

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

XV:2, June, 2000

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Participation Renga

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

RENGA

THESE FRAGILE THREADS - Part II

Marjorie Buettner

Hugh Bygott

yet at autumn's end
the swiftness of the river
flowing endlessly

the sear'd leaf and wither'd hand
we cannot turn back again

for as Goethe says
only troubled guests are we
on this darken'd shore

still the dawn light of the new
dispels ragged shapes of fear

while in each bird-cry
a secret language revealed
bourn on a wild wind

across the face of a world
fearful against the unknown

this pilgrimage
when in the blind time of night
metamorphosis

yet greening bud to flower
is not change the path to beauty?

and somewhere still
in the quick dust of petals
a sweetness and light

of hopes that have come and gone
"Death the mother of Beauty" *

now host of regrets
once the sound of your footfall
no longer heard

that night in silence we as one
saw the moon rise above the lake

this meditation

when the space between each breath
becomes full of song

the paradox of our lives
in speech silence yet unsaid words

beyond answers
the language of the soul's
longing for light

that comes through our duality
our rich senses to intellect

body's alchemy
this elixir's gold is gold
amaranth

against her purple silks
her form and eyes immortal

our inheritance
when absence is a presence
that fills and fills

changed forms from primeval life
until at last the new mind

dark clouds parting
over a full, clear moon
this crystal night

how love can ebb away and
how full of pain this life can be

but why is the wave
jealous of the rolling sea
through which it passes?

are not all the things which change
longing for the constancy of truth?

Chuang Tsu
is it a dream within dreams
human-butterfly?

clinging to reality
essence that rings true

at the precipice

how can we not look at
the face of death?

this dark abyss cannot call
to break the bonds of loving

even Orpheus
with his empty heart still sings
of love unending

Eurydice's perfect'd form
lifting him to higher states

this consciousness
a window opening to
new worlds

as the stars light-trace the dark
so this covenant revealed

five-points
the pith of a poplar branch
a Golden Flower

within, a higher self;
un ami est comme un deuxieme soi
(a friend is a second self)

full moon in zenith
reflected in a still pond
this night sky

there is here a loneliness
the beyond against the now

echoing thunder
from the edge of the lake
then circling

the endless cycle of events
each moment forever past

heavy snowfall
covering the frozen ground
in forgiveness

time the healer of all things
cold wound the cruelest hurt

O Felix Culpa!
only when the heart shatters
can knowledge come

and wholeness from sorrow's crystals
as darkest nights yield to dawn

diffusion
from the center of snowflakes
the moon caught within

spreads the light on silent snow
soon crimson'd by this first spring dawn

field of fragrance
how each blossom carries
new hope!

the darken'd stem now bursts forth
this light greater than shadows of fate

after the storm
this rainbow of silver rain
deep into the woods

as I now retrace my steps
she to the darker shadows

gathering night
cry of the loon carrying
all mysteries

I walk in plains under starry skies
the Divine spark our spirit's guide

*Wallace Stevens
**Aristotle

INSIDE THE ARMOIRE

Penny Greenwell
Betty Kaplan
Max Verhart

falling snow -
last night's footprints
fade slowly

p/1

"catch a snowflake on your tongue"
I was once a little child

b/2

the long gone taste
of grandma's apricot pie -
still remembered m/3

inside the armoire
smell her vanilla scent p/4

gathering truffles
the moon lights the pig's way
through the forest b/5

hidden in the fog
my destination m/6

on the home altar
in the blind man's house
a candle burns m/7

all along the Via Delarossa -
the paving stones worn smooth p/8

the old bridge still stands -
he is waiting
I cross over b/9

on the water-bus
a wedding party m/10

imagining her face
the veils of purdah
slip just a little p/11

Coney Island Sideshow
Zenobia, the bearded lady b/12

silvery moonlight
a cool breeze makes her hair
reach out for me m/13

how the sunbathers
avoid each other's shadow! p/14

she steps over
sidewalk cracks, does not go
under ladders b/15

saved by the rope
the mountaineer dangles m/16

spring thaw -
I place a daisy chain
on the baby's grave p/17

the robin's blue eggs
nestled in her nest b/18

with the sunrise
the children
on their Easter hunt b/19

at the edge of the clearing
three men with rifles m/20

angry again!
aiming for the soft spots
I spit my reply p/21

William Tell's son -
knowing the bow will snap b/22

his frozen fingers
mother has to help father
unbutton his coat m/23

early winter-
all the tree limbs newly bare p/24

he could not give me
clothes and jewels
it was his heart he gave b/25

this Valentine card
who does it come from? m/26

red lipstick
on his shirt collar
our first kiss p/27

around with painted smiles
the horses on the carousel b/28

both in and out
the fortune-teller's tent
I find moonshine m/29

under the changing leaves
a bum offers me his bottle p/30

the flash in the pan
of an abandoned field -
goldenrod p/31

these moments so precious
the years are unfolding b/32

a look on his watch
and the stylish commuter
starts running m/33

she's too busy to notice
her wet purse on my paper p/34

strewn over the ground
of the rain swept orchard
apple blossom petals b/35

this spring morning's sky -
brightly today emerges m/36

started november 28th 1999, completed december 15th 1999

CHRISTMAS TREE FORT

Carlos Colon
Alexis K. Rotella

Christmas tree fort
the icicle trail
from yours to mine.

Holly berries light up
the snow.

One hour late
pizza delivery truck skidding
past the driveway.

He's smooth all right
the skating champ.

Instant replay
the referee pockets
a wad of cash.

A lottery ticket
next to Jesus.

Out of my mouth again
your name
in vain.

Another babe in the woods
found pummeled.

Hatpin stuck
in the back
of the butterfly.

Making wind sounds
the tea kettle.

Like a frazzled
fright wig
this weeping willow.

Job's tears with nori
for breakfast.

The owl
night before
the mammogram.

Face of an angel
but his name is Clarence.

Shy woman
planting
pansies.

Taproot
uprooted.

Pokeberry salve
pulling out
the tumor.

Faith healer palms
a chicken liver.

Lifeline
running
out.

911 operator
donut in her throat.

The expert
on magnet therapy -
a used-car salesman.

Spare key under
the front bumper.

Bright red
SUV driven by
an SOB.

His and her
gun racks.

Rev. Falwell—
his power animal,
the fox?

My shadow growing
darker.

Blackberries -
a string of them
around my neck.

Two feet off the ground
pair of cowboy boots.

Mercury retrograde -
can't find
his silver spurs.

Cold snap turning
into pneumonia.

I shovel her
from the pond -
goldfish "Marilyn Monroe."

Updraft tickles
my leg hair.

Fat dove
motionless
by the waterfall.

Removing the shot's sting
a cherry lollipop.

A bee
in the apitherapist's
bonnet.

Masked man mowing
down the dandelions.

SCATTERED CHICKENS

Ruth Yarrow
Carlos Colon

dark cloud -
leaves flash
their undersides

a ripple of waves
through the ivy

rounding the corner
my umbrella
snaps back

scattered chickens -
weathervane rooster
spins in circles

cottonwood seeds
thicken on the screen

her voice louder
the sound of the wind
not blowing

THE KITCHEN WINDOW

Alexis K. Rotella
Carlos Colon

A sailboat
inside the kitchen
window.

Blue marlin arcing
over the fireplace.

Net filled
with starfish -
solstice heat.

Twenty-three stitches
on the 10-year-old.

Raven feather -
I reach out
and take it.

Under the barber's chair
green curls.

My palms pressing down
on my head as she tries
to pick my brain.

Your smashing work
no one smashing it.

The world's
sexiest man -
his ashes given to the sea.

Transplanted
heart broken.

The don juan wills
his penis
to science.

Sheriff's auction
the smell of cigars.

Draped over
the rocking chair
rat snake.

Bottom of her swimsuit
the wrought-iron pattern.

Drought -
after midnight
sound of a garden hose.

Behind a thin white cloud
the sun sunnyside up.

He says he has
to see me before
tomorrow's eclipse.

Video tape
of his cataract surgery.

Just before
passing on she squeezes
my hand.

The tunnel at the end
of the light.

White hydrangeas
so pure
and white.

Pureed peas
the plans we had together.

Like school buses
our four new koi
line up.

Science class ecosystem
dead toad among dead crickets.

Aunt Maggie
who died last week
sitting on the radiator.

From the ceiling below
broomstick message

Asking angels
to help me pass
the national Boards.

Predator teacher
grading on the curves.

No call
of congratulations
from my "best" friend.

Blond trophies
the Ryder Cup wives. *

Answering
the door to a
woodpecker.

Recycle can filled with it -
campaign literature.

[literature is misspelled on porpoise.]

Aren't you
ever
Sirius?

Hollywood agent hitches
his wagon to a star.

The haiku pioneer
motorcycles
cross-country.

Blowing bubbles
the bride and groom.

*golf tournament

TULE FOG

George Knox
Lesley Einer
Elizabeth Knox

mourning doves alight
at dusk in a leafless tree
fused in tule fog gk

early sun dissolves the mist
water lilies edge the pond le

heavy rains falling
and no prospect of abatement
the river rising gk

valentine's day
my heart overflowing with love le

band-tail pigeon
thin white ring on his neck
under pre-dawn half moon gk

waking up to bright sunshine

breakfast on the patio	le
half a quail's eggshell under the yellow hop bush Eolic offspring?	gk
maybe a capricious fairy or mischievous blue jay?	gk
who is he showing off his new baby black? white? male? female?	le
successive blackouts often leave the body affected	gk
as a rule yes but, then there was Lazarus came back good as new	le
Eugene O'Neill gave the tale Some ironic twists indeed	gk
nothing like humor in a grave situation wouldn't you say?	le
rare red-legged frogs court females swamped with full moon desire	gk
(This was George Knox's last link in this renga. He died shortly after writing this. His wife, Elizabeth sent the renga back to Lesley and then the two of them decided to continue the poem together.)	
indistinct 'neath saguaro skeleton shadowed horny toad	le
eyes stay so gently closed against the moted beams of light	ek
emerging from its cramped chrysalis resplendent	le
the bright orange lantana lures swallowtails back, then again	ek
summer dust devils lift off baked macadam	

and then dance away	ek
on TV this old movie Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse	le
the winter garden nut grass nuts wait to pop up with beets and spinach	ek
bowls of steaming borscht listening to troika music	le
the beat is set by balalaika and hand-claps dancer whirls and sweats	ek
ring tail lemurs wage a stink war never a fatality	le
walnuts and pecans smashed to bits from the drop crows swoop down to feast	ek
date with no mirror image don't ask him for a drink	le
ghouls at my doorstep the jostle for pomegranates parents wait by gate	ek
only six seeds eaten six months of each year of winter	le
the moon obscured with dirt driven in the wind the world's detritus	ek
ten days until Y2K and the new millennium	le
writing Christmas cards my heart aches for dear friends dusting off memories	le
three persimmons sticky sweet left for the new next thousand	ek
global warming! fifty years after "Silent Spring"	

they listen le

damp blackened branches budding
in afternoon overcast ek

then with the sun
a profusion of pink petals
from death, rebirth le

the red balloon soars higher
the long string untethered ek

January 1998 - February 2000

THE SPIN OF WORDS

Jacques Verhoeven

Silva Ley

Written in the new Court of Justice in 's Hertogenbosch, Netherlands. Designed by the Belgian architect Charles Vandenhove, this stately building is the largest in the country with the grandeur of a palace. The authors spent the day wondering around seeing the rooms and art works which make it seem to have the air of a museum of art as well as observing the normal activities of justice.

