
44	45	46
47	48	49
50	51	52
53	54	55
56	57	58
59	60	61
62	63	64
65	66	67
68	69	70
71	72	73
74	75	76
77	78	79
80	81	82
83	84	85
86	87	88
89	90	91
92	93	94
95	96	97
98	99	100

HAIKU

bull's eye
the farmer's red turban
in the mustard field

multicolored saris
in the tea plantation
special harvest blend

silky tassels
green and gold saris shimmer
in fields of maize

unable to climb
all the temple stairs
resting in limbo

Ayurvedic spa
a cow's *moo*
ends meditation

shuttered factory
the workers' faded poster—
Be an Optimist

HAIBUN

Pre-departure: Minneapolis, Minnesota to Chennai

A fortuneteller told my husband when he was a Peace Corps volunteer in India in the early 1960s that someday he would return. Afraid of flying, he did not make the journey back to India in his lifetime.

After his death in late 2012 I planned to travel in India with cousins and decided to take his ashes with me to place in the Ganges when visiting Varanasi, thereby fulfilling the prophesy.

The night before departure I check airline rules and regulations about transporting cremated human remains and am stunned to find a long list of policies and prohibitions issued not only by the U.S. airlines but also by the Indian government.

Determined to carry out my promise on this my first and, most likely, only trip to India, I pack my suitcase.

regulation 3 oz. jars
in the carry on
smuggled cremains

Chennai

In India personal faith is publicly displayed. On a busy sidewalk in Chennai a man secures his laundry business by setting his ironing board under a tree, the trunk of which he has painted bright gold with red dots. A tiny altar with fragrant oils, incense, and marigolds tucks into its base.

ironing under the sacred tree
happy gods
happier man

Pondicherry

Pondicherry, formerly under French rule, is located on the Bay of Bengal. Fodor's Guide takes us to a small restaurant featuring a superb bouillabaisse, for which we return a second night. The owner is frantically arranging tables and chairs, placing fresh flowers on the tables. He boasts that he is expecting the Dalai Lama's sister. She and her small party sit next to us. She has her brother's kind, sweet face.

celebrity
all the diners hold up
menus and iPads

Auroville

Auroville is the home of an ashram founded in the late 1960s to promote international peace and love. The main structure on the site is the gold 'golf ball' shaped building surrounded by extensive gardens and parks. Admission is by appointment only. We are told that we must wait several days before we can enter its inner sanctum and meditation rooms. Of course, we are welcome to stay in one of the ashram's many hostels, dine in the restaurant and shop in the stores.

Park for World Unity
permission to enter
delayed

Madurai, Meenakshi Amman Temple

Mahesh, our guide in the south of India, is a devout Brahmin and strict vegetarian. He will not enter a restaurant where meats are prepared or served. I have chosen to eschew meat during my travels and, for the most part, have succeeded.

The Great Temple in Madurai is known for its ritual, performed at night, when an image of Lord Shiva is carried on a litter from one part of the temple to Meenakshi's bedchamber. We plan to join hundreds of others to witness the procession. Mahesh has decided to hold my hand so we won't get separated in the crush, but first asks if I have eaten any meat during the day. Gauging from my reply that I am 'pure' enough to touch, he grabs my hand and we join the procession.

hesitating to hold my hand
he takes me
to the gods' conjugal bed

Mumbai

Mumbai is a city of contrasts. The slum near the airport, featured in Boo's book, *Behind the Beautiful Forevers*, is like nothing I've seen in all my travels. Millions of Indians have left rural areas to seek better lives in the cities, forming slum colonies cobbled out of scraps of cardboard, tin, and tarps. And many Indians have made fortunes, as evidenced by the multi-storied residence owned by one of Mumbai's billionaires. We stay at the grand Taj Mahal Palace Hotel, site of million dollar Bollywood wedding parties—and the terrorist bombing that targeted American and British guests.

Fodor's Choice hotel
5 stars   and billy clubs
keep out the unwanted

Chittaurgarh

Our driver suggests a side trip to Chittaurgarh, site of a hilltop fort, palaces and temples. To my surprise and delight there is a small temple dedicated to Mirabai, the 16th century poetess who left wealth and marriage to devote her life to Lord Krishna. I have brought along Robert Bly's translations of her poems to read on the trip.

gift for the guide
his culture's poems
in my language

Udaipur, City of Lakes

The Lake Palace, a 250-year-old white marble palace situated on an island, is presently a hotel run by the Taj Group. The James Bond film, *Octopussy*, was filmed here. My once-royal suite has, in addition to a marble bath, bedroom, and living room, a private library in a turret, and a screened porch on the lake. After dinner we watch Roger Moore on a large flat-screen TV, sip cans of Coke, and eat microwaved popcorn from red-and-white-striped paper boxes: just like home!

