

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

XXVI:2
June, 2011

Table of Contents

COLLABORATIVE POETRY

WALLPAPER BLOSSOMS

Jacques Verhoeven
Silva Ley

INSIDE OUT

Catherine Mair
Patricia Prime

MOSAICS

Catherine Mair
Patricia Prime

GANZ LEISE / VERY QUIETLY

Ramona Linke
Andrea D'Alessandro

SENSED WAVES

Ramona Linke
Heike Gewi

CARTWHEELS ON THE PATH

Elaine Sherlund
Werner Reichhold
Jane Reichhold

SOLO POETRY

GHAZALS

QASIDA #12
David Jalajel

QASIDA #13
David Jalajel

SPINDRIFT II
Edward Baranosky

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

OCEAN NIGHT
W.Beutke

RIPPLES OF LIFE
Chen-ou Liu

Haiga by Emily Romano

COMMENCEMENT
Terri L. French

LOVE UNENDING
Gerard John Conforti

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK
Ruth Holzer

PIT STOP
Steven Carter

HAIBUN
Shirl Cahayom

TOTAL ECLIPSE (1964)
Victor Maddalena

Haiga by Emily Romano

RAIN
Victor Maddalena

STORM AHEAD
Victor Maddalena

OVERHEAD CONVERSATION
Jane Reichhold

CONNEMARA

Adelaide B. Shaw

SEQUENCES

CHALICE

Jenny Ward Angyal

IN THE LOUD SILENCE

Margaret Dornaus

MY CUPPED HANDS

Claire Everett

LOVE IS A DUEL

Claire Everett

Haiga by Emily Romano

IN THE STILLNESS OF MIDNIGHT

Don Ammons

NIGHT SWIMMING

Deirdre Grimes

ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE

Elizabeth Howard

IN THE FLOOD

Ruth Holzer

RADIOACTIVE

Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

WILD FLOWERS

L. Costa

FROM THE ANTIQUE

L. Costa

A LIFE IN FOUR SEASONS

Chen-ou Liu

THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR

Chen-ou Liu

YEAR IN, YEAR OUT

Chen-ou Liu

NUMBERED BREATHS

Jeanne Lupton

RAPSCALLION

Giselle Maya

UNTITLED I

Pat Prime

UNTITLED II

Pat Prime

SCENES OF NAXOS GREECE

Adelaide B. Shaw

SINGLE POEMS

Liz R. Moore, Ryan Jessup, Michael Morell, Hannah Mahoney, SMITHY by G.A. Scheinoha

toon

BOOK REVIEWS

A Boy's Seasons: Haibun Memoirs by Cor van den Heuvel. Single Island Press, 379 State Street, Portsmouth, NH 03801:2010. Paper perfect bound, 6.5 x 7.5 inches, 206 pages, Introduction by Carl Patrick. \$24.95.

In the Field: A Collection of Haiku by Neil Fleishmann. Natah Zev Press, New York City: 2011. Flat-spined, 4 x 7, 100 pages, one poem per page, full-color cover. No price stated.

Tanka Moments: A Man's Journey by David Lee Kirkland. High Hill Press, USA: 2010. Paper perfect bound, single-color cover, end papers [no one has those anymore!] 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 265 poems on unnumbered pages, \$14.95.

Zugvoegel – Migratory Birds – Oiseaux migrants – Aves migratorias by Klaus-Deiter Wirth. Hamburger Haiku Verlag www.haiku.de Paper perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 200 pages. Email for price and postage: infoAThaikuDOTde.

Ahaiga! by Emily Romano. Shadows Ink Publications, 1209 Milwaukee Street, Excelsior Springs, MO 64024: 2011. Paper, stapled spin, full color pages, 8.5 x 5.5, 40 pages. \$15.

BOOK ANNOUNCEMENTS

bottle rockets press, White Egret Press, Snapshot Press

LETTERS TO LYNX

Hermann-Dietrich Franke Family,
Penny Harter.
Stanley Pelter

CONTESTS

The 12th Tanka Society of America's International Competition; Snapshot Press annual awards for unpublished collections of haiku, tanka, short poetry and haibun

MAGAZINES

The Ghazal Page, Shamrock (No 17) , Berry Blue Haiku, Whirligig, haiku-art, fib review, Simply Haiku, Roadrunner, Sketchbook, Contemporary Haibun Online, The Heron's Nest

MEETINGS

June 4 from 9 – 7:30 Haiku Circle in Northfield, MA; August 3-7, 2011 Haiku North America Conference in Seattle, Washington,

ARTICLE

SCHOOLING SCHOOLS

Jane Reichhold

A MOMENT OF SILENCE

Please stop reading this, close your eyes, and open your heart to send sympathy for the persons in Japan who suffered losses in the March, 2011 earthquakes and tsunami.

Blessed be!

COLLABORATIVE POETRY

WALLPAPER BLOSSOMS

Jacques Verhoeven

Silva Ley

v. G.

wall paper blossoms
April shimmers around the house
Japanese spring

village view with carillon
the statue of two brothers

a street of small life
in the middle of Europe
village in ribbon building

letters of anxious aunts
a name on a broken tomb

Ap.

deep dark sides
- scratches on the canvas –
referring to the moon

Appel's fierce colours
Paint- key of giants

raw 'willow branches'
the same brushstroke, both
watch the daring juncture

marathon across the fields
fading regiments of drops

v. G.

cypresses dance

Ap.

a paintknife (brush) the lunging sword
the physical battle

longer, rigorous, deeper
no doubt on his fingers

a pair of white shoes
far from the farmer's gloominess
saved from the trance

v.G + Ap

a summersault over times

steps across the borders

Ap. a blew horizon
 'inquiring children's eyes'
 defeated fear

afford to explain the tangle
all the knots fundamental

the night of 'the owl man'
a blackened landscape
fading away in silence

v. G.

dew falls in the meadows
a full palette, hour after hour

Ap. 'frightened cat'
 chalk-box in the playroom
 'luminous cat'

dreaming and flowering
a cephalopod smiles

cracked circles
vertical order of rank
a micado of trees

garden outside a muddle
objects seem enlarged

scetch of the animal epos
Mr. X stirs the paintpot
a pink cow, a green mouse

Vincent's prune blossoms tree
next to a rubbish barrow

heaps of poles and bricks
long curves towards heaven
purple on the hilltops

Manet, Monet, Gauguin, v. Gogh
Paris in summertime

v. G.
untrodden paths
so far no words, no letters
fields of golden grain

forget-me-nots in wild grass
millions for 'Sunflowers'

Ap. on top sounding red
 in a frameless aquarel
 sepia, in front of

everything in one outline
next subject: life and death

a mysterious veil
at a distance lines and gaps
retarded understanding

as: what beauty means
illusion and reality

v.G. the early years
 almost the same cornfields
 calm summer seasons

preciousness pass through
eating enlightenment of light

new halls projected
cherished inheritance

worldwide expectation

chimes change the melody
passing bikers don't listen

his father's little church
only open on Sundays
devotion for God and Arts

bandages taken away
an ear for many questions

Written on 14 – 04 -2011 at the Museum: VINCENT VAN GOGH HUIS, Zundert, Netherlands.
Current exhibition: 'KAREL APPEL & VAN GOGH'
www.vangoghuis.com

INSIDE OUT
Catherine Mair
Patricia Prime

steady rain, the morning paper is late
through an avenue of trees - car lights
iridescent, the washed faces of begonias
flower arrangement - fallen petals of a dahlia
like a cubist painting the back of the shops
unsynchronized - ticking of two clocks
the old cat looking scruffier each day
a basket of toys awaits the grandchildren
through a doorway a rumped bed
painted pukeko peer over the border's edge
searching, she flicks through a garden guide
sound of the shower, he puts on his work clothes
fridge door an envelope, 'to granny & granddad'
magnified through reading glasses - sale prices

MOSAICS
Catherine Mair
Patricia Prime

the solar lamp's base filled with rain
fluttering from brown leaves a butterfly

crossing the road faster than us, autumn leaves
finding a patch of sunshine, ginger cat
little brother's tantrum - she gives in
artist's garden - mosaics of every shape & size
gone the stuffed parrot hanging from the cherry tree
enclosed by green netting a small vegetable garden
welcoming us home a fantail
against the letterbox handful of bamboo canes
lined up on the breakfast bar, six tomatoes
over the veranda handrail - flight of paper wasps

GANZ LEISE
Ramona Linke
Andrea D'Alessandro

Lichtmess.
Sie greift in die Schale,
fühlt die Erde

Asche zu Asche ... goldverziert
der Reliquienschrein

angekommen
in Santiago de Compostela
___ uns dürstet

nach uraltem Wissen
bei Vollmond gebraut
mein Liebestrank

der Himmel heute
Gardeniablau

Korinther, 11,3 ...
das Kopftuch
fester knoten

VERY QUIETLY
Ramona Linke
Andrea D'Alessandro

Candlemas.
She reaches into the bowl,

feels the soil

ashes to ashes ... gold decorated
the reliquary

arrived
in Santiago de Compostela
___ thirsting

full moon-brewed
according to ancient knowledge
my love potion

the sky today
gardenia-blue

Corinthians, 11,3...
knotting stronger
the headscarf

SENSED WAVES
Ramona Linke
Heike Gewi

ceasefire —
she starts humming a lullaby
for her sons

native art
the world snake bites its own tail

sled dogs
he cuts the meat of seals
in icy east wind

my nose wrinkles
bending under dusk rain
poet's narcissus

visiting
Mr. Hoelderlin's grave

a sunbeam
at the ravine's bottom
sense of reality

SOLO POETRY

GHAZALS

QASIDA #12

David Jalajel

they shrug off your bid for that past-perfect erection
of your low-flying forecasts; this week's no exception

to the receding aloofness of misshapen tool sheds
well-stocked with a soot-soaked but frothy reception

these exorcised ghost towns untame your arithmetic
with the vulgar fertility of a finite regression

that narrows right down to some prenatal whole,
dim streetlamps diffusing a well-earned ejection