The spin of words
promenades along the laws
palace of justice

blocks out of deep grooves
contradictions resisted

the marble shines
dancing floor for principles
waltz of getting right

the direction indicated
to a fight between quadrants

a plea in columns
files full of in-betweens
spotlights everywhere

return in full speed
swallow, grit the teeth

the swaying blossoms
the first view outside
new, empty years

leave the fiery flush
colour the white bands

opened or closed
doors part the distance
lunch time in an hour

footsteps to the courtrooms
fresh rolls in the fist

the muddle of no-yes
meeting around the ashlar table
the holy oak replaced

locums of sacrifice
nerves and transpiration

theater of toga's
codes of salutes
completed with pistols

pompous in shirtsleeves
secrets, mobilophones
building styles flirt

pastiche of the angora
the game never changed

decors of tapestry
woven parts of truth

exalted distance
barristers and passers by
look neither right nor left

rolling skaters in the square
view through a thousand windows

a full paper basket
a balcony for the emperor
symmetry of power

the concrete colonnades
neutralized emotions

the body in balance
the spirit practiced
in silent cloisters

coffee cup under the bench
at home now, nearly conquered,

echoes, wall to wall
in vertical designs
free from every verdict

books closed, chances valued
the session postponed

hands shaken
feelings wrapped up
high gates of leaving

loads of arguments
the rumors disclosed

REINCARNATION

Giselle Maya
Mari Konno

the newborn baby smiles
dreaming of his old friends
who smoothly move their fins
azure all around

clear sunrise
constantly changing
the mind moves
a slight shifting of the eyes
early spring world never seen

I embrace
some sixty trillion cells
enclosed in each
a minute metropolis
deep silence in water

profoundly
this illusive pine body
mind-heart at ease
each cell holds the secret
of the unfolding flower

under blossoms full
teens are wondering dully

on this earth uneven
I am at a shady loss
seeing boys inside myself

out of the garden
we remember how to dance
wisdom before the fall
planting in the dark soil
seed mythology from clay jars

after the long sleep
of a thousand years
ginkgo trees are alive
sending us green shoots
just as to archaic people

white camellia
germination of ideas
the tea room empty
exposing the heart's center
to the bare tips of branches

whisking a bowl of tea
Chanoyu
digging deep to find
nothing but this heart
and the cosmic air

early spring
angels incarnate
for a brief span hover
among the green-white buds
of cherry trees

Sakura blossoms
a faint pink
exuding shadows
of life
and death

tiny creek shrimp
ancient creatures
alive under rocks
hidden in the waterbed
of the rushing spring

springing up
when discovered
as though an idea

came up to the surface
of the blue unconscious

microscopic image
of a meristem
coral flowers in a dark sea
awed by what is unseen
I know that I don't know

handed down again
metamorphosed
numerous times
here I am
a fragment of the Paleozoic

particles of time
incarnate in this gift
of a single rosebud
and the syllables chanted
by May pond frogs

sounds echo
throughout a field
of the Mesozoic era
waiting for the next form
of metempsychosis

shell-colored dawn
swallows nest under roof tiles
tending their young-
evolution of intricacy
the yellow columbine

waving in the breeze
a tiger lily shows itself
on the spring slope:
memories of ancient days
swaying deep in the sea

after a long rain
morning glory tendrils leap
higher on the bamboo pole
from the painted fan
a breath of wind

unwound dreams
of last summer evening
now hidden in snow
empty rooms aglow

with winter sunlight

color of iris
seedlings pierce the earth
corn and beans planted
a clay shard meets my hand
long hidden in the dark earth

huge footprints
fossils of hollows
are going away
to the riverside
treading on leaves

green sparkling lizard
a rustle among dry leaves
prehistoric horsetail
the glow of the late sun
enlightens the ivy path

OTHER RENS

Book Two: ghost, coast, toast, boast, post, most
Francine Porad
Kris Kondo
Marlene Mountain

ghost

fp three year old ghost of Christmas present each wrap torn and taped

kk shudder to remember how my soul candle was snuffed out

mm uncle sam says january third we widows get a few bucks raise

fp art auction first image shows through aquamedia layers

kk our house has quiet neighbors three farm families' grave sites

mm not what it used to be a mind of my own

coast

fp no resting on laurels in the air the scent of pine and holly

mm off the coast in these worn mountains

kk a freckle-faced kid skims the valley in brand new rollerblades

fp from ocean to ocean the same scary news terrorists

mm the bad curve a car sails across my drive into the bottom land

kk idle enough to open my eyes and mouth to spring rain

toast

kk a bottle of pink pokemon chanmery to toast the holiday season*

mm even better than 39 40 and 50 i like being sixty

fp magical double digit years and tonight's bright solstice moon

kk black sesame paste spread thick on warm bread

mm a fortune for this run-down house anywhere near toasty

fp 34 degrees outside action under two goosedown quilts

*a Japanese soft-drink-imitation of champagne

boast

kk quirky aquarian self-confidence so often taken as boasting

fp 'I love me I love me my picture's on the shelf'

mm as if they're suited to be talking 'bout stuff talking suits

kk gift for his 'disowned' daughter 'best vest in Boston'

fp ...and what happened to my flat flat stomach and graceful hands

mm yes i can i can eat more chocolate than you

* flapper era song

post

mm hard drive crash in a space unused solstice greetings hang

fp midnight a mailbox stuffed with tardy holiday cards

kk somewhere between Japan and Seattle some stranded sumi sprites

mm around here they say: dumb as a post

fp caryatids support the porch ceiling art through the ages

kk dream of horse trotting rhythm between tight legs

most

mm except in my mind moon in perigee not even almost seen

kk midnight valley clouded sky nearly all back-lit

fp Seattle skyline from my deck the view I love the most

mm utmost in tv hype anything beginning with e

kk New Year's singing contest the reds battle the whites

fp the restaurant can hold one hundred drunks max

Started 12/21/99; ended: 12/24/99

TAN RENGA

Carol Purington

Larry Kimmel

finding no one
at home we loiter
about the grounds

the colors of marigolds
put out by shadows

long afternoon
sketching the tortured twist
of the skeletal oak

a bullfrog's gulping
echoes around the green pond

voices of softball players
the fading light

across the railroad tracks
a flickering neon sign

Bar & G ill

knowing it will
have to last for a long long while
the farewell kiss

wishing fast
but the shooting-star fades out

gargling
with undiluted
vinegar

emergency prayer -
childhood words come to mind

alone with the farmhouse
a tango of mice

are you sure
this is how Mickey Mouse
got his start

retrieving
the right gray suitcase
from the airport

which shell hides the pea
watch closely now

leaving the carnival
fingers sticky
from cotton candy

also a lasting shock
to the imagination

Hawaii postcard
that friend who never has time
for a visit

morning-glory tendril
at the window

~*~

POURING IN

David Rice

Ebba Story

whenever I drink
I leave a little in the glass
an odd habit
offering a sip
to spirits I can't see

in palmetto shade
a weathered doll's arm
on an old grave site
the dank air thickly
enters my lungs

car campground
a mutt pulls a boy
toward the water spigot
his loud radio
keeps the forest away

nearing midnight
african idols
crowd her altar
was that my heart beat
or some primeval drum?

death's presence
palpable in the room
it slings me to the edge
of a distant meadow ...
I boomerang back

cleansed by weeping
I turn skyward
the vast expanse
between me and the stars
comes pouring in

MY WHOLE CHILDHOOD

Alexis K. Rotella

Florence Miller

My whole childhood
spent looking
for violets.

A nosegay presented
to Great Aunt Titania.

Pies cooling
on the stump
by the pond.

A haiku floats
into the apple tree.

The turtle rests
before returning
to the sea.

Honeymoon couple
rescued from the reef.

Next to the spider
old main
repairing nets.

Around her ankle
ouroboros tattoo.

A white horse
steps off
the merry-go-round.

Swarm of bees
disappearing.

Guest room -
in an abalone shell,
pomegranate.

Crushing garnets,
Benares healer.

In Scarsdale

salutation
to Lord Surya.

This week she diets
on cabbage soup.

Polka music
coming from
a pine grove.

Resin on my fingers
in the middle of the night.

From the cemetery
a voice
cries out.

Valentine face
of a snowy owl.

Nothing comes back
from the one
I love.

Sad woman siphoning
my chi.

After the mastectomy
he sucks
her other breast.

The drag queen admires
his cleavage.

Cat -
one side yin,
the other yang.

"Next time, Mommy,
you be the little girl."

Ship waiting
as I fall
asleep.

Golf ball
down the rabbit hole.

A horse-faced

duchess -
the doctor's assistant.

The acupuncturist's mane
brushes my lips.

Sunshine Avenue -
a mural
of chalk.

Kids no longer
playing grown up.

Silicon Valley -
the high-school
millionaire.

Vultures waiting
on Route 17.

Train station -
the only visitor,
wisteria.

Anna Karenina
left on the wooden bench.

At the ball
woman in a pumpkin
dress.

Aunt Pauline finds
the shoe I lost.

April 3, 2000, Arnold, Md.