India independence
royal palaces
now in hotel chains

Tiger Safari, Ranthambhore National Park

Safaris in the 515 square mile park at Ranthambhore, strictly regulated and controlled, often do not result in a tiger sighting. Although naturally reclusive, the Bengal tigers like to use the roads, as the fine dirt is easy on their pads. Guides look for fresh tracks and listen for distress calls. On our third safari in as many days tiger #36, a four-year-old female, ambles onto the road, then, crouching, uses our jeep as a screen as she waits for a young sambar deer to cross and rejoin its herd.

the safari guide's smile
spotting the tigress—
and a huge tip

Pilgrims at Sunrise, Varanasi

Along the shores of the Ganges men and women take ritual baths, a baby gets her first haircut, ashes smolder from a crematorium, sadhus eat bowls of rice. All of a sudden all eyes are on a boisterous couple—American by accent and dress—who are being filmed by several video photographers. Just as suddenly all the guides start conversing with one another. Our guide tells us the couple is on a month-long pilgrimage in India, their journey being made into a documentary. Money must have been discussed among the guides, as there is much smiling (the pilgrim couple's guide) and a slack jaw (our guide).

pilgrims on smartphones
tweeting and twittering
enlightenment

Sunset on the Ghats, Varanasi

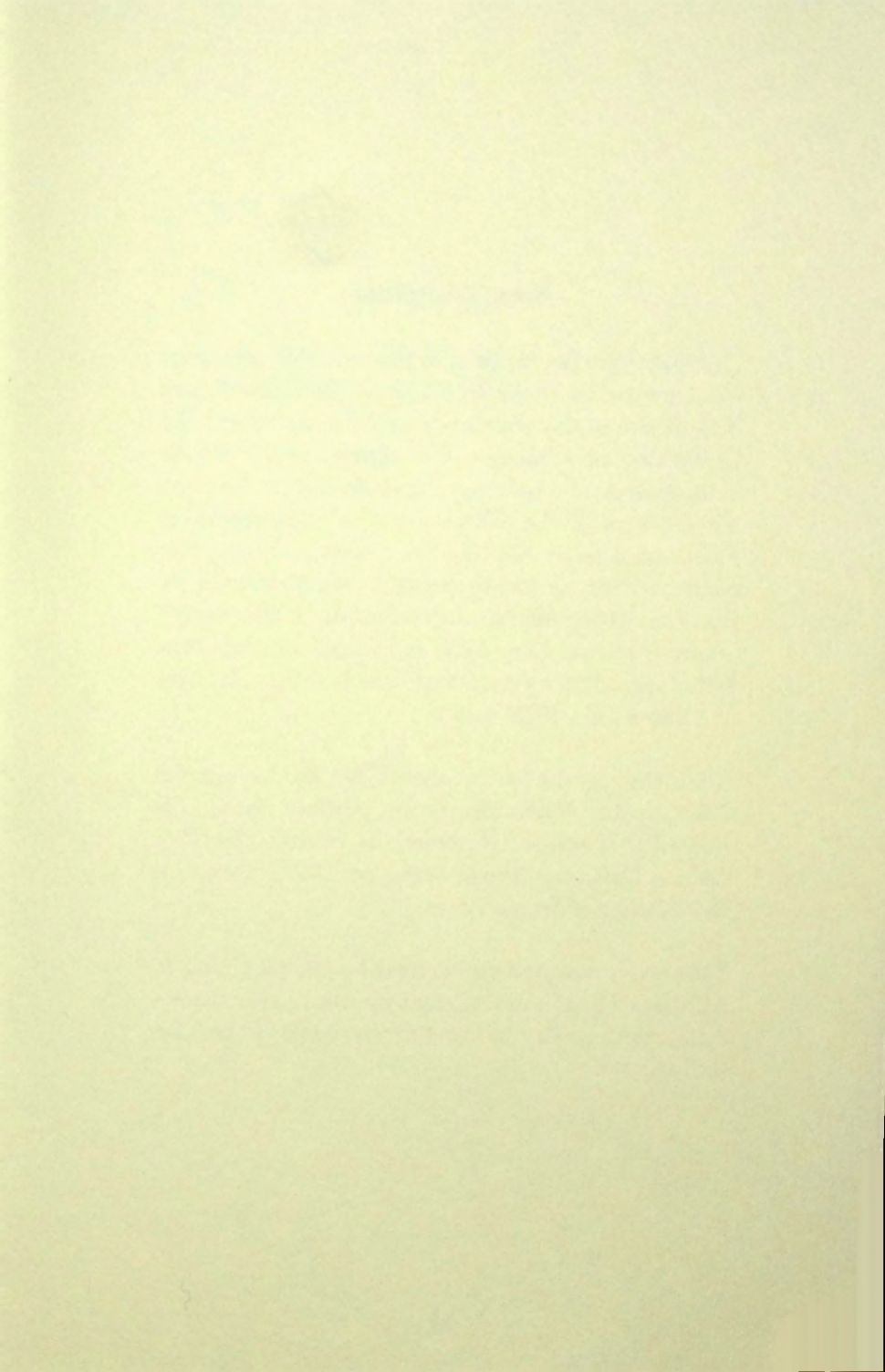
After sunset several Hindu priests blow conch shells, chant, and light incense—a sound and light show for the tourists, pilgrims, mourners, and hawkers gathered on the ghats or sitting silently in dozens of boats packed bow to stern along the river bank. Cameras flicker like fireflies. The priests are young, fit, Bollywood handsome. I wonder if Brahmin priests take vows of chastity.