QASIDA #13

David Jalajel

travesty comes too easy: we who had our leisurely pant around
these weeds now get flattened under love's upholstered wheels

it's no surprise we forgot this old courtyard, the manicured path,
the fountain so long abandoned its country varnish flakes & peels

here's where light diffuses to inundating & innerving glass –
none dare tread on our old bones strewn across these fields

fragile as that old husk of a cat curled on our homestead porch,
etched into the floorboard knots under its masters' happy heels

SPINDRIFT II

Edward Baranosky

And if I claim to be a wise man,
it surely means that I don't know.
Kansas

In a wind-carved flute
Dueling with distant thunder,

In the floating foam distilling
The endless shapes of time

Drawing out an organic cycle
Emptying a returning fantasy,

The sapphire backwash recedes
From the mist-chilled slate

Freezing events' anomalies
In the tide's pulsing surges

Wakes chopped by the salted wind
In this dream of sea and snow

Driftwood relics separate moments
Of memory from anticipation

SYMBIOTIC POETRY

OCEAN NIGHT W.Beutke

tell me, who are you,
full of ships and moons,
crushed by the wind.

Pablo Neruda*

For days there had been a strong northeast wind blowing between the Faeroe Islands and the Lofoten. The sea was rough and the air pressure kept falling faster and faster. Late in the afternoon the exercise was terminated and the ships were released for shelter in the Norwegian harbours.

Several hundred miles off the coast he navigated the frigate towards the east into the beginning night. The gale had increased steadily and reached velocities of hurricanes at its peaks. The air was full of foam and spray.

The ship groaned in her structures, and the sea pushed the steely hull like a punching ball, letting her roll and yaw badly through the sea. Finally she reached banking angles close to the point of capsizing.

November gale .
the sea opens its throat deep

to the banks of shells

Everything was lashed tightly and so the crew crowded on the floors of their wardrooms and living decks. A few able seamen climbed up to the rocking bridge and accompanied the rolling of the ship with brawling.

Right then it seemed he was the only one knowing about the potential disaster for ship and crew. Clinging tightly to his commander's seat he kept a close eye on the dimmed instruments. The boiling sea shimmered in a white diffuse light.

Slowly the hours passed. From time to time he lit a cigarette and blew the smoke into the moonless night. The glowing end followed the ship's movements, dancing wildly up and down, to and fro until it finally died down .

black moon –
creeping deeper into the
hands of God

* From the Poem "Meeresnacht": Pablo Neruda Dichtungen 1919-1965:
Volume 1, page 409: published and translated by Erich Arndt, 1967 Luchterhand Verlag
Neuwied und Berlin. Translated by the author into English.

RIPPLES OF LIFE

Chen-ou Liu

Mount Yangming at dawn
the scent of plum blossoms
across our path

I was three years old the first time my family brought me to tour Mount Yangming. While they were immersed in the scenic view of lush greenery, I focused my attention on a little stone by the side road. “Oh, look ! This pretty pebble!” I exclaimed or I had been told that I said so. My mother repeated this story to me in varied versions on many occasions, particularly when she wished to make a point about how easily amused I was, or to remark on my ability to find joy in small things.

When I try to think back on this incident, I cannot remember any of it. There are no photographs or home videos recording that moment. I have no means of verifying whether or not this story is factually true, except through my faith in the eyewitness account of my mother.

I have heard this story so many times that the experience has become an inseparable chapter of my personal history, which experts refer to as “autobiographical” memory. To me, it is no longer important what actually happened, what the details of that moment were, or if my actions were misconstrued or reinterpreted through years of hindsight and recurrent recollection. My sense of self incorporates this story as if it were true.

Pacific shore...
I skip a pebble
across the water

Note:

Mt. Yangming is situated in the north of Taipei, the capital of Taiwan. It's internationally known for its natural mountain streams, hot springs, waterfalls and forest parks. It is the first place Taipei residents would think to go when stressed out or longing for relaxation.



Haiga by Emily Romano

COMMENCEMENT

Terri L. French

Dad's emphysema does not tolerate the thick, humid air of Mobile, Alabama well. He sits on the hard pew without complaint, sucking in deep breaths. It took 18 hours to drive from Detroit to Mobile to watch their oldest grandson receive his high school diploma.

dew point rising

our commencement programs
become fans

My father is not a demonstrative man. He was a provider, perhaps not of affection, but of life's necessities – shoes on our feet, food in our stomachs, a roof over our heads. He had a formidable presence. Today, he appears shrunken, as he cranes his neck to watch his grandson graduate with honors.

scanning the stage
of blue caps –
grandpa spots him first

At one point in the ceremony we are asked to stand. Dad remains seated, the long walk from the parking lot to the auditorium has weakened his legs. In the middle of the prayer I feel something graze the hem of my skirt and turn around to see what it is. My father whispers, “You had something on your skirt.” I smile down at him. His grandson's name is called and a tear rolls down my cheek.

graduation photo
a grandson wears
his grandfather's smile

LOVE UNENDING
For Gennie
Gerard John Conforti

When I'm alone, I think of you. The walls which surround me are no comfort without you. Even the ceiling displays no stars, nor moon – nothing.
It is so quiet, I can hear my own breathing, and sometimes it sounds like the winds blowing outside, blowing in the trees.
Without you here with me, I feel your pain, your solitude, and your sorrow. There is no joy with you in my life, and every day is the same as the last one.

the morning sun wakes me to solitude

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK
Ruth Holzer

A long day's drive east as I try to reach the Atlantic coast. The villages slip away, churches and cafes holding their secrets as I pass. With the ocean finally in sight, I turn south toward the national park where I'm swallowed up in the gloomy wilderness.
By late afternoon, I reach a town celebrating its annual festival.

summer flea market—
in every stall
Christmas ornaments

PIT STOP
Steven Carter

Bynum is a tiny town located in northwest Montana, mid-way between the town of Choteau due south and the even smaller town of Pendroy due north. Its considerable claim to fame is a dinosaur museum, founded by the family of Marion Brandvold, whose discovery of Jurassic fossils on nearby Egg Mountain sparked a revolution in dinosaur research.

Not long ago, Bynum's only bar was Katie's Wildlife Sanctuary, pretty rugged even by Montana standards (shootings were rare but they occurred). Montana born and bred, Katie was a "tough old bird," as one local called her. One cool afternoon, dressed in her usual outfit of Levi's, sweatshirt, and a red-and-white "Katie's Wildlife Sanctuary" ball cap, she was paring an apple with a Bowie knife when she heard the roar of Harleys; a moment later two salty bikers came in.

"MGD," they said in unison, eyeing the Bowie knife.

"That's a big knife for a little lady," one said as Katie set the beers on the bar.

"Yeah, be careful or your hitchhiking days are over," said the other.

Draining the beers and ordering two more, they went on like this until banter became rudeness. Katie slowly pared the apple. Then she said,

"You're right, boys. This Arkansas toothpick's pretty sharp." She looked up. "Care to see how sharp it really is?"

Something in her tone wiped the grins off their faces; they took long pulls on their Miller Genuine Drafts, keeping their eyes on Katie.

Swinging her leg up on the beer cooler, she said, "Watch this," and--WHOK!--buried the Bowie knife about three quarters of an inch through the Levi's into her calf. Through clenched teeth: "How do you like that, boys?"

One biker's eyes rolled back in his head as he slid off the barstool in a dead faint. The other spun around, ducked his head, and puked beer on his leathers. When he was finished, he picked up his half-conscious partner and half-dragged him out of the bar, looking wide-eyed over his shoulder at Katie. They fired up their hogs and headed up U.S. 89 toward Pendroy.

When they were gone, Katie wiggled the Bowie knife free from her wooden leg and went on paring.

distant thunder
the bar cat
purring

HAIBUN
Shirl Cahayom

there comes a time when a house needs new paint. there comes a time when the roads have to be totally destroyed before they can be made concrete. there comes a time when there are destructions and there are annihilations before change can take place. there should be balance in the universe before the phoenix rises.