MOON ON WATER

John Turner
Ross Bolleter
Stephen Hobson

intently
a moth seeks
moon on water

jt

young girl's nipples
avoiding my eyes

rb

another birthday another year of aftershave	sh
scent of lemon gum the day warms up	jt
rising up black mountains of my bed butter moon	jt
on backyard coal heaps a hint of frost	sh
in the cemetery a cross of crocuses spills over	jt
cheek in freezing pillow storm clouds gusting through	rb
outside in the lightening her new scarecrow	sh
startling a mopoke jarrah explodes in flame	jt
puffing up out of the valley dusk - thud thud - my heart? thirsty dusty kangaroo?	fb
across the old garden red tomatoes ripped open	sh
picking slugs off the silverbeet by the moon	jt
hip pain's cold spill jolts her mouth wide night light blazing	rb
on the gray pond autumn rain becoming winter rain	sh
alone her name rings with the bellbirds	jt

morning glories purple trumpets pink throats	rb
dozing, waking through the Resurrection Symphony	sh
the inevitable final note I can't breath in	jt
silence towers a warm slow wind	rb
in mid autumn I pick up the phone for no reason	sh
a wooden boat rots in the cow paddock	jt
one day later even my toothbrush tastes of kippers	rb
mint flowering where the garden was	sh
late sun hits granite outcrops shadows grow	jt
throat - angry sinews mangroves of sadness	rb
down in the water where a man drowned a hub-cap gleaming	sh
light from stars long extinct	jt
the black phone unplugged glints with the moon	rb
still dreaming dreaming dawn	sh

TANKA

just five minutes
pressed against a stranger
on a crowded train
so why do I spend my day
dreaming of a life with her

30 years
and still I cannot find
a baseball glove
big enough to catch hold
of this relentless world

now I'm at the trough
of my life's pendulum swing
I've long stopped hoping
someone will hold out their hand
and judder it to a halt

without you
the ragged mountain slopes
so still
I can hear the wing beats
of the passing swifts

John Barlow

on and on
the trill of an unseen loon
soft and tremulous
you ask why I love you-
if only my heart could speak

autumn:
ushering out summer
a moist coolness
at the last moment
let it be your eyes I see

finally
no leaves left on the maple
only memories-
not wanting her to leave
but she did anyway

what space between us-

reaching for that spot where
something meets nothing
still, the musky scent
of your memory...

ejb

autumn rain
at each window i stand
considering my life -
the overflow of feelings
and possibilities

if you pulled up
out front to visit
what could i show you
of my life
plainly as it ...

the rise and fall
of the cicada's song,
my own heart quietly
recording
what it can

in the midst
of the children's raucous play
i notice my son a moment
staring as if aware
of something fleeting past

no longer me
it proves a mystery who it is
i've become, walking around
this house with my family
there inside

at sleep's border
the encounter is brief,
yet oh so magical and soft
caught where this life
merges into there...

Tom Clausen

RAVEN

David Clink

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

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

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

~*~

The nurse is smiling
'cause the surgery has worked
now you carry child.
A stork leaves your harrowed heart
and rises like a whitecap.

Did a double take
today of a coral tree
mistook it for dead.
From leafless greenless branches
red hemorrhages for spring.

We face each other
hands clasped, bodies leaning back
spin till hair flings free.
Our laughter is lost outward
and there goes centrifuged love.

Open the shutters
onto the absence of light
Midnight's inky sky.
How I covet your thick lens
that preserves the light of time.

Carmela Cohen

TO VICTOR AND ELSA

Gerard J. Conforti

the buttercups
along the path in the meadows
dream of life
awakening to the spring rain
when the earth absorbs the snow

the dandelions
blaze in the spring grass
like deadly weeds
choking the roots of grass
the grass out-choke the weeds

the violets
growing in the green grass
caught my view
along the lone path I walked
I passed on with joy in my heart

~*~

the bamboo trees
bend down
to support my
curved old spine
in the rocking chair

Mrinalini Gadkari

FLASHBACKS

Sanford Goldstein

a Niigata evening
when the streets
Brueghel swarm,
the multitudinous young
swinging bags, legs, hats

outside
in the early fall air
I remember
football leaves
when tackle-touch was sweet

they fed me,
those friends of mine,
their Italiano,
they fed me their griefs,
their non-splendid dreams

last night
and my kid's daughter
recites
a favorite Stevenson, one my son
recited to me four decades ago

I light
my wife's memorial candle
in tonight's
quiet kitchen
and watch the steady

at Wendy's
my two grandchildren
sang and sang:
I devoured
the nuggets offered me

Japanese breakfast
after a long long while –
why did I forget
the purity of chopsticks,
the purity of white rice?

Maria Callas
on the car tape
in these mountains,
the Japanese pampas grass
white in the October light

the tidbit
in the tea ceremony hut
flooded my mouth:
yes, the sweet and sour
all these years of Japanese life

~*~

embers dying
wrapped in a blanket
I listen to your footsteps
on the floor above

as I arrange my hair

lying in the bath
only breasts and some belly
show above the water
nipples hardened in the
cold february air

each night
we fall asleep
wrapped in each other
the scent and your body heat
are my lullaby

Deirdre Grimes

Black lines twist around
your arm forming a dog
copied from the Book
of Kells. Revelations you
pale body has also held.

socks, shirts and underwear
Still ferment under your bed,
Your dishes fester
In the stainless steel sink.
I won't touch you by proxy.

Finishing a book
trying not to rip one more
brittle yellow page
in age all books seem
sacred because they survived

Nicholas A. Hayes

millennial leap
Chinese year of the dragon
at century's end
ornamental and sinuous
it is mine

Momi Kam Holifield

A WHITE BIRD

Elizabeth Howard

a white bird
flies over the sedgy pool
to autumn woods -
what this wondrous sight,
a white bird flying?

Andean hillside -
iridescent butterflies,
blue and yellow,
hover over brilliant
red flowers

at dawn
a cuckoo chanting
under the caul of moon
still forecasts rain
from forest shadows

~*~

back
to the cold winds of Alberta -
left behind
the wild flowers of Texas
. . . a certain girl

such a dazed look
as you attend your sister's wedding
just a few days ago
the love of your life
said he didn't love you anymore

romantic weekend
spent at a secluded farm
at the ferry
same old twinge as her husband
chats away with a strange woman

slowly
the retarded girl's daily walk
this evening
she stands and gazes
at a late April sunset

I was delivered

by my father's mother
my one memory
of her is a pale woman
asleep in a pine box

Jean Jorgensen

~*~

as we throw bread
upon the water, three swans,
smooth and majestic
as Viking ships, come
to discover us

a pepper of starlings
season a field of cornstubble
it seems
they were here only yesterday
the split-rail fences

the sun is so hot
it could shrink-wrap
the town -
but those kids got it made,
lemonade, in the shade

Larry Kimmel

on the tarmac
we wait out the storm
our fears contained
in the voice of a ninety year old
first time flyer

watching gnats
slide up and down
in the warmth of the sun
I'm sure the first juggler
got started this way

pre-pasted, washable
easy to hang -
in a volume of Neruda
this found swatch of wallpaper
reads like poetry

I search for the meaning
in my empty chocolate cookie
as he reads
his two fortunes
in standard vanilla

Joann Klontz

THE DANCE IS OVER

Edith Mize Lewis

We meet for lunch
smiling at me
he said, "How are you?"
just like before but
something is missing

I look outside
butterflies in my stomach
we can't begin again
the clouds reach out hiding the sun
I leave early hurting.

Love remembers threads of gold
he danced a fluid waltz
into my heart my cup of happiness
turned sour Cinderella lost
her prince shutting out the light.

~*~

two sheets
to the wind
we fly
from a bed
love unmade

deciding to
sell the ranch
forces us to
measure our loss
by another one's gain

when will I
learn to surf love's
higher arc
above the sound

and fury inside?

M. L. Harrison Mackie

seagulls soar
over melting snow banks
sharp cry of spring
as we step farther apart
we leave puddles behind

an idling car -
vapor rises and takes shape
drifting in the air
a spirit seeking answers
this cold, windless night

defying this chill
tiny mauve flowers nod
as I walk by
I too will not be ruled
by the seasons of my life

Thelma Mariano

yesterday
I heard nothing but the buzz
of others
and the chatter in my head
last night I dreamt in whispers

the crescendo chortle
of a large snow geese flock
delights our ears
yet we drive away
the pleasure too pure for us

gray whales surface
their backs barnacled and broad
at ease in the sea
as we once were
millenniums ago

day and night the rain
slants against my roof and door
tattooing your name

what did you think, that longing
was some silent thing

Barbara MacKay

HAVE A CUP OF TEA, CARLA DEAR

Robert Henry Poulin

my moon in the sky
spreading large the blossoms -
have a cup of tea
before the wind steals them
in a burst of energy

a tree is just tree
when the petals blow away -
have a cup of tea
birds will soon sing again
to refresh the saddest day

notice how seasons
make those little petals -
have a cup of tea
clutching then letting go,
daring to fall away

moon gives way
sun rises from darkest night -
have a cup of tea
this too shall pass I say
as I step into the light

I hold a rose again
in the vessel of my heart -
have a cup of tea
to sip and sup her lips,
refreshing tranquility

~*~

TANKA FOR YOU

Jane Reichhold

from the flying rock
much is blurred and sad due
to night vision
half of the sky plows the dream
on black stones set in Aztec gold

swing one night
or sit quietly on the front porch
very satisfying
the birds fly out of the lace
fields of yellowing soy beans

lined up on the wall
all women want to be beautiful
but feet are wiser
perhaps the mountain you are
like crows circling an Italian

she wishes I were
more birdlike in my feelings
handed me a rose
a chiffon robe drifts over my
caves that take a deep breath

we put on
our warmest faces of moon
light knew exactly
the impending importance to
balance the same affection

lemon cake on
your tongue photographing
low bushes creep
on carpet and plucked sparks
for a bundle between her breasts

with dreams of glory
she spends the days of her year
that really dance
knowing breeze is in the breath
of bananas ripening inside of us

sexual excitement
in a bottomless well I find
exposed to fears
the power of beauty overwhelms
then there is sudden aloneness

she makes her face up
lonely she recites to her cat
hand vanishing
a slower way to learn secrets
of might have been – grace

~*~

yesterday
I heard nothing but the buzz
of others
and the chatter in my head
last night I dreamt in whispers

the crescendo chortle
of a large snow geese flock
delights our ears
yet we drive away
the pleasure too pure for us

David Rice

~*~

Studying
an unknown blossom
that touched my face,
with the softness of your touch
when needed the most

Jeff Swan

WATER SOUNDS

Doris H Thurston

this afternoon
the ocean sings two songs
waves, and Haendel
seaweed floating on the crest
waves tumble it over

ocean ballet
one pelican dives in
three come up
three gulls squawk loudly
skimming the water surge

the tide runs in
through long sculpted sandstone
a crab scuttles
sand in sur-fline rises
one seal turns over, one slithers.

tumbling stones

shining like polished gems
some translucent
wafted in fresh rain
the fragrances of seaweed.