sunset on the ghats
young Hindu priests
light all the fires

On the Ganges, Varanasi

Upon arriving in Varanasi we hire a boat from which we can solemnly watch bodies being washed and placed on pyres for cremation. Before boarding we purchase tiny candle lamps made of leaves and marigolds. At sunset I light incense, waving the sticks to sweeten the air, then wedge them into the gunnels, creating a magical ring with wands of jasmine. After lighting one lamp with a match I use its flame to light the others, linking my late husband's spirit to those of my parents, aunt and uncle. The lamps float on the Ganges, little maroon and saffron boats of light, while I scatter the cremains that have accompanied me throughout India. Chanting Vedic prayers, the guide shows me how to scoop water from the sacred river to rinse my face.

released from my vows
water from the Ganges
wets my face



About the Author

Caroline Giles Banks, born in Boston, Massachusetts, was educated at Wellesley College, the University of New Mexico, the University of Minnesota and the University of Chicago. Dr. Banks is a cultural anthropologist by training and profession and was on the faculties of the University of Wisconsin-River Falls and Luther College in Decorah, Iowa. Her poetry, written in several genres, is often informed by her anthropological training and research. Her award-winning poems have been published in numerous anthologies, literary magazines and journals. She lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Additional works by Caroline Giles Banks include: *The Clay Jar: Haiku, Senryu and Haibun Poems*; *The Weight of Whiteness: A Memoir in Poetry*; *The Clock Chimes: Haiku and Senryu Poems*; and *Warm Under the Cat: Haiku and Senryu Poems*.

This book, designed and crafted by Emma Colón in Minneapolis, Minnesota, uses marbled paper from a small paper factory in Pondicherry, India. Poems are set in Caslon.

15/21



About the Author

Caroline Giles Banks, born in Boston, Massachusetts, was educated at Wellesley College, the University of New Mexico, the University of Minnesota and the University of Chicago. Dr. Banks is a cultural anthropologist by training and profession and was on the faculties of the University of Wisconsin-River Falls and Luther College in Decorah, Iowa. Her poetry, written in several genres, is often informed by her anthropological training and research. Her award-winning poems have been published in numerous anthologies, literary magazines and journals. She lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Additional works by Caroline Giles Banks include: *The City Jar*, *Banks, Berry and Hutton Poems*, *The Fight in Whittier*, *A Memoir in Poetry*, *The Clock*, *Winter Poems and Spring Poems*, and *Warm Under the* *Light and Dark Poems*.

This book, designed and crafted by Emma Colon in Minneapolis, Minnesota, uses handmade paper from a paper factory in Pondicherry, India. Poems are in English.

5/21/