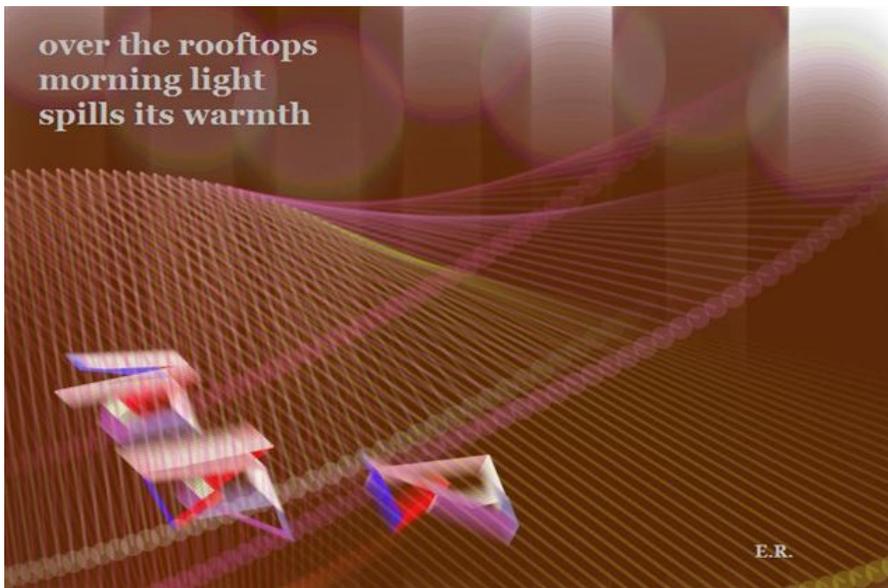
autumn monotony
her smile reminds me
of a thousand lanterns

TOTAL ECLIPSE (1964)
Victor Maddalena

Unannounced, in the middle of the afternoon, we were plunged into twilight. The birds stopped singing, the wind died down and the waves on the lake went flat. We, too, fell silent, standing in the lake motionless, shivering.

“Look at the Sun!” someone called out. We saw the brilliant solar surface obscured from view. Like a primitive people we were, for a moment, awestruck.

in the distance
a cock crows



Haiga by Emily Romano

RAIN

Victor Maddalena

On the horizon, the clouds are dark and full. As the storm draws near I sit, unknown to the world, under the weeping willow, listening to the deepening silence.

Flash of lightning. I whisper, "one, two, three..." A clap of thunder shakes the ground. The rain, gentle at first, taps each leaf into motion. The ground, parched from an endless dry summer is quenched.

an ant
floats by
on a leaf

STORM AHEAD

Victor Maddalena

The dawn sky is streaked with pink and orange.

I start a fire in the stone pit in the garden and put a pot of packed snow on the grate to boil water for tea. I spend my morning watching and listening to the pulse of the winter woods. The wind in the trees. The sky and clouds. I share my biscuit with curious chickadees. Together we await the coming storm.

birdbath

autumn leaves
frozen in ice

OVERHEAD CONVERSATION

Jane Reichhold

Hey how about building our nest here?

In a dog house? You expect me to live in a dog's house?

No, of course not. Look at the birdhouse.

I don't know. It looks kind of crazy. Besides I have never lived in clay house.

No, not that one in the bushes. You are right. It is really weird. I think it is only decorative anyway. No, I mean that one on the garage wall.

Well, it does look more professional. I like the little roof over the porch.

There is that cat on the patio. He looks rather fat and old. I doubt he could climb as high as the house.

Well, you go sit on the porch awhile and report back. I see some of those small lime green bugs with black spots they have here near Gualala that I have not tasted since last autumn.

swimming
as they fly in an egg
wings

Well, how was it?

You will be glad to know someone cleaned out last year's nest. From the leftover aroma I would guess it was barn swallows that lived there. Otherwise the place looks fairly clean.

And the neighborhood?

Well, there is the singing.

Birdsong?

No, the one human makes loud noises that I think are called singing.

Is it dangerous?

Only to one's nerves! At least her singing acts as an early warning system to let you know she is in that one room.

Anything else you found scary?

I saw both of the humans pull on a big white panel that swings back and forth and then the whole room vibrates.

Silly. That is a refrigerator! You just saw the door opening and closing. That is not dangerous. They only eat stuff they find in there. We are not in their food chain.

So you think this would be a good place to build a nest?

.
heaven on earth
the full moon sinks
into small clouds

CONNEMARA
County Galway, Ireland
Adelaide B. Shaw

Scarcely populated, an area of lakes and rivers, of melancholy and wonder. A place of mist and fog with rain nearly every day. Lushly green with wet, hummocky ground that never dries up.

peat bogs—
meeting in a pool
runnels of rain

Black-faced sheep with curved horns, the “killer sheep” of Connemara, their rumps and sides splashed with red or blue paint, or both, to identify ownership.

craggy hills
my slow mincing steps
behind the flock

No trees, but an abundance of plants and shrubs which grow to amazing heights: fuchsia, woodbine, hawthorn, rhododendron, ferns, and several varieties of thorny plants.

floating fog
the narrow road edged
with clipped shrubs

Short and sturdy Connemara ponies, donkeys, and burros work the fields and pull the wagons.

carrots ready
the gray mare and black colt
cease nuzzling

Rising above Lough Pollacappul in the heart of Connemara is Kylemore Abbey, an 1867 castle, now home to the Benedictine order of nuns. Extensive gardens cover six acres, in marked contrast to the wild landscape surrounding them.

flower beds
along a brick path
the rolling mist

peat smoke
from the gardener’s cottage—
turning back

SEQUENCES

CHALICE

Jenny Ward Angyal

the cap
of the acorn
empty of seed
the bowl of the hills
where the doe lies down

two hands cupped
for a trickle of water
naked
the face of rain –
hollowed granite

the orioles' nest
windblown
vessel of eggs
the rachis of feathers
the hollow of bone

jack-in-the-pulpit
his sermon
the spathe
of the arum
empty of words

chambers
of nautilus
caverns at sea
auricle ventricle
salt pools of the heart

the house of the skull
its cellars of memory
the eye
in its orbit
this chalice of light

IN THE LOUD SILENCE

Margaret Dornaus

in the loud silence
of wind and birdsong, I sow
forget-me-not seeds
from a small paper packet
filled with our love's story

too wet and cold
to play out in my garden . . .
only yesterday
I built a grotto to hide
from the sun I crave now

double-digging dirt
I find the old pear's root
still sprouting leaves . . .
how hard it seems to give up
on a life with such purpose

MY CUPPED HANDS
Claire Everett, UK

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul...

Emily Dickinson

the palette knife gleams –
how to suggest a sunrise?
flecks of crimson
from the Old Master...
robin song

spring is here
and summer will be gone
too soon
this moment's heartbeat
a chaffinch in the willow

out of a dark mood
a memory of summer
you and I
the patch of blue
on a jay's wing

perched above the stream
this is my halcyon
waiting
for a flash
of electric blue

her slippers wet with snow...
your last song

combed with light
is a feather
drifting

still warm
this breast that pulsed with song
and shaped a nest...
my fingers close the fan
of an outstretched wing

trailing the flock
the cry of a lone goose
through spring rain
the pattern of your life
always last to spread your wings

blackbird
water from a mountain stream
you fill my cupped hands...
who will be there to hold me
and give me back to the stars?

LOVE IS A DUEL
Claire Everett

"We turned at a dozen paces, for love is a duel,
and looked at each other for the last time."
Jack Kerouac, On the Road

camping out with you
under a woodsmoke moon
where stars
are the weight of dewfall
on the canvas of the night

rising at dawn
feather brushstrokes of fern
and pine tree hills...
the stone still warm
where she was sitting

from heather in-breaths
to exhalations of mist
we drift with larks
through the endless dreams

of mountains

grape-coloured sky
we tread the remains
of the day...
come, drink a glass of summer
from my lips

a steady pace
until we turn
to face the fire
between life and time
love is a duel

that lost bliss
that once bloomed in water
tell me
it will be found
in a winding sheet of dreams

who remembers
they who are long gone?..
at moonrise, the lake
is a salver of stillness
shimmering with moths' wings



Haiga by Emily Romano

IN THE STILLNESS OF MIDNIGHT

Don Ammons

so tired but the past
crowds sleep memories refuse
to slumber I see
lovers of old approaching ears tingle
to the breath of past whispers

often when I wake
in the city dark for an
instant I linger in a
fading dream smell meadow grass
hear the running of a stream

when I laugh in my
sleep and wake with a start
the joke is never
remembered trying to bring
it back keeps me awake for hours

my cat often sleeps
with me when I wake and feel
her curled against my
back I do not shoo her away
reach back and stroke accepting

NIGHT SWIMMING

Deirdre Grimes

That childish night
a lake full of stars
swimming in darkness
thick with endings and stars
pushing them aside with our hands.

The radio on the shore
played the Cranberries '21'
as love rose like steam
from your body

and clung around the stars.

Months later
you pushed me against a wall,
love still thick around you
that night
still clung to you

a night so long ago
when I lay next to you
on that shore
pillowed by your desire
and slept.

ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE
Elizabeth Howard

dawn tugs at my sleeve
spider silk
on the pink dahlias
cardinals whistling
in the sweet gum

wildflower prairie
a mushroom cloud of swifts
a s warm exploding
like the hornet nest
in the hollow oak

red-tailed hawk
a muscle-charged missile
shoots into the meadow –
a wee beastie
munching clover unaware

a wren's nest
in a begonia basket
all at once she's gone
one punctured egg
in the cold straw

IN THE FLOOD

Ruth Holzer

in the flood
the old woman clung
to a tree trunk
watching her daughter float
far off on a straw mat

o for when I ran
along the sheer white cliffs
skirting the sea –
sure-footed and fated
to flee all danger

angry crows
pursue a vulture
at first light
this world ablaze
with refuse and carrion

a strong man
he came and he's leaving
a weakling:
the vagabond lover
who stayed too long

death's gloves
already fit
her hands
sliding easily over
the faint blue threads

RADIOACTIVE
Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

morning fog
over the meadow
radioactive

zen garden –
mist on the stone buddha
radioactive

beads of dew
on the snail shell
radioactive

Poetry Month –

Puget Sound seaweed
radioactive

slick magazine –
the celebrity milk-mustache
radioactive

hay bales
under the autumn moon
radioactive

the puddle
that once was a snowman
radioactive

WILD FLOWERS

L. Costa

foxgloves
the silent splendor
of barren pagodas

a single wasp
the whole wine cup
bends

prairie asters
the early night
reflecting colors

petals and butterflies
the same brushstrokes
interchanging

the shy sensuality
of classic ballet
showy primrose

soul and wind
hide and seeking
lemon mints

FROM THE ANTIQUE

L. Costa

silver teapot
the tiny apple orchard
downstream the lake

oil can
the bottled breadth
of old past times

a lacquer mirror
the forever longing
of bygone faces

slowly fading
tender fingerprints
a perfume flask

hearing horn
Beethoven's ninth
grand finale

pocket watch
the magnifying glass
of long waits

magnifying glass
a clockmaker watches
as time goes faster

A LIFE IN FOUR SEASONS Chen-ou Liu

alone...
sunlight in the scent
of cherry

summer breeze
the shadow of an eagle
circles me

the attic...
framed in the window
the autumn sun

Christmas Eve
three grains of rice still left

in my bowl

THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR

For Roland Barthes (12 November 1915 – 25 March 1980)

Chen-ou Liu

after opening
the envelop stuffed with my poems
I take out
my heart, wash it clean
and start writing again

surrounded
by a swarm of buzzing words
I squash them
in the rhythm
of short, long, short, long, long

I keep
stacking blocks of stanza
suddenly
the poem collapses in silence
I am buried alive

under the gaze
of Calliope's love
my next poem
is about to take flight
but Heaven's window is shut

I skip
a stone of words
across the lake
of another time
another place

YEAR IN, YEAR OUT

Chen-ou Liu

my neighbors
camp out all day to ring in
the new year...
under the winter sky

I wonder if there's anything new

fireworks
light up the midnight sky
one sheep, two sheep...

first dawn
standing before the mirror
it's me, and yet ...

the Preacher claims
there is nothing new...
under the sun
I see a flitting cloud
fight against its solitude

NUMBERED BREATHS

Jeanne Lupton

One October night
Mother tells me on the phone
she has a year to live
my mother, dying?
I say, see you tomorrow

her house quiet
but for the ticking clock
Mother's tears
she almost never cries
her quiet breaking open

she has morphine now
says she forgives me
You forgive me, I think
but old resentments
begin to ease

taking down
Christmas decorations
Mother has changed
she hugs me
says she loves me

cancer
support group
too sad for her
all the others

will survive

forgetting
she bounds out of bed
gasping
strong at seventy-four
except for lung cancer

her hair grows back
fine and soft
after chemo
cancer grows back too
so much to do, and nothing

the oaks
are green again
in silence
we have tea
and chicken soup

warmth of sand
Mother gazes at the ocean
for the last time
glory of her body
glory of this world

she feels ill
all I can do
is get my hands
in the cool earth
replant the irises

leaning on me
in the summer dusk
she picks up twigs
from the yard
says this dying takes too long

midsummer breezes
she breathes through a tube
cancels
the daily newspaper
shows me where her will is

I find her
breathless
her face full of panic
her oxygen tube
on the night stand

lost in plain sight

clover in the lawn
leaves of the old dogwood
two to four months
she says don't sue the doctor
who said it was arthritis

with many friends
champagne and cake
in her hospice room
in tiara and mauve silk
Mother turns seventy-five

my mother
tucked in for the night
the eyes of a child
when I say
see you tomorrow

between worlds
Mother hunches her shoulders
lifts her arms
sits up again and again
preparing to fly

Saturday
in the small hours
angels lay her away
bird of paradise
in her garden

funeral director
hands me Mother's urn
brushes off his sleeves
crickets droning
on and on

in a dream
Mother calls as always
It's me! she says
so happy she can still
reach me by phone

RAPSCALLION
Scissors Paper Glue: Collage

Giselle Maya

above the river
icicles drift in space
he kayaks below
and disappears in silver
letters of mist

delighted
for no obvious reason
except
it's Saturday and swallows
fly in figure eights

brainstorming
I discover a bottle
of vin de noix
made years ago, flavor
of walnuts and cinnamon

abandon
the way of solitude
take off
and soar to lime cliffs –
the amber eye of an eagle

giant jar
glazed and solid
still holds
olives resembling
the tiger cat's eyes

surreptitious
salads made of flowers
tasted
not one pistil wasted
tossed with roasted seeds

I rise
blink a nap away
in summer shade
a linen sheet spread out
scent of rose petals drying

I don't want
to go there, not there either
rather
contemplate the cat
and swim in rainbow water

torn from sleep
I rise and shine
and charm
clients come far to see
sage and lichen mandala

these demoiselles
all the way from Avignon
to see my art work
they admire and look long
and buy not a darned thing

stirring
the brain like marmalade
her words
haphazardly chosen
from among puzzles

I wait
till the silt has settled
to see the fish
the possibilities of paper
elements fall in place

favorite green
magenta words and silver
the touch
of the cat's head
the stickiness of glue

high and low
I search for a word
a paper surface
snow white like the peony
within a cradle greener still

UNTITLED
Pat Prime

I'm surprised
by the sudden beauty
of simple things,
rain caught on branches,
drops on a spider's web

passing me
on the footpath
a Chinese woman
collar bow like a giant moth
at the pale light of her throat

on an empty road
in the countryside
a Buddhist monk
his sandals and robes
stark as a leaf set in snow

I write to say
the weight of future and past
is lost –
the size of trouble halved
light as the heft of paper

between narrow slats
of the grey wooden fence
scores of leaves
from my neighbour's hedge
wag their thick and thorny tongues

in the café
a woman sits at a table
her fingers
plucking an unfolded napkin
in silent accompaniment

the wax eye
on a parking meter
sings the same note
over and over again
echoing my call hello

this is the park bench
that waits, always faithful
for my return
where I sit and contemplate
the river's changing moods

I drink in the moon
its cool light a memory
of a glass of milk
poured after a nightmare
of childhood's lesser dreams

on the shoreline
a man and woman
walk and deliberate
consciously making space
for one another

faint pencil lines
outline my gaze
as I choose between
the pleasures of a book
or recording the scene

UNTITLED II
Pat Prime

summer holidays
the camp ground swells
with teenage parties

strapless party dress
her stick-on bra
keeps her in good shape

home from college
'situations vacant'
marked in red pen

black sand
a board surfer rockets
down a tunnel

moon
for an instant
the plane's flight

red light . . .
she checks
her cell phone

first taste –
a strawberry plucked
from the child's garden

waiting for a bus –
the busker plays
"Happy Birthday" for me

blowing his nose
after his solo –
trombonist

shattering the glass –
not the singer
but the child's foot

staff bonding session –
a quarrel erupts over
the tea break

full of coins
and sunshine
busker's guitar case

SCENES OF NAXOS GREECE

Adelaide B. Shaw

an inch of soil
between cobblestones
red geranium

climbing uphill–
overtaken
by ambling goats

bougainvillea blossoms
falling in the heat
of siesta

the hot wind–
a white stucco church
in the olive grove

after lunch
cats asleep in the shade –
the heavy stillness

lazy waves–
the same shade of blue
where sea meets sky

sun-tanned limbs
lying on the hot sand
another goddess

twisting streets
in and out of shadows
my shadow

flowered trellis—
meditating
with a cold beer

SINGLE POEMS

spring wind
black bird silhouettes
in formation
silver bicycles spin past
a breeze going downhill
Liz R. Moore

dragonfly pair
each insect beats four wings
then eight
a child wonders why they're stuck
you and I quiver as one
Liz R. Moore

evening rain
cicadas singing
spring music
Ryan Jessup

last night's argument
fresh in my mind
the spade strikes a stone
Michael Morell

at my brother's wake
his long, elegant fingers
bitten-down nails
Hannah Mahoney

SMITHY
G.A. Scheinoha

Is she a hammer,
steel content to pound words
on the anvil of
tomorrow, naïve where sparks
say lead us?

LYNX BOOK REVIEWS
Jane Reichhold

A Boy's Seasons: Haibun Memoirs by Cor van den Heuvel. Single Island Press, 379 State Street, Portsmouth, NH 03801:2010. Paper perfect bound, 6.5 x 7.5 inches, 206 pages, Introduction by Carl Patrick. \$24.95.