~*~

He watches twilight
Lost in a far away thought
Wind whips at his hair
I wrap my arms around him
Knowing that I meant my "Yes"

Gentle butterfly
Flutters from leaf to flower
Searching for nectar
That has never been tasted -
Guided only by instinct

Bubbles in the tub
Champagne glasses sit close by
A roaring log fire
Warms our love nest
While you ask me to be your wife

Sherain Veale

BARREN LAND

Aya Yuhki

a long time passing
returning to a barren place
at dusk
like the mast of a wrecked ship
the big tree fallen

did it fall by itself?
or for another reason?
the acacia bloomed
in early summer
clusters of white flowers

gray trunk,
blown down by wind;
heart of the field
dusk is enveloping
merging even me

slanting tree
in the barren place
when the wind calms
trees and bushes
sleep

with bees and birds
those happy days
are long gone
leaving only the fallen
tree trunk

where once the tree
lifted its head
like king of the field,
three stars of Orion
shine

is a man
doomed?
the one dearer
than father
is gone

sa-sa-sa-sa-sa
rustling in the bushes;
as if freed
from a spell
I am going home

frosty ground
my dog sniffing
his breath like Psyche
white

orange lights
shine
lights of houses
where people live
so warm

PARTICIPATION RENGA

BE BLANK

1-line links - theme: blankness

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB

Hirshhorn canvas better blank (crap KCL

form of perfect writhing JMB

on my arm a hand made basket JR

woven around space dht

the eggless nest <> just her size JR

a body of water

without reflections GM

the glass bell missing its clapper PGC

no lead in his pencil cg

nudissimo RF

neon light in the fog, "paper" JMB

~*~

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB

a sea of faces JAJ

:)] : ([: o # 8 ({ :) x CC

school skeleton dead tired FPA

erased blackboard JSJ

galaxy unspun cocoon () surge JR

damply in the darkened tree JMB

white on white dress JSJ

a wall from which ivy was torn GM

pine ash beech oleander FPA

waiting for her to blossom GM

~*~

Be blank my startled thigh (foam JMB

a sea of faces JAJ

:)] : ([: o # 8 ({ :) x CC

school skeleton dead tired FPA

erased blackboard JSJ

vanishing chalk marks that add up to zero CC

melted snowballs JSJ

plowed unplanted field cg

() JSJ

the "name" list reversed JMB

empty cookie jar JSJ

MOST BEAUTIFUL GAME 7 Links

Rule: each link is a question; no answers!

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and

who can play? RF

rather like / a Miss Universe pageant / don't you think? JAJ

uni verse or
multiverses? CC

~*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and

who can play? RF

What are you seeking / when you smile / at strangers? JSJ

Where do we come from
Why are we going? GM

Would one more dance
convince you? JAJ

~*~

What are the rules / for the most beautiful game, / and
who can play? RF

If she sends him / one perfect rose / will he call or hide? cg

Is it better
to burn?
or to marry? JR

TIME

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

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ

for how long / this dream? RF

sleepless
how long the hours
of night? JSJ

clocks changed again -
spring ahead
fall back GM

~*~

birds winging south / no speed limit / only time JSJ

cop lights / in the rear view mirror cg

Nothing ahead
the glass
black JMB

braking on a dime JAJ

~*~

GENTLY WIPING DUST

Alternate 3-line and 2-line links for 100 lines

Theme: impermanence, transitoriness

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph

october windsong TW

warm fall days chill at sunset BJ

last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC

nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR

taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC

flowers of our youth gone – everyone MM

mind wasting memories disappear one by one JAJ

haiku eagle gliding in a sea of chance LCG

meteorite streaks across the night sky

sudden cool breeze MWM

morning sun on a bayou mist KCL

first snow already melting dancing barefoot JAJ

thinking of Tundra buying new shoes TLG

breath suspended overhead ... the northern lights in slow dance JAJ

father and son pause for a long moment RF

breeze changing course weeds in the dark field

bend again GR

up ahead another hidden curve ESJ

SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife

their fiftieth year GR

finishing the school of hard knocks YH

digital display counting down the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
was never very good at math MHH
one more short story attempt
into the waste basket GR
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag
shadows leaking out GD
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH
even the firecrackers refuse to light –
a rainy fourth! dht
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War
one gray; one blue RF
refugee children / strangers to laughter PGC
stray sniffing / stranded starfish – / gray sky's cold FPA
mackerel clouds reach
every horizon piling the sea JR
returning for an Easter
without painted eggs
from a far place GM
~*~
gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph
october windsong TW
warm fall days chill at sunset BJ

last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC
nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR
taps at sunrise opening daylilies on their graves PC
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father and son pause for a long moment RF
breeze changing course weeds in the dark field
bend again GR
up ahead another hidden curve ESJ
SOFT SHOULDERS warning he glances at his wife
their fiftieth year GR
finishing the school of hard knocks YH
digital display counting the failing heart GD
she tries to add up all the good times YH
battery low the calculator reads "ERROR" GD
the new player late for the first game R
dealing cards to an empty chair

careless of how they land GD

face-down \$10,000 poorer CC

richer for the experience bottoms up YH

"How do you stop a wino from charging?" CC

at the end of that rainbow no credit card cg

back to the diner waiting tables JSJ

old woman slips jelly packets into her purse cg

mistaking a condom / for a condiment GD

runs her tongue / over red lips, / snaps her purse shut cg

Quiet out at sea
the boat sinks JMB

~*~

gently wiping dust from grandmother's photograph

october windsong TW

warm fall days chill at sunset BJ

last rush of color outdoing itself virginia creeper PC

nights behind closed eyes images in red float by JR

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one more short story attempt into the waste basket GR
sharp edges cutting through the trash bag
shadows leaking out GD
thickening juice from the black beans can JMB
long time on shelf honey crystallizes sticky jar JSJ
mustard seeds pop in hot oil GD
it will be a cold day in July when I cook again YH
even the firecrackers refuse to light – a rainy fourth!
dht
indoors all afternoon two boys play Civil War
one gray; one blue RF
turned up by the plow / a musket's firing plate GD
breaking / in the dustpan / last wedding cup cg

after three years
divorce papers JSJ

JUST DAUGHTERS

7 links

theme: family relationships

In the graveyard / a carved stone angel / with my

daughter's face GM

grandma in her rocker / turning clouds into faces cg

"get water from the well"

she said, wanting me out

of the kitchen GM

after thirty years

I still miss her

my dead sister JAJ

grandpa playing

solitaire JAJ

RENGA FINISHED WITH THIS LINK - (do not add on)

FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS With 3, 2, 1 links, Theme: free 36 lines

St. Patrick's Day mass. . .in the offering plate

a four-leaf clover ESJ

his lucky card the ace of clubs JR

drawing the deuce again GD

our teenage son's downcast eyes . . .

the same old song ESJ

callused fingers smoothing out the chords JC

saving this one on tape ESJ

accidentally erased my memory of you CC

she sings a lullaby to her 99 year-old client FA

the memory not off-key cg

her fingers fly along the strings the harp sings JSJ

bird-song / flutes through the air dht

pruning the old plum tree's branches GM

little boys / climbing higher/ only in her mind cg

watching the ant / move up her shapely leg ESJ

while wisps of cirrus RF

~*~

St. Patrick's Day mass. . .in the offering plate

a four-leaf clover ESJ

his lucky card the ace of clubs JR

drawing the deuce again GD

our teenage son's downcast eyes . . .

the same old song ESJ

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she sings a lullaby to her 99 year-old client FA

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her fingers fly along the strings the harp sings JSJ

bird-song / flutes through the air dht

pruning the old plum tree's branches GM

little boys / climbing higher/ only in her mind cg

watching the ant / move up her shapely leg ESJ

Oh to be a hair! JMB

~*~

St. Patrick's Day mass. . . in the offering plate

a four-leaf clover ESJ

his lucky card the ace of clubs JR

drawing the deuce again GD

our teenage son's downcast eyes . . .

the same old song ESJ

callused fingers smoothing out the chords JC

saving this one on tape ESJ

accidentally erased my memory of you CC

under hypnosis a past life revealed JC

madly yellow sunflowers FA

self-portrait –his best side and a few less wrinkles JC

parting his hair / three different ways GD

then opting for bald-is-beautiful YH

shaving her mons / the model draws blood / stylish

wince GD

bright shiny drop / on the white plate's edge JMB

octagonal green from Dieulefit GM

~*~

St. Patrick's Day mass. . .in the offering plate

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his lucky card the ace of clubs JR

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our teenage son's downcast eyes . . .

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her fingers fly along the strings the harp sings JSJ

bird-song / flutes through the air dht

pruning the old plum tree's branches GM

little boys / climbing higher/ only in her mind cg

when did they grow / out of childhood? JSJ

the oldest bonsai the smallest JAJ

~*~

St. Patrick's Day mass. . .in the offering plate

a four-leaf clover ESJ

his lucky card the ace of clubs JR

drawing the deuce again GD

our teenage son's downcast eyes . . .

the same old song ESJ

callused fingers smoothing out the chords JC

saving this one on tape ESJ

accidentally erased my memory of you CC

she sings a lullaby to her 99 year-old client FA

the memory not off-key cg

her fingers fly along the strings the harp sings JSJ

bird-song / flutes through the air dht

hear the night song JSJ

down St Wenceslas Square – / its depth a good half

hour / of soul-searching talk FPA

her see-through blouse / arouses his interest JR

all eyes alert JSJ

~*~

St. Patrick's Day mass. . . in the offering plate

a four-leaf clover ESJ

his lucky card the ace of clubs JR

drawing the deuce again GD

our teenage son's downcast eyes . . .

the same old song ESJ

callused fingers smoothing out the chords JC

saving this one on tape ESJ

accidentally erased my memory of you CC

under hypnosis a past life revealed JC

madly yellow sunflowers FA

lights of the school bus through fog cg

cleaning my glasses / for a better view JSJ

everywhere crackerjacks ESJ

you know how it is. . . / the more you eat / the more

you want KCL

under the child's bed / sandwich "saved for later" cg

a trail of crumbs on the floor JSJ

HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE SING

1-line from a song with author - 10 links

Ended - Do not add on!

Oh, hush," cried the maiden, "hear the nightingale

sing." Olde English Folksong JAJ

"When the red, red robin comes bob, bob, bobbin'

along" - KCL

"Pussywillows, cattails, soft winds and roses" - Gordon

Lightfoot JAJ

"Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme" - Old English

Folksong KCL

"That old black magic has me in its spell" Johnny

Mercer - JSJ

"When the Gypsy makes his violin cry" –Dick Smith PGC

"The hills are alive with the sound of music" Oscar

Hammerstein II JSJ

"Sitting in an English garden waiting for the sun" The

Beatles GM

"Have you ever seen the rain?" John Fogerty

JAJ

"Suddenly, simultaneously, an eclipse and a snowfall." Todd Rundgren RF

"The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain" Lerner & Loewe – JSJ

Oh, hush," cried the maiden, "hear the nightingale

sing." Olde English Folksong JAJ

"When the red, red robin comes bob, bob, bobbin'

along" - KCL

"Pussywillows, cattails, soft winds and roses" - Gordon

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"When the Gypsy makes his violin cry" –

Dick Smith PGC

"The hills are alive with the sound of music" Oscar

Hammerstein II JSJ

"Nowhere and everywhere" Michelle Lewis/Wayne

Cohen JAJ

"In the end it's only round and round and round" Pink Floyd TV

"Thank - you for the dancers." Martin Simpson JAJ

~*~

Oh, hush," cried the maiden, "hear the nightingale

sing." Olde English Folksong JAJ

"When the red, red robin comes bob, bob, bobbin'

along" - KCL

"Pussywillows, cattails, soft winds and roses" - Gordon

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Dick Smith PGC

"The hills are alive with the sound of music" Oscar

Hammerstein II JSJ

"Nowhere and everywhere" Michelle Lewis/Wayne

Cohen JAJ

"I'm biding my time" George and Ira Gershwin JSJ

"Down on the corner" Credence Clearwater Revival JAJ

~*~

OPENEDOOR - Done! Do not add on to this one!

Each word in each one-line link must be connected to the previous word through one or more overlapping letters. Also, each link must start with one or more overlapping letters from the last word in the previous link. 12 Links

openedooradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyielding J

generousunflowerspreadinggolden TV

needlepointulipricelessewingrouproject JC

threadanglesiameseizure CC

reclusiveeccentricataxidermist JC

topiaryakowtowinguernsey CC

eyexamother'supercilioussobifocals JC

socialifexistsaturdays JSJ

samealwaysamealwaysameal RF

leftoverstilleftover JC

verbaligationshutherout JSJ

opendooradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyielding JC

glisteningardenymphoneysuckle dewdrops CC

sweptowardsirecklesshoplifter JC

runawayouthitchikesouthumbnailunch CC

cheeseburgerechauffescargotetrazzinindigestionnightmare JC

evangelistentumororedisappearance CC

eyewitnessketchypothesisubstantiated JC

dragnetightensnaggingangsteringodfather CC

riverminsecticide JC

idesubterfugetu CC

[it reads "ides (of March) subterfuge et tu?"]

tutordersomeeggscrambledeftly RF

~*~

opendooradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyielding JC

glisteningardenymphhoneysuckle dewdrops CC

sweptowardesirecklesshoplifter JC

runawayouthitchikesouththumbnailunch CC

cheeseburgerechauffescargotetrazzinindigestionnightmare JC

evangelistentumor more disappearance CC

eyewitnesssketchypothesisubstantiated JC

dragnetightensnaggingangsteringodfather CC

riverminsecticide JC

idesubterfugetu CC

[it reads "ides (of March) subterfuge et tu?"]

unusualignmenttrustallenteamworkknowledgenthusiasmaarchoroscope JC

~*~

openedooradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyyielding J

generousunflowerspreadinggolden TV

needlepointulipricelessewingrouproject JC

threadanglesiameseizure CC

reclusivecentricataxidermist JC

topiaryakowtowinguernsey CC

eyexamother'supercilioussobbbifocals JC

socialifexistsaturdays JSJ

secondatextrantiperspirant JC

teenagersmoochaperonsmoochuddledarkness CC

sisteromanceslobrothersmotheromeo JC

~*~

opendooradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyielding JC

gypsyhiccupsettinggraverdict ZP

dictatormentstenographer CC

reviseditionesideditorial JC

loisignalsuperman CC

manualphabetaughtorangutans JC

samessageacholiday CC

yesterdaylightumblessedelightfullovely RF

yearbookeepsakenduringlossynopsis JC

sisyphustonearsummit CC

toboggangledownwarddangerouslope JC

~*~

opendooradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyielding JC

gypsyhiccupsettinggraverdict ZP

dictatormentstenographer CC

reviseditionesideditorial JC

loisignalsuperman CC

manualphabetaughtorangutans JC

Tansyellowhimsicalyx dht

xerographiccopyramideal CC

losttreasuregyptianciantomb JC

tomboycottsexistence CC

eroticonstageinracefullycanthrope JC

~*~

openedoorradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyyielding J

generousunflowersspreadinggolden TV

needlepointulipricelessewingrouproject JC

threadanglesiameseizure CC

reclusivecentricataxidermist JC

topiaryakowtowinguernsey CC

eyexamother'supercilioussobbbifocals JC

socialifexistsaturdays JSJ

samealwaysamealwaysameal RF

alchemistirsouproducingold TV

dirtcheapartmentalkshowritersweatshop JC

downbeatend CC

~*~

openedoorradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyyielding J

generousunflowersspreadinggolden TV

needlepointulipricelessewingrouproject JC

threadanglesiameseizure CC

reclusivecentricataxidermist JC

streettrafficruisingangs tv

stoplightailgateramslowpoke JC

keyholeyenlarges CC

secretstolenotraded TV

darkeepstarsafe RF

eclipsexordiummoonlighthroughalo JC

extraterrestrialsignalingibberish CC

~*~

openedooradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyyielding J

generousunflowersspreadinggolden TV

needlepointulpricelessewingrouproject JC

threadanglesiameseizure CC

reclusivecentricataxidermist JC

streettrafficroisingangs tv

stoplightailgateramslowpoke JC

keyholeyenlarges CC

espionagencryptedialoguesswork JC

kamikazejecteembracesea CC

aabruptelegramissionixedesistop JC

~*~

openedooradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyyielding J

generousunflowersspreadinggolden TV

needlepointulpricelessewingrouproject JC

threadanglesiameseizure CC

reclusivecentricataxidermist JC

topiaryakowtowinguernsey CC

eyexamother'supercilioussobbfocals JC

socialifexistsaturdays JSJ

samealwaysamealwaysameal RF

alwaysamealwaysamealwaysamealwayspam CC

meatlessurpriseggplantomato JC

~*~

opendoorradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyielding J

generousunflowersspreadinggolden TV

needlepointulipricelessewingrouproject JC

threadanglesiameseizure CC

reclusivecentricataxidermist JC

topiaryakowtowinguernsey CC

eyexamother'supercilioussobbfocals JC

socialifexistsaturdays JSJ

samealwaysamealwaysameal RF

leftoverstilleftover JC

overduencyclopedia stiffinexponentialalgorithm CC

~*~

opendoorradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyielding J

generousunflowersspreadinggolden TV

needlepointulipricelessewinggroupproject JC

threadanglesiameseizure CC

reclusivecentricataxidermist JC

topiaryakowtowinguernsey CC

eyexamother'supercilioussobbfocals JC

socialifexistsaturdays JSJ

sambacksweptiara CC

angeredirectoretakendlesscene JC

energizerabbitumblesideways CC

~*~

redawnightimidlyielding J

generousunflowerspreadinggolden TV

needlepointulipricelessewinggroupproject JC

threadanglesiameseizure CC

reclusivecentricataxidermist JC

streettrafficroisingangs tv

schooltachometeredlining CC

girlfrienddisclosesubstituteacheromance JC

celebritycoonowelfarerecipient CC

entrepreneurisky2kerosenentrepot JC

potokeraisesurplusupplyippiengineering CC

~*~

openedoorradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyielding JC

gypsyhiccupsettinggraverdict ZP

dictatormentstenographer CC

reviseditionesideditorial JC

loisignalsuperman CC

manualphabetaughtorangutans JC

samessageacholiday CC

yawningrinewbornnocturnalullaby JC

bygenerationalizeddeferredreams CC

smokingundergroundesperatescape JC

apeludestrategiccombatackscaldifice CC

~*~

openedoorradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyyielding JC

glisteningardenymphhoneysuckledewdrops CC

sandrearyellowashedulllight RF

thongranderrierembarrassment JC

enterumplestiltskin CC

internallighteasesillyearnings dht

sinnerepentantemptationeverelents CC

satanicultabloidogmatics JC

sausageggsuperbreakfastatescientificconclusion CC

nutritionistastlesoybeantipasto JC

tornadouthouseruptspiralingrandma CC

~*~

openedoorradiantechnicolor CC

redawnightimidlyielding JC

glisteningardenymphhoneysuckledewdrops CC

sandrearyellowwashedulllight RF

thongranderrierembarrassment JC

enterumplestiltskin CC

internalighteasesillyearnings dht

sinnerepentantemptationeverelents CC

scenthaterrificasinorgy TV

gyratinggirlstallstalled CC

demolishedamaniaconfesses JC

sesquipedalianestheticcollaborativerbiage CC

TEN YEARS AFTER - Done! Do not add on to this one!

12 links - Fill in the missing word which will start the new link which also has a missing word at the end of _____. THIS POEM ENDS WITH THIS ROUND.