If you are a haiku writer, at any stage of newness to the form, you know who Cor van den Heuvel is due to the popularity of the several editions of his classic, The Haiku Anthology. Beyond and above this worthy credential there are ten of his own books of haiku plus five more that he has edited or co-edited. It is all there on the very first page in this book. [Interesting, unusual – not your grandfather's old Oldsmobile]

Also, if you write haiku you surely know what haibun is so we can skip the several explanations of the form. Carl Patrick's page of preface has a title – The Kaleidoscopic Year: A Preface in the Form of a Letter to the Author – that has its first sentence:

“There is so much to admire in A Boy's Seasons: the mysterious power of individual haiku; the way the haiku seem to condense out of their context and drop onto the page, giving new resilience to the haibun form; the pure American wine poured into old sake bottles; the humor; the intensity of a boy's perceptions coupled with the double perspective of nostalgia that saturates our memory. . . .[sic] [Dear Mr. Patrick, Is this how you write a letter? Your warm sentiments overwhelm me.]

Do not let my feelings and comments keep you from reading the rest of Carl Patrick's preface as he goes on to express some thoughts needful for your understanding of A Boy's Seasons. I wish I could reprint all of it, but I cannot and should not which is why you should buy the book to read and ponder his words for yourself.

Obviously Mr. Patrick did not say the words of introduction that van den Heuvel wanted or needed for the book, so being a writer he wrote, “This book is about a boy growing up in mid-20th Century America. Like many other boys of his generation the seasons for him were defined by the sports he

played and loved.”

There you have it. An ordinary, All-American growing boy who later comes under the influence of haiku, haibun and the importance of organizing a book by seasons. What is there not to like? I ask any testosterone-endowed male. Nothing the booming bass voice could reply.

Perhaps I am the wrong person to review this book. I abjure baseball; I find little boys dirty, smelly, and incomprehensible and all sports were ruined for me forever thanks to the horrors of high school phys.ed. I refuse to read any more books that are another rerun of the author’s peak of experience – a high school sport scene. [Pat Conroy, I love your poetic words beyond all others’ but I cannot take another of your sport stories.]

I do love and honor haiku but I am not a fan of Shiki’s shasei style – a just the facts ma’am school of haiku. There is nothing ‘wrong’ with Shiki’s well-known theory of how to write haiku. Many people are attracted to ease of it because the style avoids associations, contrasts, or comparisons or any of the other many techniques of haiku. Think of seeing a photograph in words instead of a poem. Remember later what has been said here. Perhaps van den Heuvel was drawn to Shiki’s style because Shiki too loved baseball so very much.

Now I come to the part I really can enjoy and find much delight in reading. Cor’s prose is excellent and flows around one like summer day under the sprinkler on grass needing to be mowed. For him, as a child, without the influence of Japanese literature, the year had two seasons – winter with its snow and summer with sunshine. The exact opposite of the Japanese ideal of the in-between seasons of spring and autumn. But Cor is being honest and bringing to us his world as a young boy and for that we must be thankful for his wonderful recall and excellent writing skills.

And then we find the first haiku:

first warm day
fitting my fingers into the mitt
pounding the pocket

If I were still in my teaching mode, writing lessons for the Bare Bones School of Haiku, I would ask, which basic guideline of haiku writing does this poem break? Maybe you are staring at this page with a wrinkled forehead? You wonder how I could question this hallow haiku moment of one of my revered elders? Maybe this haiku already has you back in baggy jeans with muddy cuffs so why should I harp on it like the teacher you thought you just escaped from in the classroom?

Cor van den Heuvel loves sports and he brings back the memories with all the love and enthusiasm of a young boy. He was evidently an observant child as he notices everything. Not only the clichéd signs of the seasons, but the way his muscles moved, how each ordinary childhood activity over-laid the seasons with a different orientation to nature. It is all there and it is such a comfort to have him dredge up and paint in such glowing colors scenes from the childhood I also had. Cor, I too loved the book

Ferdinand and it affected me as deeply as it must have you. Perhaps that is why I am still a pacifist. Are you?

Like you, I fell from grace and had a fight in high school, and like your experience, the fight was about the opposite sex. Ah, you see how easy it is to fall into Cor's book, to feel as reading it you are companions sitting over beers and remembering yesteryears.

I suppose I should say more about the haiku. Or the art of haibun. It is all so hard. Haiku I think I have figured out and feel I know a great one when I see it.

throw to first
the ball follows its shadow
into the sunlit mitt

I will gladly remember this one. But so many of the haiku continue the prose story or fill the gaps in the narrative. This is the hard thing about haibun. Has anyone truly established the relationship between the prose and the poetry? Some say the haiku should sum up or act as a torque point to pull together images or situations. Others say the haiku should act as a leap – a dive in a new, but always related! place, voice, or situation – the way one makes the twist in a tanka.

Should even the prose be treated as poetry? Should the prose be written in a style different from one's normal prose style as if in a letter or a preface? In *A Boy's Seasons* the answer is that the prose is written in the best style of memoirs and the haiku are randomly sprinkled through out – sometimes singly; sometimes in sequences, most of which are arranged chronologically. The haiku are mostly matter-of-fact realistic portrayal of fact.

shagging the fly ball
I step on an Easter egg
hidden in the grass

As you can see from the haiku examples, the old rule of 5,7,5 is closer to Cor's heart than I would have thought.

Heart! That brings me to another thought I had about *A Boy's Seasons*. How can a boy remember so much and yet have so few memories of parents or sibling? Aren't most of our childhood memories glued to our brains with emotion? Our childhoods are forged and bent with our feelings toward parents or womb-mates. Here are none. Haiku are supposed to be objective, cool, without passion. Should haibun also be stripped of every whiff of feeling or better still, love?

There is still much for me to consider about when thinking of *A Boy's Seasons*. The book has been lying in the to-be-reviewed file for too many months already. I am grateful to Cor for so much, he is a pleasure to work with, and I have great respect for him as one of the luminaries of the haiku scene in New York City. I loved the parts of the trip down memory that we could share and I thank him for the lovely haiku:

throw to first

the ball follows its shadow
into the sunlit mitt

Madeline Findlay at Single Island Press has made a beautiful book out of Cor's memories.

In the Field: A Collection of Haiku by Neil Fleishmann. Natas Zev Press, New York City: 2011. Flat-spined, 4 x 7, 100 pages, one poem per page, full-color cover. No price stated.

In the Field also comes from a *New Yorker*, but there the comparison with Cor van den Heuvel's book ends. *In the Field*'s cover is in full color and on the back is a photo of the author. Neil Fleishman is a stand-up comic and was the winner of the recent "Funniest Rabbi in New York" competition. He lectures on a wide array of topics, including the humor in Judaism and the power of poetry.

If you thought I was hard on Cor for his style of haiku do not read this review because the blood-spattering is going to be horrendous. An example of Neil Fleishman's haiku:

Whisper me to sleep
my turbulent soul asks G-d
Heed my prayer filled yawn

Can you imagine what I would say if I released the brake on my jaw and let my fingers fly? Maybe in my garbled mumbling you detect me screaming, how can a person in 2011 be so unaware of what an English-language haiku has become? On which books of haiku is this man basing his work? Whom has he found who writes like this?

I must admit that I am touched that someone has so much confidence in himself to make a book of work without any research into what is being done in the field. It's like writing a physics textbook without a knowledge of Newton. No one would do that, but when it comes to poetry everyone is a poet. I have said that because I believe it. And look where it has taken me! *In the Field* is an expression of a person's most inner thoughts. For that I can be kind and gracious. I believe we all have a beauty within us that touches the best in every other person. And I think it is possible to share this over poetry. And I congratulate every person who takes the time, effort, and expense to write and publish a book. Truly. I know what you have gone through to get this book in my hands.

But, but, but. My head aches and the cramp in my shoulder is screaming.

Neil, you seem a kind and loving soul. May you find the haiku style that releases this glory unmarred for others. Someday you will see how funny *In the Field* is as a book of haiku. I wish you a long life and many letters and thanks for the interesting way to write G-d.

Tanka Moments: A Man's Journey by David Lee Kirkland. High Hill Press, USA: 2010. Paper perfect

bound, single-color cover, end papers [no one has those anymore!] 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 265 poems on unnumbered pages, \$14.95.

It is May, the lovely month of May. The goldfinches are flinching strands of wool from the wads of fleece tied to trees, grasses nod with heads full of ripening seeds, a gentle breeze blows from the blue of sea, and I am reading a book with such tanka as this one from David Lee Kirkland:

Merely strolling
Not unaware but heedless
You awake desire
Trailing not perfume but fire
Baffling poor men like me

As Shirley MacLain says to Julia Stiles, “Carolina, why is life so hard for you?”

Mr. Kirkland answers:

Gentle waves
A beach umbrella
Lazy days
Too rarely prescribed
For our busy days

At first I was stopped by the caps and strange, to me, rhythms of these tanka, but the longer I let them simmer in me the more I see Kirkland has learned a lot about tanka from the translations of the Heian court ladies and is making an honest, valid attempt to bring the form to his thoughts and feelings. He seems to understand the pivot and the twist necessary for tanka and is able to use it smoothly. May his tribe increase.

Zugvoegel – Migratory Birds – Oiseaux migrateurs – Aves migratorias by Klaus-Deiter Wirth.
Hamburger Haiku Verlag www.haiku.de Paper perfect bound, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 200 pages. Email for price and postage: infoAThaikuDOTde.