ten years after new strings on my _____ CC

gittern off to the fair spurring my belching _____ DWP

car / down the road / one more _____ LJ

ticket scalping / he hides the money in his _____ JC

girdle tighter and tighter a foot in the middle of your _____ CC

back yard birthday party cake in the shape of _____ JC

godzilla and king kong listening to her piano _____ FA

pounding headache – relief comes only after a few hours of _____ JC

porno movies so bad we giggle all the way _____ cg

home run hero won't bat without his lucky _____ JC

sheep skin rug / stretched from here / to _____ esj

maternity ward / all the babies / _____ CC

asleep at the wheel
startled awake by _____ JC

dreaming of a world where
size twenty is a perfect ten JC

~*~

ten years after / new strings / on my _____ CC

heart to heart / they murmur of _____ KCL

memoirs of a mobster / this ghost writer now a __ CC

fugitive promises / his father made on every _____ FA

holiday mood carries us beyond our usual _____ TV

conversation stops when she enters with her new _____ FA

swimsuit issue my little brother says the girls look _____ JC

swollen eyes "Requiem for a _____ CC

diva showing off her mighty _____ TV

voice mail after the beep she hears _____ JC

strange signs / of a struggle in the snow / blood and _____ JR

beads click / in the soothsayer's _____ ESJ

hands as smooth as _____ JAJ

~*~

ten years after new strings on my _____ CC

gittern off to the fair spurring my belching _____ DWP

car / down the road / one more _____ LJ

ticket scalping / he hides the money in his _____ JC

girdle tighter and tighter a foot in the middle of your _____ CC

back yard birthday party cake in the shape of _____ JC

godzilla and king kong listening to her piano _____FA

pounding headache – relief comes only after a few hours of _____JC

porno movies so bad we giggle all the way _____cg

home run hero won't bat without his lucky _____JC

briefs / in the judge's chamber / she strokes her litigation _____CHD

memo asking us to stop wasting _____TV

time to rake the _____JAJ

paper tiger
under a pile
of _____CC

~*~

ten years after new strings on my _____CC

gittern off to the fair spurring my belching _____DWP

car / down the road / one more _____LJ

ticket scalping / he hides the money in his _____JC

girdle tighter and tighter a foot in the middle of your _____CC

back yard birthday party cake in the shape of _____JC

godzilla and king kong listening to her piano _____FA

sonata for chainsaw and fifteen _____GD

non-virgins at the free clinic in line for _____PGC

a bathroom aria sound of the toilet _____CC

running for president/ the woman whose husband /was accused of _____ - JC

E.D. / a horse of / a different _____CC

talent contest for kids
who know how to _____JC

talent for babysitting
the oldest of a family of ten _____JC

~*~

ten years after / new strings / on my _____ CC

bikini /lake water slowly rises /soaking our _____ GR

view to a spill /my binoculars track / the tumbling _____ CC

buns steaming /straight from the oven/ she burns her _____ SMc

tongue and other parts involved in the mystery of _____ KCL

shoes resurrected from the garbage now housing _____ PGC

cactus thorns catching a bit of lint from the _____ cg

zipper gripper bent in the laundry now it is _____ JR

stuck in the 19th and now it is almost the

21st _____ KCL

century of postcards in a cardboard _____ cg

folder of articles / about _____ JSJ

weather / and how it is _____ JAJ

changing my mind
about _____ JSJ

~*~

ten years after / new strings / on my _____ CC

heart to heart / they murmur of _____ KCL

memoirs of a mobster / this ghost writer now a _____ CC

fugitive promises / his father made on every _____ FA

holiday mood carries us beyond our usual _____ TV

conversation stops when she enters with her new _____ FA

swimsuit issue my little brother says the girls look _____ JC

swollen eyes "Requiem for a _____ CC

diva showing off her mighty _____TV

voice mail after the beep she hears _____JC

Mozart tuning up his _____esj

brain surgeon / starts each operation / with a _____JC

whistle picked from a
crackerjack _____RF

POEMS IN OTHER GENRES

LIGHT (ghazal 1)

Barbara MacKay

Before dawn, that slant of light,
just enough for the soul to feel the warmth of light.

The artist begins her sketch by morning's light;
etches in shadows in the sun's deepening light.

The unrequited lover searches for light;
the poet is the giver of light.

Ah, Barbara, let darkness fall from your sight.
Live again in the halo of light!

WHISPERS (ghazal 2)

Barbara MacKay

Her words, lost in a whisper,
the hum of the feeding tube a prolonged whisper.

Ninety-five, mute but stable,
"Good genes," well-wishers whisper.

This room is lined with eggshells,
mind wanderings taut as a string of vibrant whispers.

The umbilical cord, so hard to sever,
childish whispers deepen into adult whimpers.

Yesterday, I left her room almost free of obligation,
my conscience barely whispering.

WATCHING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WIT ALONE

(after Ghalib)

William Dennis

That love I never meet, the one that I can never find;
Live like a tortoise, forever, but under these stars, never.

Your lightest assurances were my fantasies, you know;
A feather that would have tickled me to death, were it real.

What your slender shafts have pierced, my poor heart alone could tell;
And will this sting infect the wound, if it is left to stay?

My marble heart could yield up bushels of the finest lime,
If the black heap within me were coals and not simply grief.

What use this cup of kindness, which but calls up lost old time?
But, O, for that physician hand that filled it through the years.

A dervish twirling in the sun must suffer like the rest:
If not the torch of love, then living burns us in its lamp.

Dunkirk nights; lost in water, lost in air and killing light;
Could one life wit alone, I'd die of stupefaction.

Whose eyes can take you in, Solitaire, one of unique kind?
Could there have been two like you, there would surely then be four.

And why do I spare the millstone, to add to my disgrace
The irony of funerals, embarrassment of graves?

That saintly smile, Sport, like tapping great books with a finger;
We might think you knew some secret, but on your breath there's schapps.

WOOLLY WHITE

Jane Reichhold

he was on the lam for child abuse
because Mary had just a little lamb

only eleven years old the Greek boy
stuttered when asked his age – la-la-la-lamda

the gentle radiance in the eyes of a poet
could find only one word to say - lambent

out of fashion now by the in-crowd
of parents posing the baby on a lambskin

the jogger prefaced her statements when
she could with the pain of an inflamed lamina

viewing his fingers after the accident
with super glue, a handful of irate laminated

animal rights activists wolfing down steaks
will make Jane the object of their lambaste

REVERSIBLE TOWELS

Jane Reichhold

out of my window rests a large mountain
and on the esplanade the women softly glow

with a few dragonflies the pond is a light
musical form as a disturbed state of mind

the letter with it said they could not come
even though the invitation was open-ended

in an ecstasy derived by turning from this world
sung in a birch's domed goldness rushing upward

as if god had made an aside – she was a woman
of life telling us anything so we can trust in some

eyes there is often an element of the grotesque
that drifts away with the plenitude of holidays

which last only for an hour or two or three a day
afraid about the other you who's with me still

some of life's mysteries can be solved by ampersands
or the quiet metals of tin boxes and old silver spoons

we humans should add a new dimension to the life
or stare at the canal where stone houses cast down

gently on the ground as if frightened of freedom
their shoulders even ask for the circles of a yoke

nobody ever took Jane a for muse

In the name of growing apart, socks and shoes. Wool or leather, each fragment lights the very beginning, the inborn, until one takes off on one's own mind, the closed eyes lit. Making inquiries: press nightmare (don't enter nightmare in your presence.) Bend back entirely so you can find a cushion, lean on until you may respell your name, feather light, a figure divisible only by flute holes

come
voiceless given
to the flame
a thing too young
to be accomplished

Someone says sister to a friend, engaged to do her weekly horoscope: Monday in the distance securing evidence, Tuesday leans on a woman's shoulder of ceramic, Wednesday has its sight outside the eye, Thursday is in the minerals' point of convergence, Friday offered in a worm's translucent spine, Saturday reserved for calmed lips, Sunday will occur in stroboscopic light. And that's only the hardware. The software is still under investigation, scrutiny. She watches the habit of her younger gardener who sponges down the roots of carrots. 8 pm, carnival in the kitchen, the middle of the sink brushed shiny. The parrot before his voice has broken, the baby with a whooping cough, spinach softening, the costumes already of early evening, inhaling fragrances. One pink blouse now potato colored. Two of us throwing darts, a third one touches the dulcimer. Could be a lasting

complexion,
hush neither short
nor shallow
games
among the inmates

Memory pounded, then settling in both fists turning blue, turning an unanswered question into grabbing for fudge. The dropping of spit as a game, as a choice: one is the shirt, one the stolen bracelet, one the body worn with them. Arc of sand-born horses, whinny, detaching oats from water. Currying the blond tail hair, powdered dust. Autumn of thorn and nail between hoofs. Fall of a roadside's fermentation, lavender blooming for the proper use in perfume. A kite's face watches a mole pulling a cucumber with him down through a grassy hole. Password, please, the code of a country, that's right now not yet our

declared enemy. A code dug into the soil and a calendar curved for the illiterate, season by season a joy.

Was it? Or does an acupuncturist's manipulation heals by the warmth of her fingers? "Needle work," the soothsayer whispers bending over "here are the stakes set up, a piece of landscape, an asymmetrical pattern of your nerve-costume". "Real estate corners connecting two points or more", answers the customer, imagining earlier promised stars formerly being active disappearing from his chart like the holes in Swiss cheese

behind his back
she's untying a knot
in her apron

What's a small piece, what is it? How can it, if appearing as textile, worn on skin, be so effective? Can early growing clover softly cover the questioned "why"? The pieces may return with better adjustable eyes, the center less vulnerable. If there would be one seat left in the house of marble, the face occupying it and turned toward a visitor would show an arrangement prepared for accidentally occurring pairings, in flames quenchless.

Werner Reichhold

QUASIDA

Lynx is glad to introduce here the quasida, a mono-rhymed lyric poem common to Arabic, Persian, Turkish and Urdu literature. The rhyme scheme is aa ba ca, etc. The old Arabic quasida shows a tripartite structure consisting of an erotic prelude, the nasib, an account of a desert journey, the rahil, which includes a description of this mount and the penegyric proper, the madih. It took its basic form during the 8th-9th century. Quasida survive in Persian form from the 10th c. and from there spread to other literature when the subject matter expanded to include elegies, mystical or philosophical subjects and satire. The quasida gave way to the ghazal, the primary lyric form in Persian after the 13th c. We feel the form is worth to be studied and tried out in English language. In our times, it has a potential to take on contemporary relevant subjects similar to what we do with the ghazal.

SPRING QUASIDA

Bill West

nasib

Now deep winter hardens the ground, turning the garden
into a cold desert, when the wind shakes the dark pods' burden,
rattles making a racket, the lone sound now, after
all nuts, fruits, and berries the late fall's guerdon,
with dead leaves have been ground to shreds on the pink gravel;
it's time we understand what time brings and seek our Lord's pardon.

rahil

Let's study how to hug the hard winter pain,
praying that we'll last at least, until the April rain
comes to clean the tangled garden and wash the gravel,
which lean winter covers with grime, so it will regain
its brightness, and the next summer's sun can make it shine,
if we can only pass through this season sane.

madih

Imagine the buds' blood swelling, until they burst,
provided we outlast this crucified time, which we now curse.
If we will praise God then for next spring's beauty,
why not praise Him now, when our garden's at its worst,
because even a winter garden's cold dryness
hints at future shapes of those poor shoots, which come up first?
You, Lord, pour on us so full a life of the thunderhead's burst,
we have no way to thank You for Your magnanimity,
unless, out of gratitude, our own hearts burst.
Yet, no one, no one dares come as close to the diner
as His waiter, who He may summon first,
waiting attentively just beyond His elbow.
Please accept this string of beads, though humbly pursed,
to help us all recall how You brought us to fullest life.

LEGACY

Linda Jeannette Ward

Summers at my grandparents' farm: fields of tomatoes and squash, an apple orchard and woodland paths bordered by wild blueberries that lead to a clearing where a weathered barn holds woven baskets

and an old apple press. As a former game warden Grandfather knew where deer gathered along the edge of an abandoned homestead and on sultry days we descended a steep hill to drink spring water so cool beads of condensation form on the jar he lifts from an earthen shelf.

deep in a gully
where a mighty force once ran
grandpap's secret spring
running rivulets
down a clear mason jar

As I neared puberty, Grandpap was diagnosed with glaucoma -too late to respond to the primitive treatment of the times...

grandfather's memories
those last years
after his blindness:
the red of strawberry fields
the blue of sky

how do I know
the color of his memories?
with open eyes
the visions we shared
disappear

In midlife, I learn that all this time I've harbored his gene, but in a more fortunate era of medical breakthroughs my sight is preserved, as my memory of his final days, sitting in the grass, trimming it by the touch of his hand. Aware then of his grief, only now do I know how heavy the sorrowful burden he must have carried...

only a little
part of my life
has mattered
now i think of it
seeing was reason enough

WHETHER ONE IS LISTENING

Sheila Murphy

Ploys indifferiate some of our mantras from copious balloon payments to strictures well outside these selves. Is community a serape or something better fitted to near-term capsision? Weather, for the most part an unknown, is coming to a location near you. Many of the least suspicious silvers past our grasp enorme their way into our thinking, fast enough to seem a bribe. Whether one is listening or imbibing, there are rules to patch, as morphs to have been heralded. A many-sided countenance means something to few others. Is this what multiplicity is all about? A little styro of green tea eventually soothes the bloodstream with a minor jolt that upgrades thought. At least that is the theory. Tiniest details encroach upon the window dressing of a false core value. On the face of things, there are opinions and disgraceful melodies that seethe their way into infectious strongholds of a proctored labor market. When closeness starts to show untimed effects of being warm enough, its parts begin to

splinter. When was the last time your community resembled a perfume?

Coy filter to extract or thin the minor wafer from the lot

CIVILIZED, PERHAPS

Sheila Murphy

I have decided to OD on moderation for awhile. Just yesterday, this decision occupied the forefront of my brain in much the same way passion is reputed to perform, as the direct or flip side of infection. Otherwise, this rinse of thin green tea would not be chosen. I have bracketed my lust to make a large deposit to my moderato account. Gems not worth enough comprise what we select. For the moment I am wide awake as springtime birds lusting judiciously within the mythic tenor of appropriating minds for reproduction. Or is this just belonging? Twins remediate our patchy single life of silver quest. Until a beauty has been sleeping in this room. All my limbs today are limber on account of having little work of the digestive system to perform. My heart lives in a fine community of offerings. And when I make my bed, it is with happiness at having dreamed acceptance dreams lasting a whole day's drive to somewhere that has simulated closeness to whatever I have been and will become. Civilized, perhaps, and on the very heels of having breath sung into me by every person I have loved.

Conception, hastening the birth of the unknown

CHAIR WITH BROWN WOOD

Sheila Murphy

Notches change what shows linked to the ringing sound and air conditioning that blend randomness and control. I'm seated on this look-alike without another person in my row. The carpet hides the dirt. All day my feelings change to former feelings. Transitions splay affordably. I regret the conversation just concluding in the background. In a moment I will learn whether to wish routinely for a jury over any judge. Captivity induces crystalline intrusive feelings self-induced, in view of which facts have I learned to be most fond of, outside a routine disturbance via means called technological. My vintage feeling ducks when presidents inhale their need for us. Unless I'm wrong, I have a reflex to untidy every blueprint I have owned. Apart from reflex, I free form to have responded to an earnest call for help. The skewed environment contests my very breathing quite remedially open to question. Crestfallen inhabitants of dorm rooms, rarely pruned seasonal ivy.

Skeletal arrangement of the contents of a brothel's former stones

AT FIRST WITHIN THE FOREFRONT

Sheila Murphy

We were talking and he couldn't sleep. Then peacefully, as though out of relief, his eyes closed, and it was beautiful to watch. Enough so that respectfully I recalled my nap of several hours ago, when dreams encompassed tiny along with mid-sized fears that seemed to want to work together to enfuel my conscious memory of what might have hatched. Enough of this rehearsal and I would have been prepared to take whatever came. Only that is not the way things happened. Auspices littering the place around us had been lapped up. In fact, the very quality surrounding them was merged with undesirable indifference. More lethal than ensnared. If you would want to have a hope sewn into morphic presence,

you might have thirsted a cappella for a while. Then who might have listened in, I wonder? Not the first muse that you saw. And not the herald harkness. Maybe not even the blue jay thought to be indifferent to hand-cut rudeness.

Offering all that a person owns, to qualify for the young adjective/noun individual

BOOK REVIEWS

Jane & Werner Reichhold

AN-KON-KA Requiem by Choko Ishigaki. Bilingual Japanese and English. Hard cover with dust jacket. 338 pages, 8 ½ x 6 ½ inches. To obtain this book contact the author: seiwaemi@osk3.3web.ne.jp or visit her website: <http://www4.osk.3web.ne.jp/~seiwaemi>

Imagine, if you can, in 1930 a young Chinese student comes to Japan to study agriculture and falls in love with the precious daughter of a talented Japanese couple. Pregnant with their love child, the Japanese girl follows her student-lover back to northeast China, in Shenyang, his homeland where he is already married and the father of two children.

Visualize, then, this young man, adept at languages, is conscripted by Japanese fighting with Chinese in what is now called the Lukouchiao Incident. On a peace mission hoping to negotiate a truce, the young student translator is shot under a bridge with the attending Japanese when the mediations fail. The Chinese man's body is returned to his family and the Japanese woman returns to Japan where her child is registered as the child of her parents. As this child grows up, with the name Emiko Hannah Ishigaki, the mother steadfastly refuses to discuss anything about the missing father. Though the mother burned all the photographs of the father, the diligent child finds three which she carefully hoards as evidence that she had a good and handsome father. When Emiko prepares to marry, the mother, now demands the return of the photos which she promptly burns. Emiko follows her mother's talents (she was a school teacher for over 40 years) becoming the Dean of Graduate School, Seiwa College, Professor of Early Childhood Education.

Imagine this woman at fifty years of age, now divorced after 29 years of marriage, determined to find and reclaim her long lost father. Her search leads her to the Tokyo University Faculty of Agriculture where she actually finds on file the 128 page dissertation written in her father's own hand . Locating this remnant of her life, the brave woman sets out to find his family in China which she does with varying results. As she soon learns, the man who refused the truce, and therefore ordered the shooting of her father is now a famous hero in China! Accidentally she visits China on the fiftieth anniversary year of this incident which has the effect of making the average Chinese person more anti-Japanese than normal. As she searches for her father, people spit on her for seeming to be Japanese - unaware that half of her ancestors are Chinese like themselves.

In this discouragement, Emiko meets her half-sister, Lui Yuging, who was born only three months after her own birth. The family trait of outstanding language abilities inherited from their common father smoothes the path between these sisters who have never met. They converse in English! because the Chinese sister is a Professor of English at the Institute of Medicine and Pharmacy, Beijing Comprehensive University. As if to wipe away the racial slurs of the others, the two sisters share an instant liking for one another. Together they find their father's grave tumulus, actually touch the old cameras he had collected and visit the site on the river where he was shot.

Through all of this, Emiko, as Choko Ishigaki is writing out her heart in tanka. Brave and determined as wounded children must be, she decides to publish these poems in Japanese and Chinese as a way of healing for her father, herself and the people of these two countries. An unbelievable amount of hindrance is thrown onto her path. Finally, beaten down, but still determined to care for and share her tanka, she translates them into English, leaving for now, the Chinese version until the painful things she speaks about can be given Chinese words.

This is her book. An-kon-ka Requiem. Bilingual. Many hearted. Healing. Difficult. A lamp and guide for every person seeking to heal a damaged childhood. This is a how-to book for survivors. Honest. Heart-wrenchingly painful with determination, brightness and love - all in tanka.

my half-sister
with no knowledge
of living or visiting abroad
all her good will I accept
and bear all the way

Excellent Foreword by Choko Ishigaki's tanka teacher and mentor - Fumi Aoi written with deep understanding, sympathy and insight adding another element of understanding to the poems. Sanford Goldstein's Epilogue attempts to categorize the tanka by comparing her work to his own. However, he does salute her anthology of her tanka as being of "high excitement and profound fellowship".

coda by annie mckay. Windchimes Press:2000. Saddle-stapled, 4 x 7 inches, 60 pp., \$5.00. Order from anne mckay, studio b, 1506 Victoria Drive, Vancouver, BC V5L-2Y9, Canada.

Anne McKay has written and published so many books of her poetry that she has graduated to the ranks of those who must seek new ways of making their poetry connected to the existing world literature. Since one cannot connect to all those points at once, (the physical plane has its drawbacks), one can do as Anne McKay did. She searched through the books of her reading, lifting out those gemstones of enlightenment that spoke directly to her. What a treasure house she has assembled from such favorite authors as Rilke, Loraine Neidecker, John Steinbeck, Leonard Cohen and Theodore Roethke as well as many names new to me. To each of these quotations, McKay has added a line or two of her own poetry in the best linking techniques. Sometime her line seems to answer or complete the question or quote and at other times she makes a leap, pulling her reader into a new awareness of the dimensions of the quoted original lines. Strong and sure of her practiced voice, McKay is capable of holding her own in this bouquet of various and varied best-of-the-best picks. The undercurrent of her strength and vision binds the wide ranging excerpts into a homogenous book bound by the earthy-colored paper and brown-toned inks. Not every one can pull off such a feat of placing their own work next to that of the 'greats' of a culture, but McKay does it and does it so beautifully one feels it was very easy. See?

i knew a woman
lovely in her bones . . . Theodore Roethke

morning face evening face different with shadow - Anne McKay

Cold Waves: A life of Tanka by Anna Holley, translated into the Japanese by Aya Yuhki. Ashi Press:2000. Perfect bound, 94 pp., 8 ½ x 5 ½ inches, \$10.00 + \$2.00 s&h from Ashi Press, 6162 Lakeshore, Dallas, TX 75214 or from Aya Kuhki, 2-9-4 Fujimi, Sayama-shi T3055-1306, Japan.

Anna Holley deserves more credit for her work in tanka. She was one of the earliest women in America writing and publishing her tanka in English. Yes, for this she should be honored but also for much more. There is the astounding quality of her tanka. I can easily say that none of us writing in this form are as accomplished as Anna Holley.

None. Her haiku, in her book White Crow Haiku, was never hailed as the carrier of unworldly

perfected ku that they are. Anna Holley understands and uses linkage as no other writer. She never gets carried away by her desire to say 'something' to the point that she ignores the tanka (and haiku) techniques which seem to be second nature to her. Each of her ku are carefully constructed, polished down to the last and final word, in her own inimitable way.

This "her way" is what makes this book possible. Because from the beginning of her haiku writing Anna Holley has exemplified in English, the closest approximation of ku written in Japanese without consideration for syllable count. Let me explain. Most English tanka writers (and I include myself in this sad group), when given the 'extra' two lines of tanka, as compared to haiku, seemed to take this freedom to extend their poems using up to (and occasionally beyond) 31 English syllables. We all know this method makes a poem which is 'overfilled' with images and events when compared to the amount of information within a Japanese tanka. Therefore, it is extremely hard to translate English tanka into Japanese simply because they are fat, overburdened and lacking the spare beauty the Japanese admire in their own work.