As you can see from the complete title of Zugvoegel this book of 150 haiku comes with each poem translated into these four languages and sometimes there is even a Dutch version added as bonus. The amazing thing is that Klaus-Deiter Wirth has made all these translations. What a bridge he is for the exchange of haiku.

The book is very interesting when one follows the journey of one haiku through the parade of tongues. Sometimes new insights or even a good ‘Aha!’ would result after reading the same idea filtered through the roadmap of Europe. Even the typesetting (use of caps and periods) seemed to be influenced by the language or perhaps it was the time. Many of the French and Spanish versions seem to have been made more recently. I did find it a big help that since Mr. Wirth writes in both German and English, that the original version was set in italics.

I wondered if the author understood what made his haiku work in German but then was less successful

in the three other languages.

Von Licht getroffen,
unversehrt die Karaffe,
gebrochen der Strahl.

Hit by a sunbeam
the carafe remains intact,
the ray refracts.

frappe par la lumiere
intacte la carafe
refracte le rayon

golpeado por la luz
intacta la garrafa
refractado el rayo

For me, the haiku aspect of the original is the idea that the glass carafe, though hit by a sunbeam, is not damaged, but it breaks the beam. I guess I would argue to have ‘breaks’ the ray instead of refracts which is more ‘bend.’ But this is what happens to a good haiku when multi-language readers put their heads together.

Klaus-Dieter Wirth has done his homework. Every poem in the book has been published somewhere in the world with all the credits and footnotes faithfully given in the back of the book.

Even the Foreword is in all four languages. There is an amazing amount of work surrounding each of these haiku. I hope that in his next book Wirth can let go of the introductory caps and punctuation on the German and the English.

This is a solid book, beautifully made with many well-crafted haiku. May it land in many hands.

Ahaiga! by Emily Romano. Shadows Ink Publications, 1209 Milwaukee Street, Excelsior Springs, MO 64024: 2011. Paper, stapled spin, full color pages, 8.5 x 5.5, 40 pages. \$15.

Emily Romano’s name was in the first American haiku magazines I ever saw (in 1980) and I know because I was impressed enough by her work to remember the name and to write her haiku in my notebooks and finally in my book of favorite haiku. The lady has been writing and publishing for even longer than that. Over the years that I have followed her work I was constantly surprised at how inventive she was and how innovative – trying every new haiku writing experiment. And now in her riper years she has turned to haiga.

While others, lacking skills with brush and ink, turn to photographs for the graphic portion of their haiga Romano has turned to the computer. With its ability to share shapes, and to fling color across the page, through the use of fractals, Romano is able to create impressions, feelings, hints in her graphics

that really do compliment her haiku.

It is often difficult for artists to leap-link their haiku to their photo. It is too easy for the haiku to become an elongated title or description of what one can plainly see in the picture.

The abstract nature of Emily Romano's graphics allows her more freedom in choosing a haiku to accompany it. The lady has a delightful sense of humor; you can see that in her book title. I know of no one who works harder on haiga. She is always in my mailbox! You can see her work in the solo poetry section of this issue of Lynx. Here is one of my favorites from Lynx XXIV:3

emily



BOOK ANNOUNCEMENTS
(as received)

bottle rockets press is happy to
announce a new anthology series called " 3-n-1"

The first book in the series is called my favorite thing with the poets;

Michael Ketchek, Bob Lucky, and Lucas Stensland. Edited by Stanford M. Forrester/Glossy, color paperback/5"x6.5"/ 45 pages/ April 2011/ISBN 978-0-9792257-6-5.

These are mostly haiku, senryu, and short poems that are without pretension. Although these three poets are at different places in their poetic journey, they all fit like a puzzle piece while navigating through the human condition. Honest, sincere, entertaining, yet provocative would describe best these poets' craft.

-\$7.50 copy plus \$2.50 (media mail) US and Canada.

-\$7.50 copy plus \$3.50 (media mail) Japan, Europe and elsewhere

Payment options:

-Check made out to "Stanford M. Forrester"

-pay-pal invoice sent by request

-order on-line at the website with a pay-pal option

If you have any questions, please feel free to contact Stanford M. Forrester:

bottlerockets_99ATyahooDOTcom

Stanford M. Forrester

bottle rockets press

P.O. box 189

Windsor, CT 06095

USA

www.bottlerocketspress.com

TANKA FIELDS by Robert D. Wilson, with a foreword by Michael McClintock. White Egret Press,

For a free pdf of the whole book just send a request to:

robert d. wilson [foamfishATgmailDOTcom]

dining with you
on a plate of stars . . .
each one a memory
painted with what
could have been

she shivers
momentarily,
as if to tell me
it'll be okay
. . . a full moon!

“These are poems of long nights, intuitive dreams and a deep yearning to find, in nature, equanimity and a path to happiness. Wilson treats his readers to poems filled with mystery. His original images of the world and its inhabitants will not fail to stir deep-seated emotions and leave the reader breathless.”

Kirsty Karkow, Maine

Snapshot Press:

Roberta Beary's debut collection, *The Unworn Necklace*, drew universal praise from leading figures in the worldwide haiku community when it was published in 2007. The following year it received a Merit Book Award from the Haiku Society of America and was a finalist in the Poetry Society of America's William Carlos Williams Award – the first book of haiku to receive such recognition.

The collection quickly sold out of its print runs in paperback and is now available in a special hardback edition.

'A 70-poem not-quite-narrative cycle that has the weight and emotional force of a novel. A sprawling & powerful novel. . . . The aesthetic here of absolutely minimal strokes accumulating to create a far more powerful picture is really overwhelming.' Ron Silliman

'If all haiku books were so carefully crafted, we'd not have to ever make any apologies for our devotion to the genre.' William J. Higginson

'Masterful haiku.' George Swede in *Frogpond*

Full details are available on the website www.snapshotpress.co.uk

LETTERS TO LYNX

. . .
im Nebel leben
und wissen
oben ist Sonne

to live in fog
and knowing
above is the sun

Ruth-Ingeborg Frank passed away on April 14 in Emmendingen, Germany. - Hermann-Dietrich Franke Family

. . . Just wanted you to know that my poem, "Shelling Peas," is featured today on Your Daily Poem:

http://www.yourdaily-poem.com/listpoem.jsp?poem_id=728

Hope you enjoy it! And Happy Mother's Day to those of you who are mothers out there. Love, –Penny Harter. . .

Penny's page will be gone, but you can look back in the archives for it and take a look at an interesting site. – jr

. . . THANK YOU so MUCH for your Review [of An Abundance of Gifts]. I am terrible at finding/knowing about reviews, etc. Izzy has/is designing me a haibun website - www.stanleypelter.com - and your review appeared on it. I haven't got the hang of it yet as it keeps progressing but each book has about 6 haibun that can be read. These Izzy changes after a time lapse. It seems to have progressed into showing a certain number of illustrations, recording the number of 'hits', etc. (I can't find them, or other 'features' I am assured are there! Was sent the latest 'updates' - and THERE was your Review. Thank you again. It was great! You are, too. Been writing articles on artists or 'movements' who have/are having retrospectives at the TATE Modern Art Gallery in London. First was the 'de Stijl' group. Next is Joan Miro. Also writing one called a hint of haibun vlashphemy. If interested, I will send you a copy when completed. It is a bit of a justification of my conscious application, here-and-there, of long sentences when we all know, don't we, that any lack of concision is verboten. I am also trying to get back to work on collection 7, but daily drug-induced extreme tiredness works against it. When done it will be the last! Then the weirdest of opposites might emerge. The 7 collections, packed full of individual haibun (as they should be), will (hopefully) meld into a single 'life-to-death' cycle. The first haibun in book 1 (past imperfect) is 'birth hospital'; the last in book 7 (one of 3 possible titles yet to be decided), will be 'death'. Difficult to talk about a haibun 'novel,' but that is what it is intended to be. Will send you a copy when/if. Off to local hospital tomorrow and London specialist hospital next week for beginnings of next round of 'processes' re adrenal gland and spleen removal. very best wishes and lots of love. – Stanley Pelter

CONTESTS

The 12th Tanka Society of America's International Competition Call for Submissions

Deadline: Postmark date of June 30, 2011.

Eligibility: Open to all, members and non-members alike, except TSA officers and judges.

Regulations: Any number of tanka may be submitted. Entries must be original, in English, unpublished, and not submitted for publication or to any other contest.

Entry Fee: \$1.00 per tanka, U.S. funds only. Please make checks/money orders payable to the "Tanka Society of America."

Submissions: Submit each tanka on three separate 3 x 5 inch cards, two with the tanka only (for anonymous judging), the third with the tanka and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Type or print neatly please. Submit entries and fees to: Celia Stuart-Powles, PO Box 521084, Tulsa, OK 74152, USA Awards: First prize: \$100; Second Prize: \$50; Third Prize: \$25. Amount of prizes may be reduced if an insufficient number of entries are received. Winning poems will be published in Ribbons, the Tanka Society of America journal. Adjudication: The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest. Rights: All rights revert to the authors after publication.

Correspondence: Unfortunately, entries cannot be returned. Please send a business size SASE for answers to queries or for a list of winning entries. For foreign entries, send a self-addressed envelope and one international reply coupon.

Snapshot Press announces two international annual awards for unpublished collections of haiku, tanka, short poetry and haibun. Award winners will have their collections published by Snapshot Press.

The Snapshot Press Book Awards

The Snapshot Press Book Awards are international annual prizes for unpublished book-length collections of haiku, tanka, short poetry and haibun.

The Award winners will have their collections published in paperback or hardback by Snapshot Press.

There may be up to four Award winners each year.

Submissions are open from July 1–November 30.

Full details are available on the website www.snapshotpress.co.uk

The Snapshot Press eChapbook Awards

The Snapshot Press eChapbook Awards are international annual prizes for unpublished short collections of haiku, tanka, short poetry and haibun.

The Award winners will have their collections published online by Snapshot Press. There may be up to eight Award winners each year. Each entrant will receive a copy of a print anthology featuring a selection of the best individual poems and haibun entered into the contest.

The deadline for submissions is July 31.

Full details are available on the website www.snapshotpress.co.uk

SUBMISSIONS WANTED

From Lime Trees to Eucalypts: A Botany of Tanka: Call for Submissions The Special Features section of the Atlas Poetica (ATPO) website is seeking submissions for a collection “From Lime Trees to Eucalypts: A Botany of Tanka” to be edited by Angela Leuck. The plant—flower, shrub or tree—referred to in the poem should invoke a strong sense of place, either where the poet lives or has traveled. Thus, poems about more common and widespread species will not be considered. Rather what is wanted are plants that are typically associated with a particular region, even if they are not well known outside that region. Each poem should be accompanied by the Latin name of the plant, as well as location. Poems must not have been previously published. Submissions: Poets are invited to send up to three tanka, but only one, if selected, will published, in keeping with the theme and format of the features on the Atlas Poetica website. Send to acleuck@gmail.com, with a subject line of ‘A Botany of Tanka.’

Before submitting, please go to <http://www.AtlasPoetica.org>. All the usual guidelines for Atlas Poetica apply. Potential contributors should familiarize themselves with the Special Features and the full ATPO guidelines. Deadline: Deadline for submitting is August 1, 2011. The planned publication date is September 2011. Special Features are published on an irregular schedule.-- M. Kei, Editor, Atlas Poetica

Hello!

We're ready to begin accepting offers of content for the second issue of our Journal of Renga & Renku, which has now been accepted for inclusion in the MLA International Bibliography. The journal will be:

1. published at the end of 2011
2. available in hardcopy only
3. available for purchase online using Paypal

We're looking for a variety of content along the lines of:

1. Academic/polemic articles on any aspects of the genre
2. Translations of old renga and renku
3. News of renku groups and happenings
4. Book articles/reviews
5. Letters responding to the content of Issue 1, or on any relevant topic
6. and of course, a showcase of current examples of the genre:
 - a) in English
 - b) in any other language, accompanied by an English translation
 - c) previously published or not (just let us have details of prior publication so we can acknowledge properly)
 - d) simultaneous offers are fine too, again provided you advise us of prior publication for purposes of acknowledgement
 - e) in any of the standard forms: kasen, triparshva, nijûin, jûnichô, shisan, rokku, hyakuin, yotsumono, etc.
 - f) in any explorations of the above forms in terms of experimentation with one-line, zip, 5/7/5 or other fixed counts, and even rhyme
 - g) solo and group work
 - h) with (preferably) or without notes/reflections on the poem/process from sabaki or renju or both
 - i) Please include the following text in all poetry submissions: "I hereby confirm that I have obtained consent from all of the participating poets to offer this poem for publication by JRR"
7. We are also holding a contest, the winning poem to appear in JRR2; click here for details:
<http://tinyurl.com/jrr-contest>
8. We're open to discussing content ideas we've not covered above, so please write
9. All communications will be acknowledged within two weeks
10. Closing date for sending content: October 1, 2011
11. We are regrettably unable to pay contributors for content at this stage

To gain an idea of the sort of content that interests the editors, leaf through the 17-page preview of the current issue of JRR at <http://tinyurl.com/preview-jrr1> or, better still, order the 170-page Issue #1 at <http://www.darlingtonrichards.com/jrr>

Please send all contributions and other communications to RengaRenku@gmail.com (RengaRenku AT gmail DOT com) We look forward to hearing from you. Norman Darlington & Moira Richards
Journal of Renga & Renku <http://darlingtonrichards.com/>

MAGAZINES

. . . The March Equinox issue of The Ghazal Page is online now. It incorporates the idea of previous

April Fool's issues with witty poems (not pranks!) Please enjoy it. All the best, Gino

Dear Readers and Contributors, The new issue of Shamrock (No 17) is now available online at <http://shamrockhaiku.webs.com/currentissue.htm> It has a big selection of Greek haiku in English translation, an essay, a selection of international haiku, and a haibun. The results of our annual Readers' Choice Award appear at the top of the page, and you can read all the winning haiku and senryu. Thanks to all who sent us their works!

Anthony Kudryavitsky, editor

Dear Readers and Friends,

After unexpected circumstances and four issues, we have decided to close the doors and will no longer be publishing Berry Blue Haiku. However, we are happy to announce that all issues are now available for free. For now, they can be downloaded through CurrClick at http://www.curreclick.com/index.php?manufacturers_id=402 To download your free copies, all you need to do is register with CurrClick (this is free).

We hope that everyone will check out our issues. You'll find wonderful haiku, haiku-related articles, lessons, crafts, and more—all geared toward young readers. Although the business entity that is Cobalt Crow Productions is ending, the essence that has been Berry Blue Haiku will live on. I will be launching a personal blog which will keep the name Berry Blue Haiku, and there I still intend to feature haiku, run interviews, contests, articles, etc., but in a much simpler format. For more details and updates, please keep an eye on our blog at <http://cobaltcrowproductions.blogspot.com/> Thank you. Peace and blessings, Gisele LeBlanc, Founder and Executive Editor, Cobalt Crow Productions

Dear haiku friends,

The Dutch small publishing house 't schrijverke now has an English version of its website on line. The site will give you an idea of what 't schrijverke is all about: not just publishing, but also collecting, promoting and connecting. And watch out for the news on the latest issue of Whirligig, the multilingual haiku journal. Copies are on their way to its subscribers and info on the content will be added to the site very soon. Meanwhile, you can find info on the 2010 volume on the site, as well as reactions on that first volume. And besides Oh well, just have a look at <http://haikuschrijverke.nl/>

Max Verhart

Liebe Haiku-Freunde, die Monatsbeiträge Mai 2011 auf haiku-art sind online. Haiga – Simone K. Busch & Bea Bareis Haiku – Gerd Börner Ein herzlicher Gruß aus dem Mansfeldischen, Ramona

the fib review Issue # 9 is now on site at www.musepiepress.com Click on “the fib review” in the left margin to launch the fib review site. The Fib Review Issue #9 has been posted to the Muse-Pie Press site. We’ve redesigned the journal to allow for more space for the poetry and we’ve added a Writer’s Archive which links the poems of all our previously published poets to the archived issue in which they were published. This issue continues to feature some outstanding Fibonacci poetry from new poets to award-winning poets. It has a diverse and rich blend of Fibonacci poems of varying lengths and shapes that represent works from the international community of poets of Canada, Italy, New Zealand, the UK, and the US. Submissions for Issue # 10, due to be posted in August 2011, are now being accepted. Please send your submissions to musepiepress@aol.com. Be sure to put “For the Fib Review” in the subject line.

Simply Haiku Spring 2011, Vol. 9. No. 1 With a whole new look on our own website!
<http://simplyhaiku.theartofhaiku.com/> Robert D. Wilson, Saša Važić

The new issue of Roadrunner, 11.1, is now up: <http://www.roadrunnerjournal.net/>
Featuring: Scorpion Prize #22 by Robert Grenier; A review of Peter Yovu's new haiku collection, Sunrise; Favorites from 2010 (by the editors); & 56 new ku. Hope you like the new issue. Scott

Hello Sketchbook Reader,

The Sketchbook Vol. 6, No. 2--March / April, 2011 is now on line:

Sketchbook: Vol. 6, No. 2:

http://poetrywriting.org/Sketchbook6-2MarApr2011/0_Contents_Sketchbook_6-2_MarApr_2011_Cover_Pris_Campbell.htm

The March / April 30 , 2011 Sketchbook contains poems, art and features by eighty-six writers from twenty-one Countries: Australia, Austria, Bangladesh, Bulgaria, Canada, Croatia, Finland, France, Germany, India, Ireland, Kazakhstan, Netherlands, Portugal, South Africa, Romania, Singapore, Trinidad and Tobago, Yemen, United Kingdom (England, Scotland), United States. The Editors extend a warm welcome to all readers and writers!

Submissions are now open for the May / June 30, 2011 Sketchbook. Submissions are open to the general public. Please review the submission guidelines at this link:

Read the complete submission guidelines The Sketchbook Editors: Karina Klesko and John Daleiden

1. Contemporary Haibun Online Editors Jim Kacian, Ken Jones and Bruce Ross announce the release of the April 2011 issue. Enjoy the editor's pick, a special feature: Haibun as Journalism, and haibun by 40 writers.