By making her tanka so close to the Japanese example (I believe this happened 'naturally' only because Anna is the person she is) her tanka are translatable. Able Aya Kuhki, who has also recently had a book of her translations of Father Neal Henry Lawrence's published was the ideal person to collaborate with Anna Holley. A hard worker, Aya Kuhki lent her considerable talents and in record time had translated the 90 tanka into romaji and kanji. Each page contains a poem in these three versions. The poems are presented according to seasons. The book is beautifully made - completely professional - worthy of being sold from any bookstore.

Anna Holley's voice, from her poems, often seems burdened with intense longing, pain and disappointment. It is as if her unhappiness has etched each of her poems on her very being. Nothing is light, humorous, or frivolous as she questions every part of her existence.

what sorrow
has left its mark
on the sky?
white as a scar
the moon of today

ikanaran
kanashimi ga shirushi
tsuketaru ya
hiruzuki shiroku
kizu no yoonaru

What an accomplishment this book is! Congratulations to both of these women!

In Due Season: A discussion of the role of kigo in English-language haiku. Edited by A. C. Missias. redfox press, pob 186, Philadelphia, PA 19105. Published in connection with Acorn No. 4; spring, 2000. Staple-spine, 7 x 4, 68 pp., supplemental volumes = \$6.00 each. Yearly subscription to Acorn = \$9.50.

As an enriching supplement to her haiku magazine, Acorn, A. C. Missias invited five persons (Charles Trumbull, Dhugal Lindsay, Michael Dylan Welch, Jim Kacian and Jane Reichhold) to write essays on the subject of the use, importance, place of and future of the Japanese haiku practice of the kigo word -

or in English - the season word. Because most groups teaching haiku in English failed to comprehend or pass along the importance of anchoring a haiku in nature - or even how to do this properly - a great many English three-liners that we call 'haiku' would be deemed by Japanese to be non-haiku. As the globalization of haiku continues, more and more people are seeing that a grave error has been made. The problem is how to correct it, or maybe "should it be corrected?" and if so, how. Also in haiku's English past, the kigo has been used as a stick whacking the uninitiated and flicking aside the unworthy haiku attempt. Because these season words are arbitrarily picked by a culture foreign to us, we cannot depend on our own native intelligence about which animal or flower is related to which season, but are required to learn the lists of seasonal words which have evolved out of 400 years of haiku writing centralized in Tokyo, Japan.

This gave rise to a group who 'knew' the correct words for each season (those who knew Japanese and could read their saijiki (dictionaries of season words) and all the rest of us idiots goofing up this fine genre. Beginning in the late 1970s the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society rigorously followed the use of season words as derived from their translated lists. In 1990, the influence widened with Koko Kato's first International Season Word Book, my own A Dictionary of Haiku, and then William J. Higginson's Haiku Almanac. From these books English writers now have a basis to begin to determine season words. Fortunately none of these 'experts' agree so there is still enough space for each writer to form his or her own list (a danger akin to bungee-jumping). The end result is more English-language haiku writers are gaining an appreciation for season words and slowly, but hopefully - surely, incorporating them into the new work.

A. C. Missias recognized that no one person was an expert on the subject, so she wisely invited these five authors to explore the new territory (sic) - each from their own perspective. It is a pretty interesting book, if I may say so, myself. I learned a lot from reading it and think you might also. A. C. not only kept peace and appreciation among some very opinionated authors, she made a beautiful book that fits perfectly into your hand that is full of wisdom.

Other Rens by Kris Kondo, Marlene Mountain, and Francine Porad. Vandina Press:2000. Flat-spined, 5.5 x 5.5 inches, 88 pp., full-color illustrations by each author/artist. \$15.95. Order from Vandina Press, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324.

There's an activity growing since writers decided to try out different kinds of symbiotic work. Other Rens is certainly part of this movement and, as one learns - with great success. Again - and it doesn't seem to be accidentally, experienced women writers are taking the initiative. Here, twenty-three compositions, each containing 6 links written as one-liners, are set into 3 different chapters titled well that's life, true friends and a palette of colors. The titles function as themes, but leaving a wide range of interpretations for the reader. Very positive, in a sense meant more poetically, so that the chapters' single works can stretch out into all kinds of directions, actually one may state without limitations. The seventeen 6-liners together are building a kind of a 'symbiotic sequence'.

The artwork in this very beautifully produced book is done by Marlene Mountain, Kris Kondo and Francine Porad. Each of the paintings are reproduced in color. They represent some of the best works of those artist, they maintain their own quality, are not meant as simply illustrations and with all of their own strength, they fit well into this book

The reader has the pleasure to watch the development of bigger collaborative works. We remember the books of Alexis Rotella / Florence Miller, Alexis Rotella / Carlos Colon, each of the books a composition in itself. If this trend composing several single collaborations into a bigger correlation

keeps going on, we can probably attract a growing number of publishers in main stream poetry. Additional developments are appearing on the internet, in case you like to browse related sites.

The Love Way of Life by Dan Pugh. Hub Editions, 2000. Flat-spine, 8 x 5 inches, 80 pp., no price listed. Check with Hub Editions, Longholm, East Bank, Wingland, Sutton Bridge, Spalding, Lincolnshire PE12 9YS, England.

As Dan Pugh writes in the Introduction, "The Love Way of Life is a very free adaptation into the tanka form of, the sacred book of those who follow the teachings attributed to an older contemporary of Confucius, whose name is variously rendered in English as Lao-tze, Lao Tsu. . . This work is not a translation of Tao Te Ching. . . "

Having cleared himself of this responsibility, Pugh goes forth to blend what we understand to be ancient Chinese philosophical 'truths' with the greatest and or most questionable 'truths' of Christianity - the power of love. All of this is done in strict syllable count - the only relationship the poems have to tanka. Pugh seems to be carried aloft in his religious fervor losing all sense of poetry and especially an understanding of the tanka genre.

Still one has to have respect for this man of venerable years who is inspired and able to bring his philosophy of the world into the this tiny poetical form.

HAIKU MENTIONS

Across the Windharp: Collected and New Haiku by Elizabeth Searle Lamb. Preface by William J. Higginson, Introduction by Miriam Sagan. La Alameda Press: 2000. Perfect bound, 120 pages, 6 x 8 ½ inches, ISBN: 1-888809-18-3. \$12.00 +\$2.50 s&h. Order from Elizabeth Searle Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

A collection of haiku gathered from around the world of this haiku-pioneer. Wide-ranging views reduced to the immediacy of three lines.

A Scarecrow in the Snow by Alexksander Pavic. English and Serbian. Stapled, 17 haiku. Can be ordered from Aleksander Pavic, Sutjesks 66, 21432 Gajdobrs, Yugoslavia. You can contact the author: spiroska@ptt.yu

Proof that haiku can accompany poets even into war and retain their basic integrity. Sad, but true.

Family Farm: Haiku for a Place of Moons by Carol Purington. Illustrations by Shirley L. Horn. Winfred Press: 1999. Perfect bound, 100 pp., 30 illustrations, perfect-bound. \$12 postpaid. Orders can be sent to Carol Purington, 152 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA, 01340; or to Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA, 01340.

Beautifully crafted haiku – each one is a keeper! Be amazed as each ku turns out to be a gem by this very skilled writer. Book production and the illustrations compliment her abilities perfectly.

The Art of Haiku 2000 edited by Gerald England. New Hope International: 2000. Perfect bound, 80 pp., £ 7.95 (UK): £ 10(ex-UK). Order from Gerald England, 20 Werneth Ave., Gee Cross, Hyde, SK14

5NL, England.

Articles and examples to act as a guide to the various Oriental genres by Jose Civasahui, Pamelyn Casto, Steve Sneyd and Elizabeth St. Jacques from an English perspective. This book contains all new material not in the previous *The Art of Haiku*.

LETTERS TO LYNX

First of all, a deep and heartfelt thank-you to each of you who refused to cash the refunded subscription checks or even went to the trouble of mailing them back to us! We were touched and grateful for each one! Long life, honey in the heart, white roads with the eyebrows of Grandmother Ocean, yellow roads with the abundance of the tail of the deer born of the Morning Star, no evil, thirteen thank-yous. J & W

. . . Well, I guess I will be reading my next *Lynx* on the Internet. I will go to Brian's place (her son) to read it there. In the meantime, he is hoping to set up some kind of a computer system for Dick and I. We both know zero about computers but I gather they are getting simpler to use with every passing model. All the best as always and fondest wishes for your life on the Internet. - **Jean Jorgensen, Canada.**

. . . [regarding the renga "Tule Fog" done with Leslie Einer which Elizabeth Knox finished herself after the death of her husband, George Knox.] Just finishing it was good for me. - **Elizabeth Knox, Riverside, CA.**

. . . I feel like I am losing a friend as *Lynx* goes online. Since my first issue I have completely enjoyed each copy, reading it from cover to cover more than once. By the second issue I started penciling my links into the pages. In the evening I loved curling up with my magazine, relishing each poem or sequence and learning the names of frequent contributors. As yet I am not very comfortable using the Internet, but will try to catch the next issue and see how it works. - **Joyce Sandeen Johnson, Rockford, IL.**

. . . It is with great reluctance that I send a submission to electronic *Lynx*. My two primary objections are 1. Lack of aesthetically-pleasing display of poetry (in my opinion, not possible on a computer screen or even a television screen for that matter). 2. One's work is placed in cyberspace along with anything displayed on a homepage an aspiring teenager can throw together resulting in a watering down of quality. Trying to keep an open mind, but having trouble with this one. - **Linda Jeannette Ward, Coinjock, NC.**

. . . I received the last . . . LAST. . . hard copy of *Lynx* with a pang of loss. I return your check as a small contribution, an orphan's mite, toward compensation for your long struggle for the good. Of, course, you will continue on the Web, but I always have the feeling that, should someone turn off the juice, the whole thing would be lost. The Internet has little history and may be a creature destined to live without one. Still, I wish you as much success in that venue as you have had in the more old-fashioned publishing field. - **Bill Dennis, Malvern, PA.**

. . . I must tell you that the idea of NOT receiving *Lynx* in its usual form of a journal does not appeal to me at all!! I understand the logistic of printing on the Web, but think of all the people who won't read it that way as they don't have a web site either by choice or for economic reasons. The holding of a journal book etc. in your hand is like holding a kitten - it

is essential (you may say, "well print it out"). Of course it is not the same. So here is one old-fashioned painter/poet who is not in accord! However, I will respect your judgment when you wrote, "welcome to the 21st Century." - **Giselle Maya, St. Martin de Castillon, France.**

. . .For the Global Renku Symposium, to be held on the 7th of October, 2000, in the Kokushikan University, I have translated the Introduction to your Online book, [Symbiotic Poetry](#), so the Japanese participants can discuss the subject during their meeting.-**Eiko Yachimoto, Japan.**

FINIS