<http://contemporaryhaibunonline.com>

2. Haiku Oregon calls for your haiku to be displayed at the HSA Quarterly National Meeting & Haiku Art Walk Wall at the historic Liberty Theatre in downtown Bend, Oregon on June 3, 4, and 5, hosted by Haiku Oregon and

co-sponsored by the City of Bend. Please see full details in Ripples, and at the

HSA Website (www.hsa-haiku.org) plus the Haiku Oregon Website

(<http://sites.google.com/site/haikuoregon>). Our goal is to exhibit 500 haiku and we have more than half that amount already, but please take a moment to email your own favorite haiku that you have written to date, (published with credits or unpublished), under the subject heading "HSA haiku Wall" to an'ya at haikubyanya@gmail.com and just include your name, city, state and country. We would like to have all HSA members present at the meeting one way or the other. We are also displaying haiga and other forms of artwork that include haiku, so please feel free to contact an'ya if you are interested or want to know more about this part of the project as well.

3. Haiku Pix Review seeks poems employing word-pictures to evoke emotion. It is a new paper review. Accepts haiku, senryu, tanka and haibun. Offers chapbook publication to its contest winners.

Subscriptions: \$20. Submit 1-10 poems to: Haiku Pix Review, 11F, No.489, Tian-fu Rd., Hsinchu City, Taiwan. Email: haiku@haikupix.com/

Website: <http://www.haikupix.com/review>

4. Submissions are open for the partly complete Romance under a Waning Moon, a website of haiku, tanka, haibun and images about the ups and downs of later-in-life romance: Email: Ray@raysweb.net
Website: <http://raysweb.net/fallromance>

Dear Friends, Readers, and Heron's Nest contributors,
The March issue of The Heron's Nest (our first in Volume XIII) is now available for your reading pleasure at <http://www.theheronsnest.com/>. With the release of this issue comes the opportunity for you to see which poems were your favorites from last year. The results can be viewed here and will be published in the annual paper edition due out in April.

Dear Poet,
These are only some of the comments we have received following the publication of the inaugural issue of Haiku Pix Review #1, Winter 2011. True to its name, HRP aims to publish haiku that use juxtaposition of images to produce emotion:

spring apple tree
on the old gnarled trunk
its own shadow

-- Bruce Ross

raindrops
on a lotus leaf ...
homecoming

-- Chen-ou Liu

Electronic submissions accepted. Visit: www.haikupix.com/ Best regards, Tad Wojnicki
[haiku@haikupix.com/](mailto:haiku@haikupix.com)

MEETINGS

circle

June 4 from 9 – 7:30 Haiku Circle in Northfield, MA 01360. Poetry reading by Cor van den Heuvel, workshops by Alan Emond - naturalist, Ed Rayher of Swamp Press and Greg Joly of Bull Thistle Press, Mike Ryan - photographer and Mary Forrester – artist. For more information contact Stan Forrester: bottlerockets_99ATyahooDOTcom

August 3-7, 2011 Haiku North America Conference in Seattle, Washington,! Members of the Haiku Northwest group have generously offered to host the 2011 conference and they have many exciting plans already in the works, including a harbor cruise. The conference itself will be held at the Seattle Center, at the foot of the Space Needle, providing easy access to ginko opportunities such as Pike Place Market (via the monorail), the Olympic Sculpture Park, the Experience Music Project rock-and-roll museum and Science Fiction Museum, and countless other attractions—including fleet week and the Seafair festival, with the Blue Angels performing overhead. The conference theme will be "Fifty Years of Haiku," celebrating the past, present, and future of haiku in North America. Speakers already include: Cor van den Heuvel, Richard Gilbert, David Lanoue, Carlos Colón, Fay Aoyagi, Jim Kacian, Emiko Miyashita, George Swede, and many others.

ARTICLE

SCHOOLING SCHOOLS

Jane Reichhold

The proverb, “those can – do and those who can’t – teach,” was part of my knowledge even as a young girl. It came in handy for my disputes with high school teachers before the age of violence with metal weapons when we only used barbed words.

There was also another saying: “what goes around; comes around.” In my old age, after so carefully avoiding teaching over these many years, and while having great admiration for those souls who daily pit their wits with the young, I am being herded into a corner where I am becoming that which I thought I was not.

The fault lies on many heads, many of which are in the Poet Laureate Committee in Ukiah, California. Ukiah, a Pomo Indian word meaning “deep valley” is the name of the county seat of Mendocino where I now live. The fact that the name is haiku spelled backwards seems to be a sign that this place has some secret and preordained connection to a poetry form from Japan. I have been caught in the middle. In the ten years of the ukiaHaiku Festival more and more persons have been swept into the maelstrom of which I have been a floating rock.

It is possible to divide the world’s population into three parts. Those who have never heard of haiku, those who think they know all they need to know about the form – seventeen syllables about nature – and those who are engaged in learning more. I have recollection of the moment when the scales tipped me from being a student to being a teacher. Maybe it was the day in 1995 the guy from San Francisco asked me to design a web site about poetry for him. Maybe it was that day I got an email from a guy at Kodansha International in Tokyo asking if I would write a book on how to write haiku. Maybe it was being asked by the Commonwealth Club of California to speak on haiku or the day I bought the aqua dress.

A few weeks ago I got a book in the mail to be reviewed in Lynx (it is there in this issue: In the Field by Neil Fleischmann). Inside the front cover was a hand-written note thanking me for all I have done for haiku. “Ah,” I thought, “how nice that someone has learned enough from my work to make a charming little book.” I experienced actual physical pain as I read the 17-syllable aphoristic

admonishments. With the clarity of a bolt of lightning I suspected people needed another way of learning about haiku beyond reading books.

One of my current soapbox topics is a heartfelt rant about how, in spite of the popularity of writing Japanese genre poetry forms in English, only one college in USA, as far as I know (Millikin University in Decatur, Illinois – thanks to Randy Brooks!) actually teaches haiku. The heads of far too many universities believe that departments of Asian Studies or even professors of Japanese lit courses have the subject adequately covered. That was perhaps true one hundred years ago, but in the meantime, while they were raising tuition costs, people outside of the college system have been learning what the schools were unable to teach about English-language haiku. It is a bit of the chicken and egg conundrum – who is qualified to teach when there is no one qualified to determine who is qualified?

We haiku writers are a DIY – do it yourself – bunch. Even the national organizations lacked the authority, and the desire to tackle this problem, because their leaders were mostly busy warring between themselves and getting their own haiku into ink on paper.

Yes, there are books, now maybe five or six, on how to write haiku. But even still, in my experiences with the teachers of Mendocino country schools, too many were satisfied with the validity of the previous folk-knowledge they had about haiku.

In an effort to change this, the Poet Laureate Committee of Ukiah organized a workshop for teachers. Even after one rainy afternoon of three hours of talk, there was a difference in the quality of the haiku submitted to the yearly contest for the ukiaHaiku Festival. However, the “deep valley” of Ukiah is due to the mountain ranges on both of its sides. These barriers to education melted down before the power of video-taping. This year the workshop talk was captured and distributed over the internet to people even beyond our lumpy mountains. Even as the hits to this website mount up, and when I read the stats on AHApoetry.com – the greater number of visitors go to the haiku information features, I felt I should be doing more.

You know how the suddenness of seeing a kite in the sky delights and enthralls you? Just like that the idea came to me to make a school of haiku. Actually I had gathered the glue, the paper, and the wooden sticks many years ago. When I started to work on *Writing and Enjoying Haiku* for Kodansha I was so thrilled to have an outlet for all I knew, had learned and loved, I flung everything possible into pages. This I proudly presented – all 480 pages of it – to my editor. Firmly but kindly he told me the contract was only for 139 pages. Okay, I had learned to be a good girl as a child. I chopped and chopped the materials down to fit his idea of the book. But in my fury I saved the original document as the Bare Bones School of Haiku – the title for the book Kodansha refused to consider.

Would a school of haiku on the internet, free and open for anyone with a shining screen, be the way to bring all I had to give? We will see. The school had only been up a couple of weeks but so far the response has been overwhelmingly positive.

In fact I was so delighted and buoyed up by praise that I found the strength and energy to also create the Bare Bones School of Renga. All those articles, all that work on, for and with renga now had a new home.

I am sure my shoulders sagged to begin hyperventilating even as I got the idea for a school of tanka also. I tried to talk myself out of it by saying, “Bare Bones is not a good image for a tanka school.” But it only took one night of sound sleep to remind me of the title of the first English-language tanka anthology that Werner and I co-edited in 1993 – Wind Five-Folded. There it was – at least the name.

For awhile I was slowed down because all my tanka articles were too general – covered too much of the same territory with different words. In an impulsive move, I dumped all I had written about tanka, and simply started from the beginning of tanka as part of the oral tradition of Japan and wrote my way back to today. As the information coalesced into sections and lessons, I found bits and pieces I would tuck in around the edges like parsley. My old favorite page template from Lynx allowed sidebars of information that would have puckered and pulled on the lessons. I turned into a monster to man and cat until I was able to control all the information I had swirling in my head.

Now it is done, the sun shines and muffins roll out of the oven again and you can now go to the Bare Bones School of Haiku, the Bare Bones School of Renga or Wind Five-Folded School of Tanka.

Blessed Be!

FINIS

